

Blazing Guns / Flashing Swords

The fanfiction magazine



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Cover art by Sylvia S. <http://epantiras.deviantart.com/>

And now, a word from the editor:

Well, here's me feeling like a dumbass: I cannot tell you the name of the featured story, because the author, Haru Tsetsuko, forgot to send the title with the story, and I didn't notice it until right now!

Very good story though: pure horror. Horror the way it's supposed to be: no blood, no gushing gore, just pure cold fingers up the back terror.

You will notice a lot of things different in today's issue: firstly, that I am running ads for people: some people get ads for free for being totally awesome, and other ad space is for sale: a one page spread for one dollar

Yes, BGFS is going commercial, more on that later.

Some of you may recall me running a 'questions to the editor' section in the first few issues; that died for lack of interest, but now I'm putting in a permanent 'Reader's Comments' section, where you're free to submit questions, comments, and criticism.

Right below that is a Personals section: up to one hundred words for free.

Like I said earlier, BGFS is going commercial: I'm trying to do business, as in for money. Why? I want to pay my cover artists. Seriously, that's why: I really, really want to be able to pay the people who work for me: these are marvelous people who willingly give of their time and effort and art. And I want to give something in return.

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

Or, if you want to reach me personally, you can reach me at hans.mahler@gmail.com, or check out my user page at either <http://jochannon.deviantart.com> or at <http://warhammer4okfanon.wikia.com/wiki/User:Jochannon>

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

Jochannon Mahler

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

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January 14, 2011 Game 97

I bet when you clicked on this you were pretty much thinking that this was just another cliché video game haunting story, but I still shudder when I even think of picking up my ?kami game. Believe what you want, but everything that I manage to write down is true.

I'm a middle school student seventh grade, with no less than a 97 in all of my classes. Thanks to the snow we'd gotten out two hours early, so I was in the house just before my mom got back from the post office.

She handed me a package; I was shocked since I hadn't ordered anything, and I didn't recognize the name in the label "CID". My friends all knew I was a Final Fantasy fan, so I wondered if maybe one of them had sent me a gift randomly in an attempt to confuse me. Not being one to look a gift horse in the mouth I opened it, only to find that "CID" had sent me a game that I had been dying to get ?kami Wii version.

I already had the PS2 version, so I knew the game like the back of my hand. I opened the case just to be sure that the game was actually in there, and much to my surprise the disk was in it's spot. The book wasn't there a small price to pay for a free game but in its place was a slip of paper. I opened it up.

"You're next."

I examined the note for several minutes, trying to make sure that I hadn't missed something. But all it said was simply "you're next." I didn't know what it meant by that, but since I had been suspicious that it was just a joke from a friend I figured that it wasn't important. Without thinking I tossed the slip into the trash can and walked downstairs to go test out my new game.

I turned on the Wii, hesitating before I slid the disk in, worried that the game was going to make my system randomly

combust. I shrugged it off my Wii collection wasn't the biggest, and I had a Playstation 2, 3, Portable, a Super Nintendo, and a Gamecube, plus two Nintendo DSes. Video game wise, it was worth the risk. I popped the disk in and nearly sighed with relief when the channel icon loaded.

Out of habit I hit "Load Game". I didn't expect to see anything since you save Wii games to the system, not the disk. But the Load page opened at the bottom of the screen, showing down to file 99. In the 97th spot there was a file, and I became suspicious of the new addition to my collection. Letting my curiosity get the best of me, I loaded Game 97 it was a golden save file at Shinshu Field with all 13 brush gods, max solar energy, and max ink pots. The only thing at that point that really had me freaked out was that instead of numbers for the play hours it said "Y o u ' r e N e x t".

At that point I knew my game was hacked, but I didn't care. Once the loading screen had closed I found that the game was not in fact in Shinshu Field. Instead it was at the final phase of the battle with Yami on the Ark of Yamato. There was no music, except when I used the Celestial Brush. Even then the music was choppy and jumped a lot. About halfway through the fight the screen went black and a screeching buzzing sound played for a few seconds.

My mom told me that she was going to work, leaving me alone in the house. The buzzing stopped once she'd gone and the screen went back to the fight.

Yami had gone from red to blue and the dreaded "smudged face" glitch had unleashed itself. Amaterasu now resembled a headless demon . I was tempted to hit reset and just start a new file, but something made me try to finish before the glitch caused the game to crash.

I became frustrated when Game 97 did finally crash and reset the game, scrolling to the bottom of the save files to try again.

Now instead of the original play hours it said "THIS IS NO JOKE", which of course made me laugh like it was a joke. I wondered what loser had gone through so much to hack a game like this just to scare someone a bit.

The game still said it was in Shinshu Field, but instead of loading in it's original place in the final battle it opened in Oki's house in Kamui. I was actually starting to become a bit freaked out because the game had opened in two places without Origin Mirrors. The frame rate in the house was very low and eventually the game froze. Since I already knew the ending I was just goofing around a bit and Amaterasu froze mid jump, about to touch ground with her front paws. Solar Flare vanished briefly, and then added to my uneasiness by reappearing and moving. I watched for a minute eventually everything started to move, but Amaterasu remained positioned slightly above the ground. I heard the sound effects of her yawning like when you stayed idle too long and tried moving again.

The wolf's head separated from her body and started to move around like it would normally when it was attached to her body, but the rest of her stayed in place. I thought that maybe if I went out of the house it would reload and the glitch would go away, so I did.

Instead of a completed wolf body I now had a mutated version of the realistic karmic transformer the different polygons that made up Amaterasu's body were spaced out and her head was once more stretched to her foot.

The frame rate went down again and the screen went into the loading screen. It opened in Shinshu Field like I had just left Kamiki Village, only the entire place was a Cursed Zone. Instead of green demon scrolls they were yellow and they took up most of the space, although I could walk straight through them. I always loved looking at glitches and cheats, even for games I didn't have, and I had never heard of this happening to anyone.

I wanted to turn the game off, but something in the back of my head said that I should keep going. I went to the

Moon Cave area, loosing one of Amaterasu's back legs in the process, and instead of a Guardian Statue Waka was standing there. He didn't have his hat and his head was halfway through the ground, but I had the option to bite him or speak to him. I chose to listen and the text from his introductory cut scene from Agata Forest appeared on screen.

Right after pressing the A button to scroll through the text a message appeared saying that the system had lost connection with the Wii remote. I had enough with the glitches and after re connecting the remote hit the return to Wii menu button.

Instead of asking for confirmation like it usually did, a different message appeared: "you'll regret it. continue?" Instead of yes and no the options were "E I d l l I w u o y" and "e s o o h c u o y r e v e t a h w". I automatically chose the second, since that was the one in place of no. I had no idea what the message said at the time, which I would later realize was "You will die" and "Whatever you choose" backwards. By now I thought that who ever had programed this must have implanted a virus into the Wii, so I took the game out immediately and unplugged the system.

The green light didn't go off when I took out the power cord. A fan of horror stories, especially video game hauntings, I changed the channel back to the Wii and as I expected the game channel for ?kami was still available. I hit play and checked to see if the play time for Game 97 had changed, but the file wasn't there. I was starting to think that maybe I was delirious so I turned off the television and went upstairs. It was only 9:00, but I was tired and scared so I went to sleep.

I decided not to play the game the next day, especially since I had a very vivid dream about it. Amaterasu had been replaced by my fan character Zmaterasu Ammy's daughter who happened to have the typical black fur and blue markings of an ?kami OC with dark powers. Her head and body split apart like they had done in Oki's house, only with blood dripping where they separated. She cackled and whispered "esoohcuoyrevetahweidlliwuoy".

I asked everyone I knew if they'd sent me the game, but none of my friends had any idea. At that point I was honestly afraid; I wanted to know exactly who this CID was and why they had given me such a weird game.

I'm sorry that this is all that I will write for now, but even thinking of this experience sends chills down my spine. I still fear that cursed ?kami game, and I'm more than a bit afraid to play my PS2 version.

/Game 97



Editor's Note:

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: go to <http://epantiras.deviantart.com/> for commissions.

Karin: Enter the D'Amphile

Author: John Smith paladin_313@msn.com
Subject: Karin/Chibi Vampire alt. □universe.

Chapter 1

It had been a brisk day at work, and both Karin and Kenta were exhausted. It seemed odd to think that the start of school in a few days would be an actual relief. Kenta's situation had indeed improved since his mother started working at Julian's, and was able to hold the job. They had two solid incomes now, and they were considering moving up to a bigger apartment in the complex. In the meantime, with all their problems worked out, and Karin now feeling that she was no longer an outcast to her kind, she felt freer than she had ever felt before. It was even better when you had a boy that deeply loved you and more so when you knew that he was accepted by your family, and your kind. She knew that, with allies like Kenta Usi, Wiener and Victor Sinclair, and her good friend Maki, vampires in this city were safe from persecution. They knew that these people would protect them, and deflect unwanted intrusions. It was only the misunderstanding of humans that were too scared of you or too scared of legends and lies, that kept full mixing of the two worlds from happening to the benefit of both. She hoped that, one day, this could be. The marriage that she was sure to happen between her and Kenta one day, though it would have to be secret for a while, was bound to happen. They knew that it would one day become allowed to be public.

As they walked down the street, they began to talk about how fun the summer break had been, and about their upcoming junior year. Kenta began to chuckle a bit. "What's so funny?" asked Karin.

Kenta took her hand, and said, "It's funny the irony of the whole thing!"

Karin tilted her head, with a slightly curious look on her face. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean, the way things are right now," he said, "One thing that the two of us have desired is some sense of normalcy you know, the ordinary and have never got it, and now, look at us."

She began to take a look on her face that seemed to show that she was getting the point, and then he said, "Now, what we are doing is so, well, ordinary, to the rest of the world, I mean. Yet, we know that things are not exactly 'normal,' and even this 'normal' we have now is not really all that normal!"

She laughed, snuggled close to him, and said, "You are putting far too much thought into this! Can't you just enjoy the moment?"

All this was going on as they were passing by a post office. They were so engrossed into one another that they did not hear or see the young man coming out of the office, talking on his cell phone. "Yeah," he said, "I got here well enough. Are you getting the assets? What? How much longer? Look, I only have so much here, and I still have to clear customs on my animals. Hey, I am going to be forced to camp out until I can get the fundage, and I don't know just where in Tokyo I could do that. Besides, I don't even know if they would let a 17 year old kid rent. Look, you have the address now, so get those funds to me soon, or else I won't even have that much longer. Right, call me."

He slapped it shut, just as he was walking out of the post office, and ran right into the couple. They all fell in a heap, and he was quickly on his feet, helping them up, apologizing profusely. Though he looked like a westerner, his Japanese was excellent. "Please forgive me! I should have been watching!" said the young man. Kenta said, "No problem: I think we should have been watching too!"

Now that they were all on their feet, they

got a good look at the stranger. He stood about 1.75 meters tall or so, and looked like he weighed around 145 kg. None of it seemed fat. In other words, this man cut an imposing figure. He could not have looked more Western. He wore a brown bush hat, well groomed and tapered dirty blonde hair, a New England Patriots jersey, blue jeans, and black U.S. military boots, with the jeans tucked in the boots. He had on his back a large rucksack that seemed to carry all his possessions, and an empty five gallon water jug tied to the rig, and a silver fish emblem hanging around his neck. Karin asked, "So, did you just get in?"

"Yes," he said, "But it was a bear getting this through customs," as he pointed to the ivory handled saber strapped to the side of the rucksack. "You are American, I take it?" asked Kenta.

"Very much so," said the stranger.

"Yet, your Japanese is so good," he said, "You speak it like you were born here."

"My parents insured I became multilingual at an early age," said the stranger, "I speak this, my native tongue, French, German, and even Gaelic!"

"Gaelic," said Karin, "What language is that?"

"That was the original tongue of Scotland and Ireland," he said, "and it is a quite difficult language. What is odd is that there are only 18 letters, but the sounds of them change depending on the vowel placement, and what kind of vowel. That was actually harder to learn than Japanese!"

They all laughed, and then the young man looked at his watch, and said, "Well, sorry for bothering you. By the way, since this Japan, I know there are bathhouses around, and I haven't had a chance to bathe since I got here. Do you know where the closest one is?"

Karin gave him some directions, yet, as she did, she could not help but notice him looking at her oddly. She then said, "Is everything okay?"

He shook his head, as if he was snapping out of something, and then said, "Oh, I'm sorry, I though I recognized you from somewhere. Anyway, thank you for your time."

He then took his leave. By the look of it, they were not sure if he had anywhere to go, but they figured that it wasn't their problem, so they moved on. Still, they wondered if they would cross paths again.

It was now past sunset, and Anjou was out hunting. She had the taste for jealous young women, and she knew that this certain district of the town was always good fishing ground. This was not out of the ordinary for her to be there, at least, from a certain perspective. For everyone else, to see a thirteen year old girl in this area at this time of night was odd. Anjou paid it no mind as she made her way along. However, for some reason, she felt drawn to this point. She went to this place in town often, but not to this particular spot, and not because she was drawn there. That dream had stuck with her no end. The boy in the dream was only a few years younger than her, and she did not know if this was something that just happened, if this was something of the past, or if he or she that had the nightmare realized that they had reached out in a distress signal to other vampires, merely as a subconscious act. This was actually not out of the ordinary. It seemed odd, though, that it was that loud. Before she knew it, she was coming close to a commonly used bath house in the area. As she approached, she felt a compelling to enter. Yet, before she could, two sleazy looking young men came out of nowhere, and smiled an evil grin at her. "Hi, little girl," said one, "would you like to come and play?"

She was only thirteen, and yet, she was not naïve. She knew what they wanted. However, they had no clue what she was. She figured that she would let them take her, and then sock it to them later on, out of sight of others. She would leave *them* with a nightmare they would not soon forget! "Come on, little girl," said the other, "I've got a nice lollipop for you to lick."

She wanted to throw up, and considered calling her brother for help. She knew he

would love to throttle these scumbags. However, before that could happen, her eyes opened wide to the sight that emerged behind them. A slight grin curled one side of her mouth, as a hand snatched each of their collars and roughly yanked them backwards. He turned them towards him, and said, "You like to play games, filth? Play with me!"

He looked past them at Anjou, and said, "Run home, girl: nothing to see here!"

She stared at him, which prompted him to say, "Go home: its not safe here!"

She turned on her heel, and went around the corner.

"Let us go, *gyjin*!" snarled the one.

However, his disgust at what was in his hands grew. He made sure that there were no police around, and smashed their heads together. They both collapsed in a heap. He knew that the concussions they would awaken with would be something that they would not soon forget. Hopefully, it would knock some sense into them, but that was doubtful. The next order of business was to find a place to camp out.

As he rounded the corner, he saw the girl standing there again, staring right at him blankly. She was all in a black, Victorian ear girl's dress, holding a funny looking doll in her hands which held a yarn butcher's knife. In her very long, blonde hair was a big black ribbon. It just wasn't her dress that surprised him, it was her riveting eyes. He shook it off, and had to ask, "Honey, don't you have a home to go to?"

She did not respond, making him wonder if she understood Japanese. He then said, "*Sprechts du die Deutsch?*"

There was no response, "*Parle tu francais?*"

Still, she did not respond. He doubted strongly that she spoke Gaelic, and then said, "You have to understand Japanese, because you heard what I said."

She stared at him. "Look, kid," he said,

"your parents are probably worried to death about you. This is a dangerous place. You are not safe here. I can't watch over you, because I got to find a place to make camp. The only hotels around here are sleazy ones, and I do NOT want to stay in those."

She cocked her head, and finally said, "Then follow me."

She walked straight past him as if he were not there, and then turned and said, "Please, follow me."

Now the kid was giving her the creeps: the dress, style of dress, the doll, the blank expression was she some kind of serial killer? Yet, somehow, his instincts were telling him to trust her, so he followed. They had walked about a mile when they came to some cheap looking apartments, and a road that led up a hill. As the ascended, civilization seemed to melt away. As they went, she waved her hand, and kept on going. Now things seemed odd. As they were ascending, they seemed to walk into a fog. Before he could do something about it, she took his hand and guided him along. Once through the fog bank, he saw a house on the top of the hill that looked nothing like a house common to Japan. In fact, it looked European. He had to ask, "What is this: 1313 Mockingbird Lane?"

"Its home," she said.

"Are you taking me to your house?" he had to ask.

"No," she said, and guided him to a spot that allowed view of the house, but it was yet distant. She then turned to him, and said, "This is the edge of our property. Please, do not cross this line."

She took a stick, and carved a line in the dirt to ensure that he knew right where the limit was. She then said, in the same, blank fashion, "Try to use the bushes to camouflage your camp. This is no man's land, and you can camp here. Yet, father may not understand, and chase you off anyway. Please, keep yourself concealed. You may stay here until you find proper lodging."

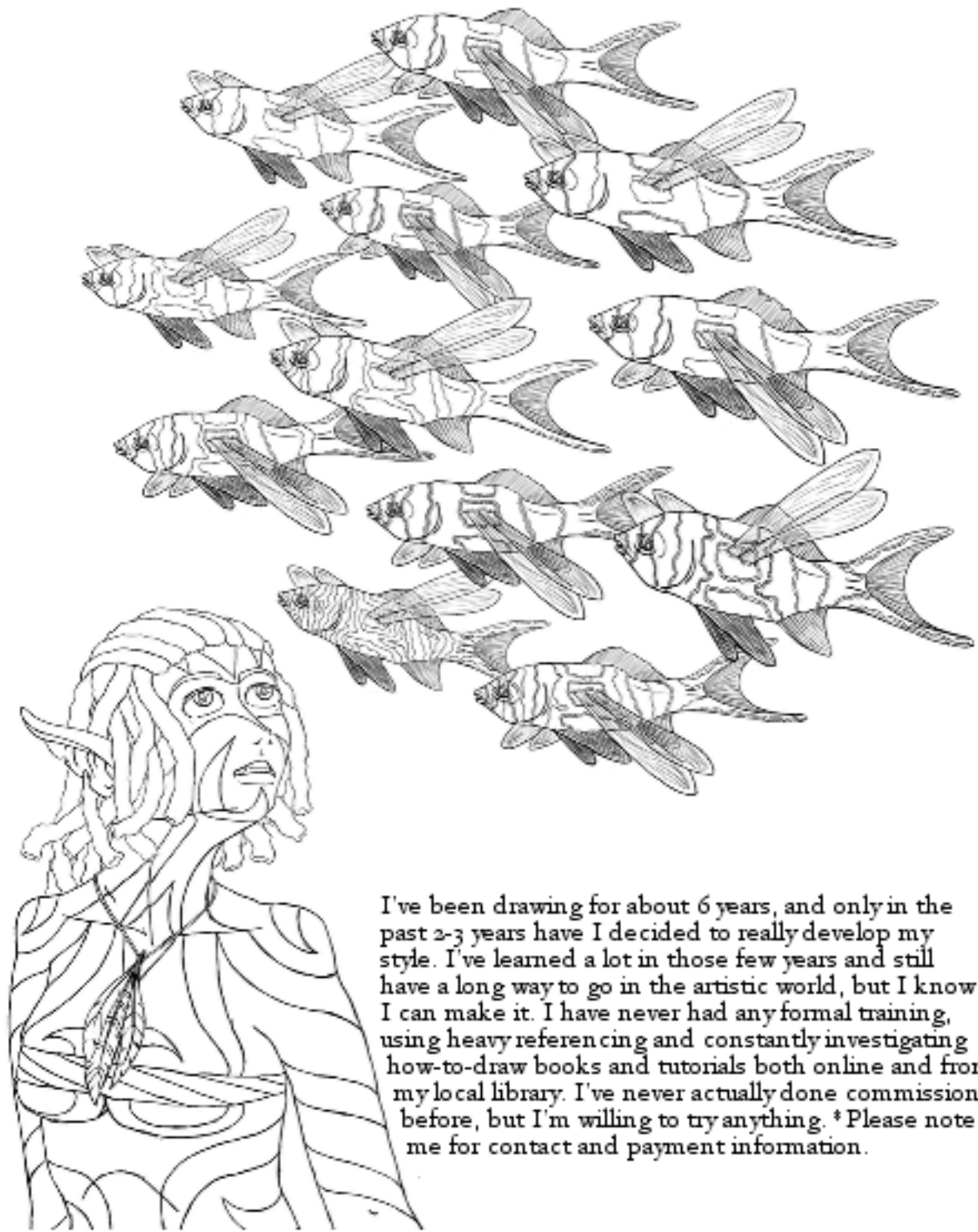
He thought, "I've got a bad feeling about this," but took off his pack anyway, and began to look for a good spot to conceal his tent. He then looked at the water jug, and then said to her as she turned to leave, "Say...is there a river or fresh water stream somewhere near here? I just want to fill this..."

Before he could finish, she took it, and said, "Don't worry: I'll take care of that. It will be to you before sunrise."

She left, and he wanted to protest, but decided not to push it. He thanked her,

and set up camp. Meanwhile, Anjou wondered what would happen if he were caught. Somehow, she knew that he was involved somehow with the dream, but she did not know how. If she had been a normal girl, she would have owed him this much, because he would have saved her life. However, her life really had not been threatened in the slightest, and yet, she somehow saw in him a kindred spirit, and felt a need to protect him. This would take further examination. For now, she had to get the jug to the house, and then go to feed: she was starving.

Author's Note: This is an alternate universe, set before the Markers had the chance to erase Karin's memory, and extends the story.□ This is the first of a series of six stories, number six being written as of this e mail



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.

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.

Contact Katie Lin at <http://lintastic.deviantart.com/>

Blind Spellcasting chapter 1

Stephani D, Dolphin64575@yahoo.com ,Dolphin64575.deviantart.com
Harry Potter Original Character

“Jackson, you have a letter.” She examined the strange envelope while waiting for her son. There were no postage marks, and it was sealed with wax. It was addressed from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. “Jackson, have you and your friends been playing make believe again?”

“Not more than normal.” He held a hand out for the letter and opened it eagerly. He ran his hand over the page. “Mum, it’s not Braille; you’ll have to read it to me.” He held out the letter.

“Dear Mr. J. Smith, it is our pleasure to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Seeing as you have non magical parents, a representative will arrive in the next few days to explain everything to you and your family. Warmest Regards, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Headmaster.” Jackson looked awestruck.

“Is this some radio prize, Mum?”

“I don’t think so. Your friends didn’t put this through the mail slot?”

“Not that I know of. Does it look official? This is amazing, usually radio prizes go to people who call in, adults. Mum, describe it for me.” He listened, enraptured, as she told him of the creamy paper, calligraphy, and cursive signature. She guided his fingertips to the wax seal on the envelope. “Can I take it to show my friends?” He asked her excitedly.

“Not yet, once this representative comes and explains everything. I want to make sure this isn’t a hoax. The same for telling people, just let me make sure first, ok?”

“Ok.” She watched him go outside and feel around for a stick, then pretend to do magic tricks. They’d been mostly alright so far, but if this wasn’t real it might break her baby’s heart. He already missed out on so much because of his disability.



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!

Contact EmotionalPenguin at <http://emotionalpenguin.deviantart.com/>

Pokemon: The Magic of a Melody

□

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□

Pokemon

Pokemon: The Magic of a Melody

Long ago, the world of Pokemon was not the world you see today it was a wild world with deep forests, high mountains, and vast oceans. Pokemon roamed freely with fantastic creatures, and even more amazing humans could harness the power of the elements created by the gods.

Of course, not just anyone could harness magic, as the power of the elements had come to be known, but those with the talent and the desire to learn could easily find a mage to teach them within the many academies scattered across the land.

But that was not the only way to harness magic some of the many minstrels across the land sang so passionately about fantastic Pokemon, great battles, and larger than life heroes that even their songs became spells creating Song Magic. However, those minstrels that could harness Song Magic were few and far between. One such minstrel managed to defeat a demon uprising by collecting the powers of all eight elements into a magical necklace, then unleashing the ultimate Song Magic Rainbow Symphony.

Many years have passed since then, but there are rumblings from the underworld once more...and a young mage will unknowingly guide the next bearer of Rainbow Symphony on his quest ...

Episode 1: The Legend of the Symphony

A black haired boy carefully cut into a lump of porcelain, the thumping and scraping of his tools echoing across the hills and the ivy covered stone walls that encircled the East Garden. He often liked to come to the garden in the morning before his teaching duties began, be this to read, play music, chat or tell stories with his fellow mages, or carve saefleitas, like today it allowed him a few moments of peace and quiet before the apprentices awoke, where he would then be occupied with teaching spells, creating potions, and

telling tales until the sun set. It helped that he had his own mentor alongside him to help although he was no longer an apprentice, she could still offer him advice on the best way to explain incantations, whether mint was the best herb for a spell of protection, or just talk about life in general.

He brushed the white porcelain dust from his blue and gray tunic into a tiny heap in the grass, then examined the vaguely bird shaped lump for just the right spot to put the □□air hole as the breeze carried away the dust through one of the many stone arches that made up the hallway, then slipped on the gloves that were the same blue as his tunic and boots and picked up a drill to begin drilling the air hole in one of the wing like sections of the lump, using his own saefleita, which hung proudly around his neck, as a reference. Once that was done, he would drill six fingerholes, three on each side of the "bird"'s stomach, and polish it before it went in the bag of other saefleitas he carried then it would be given to an apprentice, where he or she would use it to summon a familiar.

"Ash?" a female voice called, causing him to drop the drill in the grass. He whirled around to see a brown haired girl clad in the black, red, and gold tunic of a high mage standing in the stone arch at the entrance to the garden. "How are those saefleitas for the new class coming along?"

"I'm almost finished with the last one, Milina." Ash replied before retrieving the drill. "How many are in this new group?" he asked as he began drilling the air hole in the unfinished saefleita.

Milina inspected the black bag of finished saefleitas lying in the grass. "You've made too many, Ash I'm only expecting twenty apprentices in Class Lume this year."

"I could give the extras to those that need them." Ash offered as he fished out the ten extra saefleitas that rattled in the bag before setting it on his belt nearby his sword.

"You always were very generous, Ash and you're one of the better saefleita makers here at the lodge." Milina smiled as she took the extra saefleitas. "Have you considered making and selling saefleitas full time? Yours always seem to sell at the Magical Bazaar every year..."

"I'm not sure if I could handle making hundreds of saefleitas a day." Ash confessed. "I really only make them for fun and to give to apprentices...but besides teaching, I want to see the world alongside a knight, another mage, or a minstrel, even!"

"Then you know what you have to do make a potion and offer it to a prospective companion as a sign of your loyalty and see if he or she offers to have you serve in return." Milina replied. "That's how I met Lady Fleur."

Ash stifled a giggle while he had not asked Milina just WHAT it was she did when she was with Lady Fleur, he imagined it involved magically cleaning poofy dresses, commanding the kitchen to clean itself, or some other menial task.

Fortunately, Milina had not heard his giggle. "Well then...I will see you this evening good luck with the class." With that, she disappeared down the hallway and into the lodge. Ash waved goodbye, retrieved his drill, and resumed work on the last saefleita, ever aware of the voices of children he could hear coming from the lodge.

Ash rounded the corner into the lodge's east wing and counted down three doors on the right until he found one marked with a star the sign that the classroom was used for teaching apprentices. The room didn't look very much different than he remembered there were four long tables overlooking a blackboard and a shorter table, with storage holds close by the chair

at the left side of the table to put items. He quickly stashed his bag of saefleitas in the bottom left storage hold and surveyed the bookshelves that circled the room as this was a brand new addition to the east wing, the books on them were in pristine condition a far cry from the ratty old spellbooks he had studied as an apprentice. Some apprentices were already seated at the table at the front,□□whispering excitedly about what their first year would bring as their dull red robes fluttered in the breeze coming in from a window by the door.

Once all twenty apprentices were present, he addressed the group. "Good morning, everyone I am Ash of the Seuta Class, third year of the Seventh Raikou." Excited whispers filled the air any apprentice in the Seuta Class was said to go on to do great things, and many a minstrel told of the deeds they had done. "It's a pleasure to see all of you, and I wish you all the best in your magical training." He paused to retrieve the bag of saefleitas. "Over the course of this year, I hope to get you off on the right foot in your training, where you can cast some basic offensive and defensive spells, mix potions, and care for a familiar."

"What's a familiar?" a girl in the right corner asked as she strung up her dull blonde hair into a ponytail.

"A familiar is a Pokemon companion that aids a mage in some way." Ash explained. "Some battle alongside their masters, some heal and protect them, and still others take care of daily tasks for them what your familiar will do for you depends on what makes the familiar happy. That's where this comes in..." Oohs and ahs filled the air as Ash took off his own saefleita for the apprentices to see. "This is a saefleita, or 'bird's flute' you can use it to call a familiar to you, like this...." With that, he played a simple four note melody that reverberated through the room, particularly on the high third note.

"Pikachu!" a yellow mouse called as it struggled to climb in the window from a bush. Giggles wafted through the air as it tried several times to climb inside, but kept slipping on the windowpane.

Ash quickly put on his saefleita and helped the struggling Pikachu onto his shoulder, to some applause. "Anyway, this is my familiar...he will often scout ahead and battle alongside me when we travel." he explained as he reached for the bag of saefleitas. "As a gift to welcome you to your first year of magical studies, I want to give you a saefleita of your own." He stifled a giggle as the crowd of twenty apprentices stormed up to the head of the class, took a saefleita, and eagerly began figuring out the notes, making various squeaks and squawks fill the air.

Once sure every apprentice had a saefleita, Ash lifted a hand for silence, quieting the noise. "If you have called a familiar already, you'll notice that some of the aura around it has dimmed." Some gasps came up from the crowd at this. "This is because calling a familiar takes a little of your own magic power how much depends on what you want to summon." He nodded in approval at a boy that had called a Spearow. "In addition, remember what you played to summon your familiar your familiar will only come to you if you play that song." He proceeded to play a little flourish on his own saefleita to wake up a auburn haired girl that was dozing off, making everyone laugh as those with familiars copied down their summon songs in their spellbooks.

"Is it possible to summon a Legendary with these?" a navy haired boy asked as he toyed with his saefleita.

"Yes but it takes a lot of power." Ash replied. "That's why you should only summon them in an emergency." With that, he ran to help a girl tame the Growlithe she had summoned, which was playfully pulling the spellbooks from the shelves as the other apprentices howled with laughter.

The sky outside the potion lab was beginning to darken as Ash arrived, only pausing to set his lantern on the stand by the entryway before strolling over to one of the many large tables that were littered with bottles, boxes, and bags of all kinds. After putting what materials were already on the table back on the shelf

above it, he eased one of the heavy recipe books from the shelf and set it on the table. "Let's see here...turning fire blue, teleportation, protection from dragons...here we go! The Misty Potion of Vigor." He next grabbed an empty flask from the shelf before reading the recipe first. "Cerulean tea as a base..." he mused before grabbing a flask of blue liquid from the shelf and pouring some into his empty flask. "Rosy ink to boost the strength of the healing components..." he mused as he reached for a bottle of reddish liquid and poured it inside, turning the cerulean tea to an ominous purple mixture.

"What brings you to the potion lab this late, Ash?" a voice asked.

Ash looked up to see Milina in the doorway. "I was thinking about what you said about making a potion to find a prospective companion this morning, and decided it was worth a try I've already informed my group about my departure in the morning."

"Must you leave so soon?" Milina asked as she walked over to where Ash was working. "You have every right to leave on an adventure when you see fit, but it would make your group feel better if you spent one last night with them before your departure."

"You're right..." Ash reached for a cork to close his flask and began shaking it to mix the first two ingredients of his potion. "They may wonder why I am leaving them after just one day together."

"Pika." Pikachu agreed as he joined Milina by the table.

"Just explain to them that sometimes, a mage will seek out a companion to serve in addition to their duties here at the lodge. Not every mage does, but the Archmage encourages every mage to do this at some point." Milina continued.

"Just out of curiosity, how many times did it take you to find Lady Fleur?" Ash wondered as he studied his recipe.

Milina thought for a moment. "It took three journeys before I found Fleur just

remember that as you travel, you may not find a companion the first time. That doesn't mean you should give up if you fail, though some mages get lucky and find a companion the first time. If that happens with you, cherish your companion for all time." With that, she departed, leaving Ash and Pikachu alone in the dim firelight.

Once the cerulean tea and rosy ink were mixed thoroughly, Ash uncorked it and dropped some glowing seeds into the purple liquid, making them burst open with a pop and a flash of light. "Grian seeds for healthy skin." he explained to Pikachu, who was fascinated by the pale yellow mist wafting from the flask. "Normally, they release liquid when they burst open, but when exposed to liquid themselves, their liquid becomes mist." He next shook some dull brown powder into the flask, turning the liquid a lighter shade of blue. "Powdered birch root, to protect against evil spirits and the Song Magic spell Amethyst Eye..."

"Pi pikachu pi?" Pikachu asked.

"Some evil spirits of the siren variety tend to sing to bring about their dark magic." Ash replied. "Amethyst Eye is especially dangerous for then the spirit can possess you while you sleep. Song Mages can do this right back at the spirit, but for the rest of us, we have birch root." He next added some mint leaves, turning the liquid a pale green. "Mint for general healing purposes..." Some small white flowers turned the liquid yellow. "Meadowsweet for pain relief..." Some drops of a glowing clear liquid turned the mist in the flask pale blue. "Anima's tears for healing of deep wounds, and finally..." He carefully stirred in a shining silver dust, boosting the mist inside the flask and making a sweet minty aroma fill the air. "Wish dust for renewal of strength." After replacing the cork on the flask, putting it inside a bag, and tidying his work area, he motioned for Pikachu to follow him as he took his torch and started down the hall out to the stone walkway that connected the south and east wings. The garden was close by, so he figured that would be the perfect spot to relax on his last night in the lodge for a while.

He noticed that his group was waiting for him when he arrived in the garden. "Why are you leaving us in the morning, Sir Ash?" a boy asked. The boy's familiar, a Yohteri, eagerly danced around Ash's feet, piqued in what was inside the bag around Ash's shoulder.

"Well, many mages, in addition to teaching and adventuring, often serve someone." Ash replied as he made himself comfortable under a tree and invited the apprentices to gather around. "What they may do depends on their companion's needs some escort nobility, others help with daily tasks, and still others tend to their companion's mind and boy, to name only a few possibilities.

"Well, what kind of person would you want to serve?" a red haired girl asked.

"I haven't really gave much thought to that, but I figure it might be fun to serve a minstrel assist with tricks or stories, protect his props, write new material...." Ash mused.

"Is it really true that there are minstrels that can sing magic like songs?" a pink haired girl wondered.

"Yes although they are very few in number." Ash replied. "In fact..." He reached for his saefleita. "I don't normally do this, but our lodge's guardian, Lugia, once helped to aid such a minstrel in saving the world." With that, he began playing the summon cycle for Lugia: the sad sounding Earth melody, which segued into the mystic sounding Fire melody. The wind began picking up strength and speed as Ash played the joyful sounding Wind section, culminating in a bright flash of silver light as he concluded the prayerful Water section to complete the cycle. The apprentices gasped and looked up at the starry sky as a large white dragon like bird emerged from the light with a cry.

"Hail and well met, Silver Guardian." Ash began as he bowed before the dragon bird Pokemon hovering above him.

"And to you likewise, Ash of Asimiro...how may I be of service this evening?" Lugia

replied.

"Please, tell my apprentices the tale of the ultimate Song Magic and the necklace that held the colors of the gods." Ash replied.

"It is a long story, but I will attempt to tell it in a reasonable amount of time." Lugia replied. "Long ago, the demon lord Kione looked down upon the world that Our Lady Anima had made why couldn't he have such a beautiful world to rule? He searched for something anything at all that he could use to destroy the Holy Realm and create a world he could rule filled with despair and grief. Eventually, his spies told him that the best thing to do was to destroy Anima herself, and to do that, he had to slay her Guardians us before he could do battle with her personally."

"So what did you do?" the navy haired boy asked.

"Our leader, the Great Arceus, feared for all of us when he heard the rumors of Kione's plot, and asked Anima and the other gods what we could do to save ourselves. " Lugia continued. "Anima told us not to worry, for the songs of those that could sing magic would save us and the universe when they created the world, the gods each formed a little of their power into a bead, and hid these beads all across the world. But what Anima did not know was that Kione was infiltrating these places and filling them with monsters to deter those minstrels that would find these beads he knew very well that if all eight were brought together in the hands of a Song Mage, they would create the ultimate Song Magic spell Rainbow Symphony. Many minstrels tried to gather the beads, and many minstrels and adventurers died making the dangerous journey. We all feared that we too would fall by Kione's hand."

"And then?" the auburn haired girl asked as her Taillow fluttered by her side.

"Just as all hope seemed lost, a minstrel whose name is only known to Lady Anima finally managed to assemble all eight beads in a necklace, and unleashed the spell Rainbow Symphony atop Voima Hill, the one place in the north lands that is not

affected by its harsh cold." Lugia replied. "The song was strong enough to banish Kione to the underworld, and when it concluded, his necklace shattered, scattering the beads to eight new locations should Kione try again to storm the Holy Realm. This necklace, the Necklace of the Mystical Rainbow, should only be assembled in a time of great need, and by a minstrel with the ability to sing magic."

Everyone applauded. "Thank you, Sir Lugia!" the apprentices chorused.

"My thanks as well." Ash added.

"You're most welcome." and Lugia soared off into the sky. Ash waved goodbye and relaxed under the tree, contemplating what would happen on his adventure.

After bidding Milina and his apprentices goodbye, Ash set out early the next morning with Pikachu for Hopea, a town on the northern edge of the Luse Forest. They made good time across the Raduga Plains from Masuliro to the town of Hijau, but the sun was setting by the time the two of them arrived in the forest and made camp by a stream.

Once sure that the pile of sticks he had gathered was the right size, Ash began focusing a ball of red energy in his hands. "Out of the ground, raze all greenery with flame! Fire!" The red energy ball went flying at the sticks, starting a campfire.

"Pika!" Pikachu romped up to the flickering flames and began warming his paws.

"You want to help with dinner?" Ash asked. Pikachu nodded as his master slid some Pidgey meat onto a spit over the fire. "Go see if you can find some Berries to go with this meat."

"Chu!" With that, Pikachu darted off into the brush, leaving Ash to doze beside his campfire, periodically turning the meat or looking to see if his familiar had returned.

Some rustling in the grass woke him from his nap twenty minutes later. "Pikachu?"

he stammered as he got up from the grass to see what was rustling in a nearby bush. "Is that you?"

"SCYTHER!!!" a large muscular mantis cried as it sprung from the bush, knocking Ash backwards. He scrambled to his feet and drew his sword seconds before the Scyther could raid his camp and snatch the roasting meat. The Scyther bared its claws and tried to scratch Ash's face, but impacted the sword's blade with a CLANG! It tried again and again to get to the frightened mage wielding the beautiful blade with angel wings inlaid with rubies forming the guard, but was blocked every time by the sword.

Ash gritted his teeth as he deflected the Scyther's claws again and again he hadn't counted on being ambushed by a hostile Pokemon. He finally stabbed at the Scyther's stomach seconds before the Scyther could slash his face, making his attacker rear back in pain.

With the Scyther wounded, Ash decided to try focusing some lightning energy through the emerald in the pommel of his weapon in hopes it would drive the Scyther away. "Swirling bolts, gather and strike with power! Thunder!" The Scyther was not prepared for the thunderbolts that came streaking from Ash's blade, and howled in pain as it fell to the ground.

"Good riddance..." Ash grumbled as he sheathed his weapon and started down a path by the stream. Suddenly, he heard a keening scream as he was thrown to the ground the Scyther had apparently recovered from his spell! He cried again and again as the Scyther's claws tore his cloak and into his clothing, making dark red stains form on his back and legs. An attempt to roll over and get up only resulted in more large gashes on his chest. Finally, the Scyther flew off into the brush, chittering happily over its revenge it had gotten over the mage that lay bloodied and beaten on the path.

Just then, Pikachu appeared in the distance. "Pikapi!" he gasped when he saw his master bleeding on the ground. "Pika pika?" he asked as he set his berries aside, hurried back to his master's bag, and tried bandaging Ash's wounds with pieces of a blanket.

"Scyther....attacked....me.... " Ash groaned in pain. "Go...get...help...."

"Pika! Pika chu, Pikapi!" Pikachu assured his master. Ash moaned again and collapsed into the dirt, the last thing he saw being Pikachu darting off into the grass in a mad dash attempt to find someone that could save his life....

To Be Continued....

Author's Note: The story is rated E10+ for fantasy violence and frightening images. Fanart/fanfiction based on this story is welcomed and encouraged

Basement Stories

<http://basementstories.org/>

Basement Stories are stories that you don't want to believe but know to be true, stories you whisper to your kid sister at two in the morning in the dank dark moldy basement of your parent's house, stories that you wish were true but know aren't. Basement Stories are the stories you wake up dreaming, the really great ones that fade within a couple of seconds.

Basement Stories is a diatribe against the ordinary and the mediocre. We believe that there's room in everyone's life for the fantastic, the unbelievable, and the wonderful. The staff of Basement Stories have all, at one point or another in their lives, worked as readers for various magazines, from the great and terrible literary giants of the midwest to the tiny zines of undergraduate schools across the land, and watched fantastic, brilliant, daring, soaring stories get rejected because they didn't work for the magazine in question. And that's a shame.

We currently publish an issue once a corner. We realize that a non print publication having a quarterly print schedule sounds a little absurd, but we're dedicated to paying all of our writers, and that means that we'll have to take breaks between issues to raise funds. All content will be available on this site. In addition, we'd like to provide a version as a pdf form for those who want to print it out and cuddle with it. In some bright distant future we'd love to have a print version as well, but that's unlikely because, as well as the title "Basement Stories" having all kinds of special symbolic meanings, we're running this thing out of our basements.

Editor's Comments: Basement Stories is a marvelous endeavor to deliver quality stories to people for free, while still paying the writers professional rates; I want to help 'em out any way I can, like with some publicity here.

Heart of the Forgotten

Martin Ward, warhawk07@live.com <http://heartsetter.deviantart.com/>
Disgaea

Prologue

□

The hallway was packed with more students than usual. I really didn't notice it as I made my way to my math class; I was more caught up in how I was going to tell my ex girlfriend that I would never take her back. She had destroyed my heart and made a game out of it, leaving me on our one year anniversary for some football jock.

□

This had gone down a year ago and I had gotten out of the deep depression that I went into as a result of it only four months ago. I had someone else, someone better, someone who truly cared for me. Now, though, his ex wanted him to leave Rebecca, take her back, and act like nothing had happened. She thought I still had feelings for her.

□

I did utter hatred.

□

Just as I neared my classroom, an older boy in a football jacket stepped in front of me and blocked my path. Oh, great, it was Frank, my ex's boyfriend. Oh, wait, no my ex's *ex* boyfriend. He looked at me and sneered. "Well, well, well, look who it is. Damian just the runt I was looking for." He leaned in close to my face, breathing on me. God, his breath stank. "I heard Wendy wants to get back with you. You think you're so slick, stealing back the girl who left you for me."

□

He shoved me. A couple of students stopped what they were doing and looked at us, wondering if a fight would erupt. I just shook my head, knowing full well this

wasn't even worth fighting over. "Frank, I didn't take her from you. She left you because she still has feelings for me. I don't want her in my life ever again."

□

"That can be arranged." With that, Frank produced a pistol from inside his jacket, training it at my chest. Everyone in the hall either froze up in fear and shock or panicked. I sighed, knowing he didn't have the guts to pull the trigger. Even he wasn't that stupid.

□

"Frank, killing me won't fix anything. You'll only be destroying your future."

□

He tilted his head as if he was actually thinking it over.

□

"I don't give a damn."

□

As he emptied the entire magazine into my body, two things happened. First, I realized that I had been wrong about him pulling the trigger. I should have known better.

□

Secondly, as a teacher tackled Frank to the ground and disarmed him, I heard someone screaming my name. I moved my head slightly to see who it was.

□

It was Wendy. I could feel bile rising in my throat at the mere thought of her. She ran up next to me and took my hand, tears streaming down her face. "Damian, you can't die! You can't! I only wanted to make

you happy.”

□

I wanted to scream in rage at that, but everything I took a breath, my chest burned. “You selfish bitch... You never wanted that. If...if you had, you wouldn’t have dumped me and deliberately try and destroy my life.” I tried to take another breath, my lungs screaming in pain from the wounds. One of my lungs must have been hit. “I was never going to take you back... anyway.”

□

More tears flowed down her face and she looked like I had slapped her. Her lips quivered. I paid no attention to her pain; I tried to call out to my girlfriend. I knew she wouldn’t hear me but

□

“Damian!!”

□

Rebecca ran up to me and pushed Wendy out of the way, giving her a dirty look.

Wendy was too distraught to notice it, though. I smiled sadly at Rebecca, wincing in pain at the movement. I put a hand against her cheek, wiping away her tears. “I’m sorry it had to end like this, Becky. Did you... did you have a good time with me?”

□

She smiled and touched my hand, pressing it to her skin. “Yes, Damian, I had a wonderful time. I’ll never forget what you did for me.” She leaned in and kissed my lips. I ran my fingers through her red, curly hair.

□

I knew my time here had expired. Everything started to get blurry, the voices becoming distant like they were coming from a tunnel. I took one final breath and closed my eyes. This was what dying was like, eh? I never imagined it to feel so... calm. I felt myself falling into the abyss, never to return.

□

I didn’t even try to resist.

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Truth or Dare

Maria Dean, Kosmo1995@hotmail.co.uk

http://www.fanfiction.net/u/2293268/WybiEz_KidNapPer

Fanfic subject: Coraline

"Hey mum" Coraline greeted while walking into the kitchen where her mother was working on her laptop.

"Coraline I'm busy" Mel replied, not bothering to look up.

"Nice to know you're wanted huh?"

Coraline mumbled while sitting down for her breakfast which had already been made for her.

"Good morning my twitchy witchy girl"

Charlie said while walking into the room.

"Morning dad" she greeted before taking a bite out of her pancakes before spitting them back out. Since when are pancakes supposed to be rock hard?

"What's wrong Coraline?" Charlie asked after seeing Coraline pushing her plate away.

"Uh... I just remembered, Wybie invited me to his house for breakfast, I I should get going" she lied while standing up and getting her coat.

"Really? He's been inviting you to his house a lot now days, hasn't he?" Charlie asked suspiciously.

Mel looked up from her laptop curiously while taking a sip of her coffee. "What do you mean?" Coraline asked, crossing her arms and raising her brow.

"Oh nothing, nothing. You just go have fun with your boyfriend now" Charlie said teasingly with a wide grin on his face.

Coraline gasped at her father's words while Mel spat out her coffee.

"Dad! Were just friends!" she yelled angrily before walking out the door and slamming it behind her.

"Stupid dad always trying to embarrass me" Coraline mumbled to herself while walking up the path that led to a small cottage up in the cliffs.

It was on a higher ground than the Pink Palace but it wasn't hard to get too. It was just past the old well.

She smiled lightly to herself as the old, rusty tennis court came into view that was soon followed by the pink cottage she was looking for.

She ran to the front of the house and

knocked on the door. It was soon opened by her best friend Wybie Lovat who even though up, was still in his pajamas.

"Hey Wyb's" she greeted before walking inside.

"Hey Jonesy, lemme guess... your dad made pancakes s so you lied and said that I invited you to my house for breakfast, right?" Wybie commented while closing the door behind and following her into the kitchen.

"How did you know?" Coraline asked curiously while sitting down at the table.

"Because you've been doing it nearly everyday now... and while still w wearing your pajamas" he replied before going to the waffle maker.

Coraline laughed as she realized she was still in her night wear "Oh yeah. By the way, dad thinks you have a crush on me "

"OW!" Wybie yelled.

"You okay?" Coraline asked while going up to him. "Y yeah just burnt my finger, no biggie" he said while putting his thumb in his mouth.

Coraline just laughed at him before sitting down again. "So where's your grandma?" she asked while looking around.

"She went o out for the day, so I'm pretty much alone today" Wybie said while getting out two plates and a bottle of chocolate sauce.

"More reason for me not to go home then" she commented with an evil grin. "Yaaaay more bruises" Wybie cheered with a fake, wide smile. "Oh come on I'm not that bad"

Coraline said while rolling her eyes. Wybie just threw his head back laughing while bringing the waffles to the table.

"Shut up!" Coraline ordered before throwing the table cloth in his face.

"Hey! S so what do you want to do today?" Wybie asked while taking a bite out of his food. "Okay your stutter is really getting annoying, you know that" Coraline commented. Wybie just stuck his tongue out at her.

"I don't really know though... oh, oh after breakfast we can play truth or dare" she

said excitedly at her idea.

"O okay, but I should warn you, I am the ultimate Truth or Dare champion" Wybie said proudly.

"Oh really? Well prepare yourself *Why_were_you_born*, for another butt kicking 'cause I have never lost a game of Truth or Dare" Coraline challenged while crossing her arm.

"Well *Caroline*, will just see about that, wont we?" he replied, glaring at her with a small grin.

"Oh it is on... it is soooo on" Coraline said while glaring back. "But first... waffles" she said before going to her food.

"Indeed... waffles" he responded in a dark, evil gritty voice before going back to his own food.

"Whoa you really like metal bands don't you?" Coraline said while looking at all the posters on Wybie's bedroom walls. He had stuff from Three days grace and Disturbed to Evanescence and Within Temptation. It also grabbed her attention that a lot of his things had The Birthday Massacre on them. The bed sheets, pictures all around the room, CD's etc.

However the thing that stood out most for Coraline was the fact that his whole bedroom was painted a dark purple and had lots of different black, creepy drawing that he did himself. There were even a few paint buckets and brushes on the floor next to them.

"Okay I've always wondered why your grandma never let me in you room before, but now I realize why" Coraline said a little freaked from all the weird things. The bug collection on his shelves next to his skull mask she expected... but the purple, heavy metal, Birthday Massacre obsession was the last thing she would have thought from him.

"M my room isn't that bad" Wybie defended, sitting on his bed and holding his pillow.

"Yeah if you're a Goth chick" she said while sitting down next to him. "Honestly Wybie, you'd think someone died here" she said looking around.

"Freedom of expression Jonesy" Wybie stated casually. "Oh really? And does your grandma *approve* of this freedom?" Coraline asked, already knowing the answer.

Wybie scratched his head and looked down, "Uh... well she wasn't that happy

when she saw it, b but it's her fault for saying I could have it however I wanted" he said while crossing his arm.

"But seriously, The Birthday Massacre?" Coraline commented again.

"I. like. Them!" Wybie stated, looking annoyed.

"This brings us to our game of Truth and Dare! Wybie, I dare you to say the Birthday Massacre suck" Coraline said while grinning.

"Hey, you d didn't give me an option" Wybie argued.

"Yeah well... truth is boring, so it's a dare game... hey, lets make it interesting, the looser has to tell their deepest, darkest secret okay. Now say it or loose Lovat" she replied while grinning.

"Agh fine deal... The Birthday massacre suck" he said irritated, before a smile formed on his face. "Now lets see, Coraline I dare you... to lick my feet!"

"What? Eww" Coraline gagged. "Well you don't have too, if you don't mind *loosing* that is " Wybie stated smugly.

"Oh no, I don't think so Lovat" Coraline said with a determined face.

Quickly she grabbed Wybie's foot and licked from the heel to the toe.

"EW!" Wybie yelled while pulling his foot back, "I can't believe you actually did that!" he said while Coraline rubbed her mouth with her sleeve.

"Told ya! I never loose. Now, hmm..."

Wybie I dare you... to dress in your grandma's clothes and let me take a picture" Coraline said with a grin.

Wybie just stared at her with wide eyes before letting his face drop completely, "I hate you" he said before walking out the room.

"You ready Lovat?" Coraline asked while holding the camera out ready.

Wybie walked out of his grandma's bedroom wearing her green dress, black heels and pink hat.

Coraline burst out laughing as she saw him nearly fall over from the heel's, this was the best thing she had ever seen in her life.

"Oh Wybie that is just the perfect look for you" she said while taking shots with the camera.

"You really think so?" Wybie asked in a girlie voice while poising around in a nearby mirror. "Are you sure it doesn't make me look fat?" he joked, making his friend laugh even harder.

"Of course not, you're beautiful!" she said while taking one last shot. With that Wybie walked back into his grandma's room, tripping on his way, and changed back into his pajamas. He came back out to find Coraline waiting for him outside while still giggling. "Yeah, yeah. Very funny! But it's your turn now. And so I, Wybourn Jeremiah Lovat, dare *you* ... Coraline whatever your middle name is Jones... to eat... a spider" Wybie said darkly, knowing that she was *extremely* scared of spiders. "No... Jeremiah... Really?" Coraline asked giving him a weird look. Wybie's face dropped, his moment completely gone. "Shut up!" he yelled as she laughed at him. Outside Coraline waited nervously for Wybie to return with her 'snack' as he liked to put it. He was so died after this! She gulped as she watched him come back with his hands clasped together. "There were a lot of spiders down by the well... so I picked the biggest" Wybie said with a smile. "Gah, I can't believe your making me do this, you're so going to pay Wybourn" she said as Wybie showed her the tiny bodied spider that had extremely long legs, making its body bounce about. "How can you even hold that thing, its disgusting!" Coraline said while backing away. "Ohhh backing out from Spiderzine now are you... does this mean Coraline Jones will have to loose and tell me her deepest, darkest secret?" Wybie asked dramatically. She glared at him before snatching the spider out of his hands. Slowly, she turned her head back and placed the spider above her mouth. Wybie leaned forward waiting to see if she would really do it. Closing her eyes tight, she let the spider fall from her hand and into her mouth. Before she had a chance to spit it out she forced herself to swallow to small insect. The only sound that was heard was Coraline screaming from disgust and Wybie falling to the floor laughing with tears in his eyes. "Oh, oh, think that's funny huh? Well just you wait Lovat" Coraline said while grabbing his arm and pulling him back into the house. Wybie stared at Coraline confused as she

made him hold onto a bucket. "And why do I need to hold this?" he asked. "Because Wybie darling, I'm afraid the dare I'm getting you to do might make you sick" Coraline said in a posh, English voice before going towards his shelves. "And what might that be?" he asked slightly worried but trying to hid it. When she found what she was looking for she turned to face him with a wide grin "Wybourn Jeremiah Lovat " she gave a short laugh. "Oh come on its not that funny" Wybie yelled while crossing his arms. "Wybie, I dare *you* ... to bite off the head of... Slugziller!" she said while holding up Slugziller's jar. "NO!" Wybie gasped, "How could you be so cruel?" he asked while trying to reach for his precious slug. "You made me eat a spider! Anyway, it's your choice Wybie, you could always back out" Coraline said in the same smug way Wybie did when he said it to her. "Alright, alright" Wybie said before taking the jar from her hands. Slowly he undid the jar and reached his hand in for the slug. He held Sulgziller close to his face and shuddered. He took a deep breath and drew the small insect to his mouth. He heaved as soon as it came close to his lips. Slowly he moved the creator to the inside of his mouth and with one last shiver he sunk his teeth into the yellow slug and ripped its head off. Coraline screamed in disgust while quickly passing Wybie the bucket as he looked like he was about to be sick. He took the bucket from her hands in seconds and threw up in it. The taste was way too vile even for him to take. "Ew Wybie I seriously can't believe you actually did that, that's disgusting!" Coraline yelled while heaving herself. "You dared me to do it!" he defended while lifting his face from the bucket. "But I didn't think you'd actually do it though... ewww" she shuddered. Wybie put the bucket down and wiped his mouth with his sleeve, he had foul look on his face. "You look terrible" Coraline commented. "Not as bad as your going to look after your next dare" Wybie said before getting up and walking out the room. Coraline following Wybie as he made his

way to the waterfall's and stopped at the edge of the lake. "What are we doing here?" Coraline asked.

"This is where your dare is. Coraline, I dare you to go skinny dipping in the lake" Wybie said with a grin.

"WHAT!" Coraline screamed while Wybie just laughed.

"You sick pervert!" she yelled while punching his arm.

"Oh I'm sorry, do you want to loose?" he asked boyishly.

"Wybie this isn't fair..." Coraline said while crossing her arms.

"Ohhh well in that case, I therefore declare you Looser for life. It's your choice Jonesy, ditch the game or ditch the clothes" Wybie said while circling her. She should have known, all boys are perverts and Wybie is no exception.

Wybie laughed to himself already convinced that she would never do it in a million years. Until a loud splash was heard! He quickly turned his head to the lake to see Coraline go down under water and her pajamas resting on the grass.

After a long time of swimming around, Coraline lifted her head above the water. She saw Wybie sitting on the edge with his feet hanging in the water, waiting for her to stop swimming hurry up and get out.

"Wybie I'm getting out now, so close your eyes" she yelled.

"... Fine" Wybie said moodily before closing his eyes.

He waited for a while until Coraline said it was okay to look again. He looked up to see her back in her pajamas and her hair soaking wet.

"Hmm now what should I do for your dare?" Coraline asked herself.

Wybie couldn't help but gulp, he knew that she would give him something ten times worse just to get back at him, he was so dead!

Suddenly her face lit up, "Wybie I dare you to go to the top of the waterfall and jump off it" Coraline said while pointing to the very top of the mountain where the water flow from it freely.

"What!" Wybie stared at it with wide eyes, "B but I I can't, I I r really, really can't! Jonesy I'm terrified of heights" Wybie said. His legs just shook from thinking about it.

"Hey I'm scared of spiders but that didn't stop me" Coraline said with a smile,

enjoying her friend's discomfort.

Wybie gulped as he looked back up to the waterfall, it looked as if it was over half a mile high... he couldn't even stand on his roof, never mind jump from that!

"I I can't do it... you win" he said quietly while hanging his head.

Coraline threw her arms into the air and celebrated.

"YES! Yes, yes, yes, in your face *looser* HA! I am the Truth or Dare ultimate champion! Now you have to tell me your secret" Coraline while falling down on the grass and dragging Wybie with her.

"Uh... I don't have one" Wybie said while looking away.

"Yes you do, now tell me! We made a deal Lovat. Come on, it doesn't necessarily have to be embarrassing; it could be something you would just never tell someone. Now come on, spit it out Wybourn!" Coraline ordered while resting on her side to look at him.

Wybie let out a sigh and rested his head on his hands, "Okay fine... y you know how I said t that my parents w were dead... well... I lied."

Coraline stared at him slightly taken back, "What? Their alive?" she asked, why would he lie about his folks being dead?

Wybie let out a sigh "... yeah. T they never really liked me... a and one day, my mum said that she was pregnant... a and I got jealous. S so I did whatever I could to get their attention... you know, like bad stuff a and that. In t the end they got sick of it... and they brought me here. They promised me they'd come back in a few days... but they didn't. I I guess the reason... I tell people my parents are dead... is because it hurts. I mean, if your parents don't love you then who will." Wybie looked up at the sky not really wanting to look at anything else.

Coraline bit down on her lip not really knowing what to say, well what could you say? She was hoping for something she could tease him about for the res of his life, not a tragic life story. She would never have made that deal if she'd of known that that was coming. She couldn't help but feel bad for the dorky nerd now.

"... Dweeba"

"What?" Wybie asked while turning his head to his friend and sitting half way up.

"My middle name... its Dweeba" Coraline said with a shy smile.

Wybie stared at her before falling back on

the grass laughing his head off.
"Wha Hey!" Coraline yelled angrily as
Wybie rolled on the floor laughing so hard
that he couldn't breathe.
"Oh my gosh... D Dweeba? HAHAHA,
that's even worse then Jeremiah! HAHA"
Wybie laughed out unable to catch his
breath.

"Yeah well... shut up *Jerry* " Coraline said
spitefully before standing up and walking
back to the house.

"Wait, wait, wait. I'm sorry, I'm sorry...
Dweeba!" Wybie laughed again while
getting up and following her home.
Life just couldn't get better then this.

A/N

**The Birthday Massacre and Evanescence rule!
Sides I think Wybie would be into that kinda thing :D**

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