

Fanatical Publishing's

Blazing guns



Flashing swords

The fanfiction magazine



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And now, a word from the editor:

This issue is peculiar for the inclusion of a few stories of wrestling fan fiction: a genre new to this magazine, and certainly new to me.

The new magazine, Pop Culture Copy is coming along very well under Mr. Taylor; like I said in earlier e-mails, we now have a release date for March 1; I hope you folks who enjoy fan art as much as I do will subscribe and contribute; the address is fanartmag@gmail.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

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

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

Jochannon Mahler

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

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Dark Times Ahead

Author: Michael Heilmann, a.k.a. Machelix Mexilhann
Subject: Super Smash Brothers Melee/Brawl; Kingdom Hearts

It had seemed like only yesterday. □The crazy happenings were still alive in the minds of those who had participated in them. □Then again, they weren't exactly easy to forget. □Friends had been lost to each other for what seemed like ages. □Long time enemies had engaged a mutual dangerous entity on the same side, hand in hand. □Friendships were forever forged between people on opposite sides of the world.

All these thoughts and more coursed through the mind of the warrior that sat on the edge of the cliff overlooking a hovering island. □On that island had been developed the source of all the chaos: □dark matter bombs built to drag all caught within the blast into an alternate reality, the realm of Oblivion.

The warrior knew better. □The workers at that facility were merely robot drones. □Their leader was himself a robot who received orders from a higher up. □That higher up... he hung his head and drooped his eyes to the sea with this bitter knowledge... it was him. □He himself had been responsible for those bombs, the facility, all of it. □It had all been a futile plan to impress the ruler of Oblivion, a monster known as Tabuu. □He had personally seen to the demon's defeat after he was betrayed; Tabuu deserved death, and he himself deserved revenge.

He stood up with this bit of anger giving him the mental wake up slap he needed. □He was Ganondorf, and it was about high time he started acting like the proud warlock he was, not some whimpering whelp of a kid. □With a turn and a flourish of his cape, he marched into the ruins of the realm behind him.

...

Sora stood on top of the icy peak, the highest vantage point of this world, surveying the landscape below. □There were many different features to it, including numerous castles and fortresses, forests and jungles, ruins branching out from the base of the mountains, and, strangest of all, a floating island off to his right complete with a white building and a forest.

The report issued by King Mickey had said as much. □This world was as massive and diverse as he had said, but there was no sign of what he was truly looking for. □In the report it had been said that massive portals of darkness had appeared as if from nowhere. □Creatures of various shapes had been running rampant throughout this land. □All seemed to be quiet with no dark portal in sight.

"So what's the status of things here?" asked Riku, the boy beside him.

Sora shrugged his shoulders and replied, "Not much. □The King's letter said that the portals were large enough to be seen for miles, but I just can't see them." □

"Well, maybe you would be able to see better if your eyes weren't frozen over," Riku snapped back with a shiver. □"Let's get off of this mountain."

"Okay," agreed Sora. □He pointed his Keyblade at the large structure almost at the edge of sight and said, "But let's go to that stadium and see what we can learn there. □It's the only place that looks like there are definitely people there." □He dispelled his weapon as he started the gradual descent down the mountain.

...

Two swordsmen, both with varying shades of blue hair, stood on the ramparts of a once besieged castle. □ Arrows were half buried in the barren ground surrounding the castle. □ Despite the forlorn appearance of it all, Marth had been relieved when the curtain of darkness pulled back from this castle, his castle. □ Now there was only the matter of making repairs and cleaning up the castle grounds...

The other knight, Ike, shook Marth from his thoughts and pointed out towards the arrow littered battlefield. □ Another knight, this one clad in blue armor but with red hair, was making a mad dash right for the castle gates. □ His sword was slung across his back in a fashion similar to the two of them. □ "What's Roy doing here?" Marth asked, more a rhetorical question than one aimed at Ike.

"I don't know," Ike answered, turning his gaze skyward, "but you might want to ask the same question about him." □ He pointed up just as a sleek white spacecraft with blue wings soared overhead. □ On the side of the craft but obscured by the wings was the image of a winged fox soaring alongside.

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"Falco, this is Fox McCloud. □ Do you copy?"

"I hear you loud and clear," was the gruff reply.

Fox turned his head out of the cockpit window and examined the scene below. □ The castle and the field surrounding it looked like they did before the raid. □ Fox smiled, placed a hand to his headset, and said, "Emblem Castle all clear as well. □ It seems all areas where the largest of the creatures were sighted have been completely purged."

"Excellent." □ Fox could tell that Falco was smiling behind his beak on the other end as well. □ "Return to the Great Fox as soon as possible."

Fox went over the list of the large creatures that had attacked one or another of the denizens of the realm: □ Petey Piranha in the stadium, Rayquaza in the forest lake, Porky the spidery robot in the destroyed city district, Ridley in the research facility, Galleom the armored gorilla robot in these fields...

That's when he remembered the last place a boss had been encountered: □ the bridge of the Halberd. □ How could he have forgotten that fight? □ He had been in it! □ And that two headed behemoth, Duon, hadn't exactly been easy to take out, either.

Now seemed as good a time as any to check upon the situation. □ Fox altered his course, now set on a direct route for the spacecraft hangar.

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A gorilla wearing a red tie and a chimpanzee wearing a red hat and matching tank top sat atop a hefty pile of bananas, happily munching away. □ They hardly had any time of late to work on this pile since the two got together again. □ But that time apart sure had built up their appetites; they had already devoured a fourth of all of the bananas.

Diddy Kong tossed a freshly peeled banana into the air, mouth opened wide to catch it. □ What his eyes beheld made him stand on top of the bananas, clapping his hands and trying to get its attention. □ the pilot of that white, blue winged "bird" had saved his life once. □ The bird soared on overhead, but Diddy knew that Fox had seen him.

Unfortunately, Diddy didn't see the

banana come down right between his large, close set eyes. □Donkey Kong could hardly stifle his laughter.

...

A cloaked figure in a silvery helm meandered through the spacecraft hangar. □His yellow eyes shifted between the various craft stationed here, some only as large as the person flying them, others built to comfortably house one person at a time. □Most of the pilots were already working on their vehicles, just tuning them up and performing other routine maintenance.

He had no business with any of these. □Their vehicles had all remained relatively unscathed by the events. □His ship, however, the Halberd, had been utterly destroyed. □It was only recently that he had been able to commission the construction of a new one. □He stood in the alleyway between Captain Falcon's Falcon Flyer and Samus's starship, gazing up at a perfect recreation of his ship. □Seeing that ship in pristine condition again with his own moniker staring back at him from the ship's front was enough to bring a tear to Meta Knight's eye. □He stepped towards the ship, determined to take the helm of this flying fortress once again after so long.

Olimar looked on through his own helmet as Meta Knight climbed onto the bridge of his ship. □The short astronaut could still remember when his own rocket was complete. □Sure it was a pile of haphazard scrap parts that couldn't fly in a straight line, but it was the best that he could build given the materials he was forced to scavenge for. □He ducked back inside, wrench in hand, and continued to work out the kinks.

...

Peach and Zelda watched another marvelous brawl from their booth in the stadium, the most popular form of entertainment for both spectators and

combatants alike. □This time, however, in order to prevent a reoccurrence of their respective disappearances, they had two bodyguards in their booth as well. □Mario stood to Peach's right, and Link stood to Zelda's left. □All four of them had their eyes trained on the match before them. □Pikachu was dueling with the Pokémon Trainer's array of Pokémon, currently working on his Squirtle. □The displays of water and electricity definitely proved a dazzling spectacle and an electrifying match. □

Another spectator to this particular event stood secluded in a dark temple, excitedly cheering as the two combatants dodged each other's attacks on his broadcast window. □He could see anything he wanted to from its magic surface, but he usually had it tuned in on the stadium. □Pit adored these gladiator matches.

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Two more Pokémon faced each other in a different environment where no one watched. □Lucario, the aura Pokémon, and Mewtwo, the genetic Pokémon, stood on opposite sides of a field encased by trees. □A few of these trees had been hit by powerful bursts of aura or a shadow ball. □Not having an audience didn't make the battle any less intense.

Both of them had their respective spells charged to their maximum extent beside them. □“Why are you here?” Lucario growled. □His lips didn't move, but his teeth were bared.

Mewtwo's lips curled, and his violet eyes narrowed with levity. □“Because I was bored,” he said, like Lucario not needing to open his mouth.

The two Pokémon released their spells, the two attacks colliding in mid air. □Neither one gave an inch, and thus another explosion rocked the woods.

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□ Lucas and Ness, a pair of psychics in their own right, wandered through the streets of what was once a bustling little neighborhood, their neighborhood. □ A lot had happened to the two of them here in this town in its current condition, and Lucas was still feeling the effects. □ His eyes were downcast, sweeping over the ground. □ Bits of stone highlighted a gray darker than the sidewalk they littered reminded him of the possessed statue that had chased him down these streets.

Ness could feel his pain. □ He placed a sympathetic hand onto his blond friend's shoulder. □ Lucas looked up into his smiling eyes and smiled himself. □ "It's going to be okay," Ness said. □ "All the bad people are gone. □ No one's going to attack us here."

"Yeah, I guess you're right," Lucas admitted, his voice still slightly shaky.

"Besides," Ness added, checking his watch, "we're supposed to be at King Dedede's castle for that peace treaty." □ The two started running at a much faster pace towards the end of the ruined city. □

"But I thought that he and Kirby were already on good terms."

"They are," answered Ness, "but you know how these royal types are. □ They want everything to be extravagant."

They hurried further as a castle appeared at the end of their vision.

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"Friends, villains, fighting fanatics," the King bellowed from his pedestal, "we are gathered here to officially instate a pact between all gathered here. □ This treaty will forever mark the mutual agreement

between all of us here to respect each other and to honor the tradition of fighting that has brought us together on more than one occasion."

At that moment, Ness and Lucas burst through the front doors.

"Ah, friends," King Dedede called from across the room, arms spread wide in welcoming. □ One of them held a pen. □ "We were just about to sign the treaty, but I guess that it wouldn't be proper unless you were here as well."

Some of the others gathered weren't so cordial. □ Wario and Bowser glared menacingly at the two boys; apparently Wario was still sore about the defeat he was handed.

R.O.B. was there as well, but it was impossible to tell his emotions from his mechanical facial features. □ Mr. Game & Watch was equally expressionless. □ Sonic was sleeping nonchalantly in the corner of the room.

On the other hand, there were a few other smiling faces to go with King Dedede's. □ Luigi and Kirby were among these.

To continue the ceremony, King Dedede applied his signature to the treaty. □ Everyone present had their eyes on him now. □ The hall was silent as he handed the pen to Kirby and he signed it. □ Each person in turn had their opportunity to sign. □

When the document was formally autographed, King Dedede held it up triumphantly. □ "We have a truce!" he bellowed. □ Luigi, Kirby, Ness, and Lucas gave a cheer. □ Wario and Bowser merely grumbled a "whatever." □ Mr./ Game & Watch, R.O.B., and Sonic were pretty much unresponsive.

There was one character that reacted

explosively. □The doors were thrown open, and a single blaster round pierced the air. □A hole appeared in the treaty to resemble that of a donut. □The one holding the smoking pistol had a grin spread wide across his muzzle. □“Sorry, your highness,” Wolf sneered, smearing these last two words with false reverence, “but you’re going to have to draw up a new charter.” □Wario and Bowser ran over to him. □Everyone else in the castle now knew where their true allegiances lay.

All of a sudden, Wolf felt something collide softly with his back. □Before he could look back to see who it was, he was hauled off of his feet and into Yoshi’s mouth. □A struggling egg rested behind the green dinosaur a few seconds later. □The other two villains found themselves encased in eggs before too long. □Yoshi picked up the eggs one at a time and lobbed them into the center of the room. □The eggs cracked against the stone floor, loosing their prisoners in an inverted pyramid stack. Wolf on the bottom, Bowser on the top. □The villains were too dazed to get up. □As one final measure, Yoshi leapt up into the air, performed an impossibly tight somersault over the three of them, and slammed himself down onto the stack. □All three let out varying intensities of painful screams.

“Okay, okay, I give!” Wolf howled from beneath Wario and Bowser’s combined weight. □“Just get these fatsos off of me!” □

A grin crossed under Yoshi’s bulbously round nose as he hopped to the ground. □He hopped up once again but shorter this time and whacked Bowser with his nose. □The stack fell over, and the three in it rolled into sitting positions with moderate levels of pain. □Yoshi held up two fingers in a peace sign to show his victory, standing over the three. □Ness and R.O.B. stood guard as well.

With the uprising contained, King Dedede looked over the ruined document. □Upon closer inspection, he realized that the main paragraph and the signature

sections of it were still relatively intact. □He hopped down from his podium and hobbled his large bulk over to Yoshi. □He smiled as he handed both the treaty and the pen to him. □Yoshi graciously took both. □He placed the treaty on the ground, but instead of applying an autograph he splotched ink onto his right hand and pressed that against a bare patch. □Yoshi picked up the parchment and handed it to the king.

King Dedede turned to Wolf, but he held up his hand weakly to stop him. □Ness and Yoshi stepped forward, sensing a challenge. □But all Wolf said was, “You already have my signature.” □He indicated the donut hole in the center of the document.

Satisfied enough by this, the King held up the pact again and bellowed, “We have a treaty again! □Now we feast and drink to its longevity!” □Everyone, even the villains cheered with the news and full heartedly followed King Dedede into the dining room.

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Sora and Riku weren’t making much successful headway descending the mountain. □They had arrived in this world at the top of the mountain, so they had no clue as to where the good footholds and handholds were. □They had already nearly fallen three times in the darkness of the blizzard clouds.

“How much farther do you think we still have to go?” Sora called.

Riku tilted his head up to him and shouted in reply, “About three fourths of the mountain, I’d say.”

Sora grumbled to himself with this knowledge. □His bare fingers, arms, and face were cold to the point of pain; Riku must have had it worse. □The winds on this icy mountain were merciless, to say the

least. □To make matters worse, they had no food.

A sudden gust caught Sora like an uppercut. □At first he cringed with the cold, but his nose twitched as soon as he sensed something riding the breeze. □His mouth dribbled little bits of ice as he recognized the welcome scent of food. □“Riku, do you smell that?”

“Yeah, it smells like someone’s cooking a little ways down from here.”

“Can you see where it’s coming from?”

Riku craned his neck down over the side of the mountain. □A small wooden structure rested on a rock outcrop a few yards down. □They were at an angle from the lightly steaming chimney from which flowed the promise of sustenance. □“Yeah, there’s a cabin nearby. □It’s not far from here.”

“Then what are we waiting for!” Sora yelled. □“Let’s get some food!”

The two started to climb down the mountain at as fast a pace as they could muster, throwing caution to the wind. □It wasn’t long before they stood outside the door to the windowless cabin. □The delicious scent was even stronger now. □Riku drew his sword and took a stance to take out the door. □Sora stopped him with a hand on his shoulder. □“At least knock first; there’s no need to be rude.” □Riku grumbled and sheathed his sword as Sora knocked thrice.

The door was answered almost immediately. □Two people, kids by the looks of them, stood just inside the now opened doorway. □They were both the exact same height, that height being only half as much as Sora or Riku. □Such height orientation added to the carbon copy faces and matching parkas led the two Keybladers to the conclusion that these were twins. □The only things to tell them

apart were the colors of their parkas— one a light indigo, the other a light pink— and the style of the crest of brown hair just sticking out from the ring of fluff around their faces. □The boy had ridges, while the girl had a straight part.

“Can we help you?” the girl asked. □The boy pulled her in and whispered something in her ear. □Her cheeks reddened with embarrassment as he finished. □“How rude of us to leave you in the cold! □Come in, warm yourselves by the fire.” □The twins led Sora and Riku into their humble abode. □A bunk bed was in one corner, on one side of the fireplace at the far end of the room. □A pair of small rocking chairs were seated in front of said fireplace and a large cauldron was cooking something on it. □On the other side of the fireplace was a kitchen complete with pantry and a chair and table set. □The rest of the house was littered with mountain climbing equipment and other stuff.

“Sorry for the mess,” the boy apologized. □“We don’t get many visitors up here.”

“It’s okay,” Sora said, taking a seat in front of the fireplace. □It felt good to melt the frost off of his fingers. □“I’m Sora, and this is Riku.”

“I’m Nana, and this is Popo,” the girl said, indicating herself and her brother respectively. □

“You guys must be hungry after your climb.” □Popo walked into the kitchen area and procured three spoons and two bowls. □He walked over to the pot cooking on the fire. □He set the lid down on the brick base of the fireplace. □He then continued to dip one of the spoons into the pot and take out a steaming spoonful of stew. □The delicious smell enveloped the room like the snows of an avalanche. □Popo dumped the food into one of the bowls and quickly filled it with a few more scoops. □He did the same for the other bowl. □

Sora and Riku graciously accepted the bowls when Popo presented them to them. □ Their appetites soon got the better of them, however, and they ravenously tore at the food. □ A good portion of it was vegetables, but that didn't matter; it all tasted so good. □ They both had their bowls drained in a matter of minutes.

“My, you were hungry,” Nana commented. □ “Can we get you anything else?”

Sora put down the empty bowl and subdued a belch before replying, “We could use a guide to help us get down the mountain.”

“We could definitely help you there,” piped up Popo. □ “We’ve climbed this mountain plenty of times.” □ Without another word, both of the Ice Climbers grabbed one of a pair of large wooden mallets, an ice pick, a length of climbing rope, and a number of belaying pins each. □ They walked over to the door thus prepared and opened the threshold to the blistering cold. □ Standing in the doorway, they beckoned for Sora and Riku to follow. □

The two boys looked at each other and slowly got up. □ They picked up a pair of larger snow jackets and followed the two out the door.

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Simply Priceless

Brandi Wagner,
Pro Wrestling, WWE/TNA

“Being accompanied by Sabrina McMahon, weighing 240 pounds from West Newbury, Massachusetts, John Cena!”

I walked beside John, smiling as I high fived the fans along the way. Randy and Legacy were waiting in the ring, looking none too thrilled. I hopped up onto the apron, then slid over the top rope, setting my feet on the second rope after. I did my machine gun pose and pointed out a MMG sign in the crowd, then saluted a group of soldiers in the front row. I jumped off the second turnbuckle and waited for John in the middle of the ring. I took a second and made sure that my distressed denim miniskirt wasn't up too high and smoothed my black and green corset as well. Randy's cold blue eyes bored into me, taking in the sight of my outfit with a disgusting half smirk on his face. John came around after popping the crowd, and put his arm around my shoulders. I smirked at Randy as I put my arm around John's torso and leaned against him in a hug. John smiled his dimpled smile, and that made me laugh. I kissed him on the cheek, then walked back to his corner and flipped over the ropes to the floor.

I saw Cody and Ted get out of the ring as well; they were both looking pretty cute tonight. I smiled at them shyly, and they shot back bewildered glances. I strolled around the ring casually, taking care to check both Legacy boys out as I made my way to the group of soldiers in the crowd. I hugged them all and one gave me a hat! I put it on slightly offset and the soldier who gave it to me gave me the thumbs up. I winked at him, then turned and passed by Rhodes and DiBiase again. I made my way back to John's corner, and leaned on the ring apron as I watched Randy and John trade blows. I felt that someone was watching me, I looked across the ring to see Cody and Ted staring at me. When they noticed, that I noticed, they quickly readjusted their attention to the ring. Cody got up on the apron so Randy could hit a low blow on John, and I got up on the apron too, drawing the ref over to me, John

shot Randy off into the ropes and almost collided with Cody, who jumped down just in the nick of time. Randy caught himself and turned. The ref backed off as he locked eyes with Randy, who saw me standing on the apron still. He came over to where I was, and I stood my ground, resting my arms on the top rope. He tucked a piece of my hair behind my ear. I pulled back away from his touch and John grabbed him from behind, turned him and clocked him. I jumped down off of the apron.

As John and Randy went back at each other, I couldn't help but feel people staring at me again. I glanced from the corner of my eye and saw that it was Cody and Ted. Bingo. I let a smirk come to my face as I leaned onto my elbow on the mat. I casually let my gaze wander across the ring to Cody. We locked eyes for just a second, then he blushed and looked back up in the ring at Randy and John tangled up in the corner. I'd once been told that it drives men crazy when women twirl their hair, so I thought while I was in the flirt mode, may as well give it a whirl. I took my hat off, reached up and pulled my ponytail down and shook all my curls out. I folded my left arm across my stomach and began to twirl a curl onto my right index finger. This caught Ted's attention and I kept it. Randy looked like he was going to throw John from the ring, so I turned and faced Ted and Cody, still thoughtfully twirling my hair. I wore a simple, almost pleading smile that drew an almost suggestive one from Ted. I tilted my head to the side and giggled slightly, as Randy threw John out onto the floor. Neither Ted nor Cody reacted to it. I walked around the corner towards them, still twirling, their eyes still riveted. I knelt and helped John up to his feet. Instead of stopping me, their eyes instead simply followed my body as I bent over and stood back up. As John slid back into the ring, Randy was furious. I lingered a moment longer in front of Priceless and smirked at Randy. I turned on my heel and walked back around to John's corner. Randy was still well in control, even with my neutralization of Ted and Cody, I had

to make a big move to distract him. I leaned over on the mat and began to pound it with my hand while the crowd cheered 'Let's go Cena!'

I finally decided what move to make, Randy had John in a Camel clutch, so I slinked over to where Ted and Cody were cheering him on. "Hey Ted!" I said, sidling up to him, leaning back against the ring apron in front of him. He just looked at me, and I moved quickly to him, pressed my body to his and planted a kiss on him. He froze for a second, then started to kiss back. I ran my hands up his stomach, his chest and finally to his neck. His hands slid down to my waist and he massaged there while he kissed me. I started to French kiss him as I heard Randy growl and let Cena go. I tightened my grip on Ted's neck, pulling him closer to me. He moaned deeply as I did so, this apparently excited him. I took control of the kiss, taking his face in my hands; I turned our bodies to the side, so Randy could see exactly what was distracting his subordinate. Ted kissed back with increasing passion, and I let his hands roam where they pleased. I could feel him become aroused against my leg, so I took that as a sign that I was doing good. He was a pretty good kisser too; I was even starting to enjoy my distraction. I heard the action pick up in the ring again, with the

crowd popping, so I knew that Cena was in control again. Getting this to stop was going to take a little time. I slowed my kissing down, and he matched my pace, eventually. I slowly let my hands down to his chest, then to his stomach. I kissed him once more, then pulled away, smirking. I licked my lips and walked back over to John's corner. Both Cody and Ted were watching me. So I leaned up against the apron, so they could get a small glance at the top of my corset while watching John kick Randy's ass from pillar to post. The match ended with John hitting the Attitude Adjustment on Randy for the win, and I climbed into the ring and jumped into John's arms. I hugged him and he set me on my feet and I raised his arm. We both exited the ring, I on the side where Cody and Ted were sulking, looking pissed off that they had failed to help Randy. I walked between them, trailing my hand along the top of Ted's trunks. His eyes got wide and he followed me to the ramp where I giggled and waved 'goodbye' to them.

"You're such a mischievous little flirt," John declared, throwing his arm around my shoulders.

"Only when I have to be," I winked at him and we went to the back, laughing at how I'd outsmarted all of Legacy.

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TNA Final Resolution 2009: Motorcity Mayhem

By: Jarrett "kydragon" Cox

Subject: Wrestling

As the fireworks go off in the iMPACT Zone it is only mere moments before The Motorcity Machine Guns finally get their World Tag Team Title Shot. I had convinced Jeff Jarrett to make this a six man tag match to prevent Rob Terry from costing the Guns the match, and to allow me to compete. I look down at my gear as I get ready for my first match since August. We look at the screen right in front of the tunnel as they go through the "Taglines" for the match: No R E S P E C T for Motor City, Brits Exploit Loopholes to beat system, Sabin & Shelly gun for 1st TNA Tag Title Reign. I heard Chris and Alex scoff at that. And the last tagline catches my eye: The Dragon Factor. Obviously pun on my nickname. Although I hardly ever used it in WWE, for fear of my Dad, Vince McMahon, making it a laughing stock, it was a good pun, even my sister Sabrina got a kick out of it. Rina gives Chris a good luck kiss on the cheek and Caly does the same for Alex as I get in to what Rina and Shawn Michaels calls "Showstopper Mode". Alex steps in front of me talking to Chris and Caly was able to get beside me without me noticing. She kisses me on the cheek and whispers luck. Luckily Alex doesn't notice as their music hits.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, This is the opening contest live at TNA Final Resolution and is for the TNA Tag Team Championships, scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit." Chris mentions that he had a few surprises for me and the first came with the end of the announcement from the ring announcer. "Introducing Team number one, the challengers, accompanied to the ring by Sabrina McMahon and Calypso Blaze; Chris Sabin, Alex Shelly, and Jarrett Cox: The Motorcity Machine Guns" I quietly thank Chris during our entrance, I can't believe I'm now officially a part of the Guns. I mostly ignore The British Invasion during their entrance. Rina told me not to take these three lightly, but with tagging with Chris and Alex earlier in the year to beat all three members of 'The Legacy', it's kind of hard not to take them lightly

compared to a second and two third generation superstars with one of them being a multi time world champion. Not taking them lightly will be hard.

Chris Sabin and Doug Williams start off the match with Williams dominating but Chris quickly takes over and tags Alex and Williams tags in Brutus Magnus. Alex pretty well has Brutus's number with his offence and tags Chris back in. Some double team offence brings Doug back in and he ends up outside. Chris and Alex pulling the ropes down on Magnus and me clotheslining Terry over the ropes. Chris and Alex hits stereo High Cross Bodies and as soon as they take off I hit a suicide dive on Magnus resulting in all three of us landing at the exact same time. We all get back in the ring and thanks to Terry and Williams; Alex is isolated and getting beat up. Near fall by Williams and Tag to Magnus and this time I run in quickly and break up the pin. Terry knocks Chris off the apron and I run after him nailing him into the ring post, but not being able to stop the tag to Magnus or the continued isolation to Alex until Alex got the knees up. Alex finally gets a tag to Chris. Chris goes in and starts dominating Williams with clotheslines and flying forearms. Chris basically gets the other two out of the match. Tag to Magnus but Chris finally tags me in and I nail a high thrust kick and continue with the Guns offence of deadly kicks as Chris hits a suicide dive on Williams and I nail Sliced Bread but only a two count. Scoop Slam and Flying Forearm, but Terry and Williams hits me with the High low. I finally get to my feet and hit several right hands. Williams holds me back and I duck under and tag in Chris. A dropkick by Chris and both me and Alex try to hold Williams back from breaking the pin, but I get knocked out of the ring as he breaks it up. Now everyone's in the ring. I'm able to drag Terry out and try to keep him out. As Chris hits a cutter on Williams out of nowhere, I go back in the ring to try and keep Terry out Chris and Alex double kick Magnus in the turnbuckle nail some kind of assisted Crossbody but Magnus kicks out. Alex

gets knocked off the tope as Magnus and Willams hit a Doomsday Device while the referee is distracted. Before I can do anything I'm low blowed and picked up the head and thrown backwards back of the head first into the ring steps. As the referee holds up the British Invasion hands up, both Rina and Caly checks up on me. I'm holding my head, but not bleeding as I slide in the ring as my

frustration shows more anger than Chris's or Alex's. We get a standing ovation as we make our way back up the ramp. Cheers of "Motorcity", "TNA", and surprising to me was the standout chant of "Please stay Jarrett" Chris smiles as he hears that chant. I do my normal wink at the crowd as we go through the face tunnel as what Rina utters makes me laughs: Bastards

You can reach the author at: wrestling_crazy4ever@yahoo.com

Puppet Master Page 1

Author: Luna Guidara

Subject: Naruto

"But, Lady Chio, I'm not quite sure if I can do all that..." The pink haired girl murmured, looking forward at the puppet. The 'thing', if that's what you would call it, was on all fours. Its face had been altered to where its mouth hung open, revealing the puppet shape to it. Its eyes were frozen wide in an angry, yet somewhat scared expression. The puppet, known as Hiroku, had a shell placed upon its back of what looked similar to a face. The tail that extended from the back, right below the shell, rattled a bit, snake like in a way. You could see the poison fall in tiny droplets from the metal tip as it swayed. On the puppets left had looked to be a odd creation of wood, having protruding cylinder shapes extending from it here and there in a odd manner. □

□ Sakura didn't know why, but she felt a hint of curiosity when she looked upon the strange being. **How did he do this?** She wandered quietly to herself, before the woman, Lady Chio, took her index finger and motioned for the girl to come closer. Sakura obeyed the woman and got beside her, leaning in to hear the □ woman's □ 'secret'. She told her of a plan to connect her chakra strings to her, so she could control her body to keep her from getting hit by the needles, kunai, or whatever other tricks he had up his sleeves.

"You are making me IMPATIENT..." The puppet rasped, giving a cold, blank stare towards the pink haired girl. Her appearance intrigued him. It wasn't every day you saw a girl with pink hair. He saw a strange strength also surrounded her, only raising his curiosity. **What, or should I say who, is this girl...** He thought in his puppet, the wooden cocoon surrounding him.

Chio finished explaining what would happen, and secretly attached the chakra strings to the girl; Attaching one to her

head, shoulder, elbow, wrists, back, hips, knees, and feet. This made her capable to control the girls entire body, and to control her enormous strength. Chio looked at Sakura, giving her a slight nod and receiving one back before turning to the hidden Sasori. "Grandson, no need to get impatient!" she yelled laughing a bit. "I always knew you hated to be kept waiting, well we wont keep you then!"

Chio and Sakura progressed forward, only to have Hiroku send thousands of poison tipped needles flying from his mouth. Chiyo and Sakura bent and twisted, avoiding any that came in contact with them. Occasionally they would deflect them with kunai and send them flying off to the side, while others just fell peacefully to the ground.

When the array of raining needles came to a stop, the girl and the woman slowly and calmly lowered to the ground, giving Sasori a violent look of satisfaction. His puppets jaw had fallen from its socket in surprise. **WHAT! I can understand Granny Chio ... but THIS GIRL! HOW!!** He mentally growled in frustration, not noticing that Sakura had been running, quickly, in his direction, fists raised. He took his tail and flung it her direction, prepared to kill her but...his tail wouldn't move from in front of her face. It was stuck. **What's going on?!** He thought, seeing the girl raise her fists only to crush the puppet in one blow.

Sasori was covered by the black cloak that the puppet had wore, hiding him completely. Sakura and Chio watched expectantly as he stood up and began to remove his cloak, revealing the young face of a boy, that of what seemed 16 or slightly older. He had red layered hair, framing his face and dropping to the bottom of his ears. His eyes looked blank and emotionless. It was almost the complete

opposite of Lady Chio, who's face was struck with fear and surprise.

"But.. you....how" Chio only muttered words of surprise and fear. Sakura was beside her , gazing at him, remembering every detail of his face, it enticed her. She felt her face get hot with the awe of his , strange , perfection. She walked a few inches forward, looking at the boy.

Sasori only tilted his head at a slight angle to the side, glimpsing at the girls blush. " What is wrong with your face girl?-" HE asked, a slight melodic tone to his voice. He stepped a few inches forward only to have Chio yell

"SAKURA!! " the old woman yelled, distracting Sasori for a moment from the girl and over to her. In a forceful blow he ran to her and slung her into one of the caves walls, knocking her unconscious. He then turned back to the girl.

Authors comments:
TO BE CONTINUED if you want?

□□□ Sakura had a wide eyed expression on her face. **Lady Chio.. got distracted.. and ..he** she couldn't process her own mind. She just found him so strange and.. somewhat alluring. She saw him walking closer to her, getting nearer and nearer every second, and before she knew it he was directly in front of her.

□□□ "Why don't you speak girl?" He asked inching closer until their bodies were only inches apart. He had a blank expression on his face as he watched her shake in fear, that red tone still placed on her face.

□□□ " You.... your.. perfect" she muttered feeling silly for putting it in those words. She felt their bodies touch and he grabbed her, pushing her against a wall. He pulled her arms above her head and a grin almost was seen on his face. " You know you would make a .. great puppet-?"

IN HIS EMPEROR'S SERVICE

Chapter 9; 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*****

"So he was really that good?"

"I cannae say for Ohmi, but he ar' a great kisser."

"BLEH."

"Heh, yer just jealous, Jaegoos."

Hmm? I raised my head and opened my eyes. The Priest Looshy was sitting aside from me, she gave me one of her grins. I felt the Valkyrie rock, the entire cabin shaking from the turbulence. Must have woken me up.

Wait a second, were they talking about me?

"Hey look he's awake, why don't you ask him yourself then?"

Damn it they are.

We were all seated in the Cargo Hold of the Valkyrie transport that was being used to ferry us to our destination on the planet. Ohmi was seated next to me, a small smile on her face, fast asleep. Alongside from me was Looshy, pretending to not listen to the heated conversation emanating from Nux, Jaegoos and Lask seated at the other end of the cabin. I felt Ohmi's hand tighten slightly on my thigh.

"So Kale, Nux says your a great kisser is it true?"

What kind of a question is that?

It had been this way since I had left Mr Sandhammer's Office. After that fiasco, where I acted by instinct, damn it all,

everything had been shared. First they had laughed that I had tried to kill Sandhammer. They laughed. Next, Ohmi had gone into detail about my performance in the bedroom. While Nux had revealed how we had in fact been sharing a shower after our training in the gym. Lask had since shown great interest in my 'abilities'. What was worse is that Ohmi hadn't been bothered, she had taken it as normal. Damn it, now it made sense why Mr Sandhammer had been so surprised I had lasted 4 weeks with his crew. They were all insane!

Oh right, Lask is waiting for an answer. "Uh, I suppose..."

Lask winked and blew me a kiss.

The vox speakers crackled into life, revealing the voice of Captain Sandhammer, the noise waking Ohmi up.

"This is your captain speaking, its now lovely early morning with 22 degrees outside. And we are at an altitude of 20,000 feet and dropping. We will be landing shortly, please fasten your seatbelts and secure all cargo. Oh, and that includes Mr Kale."

This recieved even more laughter.

Some minutes later, after we had touched down in some random field, Nux and myself set about unloading the Valkyrie. Sandhammer was busy in the Valkyrie itself. Jaegoos and Lask moving to secure our perimeter. While Ohmi supervised the three Servitors who had come with us, Sandhammer's body double, Miakis, Merkus the cook, and Natie the Medic

rolled out of the back. I noticed how Ohmi referred to them by name and would often guide them by hand, even going so far to as to touch or caress them.

Opening up one of the crates, Ohmi began to assemble what appeared to be a pair of Heavy Bolters, attaching them to Miakis and Merkus. While Natie simply assisted, clearing away the 'spare' parts. Heh.

As we carried the automated mapping buoy out of the Valkyrie, Ohmi approached us. "Alright, bring dat piece of junk here. Let me see if I can get it to work."

Ohmi motioned to heavy looking tripod the Servitors had assembled, it had a circular protusion in the centre.

After placing the machine onto the tripod, Ohmi depressed a few buttons, keyed in some data and just generally did obscure Techpriest things. Finally the machine seemed to open up akin to a blossoming flower of all things, lowering a drill bit into the ground. Various lights began to flash.

"All right, now dats all done." She turned to me, offering me one of her winning smiles. "I got to stay monitor this. Why don't you two take a little break, Hehek!"

Nux and I wandered off. She told me that they had spotted a small settlement nearby, through the forest, and she had asked if I would like to take a look. I couldn't find a way to get rid of her, so I agreed.

"I thought this world was unihabitted?"

"No, no, its a feral world. Its got humans but not many. Lincoln found it not long ago."

Right. Nux turned to me, slapping my shoulder as we walked. "Hey ya dinnae need ta look so glum! Me'be we can find sum xenos to kill!"

Heh, a Catachan to the end, hey Nux?

"Where did ya get dat sword anyhow? Ohmi says it were a trophy."

I hate this sword and I hate you reminding me of it.

"I killed some Eldar on Kre , Tartarus, it had this sword never seen anything like it before so I just took it."

"Dat's it?"

"Dat's it." I said, imitating her accent.

She looked away from me, annoyed. Good. I cant believe I almost let that slip. Nux's vox crackled into life then, muttering some profanity, she raised it to her ear.

"Yo?"

"Hi Jeanette, Lincoln just wants to know if Kale is with you."

"Yep, I'm keeping ma eyes on him."

"Good good. Lask out."

With that Nux put the vox back to her belt. She didn't even aknowledge my questioning look. Damn it.

We continued walking for a time. As agravating as it was to admit it, I missed Nux's chatting. "I'm sorry for mocking you Nux. I'm just annoyed about Ohmi telling everyone..."

Nux brightened imediately, slapping my shoulder again, harder this time.

"Hey, its alright! I dinnae mind, really."

Heh, alright now to change the subject. "That weapon of yours," I began indicating the Autogun slung on her back, a belt feed of ammunition heading into her backpack. "I don't recognise it."

She unslung the weapon, explaining it was a relic from Catachan. How it had belonged to her father, Ohmi had fixed it up so it was about comparable to a Heavy Stubber, the kind mounted on Battle Tanks even that it had killed more Xenos than half the Vostroyan 24th Regiment put together. Heh, she loved to exaggerate. I made the motions that I was listening, nodding and chuckling when prompted to do so by her.

She then kissed me.

It was sudden, and admittedly half hearted from my end. It really only lasted a moment after all.

After that she blushed a little and we finally reached the end of the trail, the settlement in sight just below this hill we were on about a mile away, the sun rising in the sky behind it. It was a good view. But I didn't know what I had been expecting. I had a few vague memories of learning about primitive cultures when I was still a youth. How they would build huts out of wood and stone, like how Orks would do if they had nothing better at hand. But this didn't seem right.

Confused, I turned to Nux. "I thought you said this was a Feral World, then what are those?" I said, indicating in the distance what appeared to be Plasma Generator of some kind.

"Er..." Nux seemed to be as baffled as me.

I unslung my Lasgun, uncapping the scope with my thumb and looked through.

"What can ya see?"

It was indeed a Plasma Generator, I could easily see the crackle of streamlined energy coursing up the structure. It was about 10 feet high, and surrounded by a wooden fence. Thick black cables went from the Generator to each of the of the small buildings, which had an almost pre fabricated look to them. I noticed a few people clustering around the larger building, in the centre of the settlement. They seemed really excited. I tuned the sights a little more, and craned my bionic eye to pickout what the people were clustered around. I noticed a flash of a blue face.

"Well?"

"There's a plasma generator down there. Those people have clustered around something I'm just trying to see what it is..."

I looked through the scope again. Where is it? I know I saw it. There it was again. I

focussed the scope even more. The crowd parted to let it through, It walked forward. It had a curious rolling gait, dressed in ornate clothing, tall and quite thin. Flanked by Guards in Bright Orange Uniforms. The people cheered.

I flicked off the saftey and pulled the trigger. My heart skipped a beat as several moments passed. Finally through the scope I saw it, the Tau diplomat's head exploded like a ripe galla fruit on a hot summer day.

"What are ya doin'!?"

I fired again, this time aimed at one of the guards who had crouched over the Tau's body.

He collapsed on top of the diplomat, his helmet rolling away from his body.

"Kale! There are hundreds of dem!!!"

I turned to look dumbly at Nux, her eyes were wide, her Autogun in her hands. I had heard her speak, but my mind failed to register it.

She roughly grabbed my head, turning it to look ahead. Behind the settlement was a collumn of Tau soldiers. They were mobilizing, several had those Monocular Optics pointed at us. Shit, the sun must have flashed off my scope.

I even spotted several of those Xeno Hammerhead Transports moving towards us.

"The hell is wrong with you anyhow!? They did nae even know we were here!"

"They are Xenos "

She slapped me, quite hard.

"Come on, we have to get out of here!" My vision blurred slightly, but I knew what to do. "Nux, its too late for that. Use your vox, tell the others what happened.. I have to slow them down or they will overunn us."

"Eh?"

"Do it!"

I went prone, aiming the Lasgun, putting my Bionic eye to the scope. I stared down the scope, looking for a weak spot. There had to be one.

"Emperor, forgive me but I need just one shot!"

I could feel Nux's stare, she must think I'm insane.

Nux's vox crackled into life. "Hey, Ohmi! Pick up yer damn vox!"

There was nothing but static. "Shit! Damn trees are throwing off our signal!"

Concentrate, this is it, just one shot would be needed. There was a damaged seam on the generator, perhaps from where the Generator had overloaded and discharged prematurely. I could see how the villagers were panicking, several Tau soldiers had rounded them up, pointing their weapons at them. It seemed they had panicked too. The Tau Column must have spotted us, they were moving forward, just passing the

settlement. The villagers were clustered near to their Village Centre, I could make out their faces. They looked terrified. A child held on to his mother's leg, an old couple held each other tightly, confused and afraid. The Tau bodyguard was yelling into some kind of receiver. I estimated maybe fifty people. And maybe a hundred Tau Soldiers. It was now or never, now and forever.

I pulled the trigger.

The Plasma generator exploded in a sea of blue fire, even from here the sight hurt my eye, causing an afterburn of the image in my mind. The settlement was overcome in a second, the Xeno technology adding to the blast. After several seconds I looked back. The Settlement was gone. Along with most of the Column.

I stood up, offering my hand to Nux, "Now we can go."

Nux just stared at me, her mouth open. A single tear running down her face.

*****MESSAGE ENDS*****

Author's comments: Chapter II the end is near.□

□

Oh by the way, the Plasma Generator exploding like that is a one in a 1000 chance If I remember correctly but it can happen.

Pictures Corner

Websites of Note

Warhammer 40,000 fanon wiki:

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

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

Bleach fan fiction wiki

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

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

'The' fan fiction wiki

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

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

Casting Call

Like what you see? I sure hope so.

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

The BGFS blog is at: [http://bg fs.blogspot.com/](http://bgfs.blogspot.com/) please go take a look.

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

Fan Fiction:

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

Subject line: *Contributing.*

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

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

Text of Story.

Author's comments.

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

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

Cover Art:

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

