

# Blazing Guns / Flashing Sword

The fanfiction magazine



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Cover art by Matt Wilson <http://mattwilson83.deviantart.com/>

And now, a word from the editor:

Hello folks, those of you paying attention may notice that this is the second issue in a row that I have had to reuse cover art: clearly I have a problem. I hope to have it resolved soon.

This issue's premiere story must be Justin Dittrich's comeback story Spec Ops 2: come see it featured at BGFS' blog here: <http://bgfs.blogspot.com/>

Along with Spec Ops 2, we've got Welcome to Wonderful Wonder World, a very original tale by Haru Tsetsukio; You Don't Understand, an interesting Hetalia story by Morgan Warren; From the Rabbit Hole, which I think is BGFS' first Matrix fan fiction by Ray Sherman; and finally Karin: Enter the D'Amphile, the start of a long Karin serial by John Smith.

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://warhammer40kfanon.wikia.com/wiki/User:Jochannon>

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

Jochannon Mahler

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

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# Welcome to Wonderful Wonder World, Chapter 1

Haru Tsetsukio, [twilisia@gmail.com](mailto:twilisia@gmail.com), <http://hawkfrostsavenger.deviantart.com>  
Alice in the Country of Hearts/Clover/Joker

I'm sure you've heard the story of the girl who jumped down the rabbit hole, and you may have even heard about the girl who was dragged down. But I bet my socks that you never heard about the girl who tripped and fell into Wonderland. Okay, I take that back. It's April season, and it's winter right now so I want my socks. And I have a feeling that there're a lot of stories about clumsy people like me tripping into Wonderland.

So yes, I guess I'll start my story now. It all started *dun dun dunn* on an annoyingly cliché summer afternoon. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, the birds were singing, and I, being the main character, was obviously napping in the grass. I bet you were expecting a white rabbit now, right? Don't lie, I know you were. But luckily he didn't come because that would have only made me feel even more hallucinatory.

Actually, I only got up to go to my house. I really- had to go to the bathroom. Which sucked epically because it was then I chose to embrace my inner klutz and trip on a rock into a conveniently placed *gaping hole*.

So now, imagine an überly awesome emo punk girl screaming at the top of her lungs which you would be to if you were in my place falling down a giant bottomless pit. Pretend that's you now, just so you can get the full effect. Unless you're a guy; that'd be a bit weird, don't you think? Now then, pretend you really, REALLY have to pee. Not so fun, now is it?

I fell for a long time, all the while distracting myself from my impending doom of wet pants by thinking about how ridiculous it was for a rabbit to dig such an absurdly large hole. Unless it was a demon rabbit, in which case I wanted its autograph.

Of course, my thoughts of the demon rabbit died when I landed. It was

surprisingly soft for me falling from three thousand feet and the ground being brick, I must say. Unless it was actually jello. *That* would've been awesome.

Then I looked down. I had expected that perhaps some flying monkeys had come and placed a super amazing pillow there for me to fall onto to save me from injuring the bones in my butt. But then I realized that it had been even better: someone had thrown themselves on the ground to protect my overall awesomeness from falling victim to the evil that was the bottom of the pit.

Being me, I was too stupid to stand up. Instead, I decided that now would be the best time of all to ask something very vital to survival.

*"Where is the bathroom?"*

I didn't quite realize it at the time, but that's like someone getting lost and crossing somehow unknowingly into Mexico and asking where they can find a McDonald's. There are so many things that would be more important to know.

I'm not sure if he liked me because he didn't respond. I thought maybe it was because he didn't like über awesome emo punks, or maybe he was mad because I fell from the sky and landed on him. But can you blame someone for doing that? By the way, that's *rhetorical*. Don't answer me.

Then I thought, *'No, it can't be either of those things!'* So I did the only logical thing and rephrased my question. " Puedo ir al baño?" He still didn't respond, but I think he glared at me. "What, do you speak French? Or are you German?" He didn't look very French like, or Germanic for that matter.

"Young lady," he said in a very formal tone, "if you would be so kind as to get off of me instead of speaking gibberish, perhaps I

could help you."

Then it hit me. I was still sitting on him. How embarrassing. But I still haven't quite figured out why my first assumption was that he spoke Spanish. I stood up if not a bit slowly because I was still trying to avoid peeing my pants and examined him. He was a very fancy looking person donning a white suit adorned with the four card suits and a very lovely hat covered in crimson roses, black feathers, and three cards one was blank, the other had a strange symbol, and the last had '10/6' written in the corner that I was tempted to steal. So I did.

I must say that I felt awesome in that hat, and that I was glad to see that there were no white flecks in his coal black hair. But in hindsight, that may have been something to check BEFORE putting in on. Oh well; getting lice would've been worth it.

I expected him to look utterly disgusted at my act of rudeness what can I say? The guy looked like the type to be all uptight and fancy but instead he completely shocked me by laughing. "Come with me."

I put on my best thinking face and expected the *Jeopardy!* theme to play. Weird man with a hat that I encountered after falling into the lair of a psycho demon rabbit says "come with me". Obviously I had to be logical.

"Sure, why not?"

He started walking he looked as though I had broken his spine. It was pretty funny and I followed down the large spirally path that led to the bottom of the giant tower that we were on. "Where are we anyway?" I asked, trying once more to take my mind off of my nearly exploding bladder. "It's so cold."

"This is the Clover Tower." He said this as though it would help someone who had just fallen from the sky. But I didn't say anything more on the topic. I would much rather bring up a more interesting conversation.

*'Think small talk,'* I told myself. "So..."

"What's your favorite color?"

He seemed taken aback by my oh so well thought out question and simply stared until I said "Well?" expectantly.

"Crimson, I suppose."

"And your name is?" Yes, that's right. I hadn't skipped over us introducing ourselves, although I didn't mention me spitting on his shoe. Which I didn't actually do, but I wanted to see what you would do if I said that Not wanting to be rude or rather, more rude than I had already been, I quickly added, "I'm Toki Hana."

"I'm pleased to meet you, Toki. My name is Blood Dupre."

Anybody else thinking "oh my god" here? I mean, he was absolutely the hottest guy EVER, he had a totally über amazingly awesome hat, AND his name was Blood.

"Soooo... Where are we going, anyway?"

"To the Hatter Mansion," he explained. "I'm sure you'd like to know where you're at. And besides, you said you had to go to the bathroom, didn't you?"

I had a feeling that so far all I was to him was a joke, which I didn't mind at all. He looked like the kind of guy who would kill you if he got bored. I didn't doubt that I was in some psycho world where that would be legal, too.

Or maybe I was in Mexico. I hoped that was the case because I really wanted a taco.

Sadly, there were no tacos in my future. We stopped at a gigantically enormous gate with two little kids who in case you hadn't guessed by the way the story's going were identical besides the fact one wore blue and the other red wielding axes big enough to slice through the Empire State Building. "Boss, who's the lady?" one asked.

"She's pretty!" Normally someone would think "thank you so much!" here, but I was too amazed at how similar their voices were. It was like they were the same person.

"This is Toki. She will be staying with us here."

bathroom. Which had been quite nice, I must say. Okay, I lied. I still remembered.

I waved excitedly, and by now I had nearly forgotten how badly I had to go to the

But that's when I saw *him*. *That's* when I forgot.

Author's Note: Like it? XD Toki's just like me. Great, another persona. I guess I do refer to myself as her a lot... Sorry for the cliffhanger, but I thought it'd be fun- Reviews please, OR OFF WITH YOUR HEAD! XD

# You Don't Understand

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Subject: Axis Powers:Hetalia

The commotion of the day started to come to an end as Britain sat in his favorite armchair with a cup of tea in one hand, a copy of his favorite book occupying the other. Completely content in his alone time, suddenly there was an obnoxious bang at his door. Followed by two more before the door could be heard opening. And even from way down the hall, Arthur could hear his voice. "Yo, Britain! Where ya at, dude?" He slowly sat down his tea, face finding it's way to his palm. "Bloody hell, America! What do you want at this time of evening?" Even during the response, he could hear obnoxiously loud footsteps headed his way, and soon a presence in the doorway.

"What? I can't come chill out for awhile? How un awesome of you!"

"I was perfectly fine 'chilling out' on my own, Alfred." The got an annoying laugh as the younger nation took a seat across from him. "Never say that again, British dude. You sound so stuffy and old!" England slowly marked his page in his book and set it down on the table, slumping into his chair while looking over to America. "So really... Why *did* you come here, Alfred?"

"I just wanted to hang out for a little while... I mean, it seems like we don't talk outside of business at all anymore. It's totally not hero like at all." Arthur opened his lips to say something, cut off by a clash of thunder. His eyes wandered to the window, sighing at the beginning rain, slumping further into the chair, feeling America's eyes on him the whole time. "What's the matter Britaaiinnn? Afraid of a little bit of raiinn?" His words were so teasing it almost made the senior blush. "I'm not afraid of anything, i'll have you understand. I just don't enjoy the rain."

"What?! You used to love the rain!"

"To be completely honest..." Arthur's eyes heavied a bit, drooping some as he looked to America, who seemed to notice immediately the change in atmosphere. "I

haven't loved the rain in quite some time." There was a notable pause, almost in time itself, as America and England sat there, the rain pouring harder and harder. "England... You mean since "

" Yes. I mean since exactly when you think." America gave an awkward sort of chuckle. "Come on, man. That was so long ago."

"No, America." England looked up to him again, his eyes with a small tinge of glassiness. "It was much, much sooner than you seem to recognize." The made America stand, emotions jumbled together. "You have to get over that someday!" He didn't mean to yell, truthfully. It just came out. England seemed taken aback before he too stood, still small in comparison to the younger nation. "Get over it? I have to get over it? You don't understand Alfred! You'll never understand!"

"I understand just fine, Arthur. Perfectly freaking fine. I'm not yours anymore, and you can't take the reality of it. I understand PERFECTLY." The words were growled out, anger beginning to override all other emotions. "NO. YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" Arthur's voice exploded as harshly as his tears, which now flowed down his cheeks from pained emerald eyes. He pushed America to the floor, straddling him.

"You've never understood! How do you think I felt those years you put me through that?! How do you think it was for me on that final day! You don't care. You don't understand and you don't care. RIGHT when I FINALLY thought I found a relationship that couldn't be broken, a brother that actually CARED. He was gone just like that. You were gone in the blink of an eye, and you didn't care." Alfred just watched and listened in shock as England went on, feeling his slender fingers curl against his shirt, watching those eyes squeeze shut with all their force.

"The whole time. The **WHOLE BLOODY TIME**. You were too focused on being your own country, on proving to me you could and you would be **INDE FUCKING PENDANT**. I know, trust me, I know at some points I was pretty selfish too. But the truth of it is, Alfred. I love you. I loved you then, and I couldn't love you any more now. All those times you saw me as being strict, I was **PROTECTING** you! From all the other countries. I know I failed sometimes, and I hated myself for it. Hated that I couldn't be the big brother I wanted to. Hated that for some reason, I wasn't enough. And you know what, Alfred? You put me through hell. You, in the midst of all the chaos around you, decided to **JOIN IT**. The chaos that I put my own life on the line to protect you from. □ You put me through hell. I know I wasn't the best big brother. But you, you never cared."

Britain's tears never ended, choking on sobs throughout his words, slowing down at the end. His eyes slowly opened, looking down at the shocked figure below

him sadly."And truthfully, Alfred Jones, I wish you shot me while you had the chance."It took America a moment to get his head together, slowly sitting up and pulling England close, putting a hand to his back and a hand to his hair, holding him close."A Arthur... I didn't have a clue..."

"You're right."England pulled away and got up, trembling violently, causing him to lean weakly on the wall."You didn't have a clue. Because you didn't care. I still doubt you'll ever care. And the thing is, no matter what, I can't help but love you with all of my heart and soul."He paused a moment and wiped his eyes."What an idiotic git I am."With those final words, Arthur escaped upstairs. Leaving America to sit up, staring at nothing. Sooner or later, his fist made harsh contact with the floor, body shaking in silent cries, as realization of the events hit him like a summer monsoon."I do care.... Oh god, I do care... Arthur Kirkland... I love you too... More than you'll ever realize."



# From the Rabbit Hole

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Subject: The Matrix

The cellphone in my pocket buzzed and I considered ignoring it. Answering the little device anyways, I was alerted to the voice of a very alarmed Mause, "Hurry up, there are bots nearby."

Hanging up, I closed my eyes, not giving him a word in response. I was suddenly at the meeting point and reached out for the bundled package that was the upgrade. Several agents phased through the wall at my extreme disturbance and I forced them away. A phone rang in the distance and I dashed towards it. Other rooms of the now apparent, apartment building opened and the faces of stoic agents greeted me flooded in behind me. Blasting open the ringing door, sending a few newly formed agents backwards, I answered the phone and was pulled into reality.

Standing after Kay unplugged me from the board, I strode to the operator station and slammed my hands to the keyboard rapidly, my fingers pounding into the keys. I transferred the data that was uploaded into my mind from the package, Mause stared at my flying fingers and once I was done, he hit the enter key. He then reached out and commanded the ship to shut down. Power shut off and the safety lights were the only sources of luminescence for us to see by. A bang washed over the hull and the safety flickered. We stood in the shadows and I hissed under my breath, daring only to blink. There were two more hits that made us all jump. After about a minute since the last one, Jared was the first to speak.

His voice was barely even a whisper, but in the silence, it sounded so loud, "We should take a look at least."

I nodded and tapped Kay's chest. The signal to follow was understood and we snuck towards the hull. Our ship wasn't strong enough to take on more than a small bug since it was only a scout. Judging by the persistence, it wasn't as tiny as we hoped. Climbing a ladder with plasma

pistols in our hands, Kay and I prepared for the worst. He cranked the handle and popped the cover, poking his head up. Kay held up four fingers to me and I felt dread exhaust me already.

A class four was the worst bug out there. Luckily, if it was the strongest, it would have been starving to attack our tiny vessel. With a tap on his ankle, Kay hung on with just one arm and leg, swinging back to give me just enough room to move past him. The close quarters were common with all of us on this ship. Our lips were close and I was tempted for a brief moment before another crash snapped me back into what I needed to do. His nod told me that he wanted to as well, but we'd have to later. Craning my head, I saw the bug curled up, slightly confused next to our now dead power supply. Feeling bad for half of a second, I reached my arm up to the side and pulled my small body up into the chamber. The bug's eye locked instantly on me and it attempted a lash. It was slow and clumsy in the tight space and Kay shot the offending arm aside with his pistol from the hole. I ducked in close to the bug and pressed my hand in just above the eye. It hissed momentarily, looking, glaring at me through the glowing red until it suddenly eased down. The light turned to a blue as the tingling surged up my arm. Once the bug was calm, I turned and looked to Kay. He then aimed at me, shot, and there was only darkness.

Upon waking up in my closed room, I felt dark code pour through my mind. It wasn't my natural way of thinking, but my subconscious disagreed. I needed to only pound on the door and sit back on my bunk for someone to come in and stun me again until the code faded. Once standing, however, I felt caged; like an animal. Hissing from the depths of my throat, I slammed my whole form against the wall. How dare these weak infidels keep me here! I would kill them! Kill them all! But no, no I chose this. They are my friends, my allies. I sat down and glared at the floor.

The pale reflection of myself glared back. My eyes were red and glowing with hate. I shifted my shoulder so that my black hair might hide them from myself. The door snapped open quickly and I didn't even have time to look up before the darkness returned.

The next time I woke up, I was groggy and had a raging headache. I felt human though... well, as human as a former bug could be, I suppose. I had no urge to destroy anything, for the most part. I rapped gently on the door and it clicked three times as it was unlocked. The door cracked open slightly and Jared peered at me cautiously before letting me out.

"Are you hungry?" He asked, still partially nervous.

I nodded, feeling . I knew my voice was still encoded. As soon as we entered the dining hall, all eyes locked onto me. I must have looked like a wreck. I knew my hair was matted and my eyes were probably circled in dark rings. Jared nudged me forward and I took the seat furthest from my crew . Kay got up and settled next to me, putting an arm around my shoulders. He rested his □whispered into my ear. Being my most recently successful awakened bug, he still new code. His voice was rough and accented, but Kay still understood the language of the bots and how comforting it was to hear it. Though it is difficult to translate code into real dialogue, he gave me hope that this conversion was successful. We'd have a new crew member if everything went well.

They put a bowl of mealy grain in front of me and I devoured it silently. Kay didn't move from his spot and watched me, waiting for any signs. I looked over at him and touched my forehead to his; a sign of affection to the bugs. Murmuring in code so that the others wouldn't be able to easily understand, "How long have I been asleep?"

He fidgeted □slightly at the contact before muttering back softly in code, "Four days, in total." His hands viced on my arms as he predicted my reaction.

I pulled back and hissed, "It could be dead! Take me there, now!"

Kay shushed me and pulled my small but strong form back in to him. Stroking my hair and murmuring back in English, "Patience, patience San. We need you calm, we need you stable."

I pushed back against him, but it was useless. He had my head pinned in his arms and □pressed against his chest. After a moment of desperate struggling, my body gave up the fight and fell limp and defeated against his side. Kay's gentle, yet restraining hands held me a moment longer before relaxing to pull my lifeless form back up into him. He shoed the others away who cowered away from my outburst and kept me near him. "Calm girl, calm and steady." I then fell asleep with his soft hands petting me.

I woke up about an hour later. Kay hadn't moved an inch and kept me cradled against his chest. Sensing me awaken, his fingers locked over me in case I was still raging. I tapped his side where my hand was rested and he let me go. I sat up and ran my fingers through my unruly hair, "I need to go under."

Kay nodded with a gentle smile and touched his forehead to mine. Another bowl was set before me by Mause who must have been keeping Kay company. The two of them left me to eat in silence to set up the ports. Once I finished my meal, I stalked away to my chamber and cleaned myself up. My fingers brushed over the base of the plug at the base of my of my skull and I shuddered with delight. Entering the dream state was like a drug for me; addicting and pleasurable, no matter how dangerous it was.

Jared knocked on my door when I was nearly done grooming my wild ebony hair and beckoned for me. Once it was silent in the halls and the last of my tangles had been purged away, I left my dwelling and headed to the port station. The body of the bug was already strapped down to the chair. Its legs hung awkwardly over the sides and its head was held back in an uncomfortable manner. I lay in the chair next to it and rested my head back into the

port. I knew on the other side of the bug was two empty shells of bodies that were already plugged in and waiting to become inhabited. Kay walked from the operator station that mouse sat at and watched me with careful eyes.

“If it doesn’t work...” he began, but I shook my head quickly, forcing him to stop. The thought of losing another conversion killed me. He only sighed and plugged the monstrous bug into the dream, then turned and did the same to me. I closed my eyes as the jack pressed painfully into my brain. My body tensed then relaxed as the pleasure of the fake world was drawn to me. When my eyes opened, there was no more ship. Just me and the bug in an all white state of nothingness.

I was clothed in my normal garb of the matrix while the bug, who turned out to be female, stood naked in front of me. Her eyes caught mine and her head tilted slightly. I knew she was asking a question. With encrypted text, I spoke up, “Use your voice.”

Just like with every other bug I met, she tested the thought of voice before asking what this place was. I then shifted the dimensions into a stone palace, a shogun temple, a pirate ship, a busy street, to a peaceful field where the fake flowers blew back and forth in a false breeze.

“I control this place,” I spoke gently and in English. “It’s ‘peace’ and ‘beauty’. These words are not in your code. I can offer you a mind that can comprehend this.” I took a step towards her and extended my hand, “I can give you a chance to live and learn.” She shook her head in confusion. I morphed dimensions again and we now stood in a flock of simulated bugs, surging in a swarm controlled by my mind. “This is primitive code. It’s basic and unchanging. I can show you code beyond your imaging chips can process.”

“Beau u uty?” She asked, looking to the bugs with newly opened eyes. Her voice was false and choppy, not meant for speaking the language she was attempting.

“There is no peace in that.” I shifted to a

mountainous range beneath a gorgeous, but sadly, fake sun. “This is beauty.” I stepped forward and touched between her eyes, stimulating a memory. “Before machines, this is what we were. Beautiful.”

It was like teaching an extremely perceptive child, but she took hold of the idea quickly and without question. Though her mind was old, it was surprisingly easy to persuade her of a new life. “Will you learn with us?” She nodded and I felt restored; the last bug refused my offer. We returned to the white dimension with a chair behind her. I gestured for her to sit and she obeyed.

“You will wake up new and you will see me.” I held my hand up and twirled it before her eyes. She watched curiously and even after I stopped, she was stuck seeing the same repetitive motion. With her staring into space, I wandered behind her. I pulled her arm from her lap and held my other at her neck. Giving a quick jerk and the command of “sleep”, she fell to the side, resting on my hand on her neck. The room shifted and I lay her head on a pillow with her body now rested on a cot. Her eyes were closed in deep slumber and I enclosed her in the sleeping state. Pulling myself from the white room, I launched into the actual coding. Then, I set to work unlocking decayed files and fixing destroyed programs. I was making the bug human.

From the outside where I knew the others watched on nervously, my lips moved silently in mouthing the code. However, in the dream state, the black was pulsing and surging at my will. The sides tore and sewed back together, letting flickers and hints of green fly towards me. The strips and lines of green formed words in my hand and I tossed them towards the white room. After about five hours of recoding and creation, the white room now glowed with the emerald code. I sat back, observing my work with satisfaction. I closed my eyes, inhaled, then snapped back into reality. Kay unhooked me and helped set me upright. He was, by far, the most concerned about my state of being.

“The female one...” I muttered, rubbing my head. I was dizzy and giddy, my heart

racing in the adrenaline from the false world. Judging by the IV and fluid drilled into my arm, we were under for more than seven hours. Kay nodded at Jared who stood idly by and he disappeared behind the bugs, now dead, body. After removing the IV and getting me to my feet, Kay guided me around the corpse to where the bodies were plugged into the dream. The male form was gone and replaced by Jared's lively one, who was guiding the bug into waking up. With Kay's arm around my waist and mine hooked over his shoulder, we stood, waiting anxiously. Jared's eyes fluttered open and he unplugged himself, looking on to the new girl who he had just crafted the personality of in hope.

"Come on... Come on, Evelyn, please." He muttered, brushing his fingers over her cheek. We waited in agonizing seconds that seemed to last for hours.

Her eyes flickered cautiously open and Jared released her from the chair. Pulling her up to a full sitting position, Mause came over and draped a blanket over her shoulders. The unknown faces were close to invisible to her and she focused only on mine. Then, as I had both predicted and feared, she spoke one word.

"Beautiful..."

And Evelyn died.

## Spec Ops 2

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Subject: Call of Duty/Pokemon

"Into the fray"

Master Sergeant Justin Dittrich

Day 1 12:05:17

Echo Team, Special Forces

Flying over Central Sinnoh

I was a bit anxious as flew threw the crisp, autumn air. The team hadn't had the time to get to use the shooting range OR train in the "Shooting House". After this critical mission, I wanted to go IMMEDIATELY back to our team's headquarters and work on our accuracy and shooting, but right now, we needed to focus on the mission. As of late, Team Rocket really has stepped up their violence. A lot more reports of stolen Pokemon from "mean people in black uniforms with guns". They weren't playing nice anymore, that's for sure, but what the hell were the nukes for? That's something I intended to find out. We flew along for well over an hour, getting fed in intel as fast as possible. There were reports of possible hostages, which is never a good thing, but when you're trained, it's easy. We decided to split into two man teams, Austin and Hailey as Alpha Team, and me and Zach as Bravo Team. We would converge on the two story base from both sides, Alpha from the back, Bravo from the front. Bravo would take most of the heat and find the hostages while Alpha went to find out what the hell the nukes were for and who they were bought from. □ We flew to a ? mile from the base when we started getting hit by small arms fire Submachine guns, pistols... I immediately threw myself onto the Mark 19 Grenade Launcher and took them out as if nothing happened. As we started to land, we just barely missed a few RPG's, but were taken out by Austin by the main turret, which is controlled from the

cockpit. As we hit the ground, I jumped off and immediately sprinted for the front door and kicked it in, Zach on my heels the entire time. Austin and Hailey ran around back as planned. We flew in together and took down several targets in the main hallway we entered. We had to look through every office, room by room, floor by floor. The first floor had nothing but scrambling hostiles, trying to take US down, but we were too well trained to let them and we took THEM down! We scrambled up the stairs to the second floor. "Alpha Team, give me a sitrep, over!" I called over the radio. "We've got nothing yet Bravo, but just tons of hostiles, get over to the west corridor of the second floor! We need backup! NOW!" Austin yelled back. I could hear lots of bullets flying by him. "Rodger, just hold out one more minute!" Me and Zach sprinted towards the west side and took the remaining targets out from behind. "Thanks for the assist Bravo!" Austin said. "I'll let you know if I find anything here, you should go to the third floor." "Good idea. If you find anything, take it with you and get the Pave Low ready! We need to make a quick exit!" "Copy that, good luck!" Me and Zach scrambled upstairs, just to be fought out with more hostiles, but they were very easily taken out. "Is this some kind of joke?" I asked Zach as we cleared out yet another empty office. "I don't know sir... I don't know," he simply replied. We ran more and took down even more hostiles, but there was a problem. I was running out of ammo, and fast. I would soon only have a pistol, and compared to assault rifles and SMG's, that would mean I'm

officially fucked. We soon came to the last room and right before we breached, Austin came on the radio. "Bravo Team, we found something! I'll show you in the chopper! Just hurry up!" "Rodger," I said as Zach placed the breaching charge on the door and we got into breaching position. "Ready, sir?" he asked. "I always am, do it." I commanded. With that, the charge exploded, the door shattering, and us storming the room. I could see only four subjects in the room, but one was holding another around the neck, holding a pistol at me. Without hesitation for even a moment, I aimed and double tapped. Fired 2 bullets quickly into the hostile's skull, who dropped dead like a swatted fly. Zach took care of the second hostile in the room, who wasn't prepared for the breach. I checked on the "human shield" hostage and was utterly flabbergasted when I saw it was Domie... again. "You again?" I said, half sarcastically. "Shut up." She said as she turned her face towards me, which was bruised. "What the hell?" I said, upon seeing the bruise. "They... they beat me!" she said as she practically glomped me tightly. That was too much... even for them. Who the hell was running this organization now? Who would be so... so violent? I wanted to know, I needed answers, but now was not the time to think about that. "It's okay..." I said, trying to get her to calm down. She was sobbing on my shoulder. "Come on, everything's alright, I'm going to get you out of here... again," I said, jokingly, but she just punched me in the arm. She slowly started to calm and I brought her to her feet. "Come on, the chopper's waiting," I said as I put her shoulder around my neck since she was limping. The other hostage was an Infernape, who was apparently part of the Marine's 4th Demolitions Team. He was caught when his team attempted to take this base down, but got captured and was a POW Prisoner of War for about 2 weeks. He was in

good health. We slowly made our way down the eastern hallway back towards the staircase. Zach was covering our six our backs when a loud explosion was heard. "What was that?!" Domie said, frightened. "I don't know!" I replied, when suddenly, flames burst from the stairwell. I covered Domie down, but lucky for us, the fire didn't reach us. I pulled her back up. "Come on! We need to get out of here!" Zach yelled. We started running while I got Austin on the radio. "Bravo Team! I think a self destruct has been activated! Get the chopper to the third floor balcony!" I yelled over the radio. "Copy that!" Austin replied. We ran down the eastern hallway and saw the side of the Pave Low open in the distance. "GO, GO!" I yelled. Zach and the Infernape pulled ahead and made a clean jump into the Pave Low. More explosions were now heard and the balcony was starting to crumble. "YOU CAN MAKE IT DOMIE!" I said, pushing her towards the balcony. She tumbled into the Pave Low while I jumped from the now collapsing balcony. As soon as I jumped, I knew I wouldn't make it, so I just closed my eyes and prepared to fall, but I didn't feel any wind rushing up. I looked back up to see Domie and Hailey, grabbing my right forearm. "I'm not letting you go!" Domie yelled over the whirring rotors. "Let's pull him in!" Hailey yelled as they successfully did. I was relieved I didn't fall and Domie and everyone else made it, but then Zach peeked out the side as we pulled away from the exploding base. "We're not out of the woods yet!!!" he said, as I saw three or four Stinger missiles heat seeking missiles fired towards us. "I've got it!" Austin replied, showering off flares. They weren't enough though as one of the missiles slammed into the tail rotor. "I LOST THE TAIL ROTOR!" Austin yelled as the Pave Low began to spin in

circles. the floor and crashed into the  
"HIT THE DECK!" I yelled as we all hit forested area, about a ? mile from the base.

Author's comments: Yeah... I realized in this chapter that my character said "I WILL GET ANSWERS", but I forgot about that and left it out of the story... So yeah, the corniness continues :D

# Karin: Enter the D'Amphile

Author: John Smith [paladin\\_313@msn.com](mailto:paladin_313@msn.com)  
Subject: Karin/Chibi Vampire alt. □ universe.

## Prologue

They rushed through the woods, he and her mother. It was late at night, and the woods were thick. However, when most would be chewed up by the branches of the woods, where the darkness would be so thick that you could not see them, they were seemingly making their way through as if there were nothing there. "Hurry, Jean Claude, they're right behind us!"

"Momma," he said, "We just need to fight! Daddy would have! I can fight you know I can!"

"No time to explain, boy!" she snapped, "There's too many!"

They had no idea where they were going, and Jean Claude wondered if there would have been any way of finding out. Would they even be given the chance? Suddenly, she stopped, and turned one way and then the other. "They're all around us! Oh God, what do we do?"

She scanned the perimeter, looking intently, and then said, "Jean Claude, go that way!"

She pulled him close and said, "Now you listen to me: run fast and don't look back! Do you hear me!"

"Momma, I won't leave you!" he protested.

"This is not open for discussion!" she thundered, and glared at him in a fashion that he knew would get his attention. She then said, "Remember: I love you. Don't you ever forget that. Don't you ever forget to love people, take each person for who they are, not what they are. Love the individual."

"I think they went this way," said a voice in the distance, "I can faintly see their auras!"

"Now go!" she said, and shoved him along his way. He quickly hugged her, she kissed

him, and he then ran as fast as his ten year old legs could carry him. He was not as able to negotiate the woods as his mother, so his going was slow, but he made his way. However, his keen hearing could detect what was going on behind him. "Where are you going, missy?" said one voice.

"You'll learn for bringing him into our world!" said another.

"The boy isn't with her, I can't find him!" said a third.

"You four: fan out and see if you can find him!" said the second voice, which then turned gruff, and said, "We'll take care of her!"

Jean Claude knew what that meant, but he remembered what his mother said: don't look back. He then heard, "Prepare for Hell, traitor!" and heard that followed by a scream, which was then stifled. He stopped dead in his tracks. He began to tear up, but then remembered that his father would have never tolerated his weakness, and tore off again. He heard distantly behind him, "You can run, boy, but you can't hide."

Panic was now setting in, and he began to run with abandon. That was his undoing, as he hit a solid limb and collapsed to the ground. As he tried to regain his faculties, they were upon him. They had him cornered against the tree which held the limb that stopped him. "You abomination!" said the lead man, "Prepare for Hell, half breed!"

The man raised a healthy piece of steel, and prepared to thrust it home...

The ringing of the paging system of the plane woke him up, informing him that they were soon to hit some turbulence, and that he needed to buckle up. It was that nightmare again. He was bathed in sweat, and was relieved the nightmare was over again. He looked out the window, and saw



that it was still dark. He flagged down a stewardess and asked her, "How much longer to Japan?"

"About six more hours, sir," she said, and then she saw his uneasiness. "Would you like me to get you something? You don't look well."

"Thanks, but I'm okay," he said as he smiled, "It was just a bad dream, nothing more."

"Okay," she said, "I hope you sleep better."

He thanked her, and she went her way. Yet, he wondered if he would get back to sleep at all.

At the precise moment he was having this nightmare, someone else was experiencing the same dream. Just before the sword thrust forward, she was up, screaming in fear. "Karin, Karin!" said her father's voice as he burst up the stairs, her mother in tow, "What's wrong? What's the matter?"

She was crying her eyes out. "Oh what a horrible dream, papa!" she sobbed, and her mother said, "Oh please! Is that all it was?"

However, Henry seemed to be more sympathetic to the situation, and held her close as she relayed the dream. From the description, both of her parents then realized how bad a dream that must have been. "Oh, that poor boy," she sobbed,

"Oh that poor boy!"

"It was just a dream," said Henry, "There's no boy, no hunters, no woods, just us. It's okay."

Yet, he had to wonder just how deep and visual a dream that must have been. He also wondered what it meant. Did she reach out to another of their kind unknowingly, and link minds with them? Did she even have that power, being what she was? Henry saw her face as red, and said, "Do you need a draw off?"

She did not answer, because it was obvious what the answer was, and he began to prepare the draw. Calera was now beginning to wonder just what had happened. Only people who were unhappy could cause her blood to rise like that, and this was only a dream. What *had* happened? Henry was able to draw about four pints, and was at least grateful that something good came out of this. The council would welcome the addition of these pints. It was at this time that the youngest walked in and said, "I just had the worst dream."

Now they knew something was up. They only guess they had was that one of their kind had the dream, and it was so bad that he let out a primal scream loud enough for one to detect it if their subconscious minds were opened, as their daughters were. Was someone coming? What kind of an omen was this?

# 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://bg fs.blogspot.com/](http://bgfs.blogspot.com/) please go take a look.

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

Fan Fiction:

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

Subject line: *Contributing.*

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

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

*Text of Story.*

*Author's comments.*

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

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

Cover Art:

Absolutely necessary; cover art has to be of the young lady on the cover, in costume from something with fandom Star Wars, Star Trek, Harry Potter, etc : original drawing here: [http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna Magazine Mascot 139944247](http://jochannon.deviantart.com/art/Leanna%20Magazine%20Mascot%20139944247)

Other fan art:

1, Poetry:

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

2, Pictures and Drawings:

Pictures and drawings may be published by arrangement.

## Original fiction:

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

## Fiction Submission Guidelines:

### 1, Length:

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

### 2, Foul language:

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

### 3, No netspeak:

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

### 4, Format.

Do NOT use indents: double space between paragraphs;

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

### 5, Editing:

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

### 6, Sex:

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

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

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

### 7, Spelling:

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

### 8, Property:

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

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

### 9, Re publishing:

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