

Fanatical Publishing's

# WEEKLY REVIEW

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## ***Original Prose is brought to you by [Lurk and his friends](#)***

The four of them awoke in a narrow stone cell.

They were unbound, and soon had explored the limits of the small room. They weren't much.

It was about eight feet by ten feet, there was a narrow stone bench running on one of the narrow sides, and the opposite wall was made of iron bars in which a metal door was placed.

Lurk tried to pick the lock, then gave up in frustration.

Abraham was struck by a thought and turned to Rushell. "Could you try to magic the door open?" he asked.

Rushell shook his head. "I tried, but cannot perform magic here: I think she must have constructed this cell in such a way that spells cannot be cast from within."

"There must be some way to escape," Heather said.

"What do you think this is, a fairy tale?" Lurk scoffed. "You think I'm gonna just lean against the wall, and somehow push on the exact right place to hit some secret switch?" he said, folding his arms and leaning against the wall. Lurk was so intent on what he was saying, he didn't notice a small stone that moved slightly under his weight.

"And then, some hole is going to open in the solid stone wall," Lurk said, while a hole opened in the stone wall right beside him. "And if that actually happened," Lurk went on, completely oblivious to what was going on right next to him. "I suppose you'd expect me to go right on talking, completely oblivious to what was going on right next to me!"

"Lurk?" Rushell said, trying to get his attention.

"Don't interrupt me when I'm talking at you!" Lurk snapped. "Where was I? Yeah, that kind of thing happens all the time in fairy tales, but this is real life!"

"Lurk!" Abraham said.

"That sort of thing does not happen in real life!" Lurk bulldozed on. "You and me will go through our whole lives, and never see anything like that!"

"Lurk!" Heather barked.

"Oh shut up, I'm talking here!"

Abraham, Rushell and Heather exchanged a glance, then turned and walked right past Lurk into the secret passage

"Where you goin'?" Lurk exclaimed, then did a double-take. "What- hey, wait for me!"

As soon as he was through, the secret door shut, leaving no sign that the prisoners had ever been there.

# THE SALTWATER ROOM

Cassidy English  
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I'm Cass and am finishing the 10th grade of high school. I live in Australia and have been writing since 2010.

I love to write because its like a portal into another world in which I control and nothing can go wrong unless I want them too, I can be who I want to be and say what I've wanted to say to people but never could. At first I wrote only for myself but then friends got interested and suggested I share it on [deviantart.com](http://deviantart.com)  
I never thought I would get noticed by anyone.

The water that surrounded me felt cool but not as cool as the night air as soon as my face broke the surface. Thing had pulled me up here to the beach, this beach and at this time. I had never really opened my eyes before to humans but something caught my eye in the low light of the moon. A girl with hair as white as sand and eyes as blue as the ocean around me, this girl was barefoot and was wearing a night dress of dark blue silk. She was so beautiful like Aphrodite herself. She stared up at the path in the sky where the planes used fly as if waiting but they weren't there anymore. The night grew colder the more I watched her and as I shivered she started to shiver it was then when she saw me. She looked into my eyes as if she saw all the troubled tunnels that bothered me and she wanted to become a subway that would create a great sound and cure me of my madness. I smiled to her as she picked up a sea shell and I whispered "Farewell"  
I willed the shell to allow her to hear the waves in underwater caves as if she were inside my saltwater room.

The sand was soft between my toes and the water cool against my skin as I waded out until I was knee deep in water waiting for the boy to appear again. The time I saw him last night was not enough. I couldn't get his soft green eyes, chocolate brown hair and troubled face out of my head. When we were alone I never felt so at home. My home was perfect but so perfect was boring. I was a princess but the third in line as I had two older sisters but one younger. It was never the type for rules. I needed to be free and looking into his eyes now made me feel free like love at first sight. What will it take to make or break this small hint of love? I wish he'd come closer, all I needed was time. I wondered what he was thinking. My youngest sister bonded to my side, her porcelain skin glowed in the light of the mood "Older sister, please come home." I sighed "If back there is what I call home why do I feel so alone?" I asked sadly then turned with my little sister to go and wondered if he wished we'd fall in love.

After my pod had left me my little island had sunk and was taken by the deep. I could hardly relax or over sleep. Sleeping in my room I felt as if I were home and count all the ships as they passed over me but I always wondered why sparrows loved flying around your snow white hair. I sighed as turned to a jellyfish making it glow up towards the shore and watched as it transformed into a balloon and floated to her window. Oh darling do you wish we'd fall in love?

I waited again for him to come closer this one night and on this one night he did.

She was mesmerizing; I couldn't help but come to her. It was like I was pulled to her by an invisible magnet. I held out my hand and carefully touched her warm pink cheek. She smiled and it took my breath away. I leaned in slowly and kissed her. She wrapped her arms around me and pulled me closer. We fitted together like a puzzle piece even though she was human. Once we parted I took her hand "Come with me darling and see the saltwater room."

# DANCE. LOVE. SING. MESS-UP AND BREATHE

Lissy Lynn Suichi  
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Forget that I'm broken forget that I'm damned...

...Forget everything you think I am.

Leave behind those wishes you had of what I had the potential to be. The days of living in the cold winds of winter always beating me down are over. There's no time left with the ever growing sunlit days to mope and wonder on what might have been. Summer romance is too far off to give a damn. Raise your glass high among the ash we've burned ourselves with, because I know I'm not alone on this path of self-destruction. Smile while we've still got a chance.

Some day winters going to hit us again, so run just run. Get out so we can get out alive. Smile as we pace ourselves, sprinting through a field at our knees length. Get lost in the green beauty the mother is giving us. Dance and play in the bohemian style, laugh and sing as today never ends, dance by starlight. Give life a fighting chance.

I cant cry all the time, I cant feel an empty hole in the pit of my stomach forever. We've got to give up our vices that are holding us down. Beautiful with a crooked smile and a sense of insanity. So maybe the rest of this world only see the darkened clothing, they don't see us beyond the cheap florescence lights of the academic hall. We dance. We Sing. We Live.

So come on baby, join the revolution. Don't sit in that sorrow anymore, life's to short to spend it drowning. Lift your arms high and scream without a reason. Laugh at the things you shouldn't. Make mistakes. There's no time on my watch to be feeling this way, there's no more sense in hiding behind the mask of black. There's no reason to hide anymore.

My Name Is Lissy Lynn Suichi, And I Just Wanna Scream.

Give me your name so I can toy. Give me that sorrow so I can give you a remedy. Give me what you've got so you can leave it all behind. We don't need this pain, this hurt, we don't need the possessions or to tie our names to one thing. We Can Let It Go.

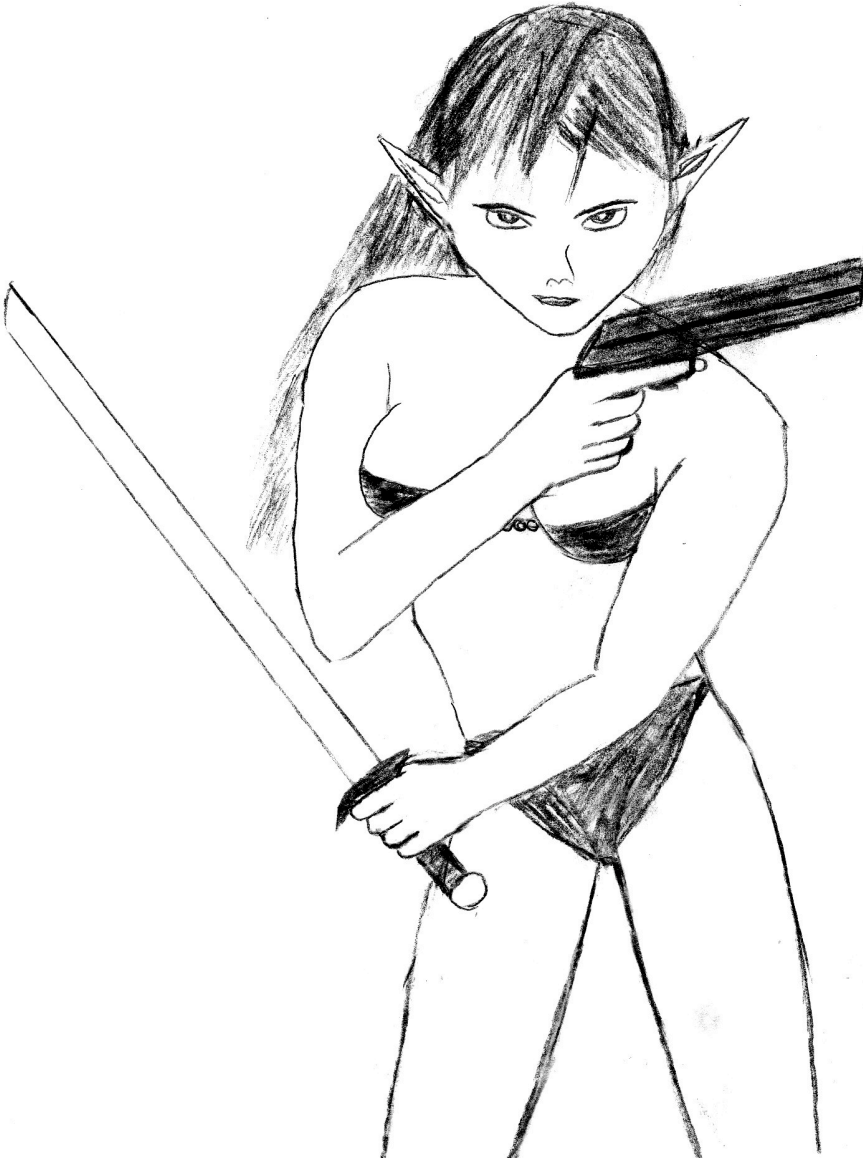
Geek. Nerd. Outcast. Emo. Weirdo. Strange. Lost Cause. Forgotten. Stoner. Loser.

Pathetic. Worthless. Mess-Up. Hopeless. Stupid. Faggot Or Freak.

I Don't Care.

We're All Free.

**FAN FICTION**



***Or: Leanna's Return***

Brought to you courtesy of [Gunslinger](#)



# SEARED ONTO MY HEART

by Cheriluv10  
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My name is Cheri. I'm 39 years old and I'm currently residing in Phoenix. I've written fanfiction for about 14 years now and my main fandom at the moment is Doctor Who. The story below is a Doctor Who fanfiction that covers the end of the Doctor Who episode Angels Take Manhattan. I have read the guidelines in the document and I agree to them.

A/N: Spoilers for Angels Take Manhattan.

River sighed angrily while she watched the Doctor. She was sitting on the seat beside the console watching while he flew his ship into the vortex. Ever since he read the afterward Amy wrote for the Melody Malone novel, he had been determined to go back to when she was seven and see her one more time. River had tried to talk him out of it, reasoning it would only bring him more heartache but he refused to listen and now he was barely speaking to her. Still, River was extremely stubborn so she tried to get through to him again.

"It won't change things," River said as he walked around the console to his monitor. "You can't change the future by doing this."

"I know that, River," the Doctor growled under his breath. "I'm not trying to change the future. I just want to see her one more time."

"Doctor, you're only making it worse," River said. "You need to let go and move on."

"I CAN'T MOVE ON!" the Doctor roared at her.

He swallowed hard when he saw the stunned expression on his wife's face.

"Not till I see her one more time," he said softly.

"They're alive," River said. "Which is better than the alternative."

"Like throwing themselves off a building?"

"Yes, like that," River said. "They coulda died when they jumped off that roof but the angel that touched them was merciful."

"Merciful? You call that mercy?" the Doctor said, turning to her.

"They're together and alive, so yes, I call that merciful," River said, standing up. "Especially since the angels could have snapped their necks and left them dead at your feet. They have a life, albeit in the past but it's still a life."

"But it's not a life with me," the Doctor said, slumping against the rim of the console.

"But they're not the first to leave you," River said gently.

"I know that but...I told Amy that she was the first face I saw after I regenerated and she seared herself onto my hearts."

"So now you can't let go because of that," River said. "What about Rory? What about me? Because we weren't the first face you saw, we're expendable?"

"I didn't say that," the Doctor said angrily. "I care for each and every one of the people who traveled with me."

"But Amy is special because you saw her first," River said.

The Doctor let out an exasperated sigh and threw his hands up.

"Why am I even discussing this with you?" he said.

"Because I'm your wife and I want to know what you're thinking. Especially since I'm not entirely convinced that you won't go back and try to change the past and save her," River said.

"I won't. I won't!" he repeated when he saw her dubious look. "Just...let me do this, alright? I need to do this, even if you don't understand."

"Oh, I understand all too well, my love, which is why I'm coming with you," River said.

She moved when the Doctor slumped down into the seat and put his head in his hands. River's heart ached when she saw her beloved was shaking softly from the silent tears he was crying. She knelt down beside him and touched his right temple, running it down the side of his face.

"My love, I'm here," she said softly. "You don't have to do this alone."

The Doctor let his hands drop between his legs and stared down at the floor, his eyes wet from unshed tears while River stroked his cheek.

"I'm tired of this, River," he said in a quavering voice. "I'm tired of losing them."

"I know," River said in a hushed voice while she ran her hand down his arm.

"After all these years, you'd think I'd learn not to give my hearts to others because they always break in the end," he said wearily. "Over and over and over until I can't take it anymore."

He looked at River and she cupped his cheeks when she saw the anguish in his eyes.

"Why am I being punished like this?" he said in a mournful voice. "I do so much good and all I get is heartache and pain in return. Why?"

"Because that's the price you pay for fighting the forces of darkness," River said gently while she stroked his cheek.

"And the innocent must suffer because I made a decision to fight evil?" the Doctor said, looking at her with pain in his eyes.

"Those who travel with you are destined to help you fight evil but they aren't committed to it their entire lives," River said. "You made a lifelong vow to stop evil so naturally you outlast everyone who decides to come along."

The Doctor chuckled in spite of himself.

"Never pegged you for a philosopher, River," he said with a sad smile on his face.

"Being intertwined with your timeline and seeing all that I've seen has given me a philosophical view on life, sweetie. I don't believe that you pick people at random to be your companions; I believe the universe brings people into your life that are able to help you. But they can't stay forever, sooner or later they have to leave and that's why you have to be strong and let them go. Even I will leave you someday, even though I'm sure you don't want to hear that."

The Doctor swallowed hard and River knew deep inside that he had already witnessed the end of her sometime in the past. It wasn't a pleasant thought for her either but she wanted him to understand that she and everyone else were an ephemeral part of an ageless god's life. She leaned in and kissed his cheek and the Doctor took her right hand and kissed it gently, running his finger along the top of it while he thought about the broken wrist she had suffered.

"They're alive, Doctor, focus on that," River said while he stroked her hand. "They're lost to you but somewhere in the past they're still living and they'll always be alive in your memories. They together and they're happy and they love you and always will."

The Doctor nodded.

"I know. But I hate goodbyes."

"I know you do," River said. "But there are others who are waiting to travel with you. Others who will become dear to you just like the others. Even if you try to turn off your hearts to others, it won't last forever."

"No, I already tried that," the Doctor said, shaking his head. "It wasn't successful. Eventually, I got tired of being alone and then I found Amy."

"And you loved her and loved Rory and loved me and there are others who you'll love," River said. "Time has to move forward, my love. You must accept that."

"I know," the Doctor said in a hushed voice. "But...I just have to see her one more time, to say goodbye."

River nodded and kissed his cheek. She held his hand and knelt beside him until the TARDIS landed. Then she stood and walked with him out of it. The sun was going down and she and the Doctor stood at the corner of Amelia's house and gazed at seven year old Ameila, bundled up and sitting on her suitcase while she waited for the Doctor to return. River laid her head on his shoulder and held his hand while they watched her gazing up at the sky, waiting patiently for him to return.

"Her future is still ahead of her," River said softly. "She still has you to look forward to."

The Doctor nodded.

"Amy said I need to give her hope so she doesn't give up looking for me," he said softly.

River nodded.

"Perhaps that'll ease the pain if you give her occasional encouragement from her raggedy Doctor," River said. "Go to her and tell her you're coming back for her."

"Not yet, the pain is too fresh," the Doctor said softly. "I need to grieve for her before I can do that so I don't end up changing her future."

"Wise decision," River said.

She kissed his cheek and stood there with him for several minutes. Then the Doctor whispered for her to come with him and she squeezed her hand as they slipped away and left Amelia Pond alone in her garden.

THE END.

## ME2 HELLDIVER SAGA CHAPTER 10: A WARLORD OR A GRUNT

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They now had two more people left on the dossiers. Krogan warlord Okeer and biotic convict Jack. Austin was a bit unnerved by having a convict on board the ship so he decided to go with Okeer first. As Austin looked over the dossier on the Krogan it read:

*A brilliant and brutal Krogan warlord who fought in the Krogan Rebellions, Dr. Okeer has become obsessed with saving the Krogan people from the Genophage and is believed to have contacted the Collectors in an attempt to gain technology to that end. He is currently in a Blue Suns camp on Korlus, though the nature of his relationship with the mercenary group is unknown.*

Since they'd most likely be fighting those Blue Suns Austin's first choice was Zaeed. He next decided to take Kraan so that he at least would have someone who Okeer would hopefully listen to and trust more and decided to top it off with Mordin. Austin after all hadn't seen the Salarian in action.

As the Hellhound touched down, the group quickly disembarked.

"The dossier doesn't say if Okeer is on this planet by choice. Assume hostiles." Said Austin as the drop ship lifted off again.

Korlus mostly seemed to be in ruins. It was covered in debris and all sorts of debris of metal. In the background the group could hear a female voice speaking over a loudspeaker.

"There is only one measure of success: kill or be killed! Perfection is your goal." It said.

"Canned orders over loud speaker? Classy." Said Zaeed.

“Not what I would call motivational.” Said Kraan.

“Stay focused. We’re looking for a Krogan Warlord.

The group took things slowly so that they wouldn’t risk any alarms or alerting any of the Blue Suns troopers.

“Being hired is merely the beginning. You must earn your place in the mighty army we are building.” Said the voice again.

“Heads up! Look out post ahead!” said Zaeed.

Austin immediately raised his hand to tell the others to hold position. Both Austin and Kraan crouched down and activated the cloaks. They took cover behind a nearby beam of metal that had a clear line of fire at the Blue Suns troopers.

“Mark ‘em and drop ‘em.” Austin said.

The two Helldivers lined up their scopes with two of the mercs. Even if the shots didn’t take them all out, it would at least thin their numbers.

“On your word, Shepard.” Said Kraan.

“Fire!”

Both the Helldivers fired simultaneously. The two Blue Suns fell and the real fire fight started. Mordin and Zaeed came out of hiding and also joined in. The whole place became a blaze with a lot of gun shots. The mercs however were completely unprepared for the group and they were quickly dealt with.

After that was over, as the group proceeded slightly further, they came across a wounded Blue Suns merc.

“Shit! Shit! Won’t stop bleeding! I’m gonna... I’m gonna... Son of a bitch!” he said.

“Cry-baby!” Kraan muttered. “That’s barely a flesh wound.”

“Suck it up, Soldier! I’ve seen worse.” Said Zaeed.

“He doesn’t need to know that.” Austin said as he winked from inside his helmet. He approached the merc who was clearly too injured to try and draw his pistol on Austin.

“I knew it wasn’t berserkers! Not at range. You’re Helldivers. I’m not... I’m not telling you anything!” he said.

“I’ve got a nice application of Medi-Gel ready to go. But if you’d rather I just keep walking...” said Austin.

“Son of a Bi... I just... I don’t know anything. I just shoot the overflow from the labs. The old Krogan up there, he... he’s really been cleaning house lately. Jedore hired him to make her an army. But the Krogan he creates are insane. So we use them for live ammo training. It’s all crap! I don’t get paid enough o goddamn bleed out!” said the merc.

At that moment, the mercs radio came into life and a voice could be heard over it.

“Outpost four, Jedore wants us to move. We need coordinates on that Krogan pack.” It said.

“What’s he talking about?” Austin asked.

“Jedore runs a Blue Suns outlier and she’s making Krogan for an army. But they all come out crazy. Tough as hell, but just insane.” The merc replied.

“Doesn’t make sense. Breeding facilities too expensive. Not worth the cost.” Said Mordin.



“I don’t know. I just point and shoot and bank my credits. Maybe there’s something better in the labs.” Said the merc.

Austin needed the other Blue Suns out of the way. He was tempted to order the merc to give bad directions, but his sense of compassion ultimately appealed to him in the end.

“I want your friends gone. Understand?” He said. Sternly.

The merc didn’t need to be told twice.

“Uh, Patrol? The last group... dispersed. Lost sight five minutes ago.” Said the merc into his microphone.

“Dispersed? Jedore will be pissed. She wanted a show.” Came the reply.

“You asked for a report, you got it. Dispersed.” Said the merc.

“Understood. Returning to the labs.” Said the radio sergeant.

“There. You see? I’m helping.” Said the merc.

“If you start limping now you might find a shady spot before you bleed out.” Said Austin.

The merc limped off, swearing with each step.

“He just about pissed himself.” Said Zaeed.

“Some people need a heavy hand.” Said Austin. “Come on. Our warlord is somewhere in Jedore’s lab.”

Almost immediately though, they were met with even more Blue Suns troopers.

“Who’s up to bat next, you bastards?!” Austin yelled as he let his Revenant run wild. The sheer force of the machine guns fire was so strong it actually ripped several of the Blue Suns mercs into pieces. Some even had their own limbs torn right off. On the occasional times when he had to take cover because of the rocket troopers, Austin was able to use his plasma cannon to take care of them. Kraan meanwhile was drawing some of the fire away from the others while he himself fired back. Although he was out in the open, he had twice as strong armour, his shield could easily take the punishment and he was also using his dual plasma cannons. The whole place was filled with plasma explosions and these were also causing quite a few fires.

Just as they finished the last one though, Austin could hear more gunfire. When he looked however, everyone was there.

*“That’s odd.”* Austin thought.

Once they reached the source of fighting though, it all made sense. The Blue Suns were being fired upon by a Krogan who was wearing the Krogan version of Phoenix armour.

The rest of the group entered the fray and the Blue Suns were gunned down within seconds. The Krogan took notice of them.

At first, the others raised their guns, but Austin motioned for them to stand down. The Krogan walked right up to Kraan and sniffed him.

“You... are different. New. You don’t smell like this world.” It said.

Kraan took a closer look at the Krogan and sniffed him back. He stood back slightly. Although Kraan was wearing his helmet, he looked puzzled.

“Strange. This Krogan smells like a juvenile. But he looks far too old to be that young.” He said.

“Seven night cycles, and I have felt only the need to kill. But you... something makes me speak.” Said the Krogan, still looking at Kraan.

“Seven night cycles? You’re only a week old?” Kraan asked in disbelief.

“They must breed them full size, ready to kill. Not much improvement over regular mercs if they need training.” Said Austin.

“Bred... to kill. No. I kill because my blood and bone tell me to. But it’s not why I was flushed from glass mother. Survival is what I hear in my head. Against the enemy that threatens all my kind.” Said the tank grown Krogan.

“The Genophage!” Kraan snarled. Although he was a Helldiver, Kraan felt very strongly about the Genophage that affected all Krogan. In fact, he had even once said that if he had the power to cure it, he would. It reminded Austin a lot of Wrex.

“Yes. I... was bred to fight it. But I failed even before waking. That is what the voice in the water said. That is why I wait here.” Said the tank Krogan.

“You’re supposed to be part of a mercenary army. Do you remember Jedore?” Austin asked, hoping that the Krogan would answer him. At the moment, the tank Krogan only seemed to notice Kraan and was ignoring the others.

The tank Krogan turned his head slowly and looked at Austin, then back at Kraan. He didn’t seem to say anything.

“Answer him, boy!” said Kraan forcefully.

The Krogan seemed to obey and now looked at Austin.

“Yes. I know that name. It causes anger, but also laughter. It is not a name that will be sung when we march. I don’t know what that means, but I have heard it many times.” It said.

“Can you show us the laboratory? I need to speak with Okeer.” Austin asked.

For a moment, the Krogan looked slightly confused by the mention of Okeer's name.

“Your father? Or this glass mother you speak of?” Kraan tried. Fortunately, that seemed to work.

“The... glass mother, she is up. Past the broken parts. Behind many of you fleshy things.” Said the tank Krogan as he answered Austin. “I will show you.”

The tank Krogan walked up to a massive beam and grunted as he lifted it up. The Krogan then flung it aside and it smashed to the floor.

“Hmph. Very impressive... for a baby.” Said Kraan.

“Fleshy things are slow when big things are in their way.” The tank Krogan replied. He didn't seem offended by Kraan's comment. But then it had acknowledged that it wasn't perfect.

“Can you show us the way? Help us fight to the lab?” Kraan asked.

“No.” the tank Krogan replied.

“A Krogan refusing to fight?” Austin asked in surprise.

“That's cowardly! Even for you, boy!” said Kraan, clearly not impressed. Like many Krogan, Kraan often determined beings on their strength and ability to fight. Alpha Squad in particular had proven to be people he was more than happy to stand and fight with.

“I will fight if they come, but I feel it deep that I must wait. I kill, but only here.” Said the tank Krogan.

Kraan seemed to accept this, but still didn't look impressed. “Better than not fighting at all I suppose.” He said.

“I am not perfect, but I have purpose. I must wait until called. Released.” Said the tank Krogan as he walked off. Now it was just the four of them.

“Kids. They always are a bit odd.” Kraan sighed.

The team unholstered their guns once more and proceeded down the tunnel. They could hear a lot of gunfire in the distance and this time they could also hear the sounds of Krogan roars.

“This ought to be interesting.” Said Kraan.

For the next few hours, the group battled their way through hundreds of Blue Suns troopers. In fact there were so many, Austin eventually lost count of how many there were. Finally, after dealing with over 10 different waves, they came across what looked like a massive building. Austin guessed this had to be the main laboratory. The door opened to an empty lab. Austin however suddenly noticed a figure hiding behind one of the tables. Just as he pointed his Revenant though, the figure stood. It was an Asari.

“Shepard, don’t shoot! You know me!” she said as she stood up.

Austin couldn’t help but think where he’d seen this Asari before. She did seem familiar. Seeing at least that she wasn’t armed, Austin holstered his assault rifle and motioned for the others to do the same. The Asari seemed to relax.

“I shut down the security cams as soon as I saw it was you. Never thought I’d say it, but I’m glad it’s you shooting up the place.” She said.

“Have we met? Who are you?” Austin asked, now very confused.

“Sorry, Rana Thanoptis. You let me go when you destroyed Saren’s lab on Vormire. Had to outrun a nuke in a utility pod, but it’s still a second chance.” Said the Asari.

Now Austin remembered. It made sense now why the Asari looked familiar.

“Oh, yes. I remember you now. You were very frightened last time. I assume you have a good reason for being at this lab?” Austin asked.

“Don’t worry; I’m not wasting the chance you gave me. My work here – strictly beneficial. Not for the mercs. Jedore’s on a standard power trip. But Okeer is trying to do something good, I can tell. Even if his methods are a little... extreme.” Said Rana. As she said the last bit, she looked hesitantly at a long dead human skeleton. She then looked back at Austin. “Like you yourself said, everyone deserves a second chance. Right? And sometimes giving one pays off. I take care of my debts.” She said.

“What exactly is Okeer trying to do here?” Austin asked.

“It’s complicated. Jedore wants a private army, but Okeer mostly ignores her. He’s running the project for his own reasons. I created a mental imprint routine to educate his tank-bred, but most don’t get through it. He dumps them for some reason. He wants to help his people, but he’s not looking for a Genophage cure, and he’s not going for numbers. That’s all I know.” Rana explained.

“Finding you in a place like this makes me think letting you go was a mistake. You don’t want that.” Said Austin.

“We agree on that. Don’t worry; I plan on staying as far away from anything to do with you as possible. No if you don’t mind, I’m going to run like hell before you blow the place or something. I know how you work.” Said Rana as she left.

“That’s gonna bite you in the ass someday.” Zaeed commented.

They only had to open the door before they finally found who they had fought all their way to. Okeer was currently stood at a terminal next to tank. There was a Krogan inside this one, but it looked different from the others. The Warlord didn’t turn to face them, but he seemed to know they were in the room.

“Here you are! I’ve watched your progress.” He said. “It’s about time. The batteries on

these tanks will not wait while you play with these idiotic mercs.”

“I take it you’re Okeer. You don’t seem particularly caged... or grateful that we’re here.”  
Said Kraan.

“You may claim to be here to help, Urdnot Kraan. But the formerly deceased Shepard is not a sign of gentle change.” Said Okeer.

Austin could now see where this was going. He was lucky that Kraan understood why he had destroyed Saren’s cure for the Genophage, but Okeer was a different story altogether.

“Surprised? All Krogan should know you. I’m sure Rana has already revisited your actions on Virmire.” Said Okeer, now looking directly at Austin.

“Look, I didn’t have lot of room for finesse. If there’d been another solution, I’d have considered.” Said Austin defensively.

Surprisingly, Okeer didn’t seem angry. In fact it looked as though he was pleased.

“But I approve. Saren’s pale horde were not true Krogan. Numbers alone are noting. The mistake of an outsider, one that these mercenaries have also made.” Said Okeer. The Krogan then turned to the window in his lab. It overlooked nearly hundreds of tanks, some empty, some with Krogan still in them. “I gave their leader my rejects for her army. But she grows impatient. It’s time for you to take me out of here.”

“Personal issues irrelevant. Here for the Collectors.” Said Mordin.

“I see. Yes. Collector attacks have increased. A human concern. My requests were focused elsewhere.” Said Okeer. He then turned to the tank he was standing next to that had the different Krogan inside. “I acquired the knowledge to create one pure soldier. With that, I will inflict upon the Genophage the greatest insult an enemy can suffer. To be ignored.” Okeer explained.

“Your search for the perfect soldier created a lot of failures. You don’t care about them?”

Our own people?!” Kraan asked, clearly a bit shocked that Okeer would do things like this.

“I failed no one, Kraan. My rejects are exactly what Jedore asked for. She simply lacks the ability to command. They are strong, healthy, and useless to me. I need perfection. If a few thousand are rejected, so be it. My work will purify the Krogan. We will not be restored – we will be renewed.” Said Okeer.

“I thought the Krogan ideal was a return to the numbers that threatened the galaxy.” Said Austin.

“We will not need numbers. My soldier is a template. It is a greater threat than all the phantom siblings that would have been at its flank. The galaxy still bears the scars of the horde. But it will learn to fear the lance.” Said Okeer.

“You’re just as cruel and manipulative as those who released the Genophage on our people!” said Kraan angrily. Austin though calmed him down.

“Perhaps. But I will restore the Krogan and my soldier will not provoke a nuclear response as a “cure” or “horde” would. My legacy is perfection, with each pure Krogan reaching higher by standing on our dead. They will exceed, but not forget.” Said Okeer.

“So what did you get from the Collectors? We need whatever you know about them.” Austin asked.

“They are strange. So isolated, yet very available when your sacrifice is big enough. I gave them many Krogan. I may have information for you, but the tech was consumed in my prototype. After I determined how to use it without killing the subjects. The deaths were unfortunate, but I only need one success to start the process.” Said Okeer.

“Your methods may be extreme, but you know how to deconstruct a threat. Will you join us?” Austin asked.

“Perhaps I can strike a deal to secure passage. But my prototype is not negotiable. It is the key to my legacy.” Said Okeer.



Before the conversation could continue any further though, Jedore's voice once again came over the speakers.

"Attention! I have traced the Krogan release. Okeer, of course." She said.

Okeer looked out of the window. There was female Blue Suns merc with the tanks. This had to be Jedore herself.

"I'm calling "blank slate" on his project. Gas these commandos and start over from Okeer's data. Flush the tanks!" she ordered.

At that moment, several valves suddenly activated and there was a loud hissing sound.

"Toxins!" said Mordin.

"She's that weak willed? She'll kill my legacy with a dammed valve!" said Okeer. He then turned back to Austin. "Shepard! You want information on the Collectors? Stop her. She'll try to access contaminants in the storage bay."

"You could just start over, like she plans to. What's the big deal?" Kraan asked.

"This tank is pure; it involved as much trial as data. Starting over will not duplicate it. It must survive. Okeer will be with the rejected tanks. Kill her. I will... stay and do what must be done." Said Okeer.

Without much of a choice, the group headed downstairs. The moment the door to the tank bay opened, Jedore took notice of them.

"I don't care who they are, I want them dead! This is my world! I'll poison them all!" she yelled as she fired a rocket at them.

"Someone shut that bitch up!" said Zaed as they all dive for cover from the rocket.

“Gladly!” Kraan replied as he activated his dual plasma cannons and fired on Jedore. The merc dove for cover but one of them managed to gaze her shoulder.

Angry at being injured, Jedore activated all the tanks and Krogan came pouring out. Jedore then activated a heavy mech as well.

“Alright, Kraan, Zaeed, Mordin, you deal with the Krogan. I’ll deal with Jedore and that mech.” Said Austin.

The others simple nodded and fired on the Krogan. Kraan easily shot one in the head with his twin barrelled heavy assault rifle which he had made himself.

“I’ll build more! There’s always more!” said Jedore as she noticed Austin roll to a different vantage point and fired on him. The rocket missed him. “I rule here, Helldiver!”

“Oh, shut up!” Austin yelled as he fired a plasma shot. Jedore didn’t react in time and the plasma impacted on the left side of her face. The merc screamed and clutched her burnt head in agony as it was burned.

It was a short battle, but everything was soon dealt with within minutes. Just as the group where catching their breath though, they could hear something.

“Alarms in the lab? What is that Krogan up to?” said Zaeed as they could hear the faint sound of alarms coming from the floor above.

“Shepard, the lab alarms coincided with the systems failure. The remaining lab systems are unprotected, and I have gained limited access. According to lab scanners, the room is flooded with toxins, and Okeer’s personal life signs are failing rapidly. I recommend haste.” Came EDI’s voice through the radios.

“You heard EDI. Double time!” Austin ordered.

*“You gave me time, Shepard. If I knew why the Collectors wanted humans. I would tell you. But everything in my prototype. My legacy is pure. This... one soldier, this Grunt. Perfect.”*

The message ended and Austin looked down at Okeer’s body.

“So now what do we do?” Kraan asked.

Austin looked up at Okeer’s prototype. He had to admit that while this Krogan wouldn’t be Okeer, it was better than nothing at all. Also, perhaps this one would pack more of a punch.

“He killed thousands of his own people, but he sacrificed himself to save... this?” said Zaeed.

“Delusional. Unlikely one Krogan, however strong, could have impact Okeer wanted. Am... almost certain. Suggest leaving it.” Said Mordin.

“Worried he’ll make your Genophage obsolete?” said Austin.

“No. But Krogan genetically dangerous. Socially dangerous as well. Have enough enemies without adding this.” Mordin replied.

Austin activated his wrist communicator and hailed the Normandy.

“Normandy? Okeer is a no-go. But we have a package that needs retrieval... and he’s a big one.”

“Bringing the Krogan for study makes sense, but I have concerns about waking it.” Said Alara.

Austin, Alaara, Sandra, and Kraan had gathered in the comm room. Apparently Alaara, being Alpha Squad's second in command, had concerns of her own about Okeer's prototype.

"You've said that a few time now, T'onrak." Said Kraan.

"A normal Krogan like you is dangerous enough. This one was created, and likely educated by a madman." Said Alaara.

"I see everyone's enjoying the new paperweight. Concerns?" said Austin as he folded his arms.

"We don't know anything about it, Major." Said Sandra, clearly agreeing with her bond mate.

"I know. You don't find that interesting?" said Kraan enthusiastically.

Both Alaara and Sandra shook their heads, clearly unimpressed.

"Krogan fight well at close quarters. Perhaps awakening him in a confined space wouldn't be prudent." Alaara suggested.

"Noted. The cargo hold is safe enough while I decide what to do with him." Said Austin.

Both Alaara and Sandra saluted and left the room.

Let me know if you want a hand. He may be tank born, but I won't let that stop me if he goes blood rage on you." Said Kraan as he too followed.

"Is it true we have a pod containing a baby Krogan down in the cargo hold?" Kelly asked.

“Not what I would call a baby. He’s a full-grown super soldier ready for combat.” Said Austin. It was at least good to see that it wasn’t just Alaara and Sandra who had concerns.

“Please be careful if you decide to...err... birth him? His personality is completely unknown.” Said Kelly.

Austin made his way down to deck 3 where the cargo bay was and therefore was where the tank had been stored.

“The subject is stable, Shepard. Integration with on-board systems was seamless.” Said EDI as her avatar appeared beside Austin at human size

“Stand by, EDI. I’m going to open the tank and let him out.” Said Austin.

“Helldiver protocol is very clear regarding untested and unknown alien technology. You of all people should know that, Shepard.” Said EDI. The AI did her best to sound polite though.

“I know, EDI. But we can’t just leave him here. He’s either a powerful addition to the crew or a time bomb. I’d rather deal with it now. Anyway, I’ll take responsibility for whatever happens.” Said Austin.

“Very well, Shepard. The controls are online. The switch – and consequences – are yours.” Said EDI.

Austin walked up to the controls to the tank and pressed the release button. The nutrients and water inside the tank slowly drained. As the last of it drained out, the tanks opened and the Krogan inside fell to his knees. He coughed slightly and spat out some of the water and nutrients out of his mouth. Austin stepped back slightly so that he didn’t alarm the Krogan. The Krogan blinked slightly as his eyes adjusted to his surroundings. As soon as it saw Austin, the Krogan lunged at Austin. The Helldiver though had been braced for this and he managed to push the Krogan back as it collided with him. At first, the Krogan was surprised by this but he quickly regained his composure and adjusted his

strategy. The Krogan head-butted Austin, briefly disorienting him and then pinned him to the wall, pinning his left arm in the process.

“Human. Male. Helldiver. Before you die, I need a name.” said the Krogan.

“I’m Major Austin Shepard, and I don’t take threats lightly. I suggest you relax.” Austin replied forcefully.

“Not your name. Mine. I am trained; I know things, but the tank... Okeer couldn’t implant connection. His words are hollow. Warlord, legacy, grunt... grunt. “Grunt” was among the last. It has no meaning. It’ll do. I am Grunt. If you are worthy of your command, prove your strength as a Helldiver and try to destroy me.” Said the Krogan.

“You wouldn’t prefer “Okeer?” Or “Legacy?” Austin asked.

Unknown to Grunt, Austin always had backup plans for situations like this. True, Grunt had his left arm pinned, but his right arm was still free and he had his Phalanx pistol aimed at the Krogan’s stomach in case this turned nasty. Dell had also recently discovered a new way of using the tactical cloak. In addition to making a Helldiver invisible, the cloak could also be used on individual parts of armour. Not only was this more efficient, but it also came in handy if you didn’t want an enemy to see you doing something behind your back, or drawing a hidden weapon. In this situation especially, Austin had his plasma cannon cloaked and it was pointing at Grunt’s head. This was only to be used as a last resort though. Shots from the pistol would only leave flesh wounds for Grunt if he turned hostile, but one shot from the plasma cannon could kill him and Austin would rather keep Grunt alive after all the trouble that had been gone through to get him.

“It’s short. Matches the training in my blood. The other words are big things I don’t feel. Maybe they fit your mouth better. I feel nothing for Okeer’s clan or his enemies. I will do what I am bred to do – fight and determine the strongest – but his imprint has failed. Without a reason that’s mine, one fight is as good as any other. Might as well start with you.” Said Grunt.

“It’s that easy for Okeer’s perfect Krogan to abandon his mission?” Austin asked, sounding unimpressed.

“Okeer is just a voice in the tank. If his imprints are true, then he created something stronger than him. So he’s not worthy of me. And if his hatreds aren’t strong enough to compel me, they’ve failed, too. I feel nothing. I have no connection.” Said Grunt.

“Didn’t Okeer teach you anything about Helldivers? I have a good ship and strong crew, a strong clan. A very strong clan in fact. You’d make it even stronger. In fact you could even make us undefeatable.” Austin said, doing his best to appeal to Grunt’s love of fighting. Not that he worried about not providing Grunt what he wanted. Helldivers saw a lot of action, if that’s what Grunt wanted, he’d get it tenfold.

“If you’re weak and choose weak enemies, I’ll have to kill you.” Said Grunt.

“Trust me, Grunt. You don’t want to fight me. I’ve fought and killed hundreds of Krogan in my time. And even if you do kill me you’ll waste the chance of a lifetime. The enemies that I and my allies fight are defiantly worthy of someone like you. No doubt about it.” Said Austin.

Grunt took a moment to consider this.

“Hmm. Hmph! That’s... acceptable. I’ll fight for you.” He finally said.

“I’m glad you saw reason.” Austin smiled under his helmet. He then moved his head slightly as he indicated down to his free hand which still had the Phalanx in it.

“Hmm?” said Grunt as he looked down and noticed the gun. He then looked back up to see the plasma cannon uncloaking. The Krogan then smiled.

“Ha! Offer one hand, but arm the other. You even hid another one in plain sight.” He said as he let go of Austin. “Wise, Shepard. If I find a clan, if I find what I... I want; I will be honoured to eventually pit them against you.” Said Grunt.

Austin gave very quiet sigh of relief. It looked like Grunt would be a perfect replacement for Okeer.

“I don’t know what to feel about Grunt. My psych reports were for Okeer. We have no guarantee that Grunt is mentally stable.” Said Kelly.

“Maybe. But he does at least seem to have some respect for me. Plus, Kraan can easily keep him in line.” Said Austin.

“True. But I still get the feeling that he just doesn’t care about anything, including who lives or dies.”

“Don’t worry, Kelly. I’ve faced a lot of Krogan in my time. If Grunt does get out of line, I’ll sort him out.”

“Shepard. Need me for something?” Garrus asked.

“Just thought I’d check up on you. You got a minute?” Austin asked.

“Sure. Just checking the weapons systems. You can never be too careful.” Said Garrus.

Austin stood next to the railing near where Garrus’ console in the forward batteries was.

“I thought I’d seen every weapon in the galaxy in our fight against Saren. Helldiver work showed me otherwise. And now they rebuild the Normandy with a few upgrades to boot. I wish I’d joined up with them sooner.” Said Garrus.

“I’m glad you think so, Garrus. It’s also good to see that you’ve been getting along so well with my squad.” Said Austin.



“They’re as friendly to me as a squad like them can be. And they’ve got you leading them again, which is good. You’re death hit them all very hard. I can’t exactly doubt your judgement. Not after I got my own squad killed.” Said Garrus.

“What?! What squad?” Austin asked, now very confused.

“When I joined the Helldivers I rose through the ranks quite quickly. When I became a Lieutenant, they gave me command of my own squad. For a long time we mostly just got the usual assignments of taking down several Batarian outposts. Eventually, we ended up on a joint mission with your squad. They were happy to work with me. Things went well... until Omega.” Said Garrus.

“What exactly happened? Merc gangs?” Austin asked.

Garrus remained silent for a while before finally answering. “It was my own damn fault. One of my people betrayed me. A Turian named Sidonis. He drew me away just before a gang of mercs attacked my squad, then he disappeared. Everyone except me is dead because of him. And because I didn’t see it coming.”

“I’m not sure I understand. What happened, exactly?” Austin asked.

“Sidonis asked for my help on a job. When I got to the meeting point, nobody was there. By the time I got back to our hideout, the mercs had killed all but two of my squad. And they didn’t last long.” Garrus explained.

“Are you sure it was a betrayal? Maybe they took Sidonis out first.” Said Austin.

“No I’ve put out feelers with some old contacts. He booked transport off Omega just before the attack. He also cleared out his private accounts before he left. He sold me out and ran.” Said Garrus.

“Do you know where Sidonis is now?” Austin asked.

“No. His trail vanishes after he leaves Omega. But I’ll keep hunting. I lost my whole

team, except for Sidonis. One day I'll find him... and correct that." Garrus replied. For a moment, the Turian bowed his head. "Thanks for coming by, Shepard. I've got some things to take care of." He said.

Garrus went back to the calibrations on the gun, leaving Austin a little concerned about the Turian. Austin ultimately decided to go down and check on Dell and Sill in the cargo hold. As soon as the elevator doors opened, he was met with a rather surprising sight. X-5 was currently holding up one of the arms of the simulator above his head. Dell meanwhile was typing away at the Simulator's computer while Sill was fiddling with several wires that were protruding out of the gap where the arm was meant to be. Griffin was also sat on a nearby crate making a new explosive device. The demolition expert wasn't paying much attention to anything else.

"Should almost be finished. Just hold it up a little longer." Said Dell.

"Take your time. I can stand here all day. Not that I want to." Said X-5 sarcastically. Despite the robot's unmatched strength, that arm did look extremely heavy, even for him.

"How's that welding coming along, sweetheart?" Dell asked.

"Should be done now." Said Sill as she jumped out of the hole she'd been working on. "Give that a try."

X-5 slowly lowered the arm back into place and Sill began drilling the screws back into place.

"What's going on?" Austin asked.

"Hey Shepard. The simulator blew a fuse earlier. We're just fixing it." Said Sill.

"The system crashed as well. Turns out I got the source memory a bit wrong and one of the simulation maps conserved too much system memory. Think that's what caused it." Said Dell.

Sill went over to Dell's work table and picked up some kind of sentry turret. Austin recognized it as one of the auto turrets that he had authorised for the Normandy's defence system. Sill noticed him staring at it.

"We're still working on it. The targeting system is proving to be a real pain." She said.

"We'll get it eventually. The Helldiver armour wasn't perfect when we first made it." Said Dell, comfortingly.

"How was it that you actually came to be a scientist?" Austin asked.

Sill and X-5 could see where this was going and they both gave Austin some space. Sill smiled slightly. She liked that Austin was getting to know his crew this well.

"Well, ever since I was a small boy I've always had a bit of a thing for engineering." Dell explained.

"Must be nice to do a hobby as a job." Said Austin as he walked up to the table and had a look at several of Dell's unfinished contraptions and projects.

"Indeed. I originally started off as a simple mechanic. I mostly just worked on fixing every day contraptions and sky cars." Said Dell.

"How'd you end up with the Helldivers?" Austin asked.

"My brother, Kel joined the Arkanes armies a few years after I started up a small career. This was before the Helldivers had even been thought of, and we had only just discovered the Guardian technology. I assume you know what things were like then?" said Dell.

"Sort of. History's not my strongest point if I'm honest." Said Austin.

"Back then, my people were looking for ways to create a brand new type of super soldier. After a few years, business had gotten rather slow for me, I wasn't raising enough money

and was really struggling to keep things going. My brother eventually came to me and said that they were in need of someone like me. They were putting together a special project and they wanted the best engineers that they could find.”

“I’m guessing that was the start of the first seven?” Austin asked.

“Yeah. Swell guys. I was rather young compared to some of them at the time, but they welcomed me with open arms.” Said Dell as he went behind his desk, still making sure that he paid attention to the Major.

“Do you still keep in contact with them?” Austin asked.

“Of course. Because of the huge success we created we always have a reunion every year... with what members remain that is.” Said Dell, hesitating slightly at the last bit.

“What do you mean “remain?” Austin asked.

“Some of the first seven were rather old when I met them. So some of them by now have retired or passed away.

“Where you the youngest?” Austin asked.

“Yeah. I think I was about... 80 at that time? I don’t always remember. But I’m only 248 at the moment, so I’m still a long time away from that.” Said Dell.

“Was that also how you met Sill’s mother?” Austin asked.

“My wife and I met a few years after I joined. We saw each other for nearly four years or so before we finally got married and we had Sill. Best decision I ever made in my life.” Dell answered.

“You should be proud of your daughter. I think she’s a fine engineer. Takes after her father.” Austin smiled as he indicated to Sill who was now putting what looked like a

harness on.

“I am. Admittedly, Uthenra was surprised that she was more like me than her. But we’re both really proud of our little girl.” Dell smiled as he watched Sill attach herself to nearby rope and she began walking up the walls.

“Good talking with you, Dell. Let me know how those upgrades are going.” Said Austin.

“Anytime, Major. We’ll be here if you need anything.” Said Dell as the Arkane went back to work.

Deciding to call it a day for now, Austin went for elevator and headed up to his quarters. As the doors opened he found that he wasn’t alone. Liara was sat on the sofa and was currently going over several datapads.

“Still working?” Austin smiled as he sat down next to his girlfriend.

“Just sorting out a few things. I thought I might be done before you came up.” Liara smiled back as she allowed Austin to give her a peck on the cheek.

“Forgive me for asking, love. But what exactly are your responsibilities here? Apart obviously from giving me every reason to keep fighting this fight.” Austin asked.

“I may still be a Prothean expert, but I am now a very accomplished fighter. I am also a commander, so I serve as your XO.” Liara replied as she put down the datapad she’d been holding earlier.

“I thought that was Alaara’s job.” Said Austin.

“Alaara’s your second in command, true. But she’s mostly just in charge of ground fighting. I’m more in charge of being second in command on the ship.” Liara explained.

“That makes sense. I’m glad you’ve gotten along so well with everyone. As I recall, you used to be a very secluded person.” Said Austin as he put his arm around Liara and she rested her head against his shoulder.

“I guess we’ve melded so much that a lot of you has rubbed off on me.” Liara smiled.

At that moment, there was a knock on the door.

“Come in!” said Austin.

The doors opened and Kelly stepped in, holding a different datapad in her hand.

“I hope I’m not interrupting anything.” She said when she saw Liara.

“No, it’s fine.” Said Liara reassuringly.

“I just came to give you some more Intel on our next dossier.” Said Kelly as she handed the datapad to Austin.

“I shan’t bother you anymore, Major.” Said Kelly as she made for the door.

“Kelly...” Austin called.

Kelly stopped and looked at Austin.

“Well done for knocking this time.”

# SOUL EATER AFTER STORY PT 1

Anna Bingham  
of kyosomagirlz@gmail.com

My name is Dawn Evans Albarn~!You guys don't know me but believe me I'm Maka and Soul's kid~!And my partner is Black Star and Tsubaki's kid~!I'm a weapon and I'm a scythe~!My miester is Black Star Jr. but everyone I know calls him BSJ~!The weird thing is that BSJ has Black stars body but,Tsubaki's personality~!

You guys are probably wondering what happened to the old crew,right?Well Spirit and Blair got together,Stein and Marie got together again and got married and had two kids boy and girl,Kid and Liz got together,and Patty is well...Patty,Maka+Soul,Tsubaki+Black Star,Nigus+Sid,and ya that's basically it!

I also have a big crush on my miester BSJ.....

Well today BSJ and I have a mission to take down this crazy ass murderer named.....oh ya,Hizu Toshi~!I'm so excited!It'll be our ninetieth soul!So pumped~!

~~~~~  
~~~~~  
"Hey BSJ I heard a noise coming from up ahead."I said very focused to BSJ.

"Ya,I heard it to...you should probably transform,it's going to be dangerous."he said very protectively.

I nodded and transformed.Magically placed in BSJ's hand...he waited...

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!i'M GOING TO EAT ALL OF YOU!!!!!!!!!!!"

BSJ looked up at the ceiling and stared in amazement...Hizu was on the ceiling like a spider....Hizu dropped down and ran towards BSJ and swung at him!BSJ blocked him easily and swung at him!He sliced him like he was paper.....I went into my human form and stared at the object.....IT WAS A FAKE!

BSJ screamed in pain.I looked at him quickly to find that BSJ's shoulder had been sliced.My eyes widened at the sight of him bleeding...

Before I could do anything Hizu stabbed him through the chest.I...I couldn't move...I looked around to find Hizu but failed miserably!

I breathed heavily...barely standing,I ran towards Hizu turning my arm into a blade.He blocked me so easily...almost with no effort.

I felt my body give out I was dying right then and there...

"Hahahahahahaha~!You weren't even that difficult to defeat!You and your pathetic partner should live to get better at fighting!"Hizu said.

At that exact moment...when he called BSJ pathetic!I really lost it!I stood up,turned around,and stabbed him right in the middle of his chest!

"Who are you calling pathetic you sick BASTARD!"I said in complete rage.

I retracted my blade and let him fall to the ground.I turned around to face BSJ and looked at his body...he had lost a lot of blood and I didn't know what to do....I started to cry.....

"H-He'll never make it you know...\*cough\* he'll die and you-"

He talked about BSJ dieing and I couldn't let that happen!After i stabbed Hizu for the second time...he fell to the ground dead....his tiny kishin soul popped out and I ate it.....I walked over to BSJ and collapsed by his side...a crying weeping mess I was.I cradled BSJ in my arms and started to tell him everything....but it was mostly how I loved him...as soon as I said how I felt,he opened his eyes and hugged me in spite the pain in his shoulder.....

"Dawn....I-I love you too."he said with a weak smile on his face...it just made me cry even more,I hugged him back.



***POETRY is published here thanks to John Mahler's [Quotes of the Day](#).***

Some people, at least, have enjoyed my Quotes of the Day, so here they are, for your amusement and bemusement: one entire year's worth of quotes. My quotes by the way; nobody else's. These are my thoughts and observations on the world around us: funny, sad, uplifting, evocative, inspiring, silly, and occasionally just plain stupid, they are all here for your perusal: enjoy!

# **Purpose, The Connecticut Massacre, Purpose, Unconscious Epiphany**

Kela Lewis-Morin

Cover Letter goes here: something about the work, the writer, or whatever else the writer wants to talk about.

Purpose.

What would a story be?  
If there was no one there to read it.

What would dreams be?  
If there was no one there to conceive it.

What would a picture be?  
If there was none there to see it.

What would a secret be?  
If there was no one there to keep it.

What would love be?  
If there was none one there to feel it.

What would a song be?  
If there was no one there to sing it.

What would the truth be?  
If there was no one there to admit it.

What would advice be?  
If there was no one there to give it.

What would life be?  
If there was no one there to live it.

Kela Lewis-Morin

The Connecticut Massacre.

His was described as quiet, shy and socially awkward.  
He was not the type to be loud, abrasive and forward.

He was highly intelligent and kept his thoughts to himself.  
He didn't possess the tools to communicate with anyone else.

Whenever he spoke, his words felt forced and fake.  
Who knew back then how many lives one man could take.

The realisation of his isolation was activated by the school premises.  
He was never able to see his peers as friends but only as his nemeses.

But when he was home his alienation became none existent.  
He was able to laugh and smile without any form of resistance.

The constant contrast in environments became too for him much to handle.  
It was only an amount of time before he enacted some sort of immoral scandal.

After a confrontation at school he marched home to collect his mother's weapons.  
His mother caught him in the act and tried to stop him as he reached for the second

Loaded rifle that was originally used as a source of family entertainment.  
But this item would soon be used by an unstable and vengeful assailant.

He shot and killed his own mother in order to execute his immoral plan.  
He then stormed back to his school with the loaded weapons in his hands.

He burst through the welcoming doors and shot at anyone in his line of vision.  
He repeatedly shot innocent teachers and students with vindictive precision.

A total of twenty six bodies lay in their classrooms brutally murdered.  
And just when you thought a human being could not possibly go further

He turned the gun on himself selfishly avoiding any responsibility.  
Hundreds of police officers consequently then invaded the facility.

The horrific things human beings are capable of

Are enough to make you question whether there is a God.

How can someone take the lives of several young children and teachers?

How can we then go to a holy sanctuary and believe the words of a preacher?

When there are no answers to why we do such unspeakable things.

As long as mankind continues to thrive and survive,

There will always be suffering.

Kela Lewis-Morin

Obsolete.

Everyone is too wrapped in their own lives to even care about yours.

But what they fail to remember is that this earth is only the first of many floors.

Tears cascade, smiles appear and fade while the universe continues to ignore,

As they impatiently knock and wait outside life's man made divisible door.

So when they become too self involved in the successes of their own cause.

Just remember this world,

This universe,

This eternal existence

Is worth so much more.

Kela Lewis-Morin

Unconscious Epiphany.

I thrive and depend on your compliments

And it is only then as a direct consequence,

Am I truly able to write with confidence.

Even though your words are only temporary.

I deem your contribution as utterly necessary,

In order to refresh my wavering, selective memory.

My own validation depends on your approval.

Whether it is congratulatory or discouragingly brutal.

Your input is the one thing that is most crucial.

Can I call myself a writer if I don't believe in myself?

When I constantly seek approval from everyone else?

How can I then expect to make any sort of wealth?

Of a craft and skill I still think anyone is able to produce.

Is there any point in me putting my apparent talent to use?

When I limit and submit myself into a negative recluse.

I was told I must have self belief in order to achieve,

The dream that I am so desperately trying to receive.

The body can only accomplish what the mind believes.

I know I must rid myself from any form of self doubt.

Proudly show the world exactly what I am about.

Believe the words that converge out of your mouth.

Maybe then I will have some faith in my abilities.

Maybe then I will be able to strengthen my fragility.

Maybe then I can see the talent you say exists within me.

Without relying on you to continuously convince me,

That I am capable of writing and making history.

Kela Lewis-Morin

## FIRST KISS

Aaron Jay  
of aaron.jay.w@hotmail.com

Our tongues meshing  
Like two lovers  
On a couch:  
Fucking.

I,  
Fell in love with you,  
Right then and there.

The stench of sweat,  
The smell of two colognes mingling,  
Like social busy-bees;  
And through it all:  
I fall in love.

I fell in love.

I fell in love-with that,  
Musk-like after-shave.  
And with my searching,  
Grasping,  
Handling,  
Gentle feeling;  
I noticed: You're perfect,  
Well, at least to me.

And even though,  
My mouth suckles yours.  
I lust for more,  
Of you;  
That smell,  
That felling;  
I want to be closer.

And, even if, the separation hurts,  
I'll leave you for mere seconds,  
Leaving me void,

Feeling empty inside,  
But at least hands clenching, trembling  
Finger-tips by my-side,  
Belonging to you:  
Leading me  
To bed.

Will you,  
Lover. Keep me warm tonight?



## EPIPHANY

Albin 'Aborro' Myrhman  
of albin.myhrman@gmail.com

Another walk home in the dark alone  
The same road that sired my first poem  
I guess it's only fitting that this is...  
well, sentimental and introspective

When you said  
"don't need me"  
that's when I figured it out  
I need to need  
Because once I manage  
on my own  
I turn my alone-liness  
to loneliness

So you let me  
even just a little bit  
it won't kill me  
would never break me  
just make me someone  
I don't want to be.

and it's true  
I never needed her  
like I wanted her  
and she needed to want me  
but in the end  
she just needed me

I guess that's why  
in the end  
we both plagued ourselves  
Sitting down one and one  
looking at our new mistakes  
don't get me wrong  
I was desirable  
I was just better  
at being needed

I want to tell her  
but that'll only happen  
if she's still in need  
and wanting that  
would be purely sadistic  
but I'm more of a masochistic

but don't think I'm sorry  
I'm better off now  
and it was so long ago  
Sometimes I just wonder  
What happened to you?  
and if you wonder  
whatever happened to me  
I guess it's mostly the latter  
I'm egoistical like that.

## FAMILY PRACTICE

Jon Ritter  
of emailthejon@yahoo.com

She is fucking another man,  
and he is  
fucking his intern,  
and the kids are  
doing well in school,  
and making up shapes with the clouds  
and brushing the hair from their faces  
and counting up flowers  
on their fingers.

# LOST

Kenjiro van Malder  
of kenjiro\_neko\_oji@hotmail.com

Left alone in the dark  
with hazy thoughts.

I can't find the spark  
to ignite.

My land dried up  
sun makes draught.

Stripped as I feel  
time won't stop.

Am I even real?  
Where's the clock?

Can't shake, shiver or hide.

Becoming darkness  
losing light.

## RANDOM POEMS

by Germangamergirl101  
of [germangamergirl101@yahoo.com](mailto:germangamergirl101@yahoo.com)

A poem by a guy named Dave...

Roses are red

My name is Dave

This poem makes no sence

Microwave.

A poem by Brody Carstens...

I ate your poem

It was in the ice box

It felt so good

I love sweat socks.

A poem about Mitt Romney and Barak Obama...

Learnin' bout Obama and Romney

Oh no they aint hotties

One is a donkey and the other is a elephant

What the hell does that have to do with polictics??

A poem by Morgan Woodward...

Life is not fair

Love is not fair

You think no one cares?

Well listen here:

Mostly everyone cares about you and your health

The people who are fair, are up there in the heavens

So when you think no one cares, look at this just look!

Everyone cares, except that dumb bitch at work. XD

## AN ANGEL FRIEND

by Bianca du Plessis  
of biancadp17@gmail.com

This poem was created for my dear friend, Quentin Binneman. He truly is an angel and I wanted to pen down my appreciation for him.

His fingers play the piano, as well as only the best...  
His music always beautiful, a cut above the rest.  
His voice is like an angel, singing away your pain.  
But he never would admit it, in attempt to not be vain...

His smile is JUST like magic, like a unicorn with wings.  
The dimples that it brings along, fit for view of Kings.  
His skin is tanned and perfect, stroked by the African sun.  
He can have you smiling, before the day's begun.

He's fun to be around, always has a joke.  
Likes his brandy mixed with lots of ice and coke.  
The girls they dig him obviously, hanging by his side.  
Guessing it's a given, to be seen with him brings pride.

He likes online games and such, not really one to chat.  
Even though he does that rather well, gotta give him that!!  
Flawless to the naked eye, I find it pretty rare...  
That one of his stature would have the heart to care.

But care he does just fine, his heart as pure as gold.  
I like him rather much for that, if truth then need be told.  
He might seem like a tough one, a serious image aloft.  
But I like his heart, when it's gone all caring and soft.

Glad to have this angel, in the life of mine.  
A friend to treasure daily, a friend that's rather fine!

## CALM ON THE OUTSIDE

Emma Thrussel  
of [emma.thrussell@gmail.com](mailto:emma.thrussell@gmail.com)

This poem talks about the internal screaming many people suffering from depression, and other illnesses, go through most every day. While they seem at peace and perfectly calm on the outside, there is the pain, suffering, and noise inside the person's head. I suffer from 'angry depression' which is what the poem follows, and I often find myself cursing, in my mind, to not only fellow students, but also teachers and friends and other innocent people that did nothing to anger me except exist.

She's hurting,  
She's breaking,  
She's crying inside.  
She's yelling,  
She's screaming,  
And hiding her eyes.

Yeah you wont,  
hear a thing,  
It's a-ll inside.  
The hurting,  
the screaming,  
Her smile's a lie.

She stares out,  
The window,  
And wishes to die.  
Or maybe,



When she'll jump,  
She'll finally fly.

You cannot,  
See her face,  
She's hiding it all,  
So you wont,  
Yeah you wont,  
See her fall...

## A POET'S TRASHCAN

Abunai59  
of [abunai59@gmail.com](mailto:abunai59@gmail.com)

Like this poem? Check out my [deviantART Gallery](#)

[a poet's trashcan]

somewhere in this scrap pile  
{a mechanical abomination  
(heaved half-heartedly away  
long ago) lies limp and livid

a living, breathing thought  
a pulse and a heart  
slathered so shamelessly

pinned up onto a skeleton  
and spoon-fed.}

an idea dies.

## ***GOOD-BYE, MY DOVE***

Dezzy Osborne  
of [dezzyosborne@yahoo.com](mailto:dezzyosborne@yahoo.com)

My name is Dezzy Osborne and that i am glad to give them advice with problems if they need help

Good-Bye

You seem okay

but the they

say no

did you know

he doesnt love you?

they said

you'd be

sick forever

you used to cry

but now your

emotions

have said good-bye

My dove

My lover, my soul, my dove

I'd i'd say your the one

My heart, my happiness, my world

I'd say your the most beautiful

My love, ,my dove

I've spent hours lost in thought

of just your face

My dear, my darling

i think i would NEVER

wanna lose you

My love , My darling , My dove ,my happiness

I love you

## ***DISTRACTIONS***

Cecilie Aadal  
of cecilie.aadal.knudsen@gmail.com

Inspired by the quote "Writing is 3 % talent and 97 % not getting distracted by the internet."

### **Distractions**

It is a dark and stormy night and I've decided  
That it is about time I get started  
On that poem that'll win the friggin Nobel Prize  
...Or at least, that would be quite nice  
As I sit by my desk, I cannot help but wonder  
If that sound in the distance is the roar of thunder  
Or just by brain groaning, devoid of any ideas  
Maybe I should listen to some music, perhaps Britney Spears?  
I'm addicted to you, don't you know that you're toxic  
Does that mean in the end she'll be sick?  
No, I cannot let myself be distracted  
...What even rhymes with distracted?  
I'll have to google it to find the rhyme  
But there's nothing there, what a waste of time  
I check my Tumblr, my Facebook and Twitter  
And no, I'm not done, I'm not a quitter  
I'm searching for ideas, going low and high  
And maybe reblog a Harry Potter picture as I scroll by  
Yeah, you're right, I should probably close down Chrome  
I still have to write that amazing poem  
But let's be honest, nobody will read this shit  
Only drunks and weirdoes and people with no wit  
Oh, well, I guess I'll leave it incomplete  
OH MY GOD, DID J. K. ROWLING JUST TWEET?!  
I'm sorry to leave you hanging, but everyone must know  
So I guess for this poem the end is

## INFINITE SPACE BETWEEN SHEETS

Kristina Carlock  
of tinzthecan@gmail.com

Why is it that my desire,  
always exceeds my reach?  
It seems I'm always grasping,  
at very short straws.  
Are you and I that different,  
in which we excuse our nerves?  
Maybe if we clear our throats,  
we can get passed this hiccup.  
And although my words are lost,  
among the oxygen escaping your lips,  
I can't help but feel this burning sensation,  
from my head, to my toes, to my hips.  
Each time I step forward, we end up,  
taking several side steps.  
While my heart is collapsing,  
from this excruciating feeling of glee,  
all is not lost as you scoot closer,  
into the reach of my arms.  
Something is happening; deep inside,  
spreading, infecting, betraying,  
I know it's contaminating us both.  
And even though we lie close,  
we do not lie on top of tangled sheets.  
No, we are lying within arms reach,  
underneath the blankets of the world.  
Thus my heart begins to palpitate,  
with all the nerves shooting in every direction,  
leaving me with this untreatable aching,  
this thriving, indigestible feeling,  
of being in love.

## ABOUT ME

Christopher Ballendine  
of hope\_666\_ballendine@hotmail.com

About me.

What would you like to know?

What would you like to hear?

What would you like me to say, do, feel?

The truth is this..

I'll tell you what i want you to know. You'll hear if your willing to listen, and i'll say what i beleive needs to be said, done, and felt.

The truth is I believe in some of these things, all of these things, and none of these things.

The truth is that even though the truth of what we are is generally a lie, we are forced into an existance were description of all its aspects, the truths and the lies, are the purpose.

Here is my purpose:

I am strong

I am honest

I am fearsly loyal

We realize purpose because of what we aren't!

I may be strong, but only because i was once and am weak.

I may be honest, but only because ive lied, am a liar, and will lie.

I may be loyal, but only because of those whos trust ive betrayed.

This is the purpose of love, but only because love is the purpose. I could describe myself in every detail imaniginable and you would never know me..