

# Blazing Guns / Flashing Sword

The fanfiction magazine

**THERE WAS GOING TO BE A PICTURE  
HERE...  
BUT NOBODY DREW ONE, SO I HOPE  
YOU FEEL ASHAMED**

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Cover art by Dark Seer w4okfanon@hotmail.com

And now, a word from the editor:

I hope the cover didn't upset you all too much; I cracked up when I first saw it, and I hope you reacted likewise; it is not meant as a criticism of any one of you.

Once again, I shall say that I am sorry for the late issue: life trned insane at precisely the wrong time.

A blog is up; a blog for the magazine is up and running. Well running is a bit strong, and there's no real content yet, but it's up! Please go and take a look: <http://bgfs.blogspot.com/>

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

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

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

Jochannon Mahler

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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# CRUSADE □PART 3, FIELDS OF BLOOD

By A.J. Croft

Subject: Warhammer 40,000

“Hold the walls, let no Ork pass!”

“None will breach Castellán, lest they be dead before they step foot on the other side.”

“Are you frightened Tyron?”

“I am an Astartes Maldrecht, I know no fear.”

Castellan Tyron stood side by side Castellán Maldrecht on the fortified walls of the city they were sworn to protect. Following the battle with the Greenskin warband in the canyon and the devastation the Black Templar Fighting Companies wreaked, the masses of Orks regrouped and pushed ahead forcing the Space Marines back to the city. The fighting retreat of the Templar force took a heavy toll on their enemy but still the brutes pushed on. It was now up to their forces to hold the line or die with every civilian under their protection.

A young Initiate of the Black Templars hastened across the walls to reach the two Castelláns, dodging around the other Black Templars that were firing a storm of bolts into the attacking horde.

“My Lords, reports have come in stating that the Orks are setting up a supply of explosives further north along the wall from this point. Sword Brethren Barus ordered me to come find you immediately.”

“You have done well Initiate, dismissed,” Tyron nodded to the Astartes before looking at Maldrecht, “It appears we have a problem.”

“No problem for my company boy, I will deal with your problem,” Maldrecht laughed as he ran towards the location of the alleged attack.

At the section of the wall that the Orks

had chosen as their apparent bomb site, Castellán Maldrecht lined up as many Black Templars as could be spared and had them firing at the Greenskins that were running back and forth from their stash of explosives.

“Fire damn it, blow them to pieces! Leave no Greenskin standing!” the Castellán roared at the Astartes surrounding him.

Gazing across the field of war he spotted a larger Ork riding a WarTrukk towards the wall. As the Trukk roared to a stop and the Warboss stepped out a mighty bellow of war cries issued across the Waagh! that had assembled. Maldrecht launched himself over the wall, falling from a tremendous height. If not for his Power Suit's ability to take heavy hits and concussive force he would surely have been killed.

Straightening to his full height the Astartes was not nearly as tall as the Warboss and yet he still stood defiant before the wall full of explosives. A border of Orks formed around him and from amid them strode the Warboss.

“Today you breath your last breath beast,” Castellán Maldrecht spoke calmly.

“You 'umies, always thinkin' youz da toughest, But youz 'aint. Im da toughest 'ere.”

The great Ork was a fearsome sight. Clad in Nobz armour with a large Power Claw in both hands he was going to be a challenge to the Astartes.

“Enough talk foul Greenskin, Death is upon you!” Maldrecht roared as he charged the beast.

Swinging insanely with his blade, the Black Templar Castellán put scratches all across the Nobz armour. The strikes with the Power Claws of the Ork were far too slow and cumbersome and he easily dodged each of them, this didn't help if he couldn't penetrate his foe's armour.

The Black Templars on the wall continued to fire into the masses of Orks that had continued to try and assail the walls while the cordon of Orks surrounding the dual cheered and roared.

“Die beast!” Maldrecht charged and struck point on the Warboss' armour, plunging it deep into his chest. Only when attempting to free it again did he realise the Sword had become trapped.

Laughing at the puny weapon in his chest the mighty Ork struck out at the Black Templar with one Power Claw, sending Maldrecht flying back into City wall. Standing up the Castellan noticed the Warboss advancing on him, a big toothed grin on the beast's face. “Time for a change in tact,” he muttered to himself.

Looking around he noticed the Ork explosives next to where he had landed. What a stroke of luck, he thought. Grabbing a smaller hand held one the Castellan charged the fuse. Looking directly into the Warboss' eyes he threw the explosive as hard as he could at the part of the armour a helmet would usually be, instead the Ork chose not to wear one. A mistake. As the explosive landed the Greenskin beast understood and his smile faltered, just as the device detonated and Ork brain matter flew everywhere.

A great cheer went up from the assembled forces on top of the fortified wall. Maldrecht raised his arms in victory and looked towards the explosives just as a Frag Grenade fell amongst them. As the cheer faltered and a look of horror went across the Castellan's face the Grenade detonated. As the Explosives went up Maldrecht and dozens of Black Templars were blasted in all directions, killing all caught in the explosion.

“Maldrecht!” Castellan Tyron watched as a part of the wall was blown to pieces and saw as the lifeless body of his brother Astartes tumbled end over end into the endless waves of Orks.

Aauthor's Comment:

This is part 3 to my CRUSADE series from issues 2 and 3 of Blazing Guns Flashing Swords, Felt it was time to add a real twist and throw a little bit of evil into it. Im hoping

Roaring with rage, Tyron charged down the back of the walls towards the breach. It was a hole that needed to be plugged and he had to do it. Stopping before the breach he stood defiant. Any Greenskin that came near would feel his wrath unleashed with the death of his comrades.

Sounds of war could still be heard on the other side of the smoke and dust, Greenskin warcries were numerous and bolter fire could be heard. From out of the dust the head of one of the brutes was thrown and landed at the base of his feet.

The Castellan looked down at the Ork head puzzled by why it would be here, Had the Orks turned on each other with the death of their leader? Looking up at the dust again he had half a second to see as a Chainsword plunged through his chest, cutting through both his hearts in its bloody rampage through Tyron's body. As Castellan Tyron fell to his knees the warrior in front of him withdrew his Chainsword and raised the Chainaxe he held in his other hand.

The last thing Castellan Tyron of the Black Templars would see would be Karvis the Forsaken, Berzerker of Khorne and legend among Chaos. “BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD! SKULLS FOR THE SKULL THRONE!” With a swing of the Khornate's Chainaxe, Tyron's headless body fell sideways, his head picked up and added to the belt of The Forsaken.

Standing over the fallen Astartes, Karvis looked over the untouched city and the pockets of Black Templars that stood shocked at the dispatch of their leader. Stepping from the dust behind him, a dozen Berzerkers of Khorne strode. Marching forward towards the frightened and running civilians and the stubborn Black Templars Karvis the Forsaken grinned beneath his helmet. “Kill and slaughter all in your path my warriors. Make this city nothing more than a tribute to the Blood God!”

everyone enjoys this as much if not more than the previous parts.

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# Rainbow of wings

Doctor who; 8th doctor fan fiction

Jill O Connell

You would have thought that a man who traverses the cosmos in a spectacular ship such as this would never feel left out of anything. Lately though this man was feeling awkward, clumsy and even a little bit stressed. It seemed the more he did, the good, the bad and even the mistakes were becoming too tangled and clustered together that it seemed too dangerous to go anywhere without causing some disturbance on a universal or chronological scale.

He had to keep an eye on himself, the steps and procedures he took just to be on the safe side but it never worked. He stood there looking up at the ceiling.

He lolled his head and sighed.

“Don’t worry old girl it’s not you, I just...” he trailed off walked over and sat in an armchair.

The gentle pulse of the mechanisms was beautiful as they worked there impossible and implausible science through space and time alike. He couldn’t help but give a small satisfied smile as he slouched slightly in the chair.

Listening to it calmed him a little.

The tea in the beautiful pure white tea cup had gone cold at this point just like his thoughts had. As his thoughts descended in decadence the ship gave a slight jump.

This of course knocked some tea making it spill slightly.

The man pondering his own faults on the armchair leapt up forgetting his maladjusted thinking and looked straight up at the ship.

“You don’t want negative thinking in here now do you?” he asked softly.

“No, I’m just making myself depressed and that is NOT something I would do

with fondness, hmm...” he considered for a while.

“You,” he points at the column.

□“Just lurched, why?” as he said this his eyes found themselves transfixed on the console.

The console gleamed with excitement which of course the man had overcast due to his moping. The console was alive with different sets of knobs, switches, leavers and other magnificent devices. The column in the middle gently rising and falling along with every breath he took the ship did too. Surrounding this console were giant iron structures that made it strong and firm holding the console in place almost.

This ship was known and has always been called a T.A.R.D.I.S this stands for time and relative dimensions in space in other words a ship that traversed the cosmos in the vortex. Each TARDIS differed depending on its operator and what their likes and dislikes were.

This TARDIS was well travelled and had gone through many different phases of alternation throughout its long life.

It had been as white as the first snow fall on a vast and endless valley. Its pure and mighty power emphasised by its circular roundels on the walls each containing a mystery of their own like a book that had many pages yet to be read and explored. The scanner like a great mouth opened if destination was uncertain.

It had been golden brown like a lion’s mane, a strong and noble colour ready to leap and strike, the centre surrounded by golden rails to keep those who pilot safe it resembled a pedestal.

Now though she looked magnificent with great iron frames protecting her central console from retaining damage, like great

protectors or a shield, strong an able to withstand anything. She was bigger this time again, the size of a hall, and just as impressive. An array of items were spread across all sides of her beautiful interior, books of other worlds, desks of altering sizes, clocks of all sounds, carpets of simple design and the symbol of Gallifrey hung like a heavy reminder of place and loyalty in the unknown above the two massive doors that lead to anywhere in the known and unknown universe.

Lights of different colours, but mostly blue, shone and gave her an elegant glow like seeing a swan fly in the moonlight with its wings spread. Candles flames lit up the smaller areas the other lights could not and made them full of shadows that danced and played games with your eyes.

□

“Old girl, you are beautiful, and I wouldn’t have it any other way...” with that he let his hands glide gently above the console.

The TARDIS feeling his presence reacted in a way that would please both of them; she allowed the energy within her to flow up his arm and rejuvenate his feelings.

“Thank you my dearest friend.... I needed that didn’t I?” the energy he felt lifted his spirits and he smiled like a child.

His body, feeling ready for anything now, swung itself around the console in a sort of dance. Then his enthusiastic fingers started playing the melody known as “setting the coordinates” joyfully keeping his mind off his sour disposition. He knew this melody off by heart now but he knew it changed key, tempo and even sometimes let in a little thrill every now and again just for excitement purposes.

Those thrills always hyphened off by the constant questions and laughs of friends and at one time family but now all he had was his own person to contend with.

“Don’t worry old girl I won’t sink again I promise” a faint smile strikes his lips.

He hummed an aria from Bach and continued his song and dance around the console. Suddenly she lurched again.

“Humm what is that?” he said as he straightened himself upright.

While doing so he fixed himself while at the same time observing his wardrobe. He wore a dark green jacket, a white shirt, a gold cravat, grey jeans and black shoes given to him by someone special. His face lit up slightly then went a shade of rose pink at the memories swirling in his head.

Again she gave an even bigger lurch and this sends his distracted mind plummeting to the floor along with the rest of him.

“Oomph!”

“THAT was uncomfortable, eh old girl?” he helped himself up.

As soon as he was able he darted back around the console looking for the cause of these hits against her outer shell.

“It must be something quite formidable to be able to do damage to you...” a quizzical look on his face. □□

“Or at the very least a disturbance it the vortex or time line itself....but what?” concern on his face he concentrates on the consoles controls.

□

□

Elsewhere in the universe, the planet “Psirius” to be exact, there was a calm and tranquil wind blowing across the open fields. This planet was a peaceful, prosperous but primitive planet that’s main export was there unique tree’s that were made of an organic substance used in medicine. The leaves made excellent thread for sowing injuries and the inside of the trees had special sweet syrup that was refined into a sugar for children. It was universally known as “Child’s sweet tooth” and was very popular.

Putting that aside the planet was beautiful to behold, owing to its amazing array of butterflies that migrated here every three to four years, its flowers varied and grew in amazing abundance. It was known also as a spa planet or a picnic stop for families.



□

On this particular day a young man, an inhabitant of this planet, had the rest of the day off. So he wandered along the roads covered almost completely with white grass. It had always looked like this to him but he didn't care it was still his home and it was still beautiful. The wind gently rustled the grass, the leaves and his dark green hair. He was tall for his age but still not a man yet he had to be around thirty for that but he was nearly there. Today was a beautiful day as per usual and he enjoyed himself walking the same routes to his favourite spot.

"Lovely..." he sighed to himself.

He had just finished his ascent of a hill that held his favourite tree. This tree was unique, the other trees had deep blue bark and silver leaves, but this one had blood red bark and golden leaves. He gently caressed the tree, running his fingers over the smooth cover, and then he descended to sit beside it. No sooner had he rested then he fell asleep, he had been working hard yesterday and this morning, he didn't even realise he was that tired.

□

A few feet away the T.A.R.D.I.S made a silent entry, which was unusual, and materialized not wanting to disturb the sleeping individual. Inside the ship, the man had managed to fix the problem with a quick materialization, he then looked about to see if anything was wrong. Satisfied with his little investigation he checked the scanner to see where his mischievous ship had brought him. She had been behaving giddy in the vortex for some reason.

The view on the scanner was breathtaking. The sky was a beautiful crimson pink, the clouds a magnificent baby blue, the blend of colours was awe inspiring. Then he turned his eyes on the ground covered in white grass like snow, the trees that had deep blue bark and trees of golden leaves grew in abundance. An amazing view which made his hearts jump around with long forgotten excitement.

"Was this what you had in mind old girl?" he patted the console lightly.

"Thank you" he smiled □□

He flipped a small switch and the two doors creaked as they opened and allowed him to leave.

□

Quietly he poked his head out of the open doors, looked around a smile across his face, leaned out a little more and heard a sound from a nearby tree.

Immediately his attention was drawn towards it and his eyes glistened with untold excitement.

"I wonder what that is..." he muttered to himself.

His face taking on its usual contemplative expression as he slowly leaves the tardis and stands on the now white grass, all the while focusing on the tree, he gently and quietly walks up to the tree near the tardis.

Slowly, like a cat stalking prey he looks around to where the gentle noise is coming from, and he starts. He looks down at the sleeping form of a young man; his skin is a darker shade than a human's skin: he has dark green hair, and has very interesting symbols on the back of both his hands. He looked a little closer at the markings making sure not to wake the person.

One of the symbols read "Pure" on his right and on his left the word "Soul" were not etched, they were more like birth markings, he pondered hard about this.

Suddenly a magnificent butterfly of silver, gold and red fluttered over and landed on top of the young man's nose, this of course disturbing the young man's sleep and waking him up.

The butterfly then flew away.

His eyes were an amazing orange, like the fruit, and almost as round in his head, he was quite skinny as well as he got up slowly and stretched.

He turned to get up and almost

immediately a hand was outstretched towards him and a British accent voiced the question very politely.

“Do you need help?” the voice was coming from a stranger.

□ The young man looked straight at the stranger and met his gaze, while at the same time taking his hand, as he stood up.

“Thank you sir...I was only resting I didn't know the visitors had arrived...there not supposed to be here for another few hours yet...” the man eyed the stranger.

“Please don't call me sir?” he said like a child moaning.

“Then what should I call you...si ...um?” he looked confused.

“Doctor!” he smiled politely and shook the man's hand which he hadn't released yet.

The man looked at him and found himself feeling very awkward around this stranger but it was a good strange.

“My name is Aloose...AL OO SEY...sorry sir...uh Doctor...many people get my name wrong...” he blushed.

“Oh don't worry I am very good with peoples, faces and places, I won't get it wrong” the doctor assured him with honesty.

□

The doctor then continued to bound forward as the view hit his eyes, he gasped and took a deep breath in, as he stood there with his hands outstretched and his eyes closed feeling the beautiful breeze on his body. He could hear the unique sounds of the planet, the leaves whispering there secrets, the silent flapping of butterfly wings, the gentle breeze caressing the white, pure and magnificent grass.

He let out a sigh of relief.

He could feel all his tensions just easing away with the wind and the simple sounds of nature around him. He opened his eyes and the view once again took his breath away as he saw what was coming over the

horizon. He then turned to his new found friend of only a few seconds and asks excited.

“This may be stupid question but where are we exactly...I forgot to check the information on the screen in my ship...” looks quite embarrassed as he says this.

“This planet is called Psirius doctor...are you telling me that you came here without proper authority...I could get in trouble for this...” looks uncomfortable now.

“Oh...OH I KNOW THIS PLANET...you are Psiroons...yes this planet is home to some of the most unique and wonderful natural beauties of this sector of space...” he is lost in his thoughts.

“AND...” he starts.

“It's a butterfly migration season, I'm guessing that's what that gorgeous, magnificent and quite spectacular coladiscope of colours flying our way are?” he smiles as he gestures to a cloud of colour on the horizon.

“you are well informed for someone without authority doctor...yes it's a unique and once in a lifetime experience to see them this early...consider yourself lucky I guess...” he still was unsure if the doctor realised the gravity of the situation but he was company at least.

Aloose then looked out over the world he had come to know, live and had grown up with.

The doctor, being his usually oblivious self, ignored the danger this time, he ignored authority, and this was a vacation for him, a holiday of sorts. He was glad this young man, Aloose, was here to talk too otherwise he would be bored. Sharing an experience is better then viewing it alone after all it meant he could talk to someone about it and that made it all the more fun.

“Aloose do not worry about the authority...I assure you I am not a criminal...and if I was would I really come to THIS planet to hide?” a whimsical tone to his voice and a smile across his face.

He looked at his momentary companion

and was glad to see him actually thinking about the possibilities.

“Always better to have an open mind than a closed, paranoid and conspicuous one I guess” he thought to himself. □□

“I guess you’re right doctor” said Alose with a shy face.

“Gooooood....now let’s enjoy this unique wonder of the universe shall we?” he gave him the most modest smile he could muster.

He was immensely overjoyed when Alose willingly came up beside him and returned the exact same smile back at the doctor, then he sat down, and he began to hum.

The doctor stood for a few brief moments once again losing his spirit to this planet’s breath and mystery; he then loosened his cravat, and sat beside his new friend. □□

□

As they sat together on the hill with the beautiful tree whispering behind them secrets untold the sight they beheld was astounding, words could not describe the beauty before their eyes.

□

The field that had once been a field of purely white grass now sprang alive like the dance of a music box and began to unfold its wonders and magnificence. Flowers of various race, colour, height, breed, majesty, smell and mystery bloomed out of the snow white grass like the world was giving birth to the very essence of colour itself.

Then there came the rainbow of wings and the sound of tiny fluttering wings.

And from across the universe, across the vast complexities of space came the millions of amazing tiny winged creatures of many millions of species. Every planet in the known universe had their own breed of butterfly, this planet compensated for pressure and atmospheric conditions at will so the butterflies always migrated here at least once in their own life spans.

The sky was like looking at the aurora

borealis if it had many different fragments of itself broke up and painted on the wings of delicate creatures that fluttered. The amazing mixture of colour, the sound of tiny gusts of breath from each tiny wing, and the awe inspiring images that came to mind at this very sight. It was a whole sky full of the most amazing and unique colours of this or any other universe. As well as the colours of the sky the striking mixture of the sky line and the flower dressed fields was indescribable to say the least. It was as if the heavens and the planet were for the briefest of moments, one of those moments in one’s life where something is just too beautiful to express happens, merges with itself to become something god like or glorious to behold.

The butterflies as they flew closer you could distinguish some sizes as medium, large, small, enormous, and tiny and to some extent huge. It was like watching colours explode and dance a dance only they new, expressing joy, excitement, love, hope, life, eternity, glory, frivolous and myth all in one go. There was this painted on a magnificent vast, planet sized, canvas and the universe was for once being a marvellous place to exist in.

□

Tears streamed his face as he beheld something that he had, while in the tardis and being depressing, thought the universe would never show him again. He was awe struck; his hearts beat in rhythm with the fluttering wings, the whispering trees, the calm and peace that filled him was just beyond belief.

“Every time I think I may be doing too much for the universe, that I may be getting too involved with situations and scenarios and that I should just stop...then there are these moments when I can thank the stars that I am who I am and that I will never stop doing what I do because if I stopped then this...all this...would vanish and cease to be...that in itself would be a crime to the know universe to do that...I cannot do that...I will live and I will fight for this universe and all its many many beautiful, unique, fantastic and amazing gifts that it has to offer us...I am the doctor and I will never stop fighting the good fight...never” his thoughts were

philosophical and sound and his hearts were once again beating in time with the universe.

He let out a shuddering sigh as he stared at this gift that he had been presented and wholeheartedly accepted.

□

Aloose was silent beside him looking the doctor up and down wondering what had happened to such a strange man that he would cry watching butterflies. Then again this wasn't the first case, men, women and children often cried while watching this it was spectacular. He had grown used to it but it still left him speechless at the end of the day.

□

They sat there on the hill with the single tree, calmly watching, listening and generally enjoying the atmosphere of the planet. Steadily the two suns began to descend to the far side of the planet and evening came to the planet slowly. The colours of the sky changing from light to dark and even this was amazing in itself. The two men sat alone atop the hill, one had fallen asleep, the other sat there musing to himself and was enjoying the pleasure of quite and non threatening environment.

□

Silently the doctor rose to his feet like a cat quietly and without a sound, he brushed himself off, looked at his new friend and sighed.

He then turned on his heels like a ghost, his feet not making a single sound as the grass brushed against his shoes, and went towards the tardis. He took one final look back over the magnificent planet, while he had the door open, he smiled once more and his eyes conveyed everything.

“Thank you...” he whispered to no one.

And as silent as the breath on the wind he crept inside his oldest and most faithful friend in the cosmos and once again she

Authors comments:

began her disappearance from the physical to the elemental. She left the planet with a sigh of joy and happiness at the feeling that her most trusted friend had found his spirit once again.

Aloose woke up and looked around for the stranger and found nothing but a note with a music note on the front of it. It had his name written on it. He gently picked it up and opened it. The note read;

□

My new friend Aloose,

□

Thank you for a wonderful time but I must dash, I have a universe to help, a friend to be with and an entire lives span ahead of me. The view was without description beautiful and it has given me back something I had lost. Once again thank you for staying with me for the event. Some things are better shared than experienced alone.

□

Yours faithfully

The Doctor

□

Ps; take the music note from the front of this note it's a badge I wanted to give you it plays a small jingle for you when you feel sad.

□

Aloose stood alone now and he did as was told, he took the music note pin and stuck it on his clothes, it played a small childlike jingle and he smiled.

“Where ever you are doctor...” he muttered to himself and then descended the hill and went home.

□

The end

Here is my fan fiction of the 8th doctor of who i hope you like it! i hope its enough and if not at least enjoy reading it :  thank you also the attachment is my picture of paul mcganns doctor it is also the only one i have ever done of him and i wanted to use it if thats okay and sorry if it has nothing to do with the story please enjoy thank you again.

Editor's comment:

A fine picture of the Doctor by the author is in the Pictures Section.

You can contact the author at: [jocdestiny@gmail.com](mailto:jocdestiny@gmail.com), or at her homepage, at <http://searingdestiny.deviantart.com/>

# IN HIS EMPEROR'S SERVICE

Chapter 7; this is a continuation of a story that began in issue #1

By Jonathan Taylor

Subject: Warhammer 40,000

\*\*\*\*\*ENCODED TRANSMISSION\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*TO: INQUISITOR RESTRICTED \*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*FROM: RESTRICTED \*\*\*\*\*  
SUBJECT: PROCUREMENT OF RESTRICTED  
LOCATION: STATION MARAK ROGUE TRADER SPACE  
\*\*\*\*\*MESSAGE BEGINS\*\*\*\*\*

I could hear them, their heavy footsteps that made the ground shake giant armoured behemoths, comming for me.

My head ached, my eyes burned, the sky was blackened lit only by the encroaching warp storm terrible shards of Chaos fell down upon the ruined of cities of Tartarus my home lost, my family dead, my friends gone. Here I would die.

I collapsed utop the barricade, my lasgun spent, my chainsword clogged with muck. Their bodies were everywher, heritics, cultists, mutants the depraved massess of this once mighty city. But I could feel strong worn hands on my shoulders, and a voice calling to me. My body was shook and I felt roused from my exhaustion.

"Sergeant! Are you injured? Look at me!" The voice was old, gruff, but it commanded respect. The voice of a true Priest.

I coughed, "I'm fine." I lied, I was dying. But I didn't care, not anymore.

The old priest looked around, His Temple had shielded us, along with those we had managed to save cloistered within the walls of this place. Here we made our stand against the raving massess. Their bodies clogged the streets, mangled faces twisted in a maddened frenzy for blood. We fought them, with everything we had. Firing again and again I felled many as they charged reciting Litanies from His Holy Book, the Priest had demanded we hold our ground. Together with a hand full of Arbites Enforcers we had stood against Chaos, as the Maladictum had caused

madness in the populace, the few who were not turned had been torn apart by the Possessed Masses.

After dragging my self from my home, I had yelled defiance I stood, my head racked with pain, my vision bloodied my hands still. I faught with this futile vengeance until I heard that glorious sound. I saw the still gleaming walls of His Temple I spied the Priest standing defiant at its doors, the handfull of Arbites Enforcers who sheltered the still clean people within the walls of the Temple. I made my way to them, and took up arms alongside them. Without a word, they accepted me blood soaked as I was and we stood together.

But now it was over, the Heretics had stopped charging the Doors. They had fled, and then it hit me a wave of exhaustion. I had crumbled, my strength finnally spent. My wounds too many. The Priest had grabbed me then, dragged me to my feet. His mouth moved, but at first I could not hear him.. But I saw the Enforcers cheer, joined by the untainted survivors they cheered. The Emperor's Champions had arrived. The Space Marines had come.

But they came for me.

I opened my eyes, somewhat releived to see the ceiling of the infirmary. Natie rolled over to me, mask over her mouth. She first gently began to stroke my forehead, then shined a light in my eyes for whatever good that was supposed to do. The servitor then finally checked my temperture, and viewed some machine

with random bits of data and numbers on it before finally looking back to me.

She lowered her mask with a smile. "All parts are in working order and working at maximum efficiency!" Her cheerful voice toned. "You are now fully functional and may leave this facility when you wish. We hope to see you again soon!" There was an audible click in her voice at that, and her eyes had taken a far away look to them. Natie then rolled back onto her charging platform, her eyes shutting her fixed smile fading away to give her face a look of sleep. Or death I suppose.

Well that was one way to discharge a patient climbing off the bed, I took my clothes from the table and got dressed. Afterwards I decided to make my way back to my quarters, I needed to grab my bergen. Yet the ship felt strange, it had an empty feeling to it. Ah, it was quiet the ship was never quiet, always I could hear the distant hum of the engines or footsteps in the corridors or even snatches of conversation. But now it was silent, as if the ship was holding its breath. Whats with me today?

At last I stood before my room, I reached out and pulled the sliding door aside and there she was. Ohmi was stood before me, it seemed I had even managed to catch her off guard. She was bent over slightly, retrieving something from the floor and she was clad only in her underwear. She wore long black stockings, that went all the way up her thighs, and above that I saw

I spun around, turning my back to her. "Ohmi! I I'm sorry, I should have knocked."

She laughed, damn it I was starting to love that. I heard her footsteps padding over to me. Her hands rested on my shoulders, I felt her breasts press ever so slightly on my back. I grunted. I hadn't felt anything like that since...

"Likin' wat yer see hey? Don't lie, I saw you starin'." Her fingers began to knead my shoulders. Making me shudder.

"I didn't mean to "

"Shh... Yer don't have to say anything." She said, "I can feel ya." And with that she pulled away from me. It took some effort to not turn around as I heard the rustle of her clothes as she moved within the room.

"Alright," She said finally. "Ya can turn around now."

I turned, slowly, and saw her wearing one of her robes now. She winked at me as she must have noticed my eyes looking her up and down.

"Its good to see yer up and about again. Here, I made you somthing."

My eyes were drawn to stare at her as she turned around, reaching for something on her bed.

She turned around holding what appeared to be a heavily modified lasgun in her hands. She looked up at me, blushing slightly as she offered the weapon to me. I took it from her hands, it was heavier than I had expected but it still felt familiar in my hands.

"I wanted to make yer something. And well I reckoned this could be useful to ya. Think of it as a 'Welcome Back' present."

"Ah, thanks, Ohmi."

"Heh, yer welcome. Let me tell ya what I did;"

"I 'tinkered' it over its basic design, now that's not really allowed, but I'm a Techpriest so its alright. It now has an enlarged energy cell, a secondary barrel, an a modified power source its going to do far more damage now."

I noticed that her hands ran over the secondary barrel and the enlarged clip as she spoke. She seemed to be carressing the weapon.

"An 'internal cooling system', allowing fer full automatic fire if ye want. A Long Las Upgrade, with an 8x Scope for when ya need to make that high precision shot. Increased stability, as well as a weight increase, which makes it a makeshift club crude I know, but things happen."

"It does use more power than a standard Lasgun though, but that's a minor drawback considerin'. I made some new ammo clips for ya as well."

For several moments I looked over the weapon, checking its sights, the trigger, the new clips everything. It was an amazing weapon. I didn't know what to say, this was beyond me. So instead I

Stay tune for HAWT SEXAY METAL FATIQUE. >:3

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smiled at her,

"But I don't have anything for you." I began,

She winked, her hand resting on my arm. "I think we can work something out..."

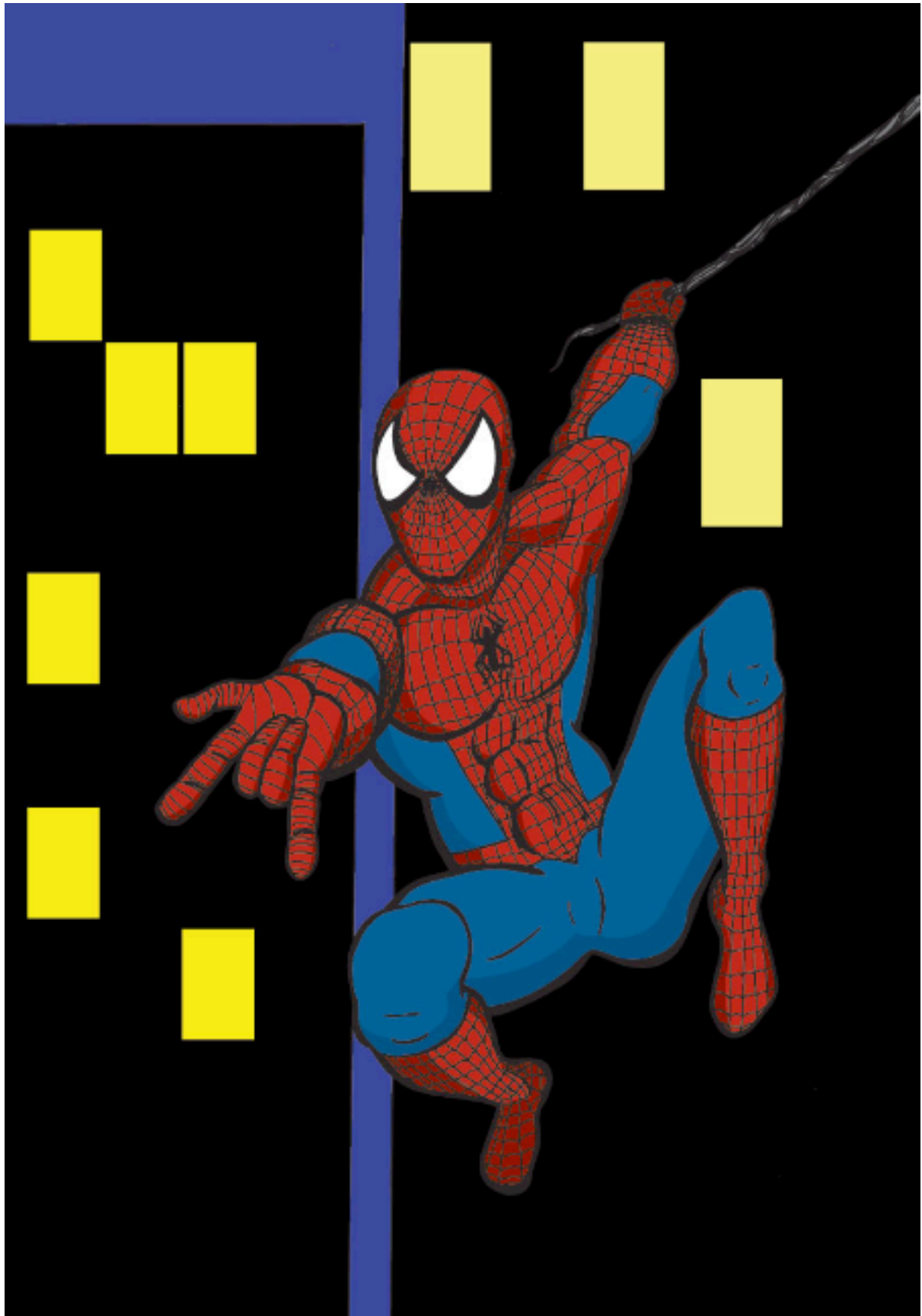
Oh.



## Pictures Corner



A picture by Jill O Connell to go with her Doctor Who fanfic.



A fine piece of fan art by Robin Taylor [silent\\_rip@hotmail.com](mailto:silent_rip@hotmail.com)  
<http://www.JeanPaulRobin.deviantart.com> who did the cover art last issue.

## Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

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

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

Bleach fan fiction wiki

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

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

'The' fan fiction wiki

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

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

## Casting Call

Like what you see? I sure hope so.

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

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

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

### Fan Fiction:

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

Subject line: *Contributing.*

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

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

*Text of Story.*

*Author's comments.*

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

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

### Cover Art:

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

### Other fan art:

#### 1, Poetry:

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

#### 2, Pictures and Drawings:

Pictures and drawings may be published by arrangement.

### Original fiction:

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

#### Fiction Submission Guidelines:

##### 1, Length:

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

##### 2, Foul language:

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

##### 3, No netspeak:

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

##### 4, Format.

Do NOT use indents: double space between paragraphs;

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

##### 5, Editing:

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

##### 6, Sex:

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

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

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

##### 7, Spelling:

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

##### 8, Property:

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

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

##### 9, Re publishing:

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