

Fanatical Publishing's

Weekly Review

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AND NOW, a word from the publisher:

Hello folks, Jochannon here; first let me say thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy, and please feel free to share it with your friends, re-post it to your profile, spread it around; the more people who get to read it, the better!

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If you want to contribute, I'd love to see your work, send it to me at the aforementioned e-mail address with: 'category(prose, fanfic, poetry), STORY TITLE, Author's Name' in the subject line.

You can include the text of your story in the body of the email, attached as an RTF, you can put in a link to your story on some webpage. Please include a cover letter about you, your work, or whatever; include any links you want, and cover art if you have any.

Do you have any questions or comments? If you do, I'd to hear them; write to me at the aforementioned e-mail address.

I'm bad at stopping these things, so I'll just say again: thank you for reading, and I hope you enjoy!

Table of Contents

Original Prose

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE?, FaerieBox

Page 5

RYU, THE DEMON SLAYER, Zaec Rayaken Shero

Page 8

Fan fiction

ME₃ THE HELLDIVER SAGA, THE LAST CYCLE: CHAPTER
2, THE RED PLANET, Veyron722Skyhook

Page 15

Poetry

ANOTHER STATE, TheMeTheyDontSee

Page 33

JUST PULL THE TRIGGER, Justin Jones

Page 34

GIVEN THE CHANCE, Fairygal11

Page 36

ORIGINAL LITERATURE

LET'S PLAY DETECTIVE?

CHAPTER 9

FaerieBox
of <http://FaerieBox.deviantart.com>

“No way! Ha! Like Hell, we, joining forces with you!” Sister exclaimed.

Maxwell lost his countenance. She'd ruined his actuation.

“Be sensible, you!” he pleaded, loud “I'm trying to be nice!”

“So you can't be nice even trying, you jerk!”

“Hey!” Maxwell screamed “Don't you care about solving this? I'm talking about justice, if you don't realize! We can't let a killer stay free!” he sighed/puffed, rolling his eyes “I know you're friends with the maid, but -”

Alice gasped as if she had been slapped, offended. She started to pull my sleeve, frantically.

“Carrie! Carrie! Have you heard that?! He's accusing her too!

This -”

I hesitated, afraid of being torn into pieces between the two of them.

“No!” Maxwell suddenly cried, for the first time really interrupting her “It's not what I'm saying! Just listen, you -!”

Sister began to yell at the same time as he finished the sentence, muffling his words.

“I won't listen, you -!”

Ok. Their shouting was already starting to hurt my eardrums. I bit my lower lip - they wanted to be overheard?

I looked at my sister. Then at Maxwell. No way I could stop them from killing each other.

I breathed slowly, gathering air in my lungs.

“SHUT UP! Both of you! SILENCE!”

Sister really stumbled back away from him, and Maxwell made a face of pain. My voice is soprano kind. A thing that I learned in my 15 years of life is that high-pitched sounds can seem sharp as blades to human audition. Especially if you yell them at the top of your voice, with an almost opera ending.

All got still as a cemetery at night. Our cousin raised his hand and slowly rubbed his ears.

“Well. I never thought that you could do that.” he spoke very quietly.

“Thank you.” I replied, with a nod.

“Of course she can.” Sister retorted, also touching carefully her right ear “My Carrie is not your silly Anne. I taught her well.”

Our cousin made a strange face.

“Ok.” he said “I doubt that you taught her about being reasonable, but then, listen -”

“Lord! Are you deaf, man?” Alice complained “I said: we... will... not... listen... to... you!”

“I agree.” I spoke, upset “Zia’s nice. She hasn’t killed anyone. We are doing this because of her.”

He waved his hand, as if to brush away our opinion.

“Yeah, I should have guessed that you would find out about the Inspector’s suspects.”

“And he’s wrong!” we both cried out.

Surprisingly, Maxwell said:

“I know.” he reasoned: “It wouldn’t make sense, after all. But the inspector won’t think like this.”

“We’ll beat him.” Sister spoke, confident “And without your help.”

“No, you won’t dear cousin.” Maxwell replied.

“Please. What you’re going to do if we decline joining your little game? Tell our Mommy?”

“I can.” he threatened “Or I can say that I have the card you’re looking for. It’s black mail, or you can pretend that you can play me, as I pretend that I’m really trying to help you, and not using you to my purposes. You choose.”

“What are you talking about?” Alice asked, squeezing her green eyes, doubtful.

“That I can give you clues. And I have an information which you need. About...” he made the universal gesture, brushing his fingertips against each other “...money.”

Curse you. Money issues. The principal motive for murder – and the one we didn’t have yet. It was exactly what we were needing.

I held my breath. First I thought that my twin wouldn’t accept it. Then I wondered if she wouldn’t. Then she stepped forward and stretched out her right hand.

He stretched out his right hand too, his eyes glittering.

“I knew I could make you change your mind, dear cousin.”

“Change anything, crap. Never heard that old quote?” Sister inquired “Keep your friends close...”

He held her hand firmly and... suddenly, he pulled her closer. Not a usual hands-shake, more like a bro-greeting. And, astonishingly, Sister didn’t seem to care about it.

I saw the electricity running between them, as when you play with wires that you shouldn’t put together. I really saw it. Invisible force...

Brains-battle. Maxwell concluded for her, with his broad cheerful grin of before:

“And your enemies closer still.”

Footsteps in the corridor. I recognized Mom’s low-heeled shoes. It was a matter of time anyway. That argument could’ve woken the dead.

Maxwell made for the door, as to leave. He waved to us, ending the deal:

“Then you do it for the living, and I do it for the dead. Trust you to find an excuse to Auntie when she comes in.”

“What are you talking about?” Alice asked again, this time with a malicious smile “Good luck for you, dear cousin. See you out there. Greenhouse.”

She grabbed me and ran, aiming the... wall. I dropped the books on the floor. And I also smiled, her plan as clear inside my mind as if I myself had had the idea.

She pushed hard against the glass and wooden frame, with a nimble quick strike of her arm.

We went out by jumping the window, forgetting a stunned Maxwell behind us to give the explanations.

RYU, THE DEMON SLAYER

Zaec Rayaken Shero

Genre: Sci-Fi, Fantasy, Action and Adventure, Religion

Summary: A long time ago, there was a world built upon two sides of religion. One for The Holy One, the other... for The Dark One. The two sides were so against each other, war broke out and ruptured their world's existence. Within this onslaught of violence between the two teams, a child was born. This was no ordinary child, for both sides wanted them, whether to use them or to shun them was unknown. It would come apparent this child would grow, spreading the rumor that is only known as Ryu... The Demon Slayer!

Chapter

In the universe resides a system called Garein, with only a single planet holding life called Aberon. This world was a glorious green and blue planet, much like the norm of other well known worlds. Aberon's star, the Cen, is bright white and gives blissful light on the day to all of the planet's lifeforms.

The Yavatos that roamed on Aberon, their home world, were of all types of anthropomorphic animals in the Mortal Realm. Humans, Rodents, Dogs, Cats, Birds and Reptiles. Even Hybrids of Deer and Dog, or Cats and Reptiles! Some were those nonexistent to other worlds, like Dragons and Sergals. They were all one and the same in each other's eyes as Yavatos, able to walk upright and speak the same language.

All were peaceful with themselves, until...

A cult of Satanists arose and began taking hold of the world through the might of their leader, who may only be mentioned solely for narrative purposes as... The Dark One. Sacrifice upon sacrifice, the cult gained Demonic power. The horrid power that they held made them nearly unstoppable amongst the Mortal Realm.

The cult leader brought forth the will of The Dark One, killing innocent people for his reign of power among the living to stay supreme. Along with that, to keep his life and the life of his daughter eternal and to rule over a Hellish army to ravish all of existence, the leader was to sacrifice both a holy woman and a man to The Dark One. For the leader's own life, the blood of his beloved wife. For his

daughter's, the blood of the twin brother. Yet at the day of the new year, the daughter was not blessed by The Dark One but by its ever forgiving and almighty counterpart, who should only be known narratively as The Holy One.

Branded by The Holy One's mark as an act to stop the will of The Dark One, the daughter of the unholy Mortal father was taken by a guardian Angel. In the day the daughter was saved, the Satanists were killed by The Holy One's descendants called Christians. The girl was moved to a foster home, forever gone from her cult leading father. Unfortunately, the father was too powerful to apprehend, thus able to break away and flee into hiding.

The daughter taken, the cult diluted yet still roaming and Aberon broken of The Dark One's grasp, a time came to pass. The daughter, free from The Dark One as well, was brought to where no Demon worshiper could tread. The last holy grounds... of Ambercinna.

It took the father nearly a decade to reform his cult, rebuilding his followers into power so they may once again takeover Aberon. They hunted down any who they saw fit to their plans, slaughtering all as sacrifices to The Dark One in exchange for more power, while in search for the missing daughter. They had their way for 40 days, then The Holy One's followers stepped forward to halt the Demonic acts that were taking place.

Like the Demons given darkened techniques, so too with lightened skills were the Angelic spirits of the Christians. They needed no sacrifice, for their eternal love of their almighty leader was all that was asked. Cross to bear the mark of The Holy One's followers, these worshipers were given tremendous power to fight back against the Satanists. Each Cross held its own great power, able to do what no Demon could ever hope for. However, the Crosses would never kill nor even harm any that were not one brandished by The Dark One's mark. The unforgiving sign that mocks the very fabric of The Holy One itself... The I.C. or Inverted Cross!

For years and years at a time, the Christians tried to both hide the daughter and stopped any Satanists who came to look for the child, giving no hint or trace of where the child may be. Most Christians defeated the Satanists, but unfortunately others failed to stop them. By The Holy One's will, none who were against could touch nor find the pure child—regardless of how hard they tried. Countless battles began between the Cross and I.C., numerous lives were lost, and unexplainable acts of chaos corrupted Aberon, making it nothing more than a cursed planet.

Everyone hated it! The boundless war, the uncountable deaths, the endless torment and sorrow—pain and agony! Everyone cried out for help, yet help never came! Sin ruled everything that was before a

peaceful union of a once great world! All were frightened, day and night, to whether their lives were next to be taken! All feared if and when The Dark One may try to take all that they once knew! No one felt truly safe anymore!

Those who have not chosen a side thought nothing could end what they called The Cross War. They believed everyone and everything would parish, that all will be wiped out of their world and all others. All felt lost, scared, saddened, torn from happiness and forgotten. Yet unbeknownst to them was a little girl, living in a small house, being raised by a heartwarming and caring nun.

The adorable little Red Panda girl was happy, cheerful and very bright. For years did the little girl not know of the world's problems around her, only the true bliss that once was of it within her life, living alongside her adopted holy mother. She was everything to the little girl, as was the little girl to the holy mother. Sadly, the day of the little girl's 10th birthday, she was indeed discovered.

Tricked by a Satanist, a clueless and unmarked male cobra found the location of the little girl. He was given a deal by a Demon, the life of the girl for all he ever wanted. The man, unknown to what he was searching for other than a girl, came upon the woman who was caretaker of the child in her own home. He demanded she tell him where the girl was, yet got no answer. The nun only tried to tell the man to rethink his decision and repent for his selfish actions to The Holy One, but the man ignored the nun.

Hiding in what appeared to be a trashcan, trying before to play a game with her holy mother, the little girl peeked out after hearing the yelling of the clueless man. Frightened by what she saw, the little girl continued to hide as she witnessed what happened.

Demanding one last time to reveal the little girl, the man brandished a small knife from behind him and raised it to the nun. The woman, realizing she could never reason with the man as he was forever lost in his ways, gave the man what he wanted. She removed herself of her purified weapon and dropped it near her feet, which was only a straight sword's black hilt with a thin and four inch long chain holding a white metal Cross at the base.

Giving the poor man what he wanted, the nun said, "I am the one you seek, sir. I cannot and will not fight you, for you are not truly a puppet within the holds of Satan. May God cleanse your soul, if you are so ever to see his grace in Heaven."

Deaf to the woman's voice, the man slew her with his blade—stabbing into her stomach. Her blood, the blood of an innocent, was drenched and fell to curse the holy ground that was Amberginna. It was the last place The Dark One's followers could not tread, for no innocent blood was spilled before. However, with this

final accursed act upon the land, Demons were able walk amongst it.

The clueless man, having stained his body and soul with that of the woman's blood, left the household to find the one he made his deal with. Silent until the man was gone, the little girl cried as she huddled herself in the trashcan. Frightened beyond imagination, the child shed her tears until nothing could come of her eyes—only pain. Eventually, she crawled out of the metal cylinder onto the hardwood floor, tipping the can over when she tried to motion her foot over its edge. She moved to hug the one she only knew as her mother, knowing nothing of her past. Yet in a short miracle, the nun had one last thing to say.

“I’m sorry, my child.” the nun said, smiling as she looked into the little girl's eyes. “I cannot help you any further. You must... You must go now, Ryuka, for no one else can. Stop the one who is... your father. Stop his vile reign of terror.” She reached for the metal hilt, giving it to the little girl as her final words were, “Believe... and you shall... bring peace.”

Ryuka cried as she watched her caregiver close her eyes for her eternal rest, believing she had done all that she could. The little girl, alone and scared, held the hilt tight in both hands, wanting never to let go and never to leave her holy mother's presence. After a few minutes, she stood on her own feet, then was spooked by hearing the voice of the man before.

“There she is!” the murderer said, speaking about the nun his slew. He then glanced at the Demon beside him and said, “As we agreed, I killed her. Now I want what I asked for.” With that, Ryuka turned to face both the man and the Demon, greatly in fear for her own life.

The two intruders laughed, then the Demon, pretending to look as though a businessman, examined the little girl with its dark blue eyes. Finding she was its true target, the Demon said, “Oh! So you're still alive!”

The Mortal man glanced between Ryuka and the Demon, then said, “What are you talking about?! The nun said she was what you wanted!”

The Demon smiled as it looked over at the man and said, “Deals off, Mortal! You didn't kill the girl!”

“What?!” the man barked, “No! You can't do that!” However, the Demon raised its own right arm and quickly formed it into a straight double edged blade with a small I.C. mark at the tip of it, stabbing it through the Mortal's lower torso.

“Too bad!” the Demon said, “But thanks for allowing me passage here!” It jerked the blade out of the man, who fell lifeless onto the floor, then turned to the little girl with a Demonic smile. The Demon raised its left hand to the girl, another I.C. mark brandished

into its palm, waving to call her over and said, "Come here, child!" Ryuka was frozen where she stood, holding the sword hilt in her hands as hard as she could. The Demon noticed the item in her grip, then said, "You won't be needing that, child! Come now... I won't hurt you!"

Amazingly, Ryuka gained her confidence to stand against the Demon as she lowered her arms, holding the hilt in her left hand with the Cross dangling from the back as she said, "No... you won't..." She then stopped crying and grew angry towards the Demon as she continued, "But I'll hurt you!"

The Demon quickly became furious with the little girl, giving out a Demonic roar as it raised and aimed its own blade to her. It moved into position to strike, yet was unable to touch her. A barrier quickly arose to stop the Demon just a foot away, shining The Holy One's Cross against the vile creature. Finding it was unable to harm the child, the Demon jumped back as it swung its blade down from its right side. It watched as the barrier disappeared, then figured it could strike her once more. However, as the Demon readied to attack again, Ryuka called forth the hidden purified blade within the hilt she held.

Believing she could slay the Demon, a single edged white blade that curved back slightly sprung out forward from the hilt. Ryuka raised the weapon with both hands just as it formed, going at the same time the Demon lunged for her with its weapon. The little girl swung from her left at the Demon's blade, shattering it to hundreds of pieces with ease. The pieces broken off became black acid blood of the Demon's, which melted into the floor and eventually through the ground.

In pain from its dismembered limb, the Demon stepped back from the child as it held the end of its right arm with its left hand and yelled, "You little bitch!! Lord Agasten may be your father, but he shall see you die a most painful death by Satan's own mind!!"

Ryuka stood unmoved from the Demon's threat, having no more emotion of her own, yet responded, "Not until he's back in Hell where he belongs!"

In fear of the child, the Demon tried to retreat from the household but was unable to escape. The little girl jolted for the unholy entity and slew it with her blade, giving a clean upward and out to the side cut with only her left arm. She sliced through the center of the beast's torso, forcing the Demon to stop in its tracks. Ryuka lowered her weapon, the blade returning to hide within its hilt, then the Demon's blood spewed across the room as its body went to quickly deteriorate into nothing. The blood, though landing on Ryuka, did nothing to affect her but still burned into the ground. She stood calm, but also uncaring... unchanged. Almost as if she was heartless, even soulless.

Having slain the Demon, Ryuka put away the weapon, yet had the chain with the Cross hanging out while she moved to give her holy mother a proper burial. She then went through and found all the information about herself that her holy mother had kept secret about her past, all the documents assembled in one hidden drawer under the nun's bed.

Ryuka... Christina Ryuka, named after her blood mother, while also after the weapon she now possessed. Born from a Satanist father, who killed both her biological mother and twin sibling, Ryuka was taken by a follower of The Holy One from the hands of the wicked. Unfortunately, there was nothing more about her past, only that it spoke to her to move forward. After finding out about herself, Ryuka went forth to do what she believed was the only right thing to do... Kill Agasten!

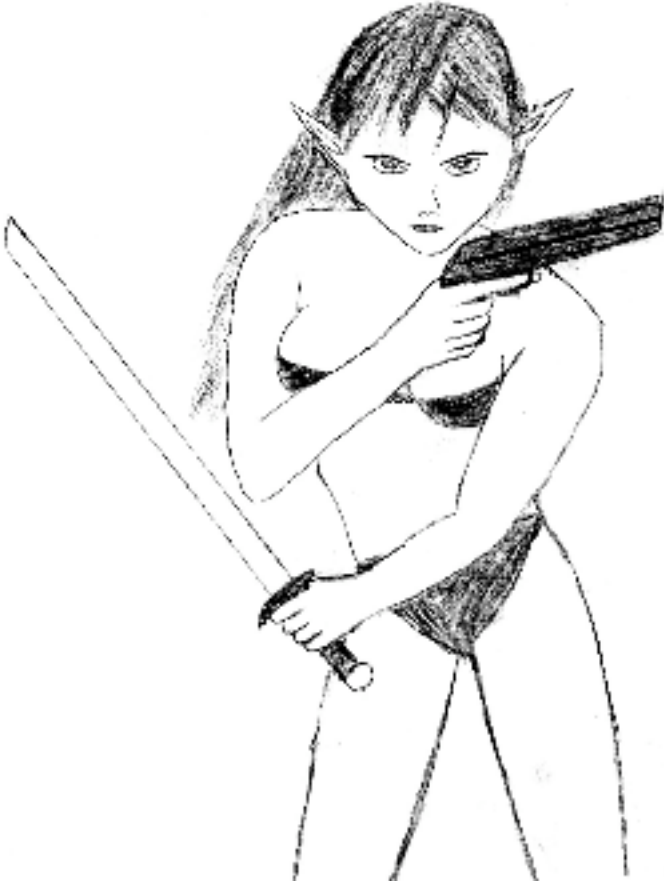
Uncaring to her own life, uncaring to the will of The Holy One and uncaring to those around her, Ryuka set out only to do one thing. She wanted revenge for her holy mother, her real mother and her brother—who she never knew. Ryuka went on to seek not in ending The Cross War, but to end the life of the one who started it. She cared not if the war continued after her actions were dealt with, only that she sees her father fall before her.

Many a years passed as Ryuka slaughtered those who stood as either a Demon or a bearer of the I.C. mark, followed by a title that came to mind of those that witnessed the aftermath of her brutality. No one saw who did it, no one knew what it might bring. They figured it was just more Cross bearers fighting for power and left everything be. However, a small few were able to catch a glimpse of the truth... The warrior who had slain the wicked ones. Unable to get the face of the wielder, they were forced to notice the purified sword. The people who saw that blade knew what it was and went to spread word of a new hope for their world to all.

The blade they saw was none other than Ryu... The Demon Slayer!

(If you want more, check out and please like us on FaceBook, FurAffinity and DeviantArt, all under Zaec Rayaken Shero. Thank you!)

FAN FICTION



or: Leanna's Return

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ME₃ THE HELLDIVER SAGA, THE LAST CYCLE:

CHAPTER 2: THE RED PLANET

Veyron722skyhook

It felt nice to be back on the Normandy SR₃ again. Despite that a war had no started, Austin couldn't help but feel safe.

"What the hell's going on?! Where's Anderson?! Where are we going?!" Vega shouted.

"We're leaving." Austin replied.

"Leaving?!"

"We're heading for the Citadel. We can't hope to win this war without help." Said Austin.

"Bullshit! Anderson wouldn't order us to leave!" Vega objected.

"He didn't. He asked." Said Austin. "Besides, you saw how the Reapers cut through the Alliance's defences. If the galaxy doesn't unite together, the Reapers have already won."

"Then you can drop me off at the nearest depot, 'cause I'm not leaving." Said James.

Austin hated to be forceful, but sometimes it was necessary.

"Stow it, Lieutenant!" he ordered. "You don't wanna go—we get it—but this isn't a democracy!"

This seemed to be put Vega in his place, and he remained silent.

"Major, we're clear of Earth." Said Joker through the loudspeakers.

"Good. Plot a course for the Citadel." Said Austin.

"Shepard, you have an incoming message from Admiral Hackett." Said EDI.

"Patch him through."

A holo image of Hackett appeared in front of them. It was very crackly and just barely understandable.

"Shepard... sustained heavy losses. ...force was overwhelming... There's no way we can defeat them conventionally..." said Hackett.

"We're already heading to the Citadel to talk to the Council. I've sent a message to Arkadia as well." Said Austin.

"First, I need... iance outpost on Mars... ore we lose control of the system." Hackett requested.

"Mars? We send me there?" Austin asked

...been researching the Prothean Archives with Professor T'soni." Said Hackett. "...found a way to stop the Reapers... only way

to stop them... ...in contact soon. Hackett out."

Austin immediately reacted at the mention of the name T'soni. So his wife had been on Mars. She was okay! Secretly, he'd been worried sick as soon as the Reapers had hit. The question of whether Liara was okay or not had constantly been on his mind. At least now he knew she was on a planet the Reapers hadn't hit yet. That could only mean she was safe.

The Major didn't even hesitate in accepting.

"Joker, change of plans. Plot a course for the Mars archives."
He said.

"Why Mars? What does Hackett think we'll find there?"
Ashley asked.

"I'm not sure. But whatever it is, it concerns my wife."

"So you're the new girl?" Ashley asked.

It was a bit of a tight squeeze with everyone inside the dropship. Alpha alone fitted just fine, but the extra Alliance soldiers did now make the space a bit cramped.

"Yeah." Jet replied, slightly nervously.

Ashely could see she was making the girl uncomfortable and just simply nodded.

"Not much of a talker, is she?" Ashley whispered.

"She's still getting to know everyone." Said Austin. He then turned to Vega who was piloting the dropship down. "What's the weather like?"

"Not good. It's okay for now, but we've got a cosmic storm incoming." Said Vega.

"Then we'd better get in there quick." Said Austin.

They only got a few yards towards the building before they spotted hostiles down below. They had several Alliance knelt down in front of them. Alpha of course recognised the white and yellow armour instantly.

"Cerberus!" Austin hissed.

"Holy shit! They're executing people!" Vega whispered as the Cerberus troops shot all the Alliance troops dead.

Everyone went to cover so that they wouldn't be spotted. All of Alpha Squad then lined up their guns, taking a target each.

"Looks like they finally managed to make some passable knock offs of our armour." said Leena.

"ANALYSIS" The troopers have augmented themselves extensively. I doubt that it will save them though. Combat efficiency is still 25% less than ours." said X-5 quietly.

Once everyone was ready to fire, Austin lined up his own shot and prepared to issue the order to fire in synch.

"And... execute."

All of the troopers fell at the same time as Alpha Squad all fired in perfect synch with each other.

With the path ahead clear, everyone headed into the facility. As the airlock sealed and began equalising, Ashley and James removed their helmets. The Helldivers naturally didn't.

"Why would Cerberus be here?" Ashley asked.

"Hell if I know, Ash. Ever since they got blamed for the destruction of the Alpha Relay they've had to lay very low." Said Austin.

"Weren't you accused of working for them at one point?" Jet asked.

"Yes, but that wasn't true." Said Sandra.

"Wouldn't be here if I was with those terrorists." Said Austin.

A sudden thud suddenly interrupted them and they all took cover. There were more of them coming from the vents. A hatch was suddenly dislodged and two Helldivers jumped out, both female. Austin recognized them both immediately. One of them was none other than his wife, Liara T'soni Shepard, and the other was Alpha's old friend, and Liara's former mentor, Zhi Shang Ren, or Xun as she preferred to be called.

Several Cerberus troopers then suddenly appeared at the hatch. They'd been following the two Helldivers through the vents. Liara quickly threw up a biotic singularity which caught both the Cerberus troopers. As they flailed around madly, Liara took out her pistol and shot them both. One was killed instantly, but the other survived. As they both fell to the floor, Xun walked up to the one that was still alive. She unsheathed her Katana and stabbed it in the heart.

Seeing that the coast was clear, everyone came out of hiding. James had his gun trained on both Xun and Liara, but Austin quickly lowered it.

"Stand down, Lieutenant. They're with us." He said.

Both Xun and Liara turned to face them. From behind her helmet, Liara's face lit up with joy.

"Austin!"

The Asari instantly flung herself into her husband's arms and they both hugged each other tightly. Both their helmets then retracted and they kissed each other.

"I've missed you so much." Said Austin telepathically.

Due to how strong their bond had grown now, Austin and Liara had gained the ability to communicate with each without speaking over short distances. This came in quite handy in a lot of situations.

"I've missed you too." Said Liara. "Thank the goddess you're alive!"

"Funny how we keep running into each other, isn't it, old friend?" Xun smiled.

"Good to see you too, Xun." Austin smiled as both his and Liara's helmet resealed.

"We heard about Earth. I was so worried about you." Said Liara.

"You're not getting rid of me that easily, love." Austin chuckled.

"True, but I still feared the worst when I saw the reports. They hit Earth hard." Said Liara.

"Yeah. It was hard to leave like that." Said Ashley.

"I'm sorry, Ashley."

"But why did you come here? How did you know we were here?" Xun asked.

"Admiral Hackett told us to come here. He said you might know what's going on here." Austin replied.

"We do." Liara smiled.

"Hallelujah! Some answers, finally." said James.

"Maybe. We've discovered plans for a Prothean device, one that could wipe out the Reapers." said Liara.

"You're serious?!" said Austin with surprise. "Here, on Mars?!"

"This is no joke, Shepard. It's in the Prothean archives." said Xun.

"But we've known about the archives for decades. Why now?" Ashley asked.

"Process of illumination." Said Liara. "When the Alpha Relay was destroyed, it bought us some time."

"With you and Alpha out trying to get the word out and attempting to form alliances among the other races, I felt I had to try and do my part." Said Xun. "I began using all the resources I had as the Shadow Broker to try and find anything that could help us in the coming war. My search led me here. Naturally of course, I needed a Prothean expert so I contacted Liara. Sorry that I kept it secret from you."

"I'm sorry I also didn't tell you. I shouldn't keep secrets from you, Austin." said Liara.

"Don't worry, you two. Under the circumstances, I can easily forgive you both." Austin smiled.

"You're too kind." Said Xun.

"You have no idea, Xun." Liara smiled.

"In any case, our work here has paid off. The archives are full of data, an overwhelming amount. I think we have found what we need." said Xun.

"Sounds like this is our best chance to blow the Reapers to hell." said Austin.

"It's not a weapon. Well, not yet anyway." Said Liara. "It's plans for a device. A blueprint."

"Better than nothing. So how do we get it?" Leena asked.

"The archives are just across that tramway, providing Cerberus hasn't locked it down." said Xun.

"Why are they here? Doesn't make any sense since they're being hunted by the Batarians." Ashley asked.

"Not to mention they seem hell-bent on catching you two." said James.

"They want what we're here for." said Xun coldly.

"But why?" James asked.

"A weapon powerful enough to destroy the Reapers and possibly do more? How could those terrorists resist?" said Austin.

"Speaking of which, we've got company." said Ashely.

Sure enough, the door was being cut through from the other side.

"Bring it on!" said James.

"Not this time, Vega." said Austin.

"What?!"

"You and Alpha get back to the shuttle. Ashley, you're with us. If there's the slightest chance Cerberus could beat us to the archives, we need you covering the exit."

"But..."

"That's an order, Lieutenant."

Cerberus had obviously used their time in hiding from the Batarians to their advantage. They'd clearly been upgraded with better armour, better weapons, even their training and tactics seemed to have improved.

For Austin, Ashely, Liara and Xun however, it wasn't something they couldn't handle.

The storm outside had really picked up now. The wind so strong in fact that Ashely nearly got pushed over. For the three Helldivers with her however, this didn't bother them.

"What the hell?!"

"Looks like the Alliance are still fighting hard."

"That tram heads to the archives."

"Then that's where we need to go."

"Major... you read me?"

"Barely. Storm's causing interference."

"Yeah, tell me about it. We've lost contact with the Normandy."

"This airlock shouldn't be open."

"No sign of forced entry."

"Exactly. The security protocols would need to be overridden."

Said Liara.

“Getting a little dark in here.”

“Lights on.”

“Someone vented the air from this room while they were still here.”

“Horrible way to die.”

“This is brutal, even by Cerberus standards.”

“Get down!”

“On my mark... 3... 2... 1...”

“We need to pressurize the room first.” said Liara as she accessed the controls. “There we go. We have access to the labs. They’ll take us right to the tram station.”

“What’s this?” Ashely asked, accessing a recorded message.

“Security station... come in? We’re seeing some odd activity down here. Our security protocols just kicked in. Everything’s locked down.”

A woman then suddenly walked into frame. There was something strangely familiar about the skintight outfit she was wearing.

“Doctor, I need your report as soon as...”

The woman then suddenly drew a gun and shot both the guards in the recording. She then accessed the controls and opened the doors, causing everyone to suffocate.

“So that’s how they got in.” said Austin.

“We should’ve known there was something wrong about her.” said Xun.

“Who is that anyway?” Austin asked.

“Doctor Eva Core. She got here about a week ago. I knew there was something funny about her, but I had no idea...” said Liara.

“We were just so focused on finding a way to stop the Reapers.” said Xun.

“It’s not your fault, Xun.” said Austin reassuringly.

“I know.”

“I wonder what this weapon actually is. The Protheans always have been a fascinating race. It’s very hard for me not to be very curious.” said Liara.

“Your old archaeologist self is showing again.” Ashely couldn’t help but smile.

“It’s been doing that a lot more often.” said Liara. “Not that I mind of course.”

"Looks like they got across first." said Liara.
"Can you override the tram?" Austin asked.
"No. The archives are on a separate network. We're completely locked out." said the Asari.
"What about a short range communicator?" Ashely asked.
"How would that help?" Xun asked.
"We convince them we're on their side. You Helldivers have voice changers, don't you?" Ashely explained.
Austin considered this for a moment. She was right actually, Helldivers had voice changers in their helmets. They were all customisable and didn't have to be used. Austin did use his to make his voice sound even deeper and in a way a bit more intimidating. It helped people take him and his squad seriously.
"Good idea, Ash." he said.
Ashely walked off to try and find a nearby Cerberus soldier. As she did, Liara cast her husband a look.
"What?"
"The lieutenant seems to have become very capable." said Liara.
"Indeed."
"Austin! I found something."
"What've you got?"
"He's got a transmitter in his helmet, if we can..."
The helmet hissed open, revealing the Cerberus soldier's face.
"God! Looks like a Husk." said Ashely.
The soldier clearly did have implants on the face and blue eyes. It was a rather disturbing sight.
"Yeah. Not quite though. They've definitely done something to themselves." said Austin.
"They did this to their own soldiers?" Ashley asked.
"Hardly unexpected. I've seen them do stuff just as bad as this." said Austin, managing to get the radio out of the helmet.
"Let's see if we can get them to send that tram over. Wish I had Sandra for this."
The Helldiver fiddled with his omni tool for a moment and then spoke, now sounding exactly like one of the Cerberus soldiers.
"Hello, this is Delta team. Anybody there?"
"That's a cool trick." Ashely smiled.
"Where the hell have you been?!" the radio replied back.
"Never mind. What's your status?"
"We're at the tram station, waiting for extraction. All hostiles terminated." Austin replied.
"Roger that. Echo will ride over and secure the station."
"Think they bought it?" Ashley asked.
"Doesn't matter. They'll be dead as soon as they get over

here." said Austin as his voice returned to the usual setting. "Get in position. We'll flank them when they get off the tram."

"Good thinking, Major."

Liara worked on accessing the data. Unknown to them however, a hologram had suddenly appeared behind them.

A sudden sound caused both Austin and Liara to whirl round and face it. Liara even pulled out her gun.

"Illusive Man!" she said coldly.

There in front of them stood a hologram of the leader of Cerberus himself.

"So, the great Sir Major Shepard. We meet at last." He said.

"The pleasure's all yours, I'm sure." Said Austin coldly. "What do you want?"

"What I've always wanted. The data in these artefacts holds the key to solving the Reaper threat." said the Illusive man.

"I've seen your so called "solutions". You've turned your own people into monsters." said Austin.

"Hardly. They're being improved."

"Improved? There's a war going on and all you still care about is trying get even with us?"

"That's what separates us, Shepard. Where the Helldivers see a means to destroy, I see a way to control. To dominate and harness the Reapers power. Imagine how strong humanity would be if we controlled them." said the Illusive Man.

"You speak of control, yet you cause chaos! You always claim you want to advance humanity, yet you end up abandoning the very things that make you human. Hence why we have stopped you every time. For example, Earth and the galaxy are under siege and you're hatching a scheme to control the Reapers. Just proves it even more." Austin retorted.

"You've always been short sighted, hasty. Your destruction of the Collector base proved that."

"Would've been no better than you if I'd spared it."

"This isn't your fight any longer, Shepard. You can't defeat the Reapers, even with the Prothean data."

"Watch me. I've beaten the odds before, I'll do it again. You always have underestimated us."

"Destroying the Reapers is wasted potential. We can dominate them, use their power, harness their very essence to bring humanity to the apex of evolution."

"With that data, I'll rid the galaxy of those machines, and then I'll find a way to crush Cerberus, your pathetic little dream, like an ant under a boot, once and for all."

"Your vision is pathetically delimited." said the Illusive man.

"You are just a tool, an agent with a singular purpose. In that, you were successful. But in doing so, you've proved that you're not fit to wear that armour, nor deserve to be called by the ranks you have."

"Speak for yourself. Besides, you can try and insult me all you like, it won't work. I already know how this is going to end anyway: Your pathetic little dreams a failure and in ruins, and a blade through your heart." said Austin. "Liara."

Liara went back to accessing the archives to get the data.

"Don't interfere with my plan, Helldiver. I won't warn you again." said the Illusive man.

"Go to hell! I'll send you there myself!" Austin retorted.

"Austin!" Liara suddenly shouted.

"What is it?"

"The data, it's not here! It's being erased!"

"Goodbye, Shepard." said the Illusive man as his hologram vanished.

"Dammit! How's he doing it?!" Austin cursed.

"It's local, someone's uploading the information." said Liara.

Further away, Ashely had suddenly noticed a figure at another terminal.

"Hey! Step away from the console, now!" she ordered.

The woman suddenly whirled round kicked Ash hard, sending her to the floor. Dr Core then shot the terminal.

"She's got the data!" Liara yelled as she ran.

"Get her!"

Dr Core seemed a lot faster than she looked. In fact, her speed rivalled Dash's a lot.

They continued chasing her until they were outside.

Surprisingly, Dr Core didn't seem to have any breathing equipment. Austin was beginning to think she wasn't human.

"She's getting away!"

A shuttle then hovered into view. Dr Core jumped into it and it started to lift off out of the Helldiver's reach.

"Dammit! Vega, Normandy, anybody!" he yelled.

Speak of the devil however, the dropship suddenly came into view and flew right at the Cerberus shuttle.

"I got this one!" said James.

The dropship rammed right into the shuttle, causing it to crash and catch fire. The dropship meanwhile was left undamaged and was easily able to land. Everyone slowly picked themselves up after having to dodge the crash.

"Xun?" Liara asked.

"I'm good." Xun groaned.

The Asari then walked up to Ashely and helped her up.

"Are you alright, Ashley?" she asked.

"I think so."

Austin meanwhile was on the other side of the dropship as Vega stepped out.

"Normandy's en route. They'll be here soon."

"We need the data." said Xun.

There was suddenly a loud bang from the Cerberus shuttle and the hatch came off. A figure stepped out of the fire.

Dr Core was still alive, but she'd been very badly burnt. So burnt in fact that it had melted off her human exterior and revealed her true form. She was indeed android as they suspected.

Xun went to reach for her weapons, but Core reacted faster. A swift punch sent the Chinese Helldiver flying and she hit the dropship hard.

Ashely reached for her own rifle, but Core ran at her, disarmed her and hoisted her up by the neck.

"Ashley!" Liara yelled, taking out her own rifle. "Put her down!"

Dr Core seemed to ignore Liara and touched her earpiece.

"Orders?" she asked.

"Dispose of her." the Illusive Man replied.

"No!"

"Get away from my wife, trash can!" He said.

"You alright?"

"Yes." "Thank you, love."

"Ashely!" "Don't' do this to me, old friend!"

"She's still alive, but she'd badly hurt! She needs medical attention, now!"

"Bring that thing with us."

"Major, we've got Reaper signatures in orbit."

"Where's Doctor Chakwas?"

"She took some leave a few days ago. Really bad time for it now."

"What do we do? None of us are medics."

"We have to leave the sol system and head for the Citadel. It's Ash's only hope." said Austin.

"NO! No, Lord, no!"

"She's still alive. Don't worry, she's not in heaven yet." "Joker, get as to the Citadel now. And I means as fast as you can, mister!"

"Don't need to tell me twice, Major."

"You can stay with her." "See what EDI can learn from that thing."

"Major, I am receiving a signal over the secondary QEC. I believe it's Admiral Hackett."

"Patch him through to me in the comm room."

"Shepard... you read... me...."

"EDI, can you clear this up?"

"I'll do my best."
"Did you get to the archives?"
"I was there. So was the Illusive Man."
"I was worried Cerberus might try something. Did you get the data?"
"Yes. Just barely." Austin sighed with relief. "EDI and Xun will analyse what we recovered."
"What have we learned? Was it worth the effort?"
"Preliminary evidence suggests the data is a blueprint for a Prothean device."
"Device?"
"It seems to be called the Crucible. It's a weapon, massive in size and scope that's capable of destroying the Reapers."
"Send me the data. We'll do our own analysis."
"Good luck, Hackett. I also need to start putting my own plan into action. If it works, we'll have an army as well."
"I hope so." "I'll be in touch soon. Hackett out."
"It will get worse, won't it?"
"Not if we stop the Reapers it won't. Many of us have prepared for this. It's better than nothing. At least I know the Arkanes and the Helldivers will at least be ready to fight them."
"I'm ready too. No matter what, I will be at your side the whole time."
"I missed you."
"I missed you too. Not a day went by when I didn't wish I was back in your arms." Liara sighed. "I trust of course this war isn't going to put strain on us?"
"I won't let it." said Austin.
"Good. I was getting worried." Liara smiled.
"There were a lot of reasons I was happy to see you on Mars." said Austin suggestively.
"I'd like that list, but later. Right now we do have more pressing matters." said Liara.
"As long as the plan works, things should be okay and we'll have the armies we need." said Austin.
"I hope of course it all isn't dependant on that plan alone of course. You have others, don't you?"
"Of course. It's just that this one is our best shot at ending the cycle." said Austin. "Be sure we're ready to present our findings to the Council."

Everyone is turning in for the night. After the traumatizing events of today, everyone was more than ready for some much needed rest. Everyone except one.

Sleep was the last thing on the mind of Comm Specialist Samantha Traynor as she worked tirelessly on her computer display.

The only thing on her mind was how quiet and alone it was. The Reapers had destroyed every comm buoy in the Sol system... and every bloody system around it! Without the buoys, long-range communication might as well be nonexistent at worst, seventeenth century level at best. To the dedicated comm specialist, the forced radio silence was simply maddening. Until the Normandy reached the safety of inner Citadel space, the ship was cut off from the rest of the galaxy.

But even once they did, there was no way to be certain if they could reach out to the rest of the galaxy. The latest report clearly showed how Reaper forces had already spread out across the farthest corners of the stars. No doubt their first step of invading a system was to silence any form of communication... which meant there was no way to know if anyone out there was still alive or managed to escape.

But as horrifying as the thought of such mass genocide was, there was only person that the fragile specialist could think of: N7 Commander Sarah Jane Shepard, sister of the famous Sir Major Austin Shepard... and lover of Samantha Traynor. When Traynor had first transferred to the Normandy, to act as a replacement of someone named Kelly Chambers, her life had been completely rewritten on her very first day. No other woman before had made her feel like she did. Sarah was the perfect yet impossible blend of beauty and sex appeal. Traynor had done everything humanly possible to deny it, but she had almost immediately fallen in love with the goddess of a woman when her eyes pierced her down to the soul and stole her heart. Yet despite her feelings, she couldn't possibly bring herself to even approach her. Sarah was thousands of kilometers out of her league, gifted with beauty and a sexy body that would make even asari rage with envy. How dare she even compare herself to Sarah, that she had any romantic feelings for Traynor was a possibility that existed solely in her dreams.

As the weeks went by, it only got worse for Traynor as her hopeless feelings multiplied daily. It was getting to the stage now where she was barely able to function as a member of the Normandy's crew; even in the more sedate role to which she was suited. As her love for Sarah continued to grow, Traynor found each day more and more difficult to get through. Paying attention to what the N7 was saying, and not the subtle curvature of her delicate jawline, or the way her lips quirked in a tiny half-smile was an uphill struggle for the specialist. Traynor knew that sooner or later it would become completely unbearable and when that happened, she really had no idea what she'd do. That was of course assuming that her lack of mental focus hadn't led to her making a grievous mistake in her duties or infinitely worse; a mistake that would lead to someone's death. If Sarah was so much as scratched because she was too nervous and distracted to prevent it somehow... Traynor didn't even know a word

for how that would make her feel. Appalled, aghast and horrified were the closest she could think of but seemed woefully inadequate for the task.

Until that faithful day came. The day that Sarah had challenged her to a chess match. A match that led to Sarah recommending that she should take a shower to calm her nerves. The next thing Traynor knew, Sarah had joined her in the shower, where the specialist learned that the impossibly beautiful N7 secretly shared her feelings. Their lips had met... and it was as if something clicked deep inside. The night they shared together had been the most magical that Traynor could remember. When she woke up the next morning next to Sarah, she had never felt happier. Everything that happened before she had first met Sarah felt like a whole different lifetime. After eight blissful months together, Traynor found it near impossible to remember how she had lived all her years without Sarah's breathtaking body pressed against her skin, or her gorgeous lips caressing her own. Now that she knew the N7 returned her affection with an equal intensity, the thought of them ever being apart was too painful to even consider. It didn't matter though... her life was perfect so long as Sarah was hers.

Of course, that was before the invasion. In their eight months together, they had rarely spent more than a few hours without the other's company. Sarah was forced to take a leave of absence several days ago to rally the remaining N7 forces of the Alliance. In order to do so, she had to leave the Normandy for a while. It had torn at both of them. Even though it would only be for a few days, the tears just wouldn't stop coming. The separation that came had been absolutely unbearable. Every heartbeat felt like ice in her blood, with a gaping chasm of longing for her lover's touch that engulfed her entire body. Traynor could have sworn that the only thing that kept her going were the constant messages they sent to each other over the extranet, with the sheer passion and emotion that flowed through their fingers into the letters.

And now the Reapers were here. Any form of communication between them was impossible... and the uncertainty of knowing if Sarah was even alive tore at Traynor's heart.

"Specialist Traynor?"

EDI's voice broke her out of her self-inflicted reverie.

"Your shift ended 4 hours, 33 minutes ago. I suggest you get some rest."

"Yes, yes I know, EDI. Thank you," Traynor sighed. "I... I just can't rest knowing that someone that I care about is out there, and I have no way of knowing if she's alright."

"Judging by your elevated heartbeat and pupil dilation, am I correct in assuming that you are referring to N7 Commander Sarah Jane Shepard?"

The sound of her lover's name sent a bolt of longing and anxiety through Traynor's already fragile heart. "Yes... EDI," she answered with a slightly bitter tone towards the one who reminded her of the reason of her distress. "However did you guess?"

Not recognizing the sarcasm in Traynor's response, the AI's answer was blunt. "According to my analysis, your stressed bio-metric readings are in perfect tandem for a woman concerned for the safety of another whom she has engaged in 256 separate sexual activities with over the past eight months."

"Whoa wait I-wha-what-but, but-I... ?!" Traynor all but sputtered. "You... I'm sorry but you're mistaken EDI!"

"You are not romantically involved with Commander Sarah Shepard?"

"No! I-no! No, no, no, no... no!"

"I see. Then perhaps you are a Cerberus infiltrator who is privately interrogating Commander Sarah Shepard for compromising information on the Alliance and Helldivers, concluding with a memory-debilitating drug to erase any memory of the interrogation?"

Traynor was thunderstruck.

"That is a joke," EDI dryly stated.

"I-I-I... see," Traynor stuttered as the color flushed back into her face. Thank GOD no one else was up at this hour in the CIC to overhear the mortifying exchange. Up at this hour... "Alright, alright. I get the point, nicely played, EDI. I'll get some rest."

"Of course, Specialist Traynor. Logging you out."

'That bloody AI is going to be the death of me one day.'

Letting out a long and resigned sigh, Traynor turned away from her terminal and headed toward the elevator... and paused.

Tentatively, she glanced back at her terminal. It wouldn't hurt to check her email just one more time for any new messages from her lover, right? Traynor quickly darted back and proceeded to power up her terminal once more...

'You aren't going to work this late, are you?' Sarah's voice teased.

Traynor stopped dead in her tracks. With her hyperactive imagination, combined with her intimate knowledge of her lover's behavior, she could feel her fatigued mind conjuring the sensation of Sarah's strong arms wrapped around her as she whispered tender words into her ear. The two lover's had come to know each other so well, every detail was nearly impossible to forget. Phantom sensations or not, Traynor felt her body melt at the all too familiar feeling of Sarah's lips on her neck. She didn't care if it wasn't real, she could feel all the week's worth of stress and anxiety wash away as Sarah's hand's expertly massaged tender and stiff areas across her body. Her always did seem to know just how to make her feel better.

But just as Traynor's eyes began to grow heavy with both fatigue

and bliss, they snapped open as the phantom sensation of Sarah's began to travel down from her back to her hips and then her toned thighs. Traynor inhaled sharply as she felt Sarah's imaginary lips tenderly kissing between her legs.

'Sarah, please... not in the CIC!'

'Oh, don't say that... you know how much you miss me Samantha...'

One of the many things about Sarah that never ceased to amaze Traynor was her talented tongue. Even after so long, she could still hardly believe how long and muscular it seemed. Flexible... strong... wet... intrusive... she could almost feel it inside her as it had done so many times over the past months, always able to reach that one... particular spot in the very back that no other woman had ever been able to reach...

Traynor shuddered and whimpered as the mini-orgasm rippled through her. As the euphoria heightened her mind, she felt the phantom touch of her lover vanish from her presence. Traynor still couldn't help it as she let out a content sigh. She marveled at the feelings she shared for the N7. Even when Sarah was absent from the Normandy, she was still always able to make her feel better. Perhaps she should stop worrying herself so much after all. Sarah may not be as great as her brother, but she still shared his trait for always managing to survive despite the odds. She could certainly take care of herself.

A tremendous weight now greatly lessened from her shoulders, Traynor made her way back to the quarters she shared with her lover. As she did every night, she slowly undressed from her uniform until she was wearing nothing but her black underwear. As she slipped her lithe body beneath the covers of the bed, she glanced over at the other half of the bed that she left unoccupied, the side that belonged to the woman she loved. It felt strange... resting her head on an actual pillow instead of Sarah, but she would deal with it for now.

'Goodnight Sarah... I hope that we'll be together again in each other's arms soon...'

In another corner of the galaxy, Commander Sarah Shepard was thinking of ...

This had indeed been a setback to the Illusive man's plans. He had a feeling that his clients were not happy with this. In fact, he wouldn't be surprised if one of them suddenly appeared demanding an explanation.

"If you'd sent me, you would've had the plans already." said the operative who was stood behind him in the shadows.

The Illusive Man remained silent for a while.

"Leave me." He said.

"Yes sir."

The operative left, leaving the Illusive Man by himself. The

room then suddenly darkened and the Illusive Man felt a familiar presence in the room. He couldn't see her, just her bright glowing eyes. It was common for her to conceal herself as much as possible. Her race weren't yet ready to reveal themselves after all, they were still in hiding.

"What is it Mirage?" the Illusive Man asked.

"He's growing impatient." Mirage replied.

"Well, I'm afraid he'll have to wait a bit longer. Finding those plans was not easy, acquiring them again from the Helldivers will be just as hard." Said Illusive Man.

"You're recent failures at their hands have shaken both my ability and his in your relyfullness." Said Mirage, slowly pacing around the Illusive Man. "I personally think that he's made a mistake thinking this plan of yours will succeed."

"Believe what you want, Mirage, I will get those plans back. I will lead the Reapers in the glorious battle ahead." Said the Illusive man.

"Battle. Against the... meagre might of the Helldivers?" Mirage asked, unimpressed.

"It will be glorious, not lengthy. That is if your force is as... formidable as you claim."

"You question us?! You question him? He who made so much of this possible for you, who gave you ancient knowledge and new purpose when you were... being hunted, defeated?"

"They do not see! My goal is to perfect humanity. We deserve more than what those fools on the Council give us." The Illusive Man objected.

Mirage however was unfazed by this. In fact, she almost found it pathetically humorous.

"Your ambition is little. And your selfishness for your own kind is born of pathetic childish need." She said coldly. "We look beyond the intermediate to the greater wonders the Crucible will unveil."

"You don't have the Crucible yet..."

The Illusive Man was suddenly interrupted when he found a blade at his throat. Mirage snarled, just about ready to slit the human's neck if he said anything more disrespectful.

"I don't threaten." He said calmly. "But until I have the plans back, until the Reapers are mine to command, you are but words."

Mirage snarled before eventually withdrawing her weapon.

"You will have what you desire, Illusive Man." She said. "But I warn you now, if you fail... if the device is kept from us... there will be no system, no barren moon, no crevice where he can't find you! You think you know pain? My husband will make you long for something sweet as pain."

Mirage vanished and the lights returned to normal. Despite

that he had remained calm, the Illusive Man could not deny that both Mirage and her "husband" that she had referred to always did make him nervous. There were times when he did doubt if working for them was the best idea. Most of the time though, he saw the potential. After all, they were providing him with all the resources he needed for his plan. And he already had another plan to get the Crucible designs back. It would take time, but he was sure it would succeed.

POETRY

ANOTHER STATE

TheMeTheyDontSee
of <http://TheMeTheyDontSee.deviantart.com>

In another state, all alone.
I Moved out on my own.
Family seems like a curse,
But being away is so much worse.
What to do, I'm not sure.
Maybe support is part of the cure.
Thinking about leaving this place.
Return to the familiar faces.
A great job, I'll leave behind.
At home, what will I find.
There's all the money that I earn.
And the money I have to return.
What if things fall back to before.
I really want something more.
A change in my life is what I need,
Instead of focusing on this greed.
What if things just don't turn new?
I'm not really sure what to do.
Maybe I'll go back and get my PhD.
I could even switch to psychology.
I guess I'll just wait and see.
Things can only improve for me.

JUST PULL THE TRIGGER

Justin Jones
of <http://ghostjay55.deviantart.com/>

Standing alone
Just me and you
Private hell on earth
Enough room for two

Pistol in hand
You stare me down
Barking all your demands
But not too loud

I crack a smile
And I raise my finger
In the form of a gun
And say "pull the trigger"

You look at me strange
like im some kind of fool
but what do you expect
When I have nothing to lose

I step forward slowly
You back up a little bit
If i don't care about my life
Then yours don't mean shit

You back into a wall
Your heart begins to sink
My forehead to your barrel
I beg you not to blink

I see the fear in your eyes
The scent of it lingers
I put my finger to your forehead
Telling you to pull the trigger

You close your eyes tightly
Tears sliding down your cheeks
You pull back on the trigger
Hoping to find some peace

I smile to myself
This guy is clearly hopeless
He planned to take away my life
With a gun that wasn't loaded.

GIVEN THE CHANCE

Fairygal11
of <http://fairygal11.deviantart.com>

They say you need this and that,
Saying that you don't got what it takes,
Don't seem to appreciate what you got
As they turn you away.

Just a quick-side glance
Taking just one look
Without giving it a second try
They think your not worth a dime.

But if given the chance,
You'd show them what you got
What it takes to prove them wrong
To show that you got the stuff
That'll make them change their minds.

If given the chance
I'd impress them with my skills
Show them I got what it takes
To make the grade.

I may not be the smartest,
Don't have many experiences,
Maybe a beginner at the game,
But I got the right stuff.

Who cares what they say
You got what it takes
They think they need the best
What they need is the inspired.

What the world needs most is creativity
Original ideas that would make them shell-shocked,
Fresh blood to get the job done in the nick of time
Literature and art to inspire the newest generation.

If given the chance
We'd show them what were all about
Though we don't got much

Our greatest traits make up for it.
Loyalty, creativity, wit and nat,
They need people like us.

So just because we've been pushed away
Doesn't mean we should kick the bucket
We pick that bucket right up
Fill it with paint and create a masterpiece.

They say we can't do it
Patronize us if they like
It won't get us down
Just makes us stronger.

What doesn't kill you makes you stronger
If you got a quirk don't be ashamed
It makes you special and unique
Because extrodinary is what this world needs.

If we were given the chance
We show the world what we can do
Spread our wings and soar toward the sky
We'll fly higher than any before us.

If given the chance
We'd prove them wrong
Show them what we got
It's our time to shine.

If given the chance
We'd make this world better
With what we in our hearts
OOohhhh if given the chance...
If given the chance...