

Writersco E-zine

O, with what freshness,
What solemnity and beauty,
Is each new day born

Contributing Authors

Ash

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Tyr (I threw you in here! Deal with it!)

A special thanks to Harriet Beecher Stowe for the lovely quote on the front. I have yet to read Uncle Tom's Cabin, but I will get around to it someday.

Oh by the way, this has my little notes all through out. Because I can - Ash

June-July Issue, 2009

This one's for the Movement.

A Small Editorial!

So after many, many months of neglect and what I would just call wrong doing, it's time we got up and did something about our site. Have you seen the state of things? We let something we love fall into disrepair. Yes, it is ALL of our faults, even mine.

My fault personally comes from a mixture of college and other writings. As most of you know, college absorbs your life sometimes and you have to get priorities straight. I had to leave you all, all my comics, and ditch all of my tangible friends (those I can go and poke with sticks). To date, I only have one of those friends truly back because he stays in his mother's house all day plotting Dungeons and Dragons sessions.

The other writings I know people hiss at. Fan-fiction is very fun for me to write, it saves me the hassle of having to create characters since I just really like the plots so much (I'm a plot monster). Anyway, I still do a lot of FF but I am phasing back to normal writings such as you will see here.

Love you all, power to the movement - Ash

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Heart-Shaped Box

By Taylor

I keep my pictures of you locked away inside my
mind

Hidden so deep, in a place only I can find

I love the way you smile in these

Even the times where you mock and tease

Sometimes I hate the way you set my emotions
free

Then again you're the only person that's made
me want to be me

But all the things I can't tell you, I'll keep from
you for now

I'll be able to tell you someday, somehow

But as for now, all those words will be kept in
locks

Hidden away in my heart-shaped box.

Age of the Hunt: The Huntress Queen

Part III: The Queen

By Kuzco

It was the first year of what would be later known as the Intermission War. The very beginning... Kayla was facing off against a man who wielded a red double axe. They were being observed by over 50 men and women, all weaker than said man, hence his followers.

The axe was brought down powerfully, yet again, but she dodged it to the side, then quick-leaping against him. But he brought the axe back to clash unto her, slapping her away as she defends with her swords.

“Guh”

She rolled, then standing up to look back at her foe.

“You **are** good. But I can not see you defeating me.”

“I must. Failing here is not an option.”

“I have led the Hunter’s Guild ever since I defeated the leaders of the other three packs. And I led the strongest one of them too, the Dead Eyes. What makes you think you can succeed where hundreds have failed?”

“Jileo seeks to end the Age of the Hunt.”

“So I heard. It is a preposterous rumor, I believe.”

“You believe wrong!” Kayla shouted, as she leapt against him.

“HA!” The man voiced out, in confidence, as he waved his axe from right to left, to intercept her. But she front-flipped, hitting the axe with both her sword, pushing it down, pushing herself up; then she front-flipped which resulted in a double-heel attack to the top of her foe’s head.

She extended her arms, hugging him to stop her fall. He held his stand and when he opened his eyes to react, blades were already scraping against the back and sides of his neck, having been placed in a scissor position.

He smelled her then, breathing in hard, intoxicated.

“You are defeated. Yield your title, or die.” She said, very matter-o’factly.

“I yield my title, you now lead the Hunter’s Guild. Let your name be known.”

She got off his enormous build, stepping unto the floor. She looked around at all the surprised faces, deciding on how to address them; it didn’t take her long. She took off her hood, and looked again at all of them, gave every single one of them one hell of a look as she slowly rotated her body.

“See this face? This is the face of your leader. My name is Kayla Banus and I will oppose Jileo, and his newfound purpose. The Age of the Hunt must not end, will not end. Follow me, I shall take you atop mountains of preys, I will make you victorious in the war that is to come.” She said, not much aiming to inspire them, but rather inform them. She was clearly an emotional void.

And so, that very day, she dressed the Hunter’s Guild with matching uniforms, a mixture of black and red, you can see it here.

She then left to gather up forces. She would use the exact same method Jileo was using: find groups and defeat their leader, thus assuming leadership over them. Use the system; use the hunter’s honor to recruit, for the hunter only respects the strong.

Normally, though, for that reason, no group would work outside the ranking system. The king is the strongest of all, the people that come between him and regular hunters are also stronger. But then, it became different, it became new. Jileo wanted hunters to end their way of being, of living, of surviving...and now, he would have to fight for it.

Kayla Banus, though, found that leading the Hunter’s Guild was a smarter move than she first anticipated; many groups didn’t even fight her, simply joining her out of her being the strongest of the Hunter’s Guild, which reputation ran far, wide, and mighty.

Soon enough, she found out that Jileo had resorted to a man that was not a hunter, to run the war that was about to begin. She heard this because there were rumors of a man carrying guns, and they spread like wild fire, burning everyone’s senses of honor and respect.

She had never had much experience with strategy, with organization, or anything of the like. But she did her best. She divided her forces, appointing all the different chieftains, Higher Leaders, Lower Leaders, and so forth, according to their respective strength. She gave them territories to conquer, and she set out with her own.

“He would have us weak. He would have us unknown. He would have an age in which everything we have fought for, survived, is rendered utterly meaningless!”

She pushed, hard and harsh, on all fronts. Exhibiting much larger numbers, she kept on garnering land, achieving victories.

“They intend to end the Age of the Hunt? This Age? And yet how do they amass an army? They kill group leaders. They use the honorable system which very much defines our society AGAINST us! It is despicably horrendous! How low Jileo has fallen!”

She was at the front of her army, protected always by the Hunter’s Guild. Everyone had her passion, everyone inherited her commitment. Enraged and appalled at the king’s treachery, they fought and killed, and hunted.

“So follow me, not just because honor compels you too, but because everything else compels you too! Follow me against Jileo, FOLLOW YOUR QUEEN!!”

The former leader of the Hunter's Guild was always at her side. He kept her safe, always under his cautious gaze. He had a dedication and loyalty towards Kayla that is unmatched even by many of these and past days' personages. And the Hunter's Guild was notorious for this reason: they circled the Queen, they followed the Queen, they obeyed the Queen, they fought for the Queen... they died for the Huntress Queen.

One day, on the fourth year of the Intermission War, Kayla decided to move to a chieftain's aid. She had guaranteed a strong front against Jileo, and thus a weaker against his second in command. She had heard of this man, wielding guns in the field of battle, a coward by the name of Maku Gaeus.

On their way there, when they were about to arrive at the war-scene, she was addressed by her long time confidant, friend, and most loyal companion...the former leader of the Hunter's Guild, which name was lost to history. He was worried, concerned. With his rigid, strong voice, he pleaded:

"Please, my Queen. Do not risk yourself so much."

But Kayla just blankly looked at him, and answered in her monotonic tone:

"I risk others; it would be dishonorable of me to not risk myself."

"This is not your war, Queen. This is our war, this is their war. They will understand if you stand back, like all the others do."

"I will face this Maku face to face, call him out to battle. Certainly a shred of hunter still resides in him."

"And if not?"

"If he's no hunter, he is prey." She blatantly states.

"...I worry about your safety. This man is defeating us all, and is known to out-think everything." He told her, honestly. There was only one person with whom this man would speak in such a submissive manner, and that was his Queen.

"I am the strongest. That is why I am Queen, that is why I will not fall."

"Even the strongest fall, sometimes."

"What is it with you, today?"

"I...I fear for your life. And I feel sorry if you were to die in such a way. I feel immense sadness every time you speak. I feel..."

"Love?"

"I...yes. Love."

"Then come, and love me." She said, though not in the tone one might expect.

"Wha-what?"

"You have bared me for all this time. You have protected me..." She said, as she slowly walked towards him. She removed her hood, she removed her cloak. "You have followed me, fought with me, fought for me. You have stood by me all this time, from start to finish. You have never doubted, argued or defied me, other than to protect me... You deserve to be loved." She approached her face to his, lips inches from touching. Her smell was intoxicating, just like when he was beaten by this skilled, beautiful huntress. His heart war racing, he was sweating like he didn't during battles:

"It-it's not a matter of deserving. It is a matter of the heart."

"Does your heart not want me?"

"It does."

"My heart wants you to take me." Still in the same, dead voice, she stated.

Did the bodyguard not care if she didn't love him? Did the body guard hope he could resurrect her feelings? Raise her heart from the ashes?

Regardless of his intentions or thoughts, they were one that night, the last night Kayla Banus would see him.

The next day, she led her forces to aid an already fleeing Chieftain. She killed the man, not wanting to hear the excuses of a weak leader who ran at the head of his forces; she then led every hunter there back into the field. There, she made so that everyone stopped, and took the lead of the army.

"My Queen, we are under their range."

"It matters not. He will come." She responded, surely and coldly.

And he did come. She watched as his army's forefront backed away just as he descended the precipitous hill towards her, to meet her, to expectedly talk to her. She saw archers at the ready, she saw everything going according to plan.

She observed as a man, an Asian oriented man, approached her: he was wearing some kind of armor, wielding his two pistols at each hand. She could see a scar on his right forehead, crossing onto his cheek. He was short, but well built, and had an unrelenting, cocky stance.

She was surprised, as you may have heard in my past tale, for Maku pressed her emotional wounds, figured out she was in this war not for an ideal, but for revenge, for the fact she couldn't let the Protector, her love, die in vain. His death had to have meaning, and that meaning only existed in the Age of the Hunt. She was even more surprised, you could say dead surprised, as Maku very unexpectedly shot her in the head.

The Hunter's Guild combusted with rage and fury at this sudden and violent attack, they attacked, sending their melee weapons like ranged weapons, to kill Maku, while their leader immediately moved to protect their Queen from the arrows, using his shield. Because of that, he was rendered immobile, and forced to stay still and watch the filthy Higher Leader, Maku Gaeus, make his escape. He was speared in the waist, but was still helped along by a blonde spearman, living to fight another day. Under a rain of arrows, both he and his guild were rendered helpless to exact revenge...this was a ridiculous situation.

"SHIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIITTT!" He screamed at the arrows coming from above, at his the back of his shield. It didn't take long, the various group of hunters, with the queen dead, and facing an enormous army that wielded a vantage point, did not know what to do. And so, everyone eventually decided to back off.

"FUCK! HUNTER'S GUILD, RETREAT!" He did not care about all the others. They expectedly lost heart and ran away. The bodyguard didn't care about the war, about fighting; he cared about Kayla, about the body he guarded, and she could still be saved, if luck would have her survive.

It didn't take long to be proven right. In the Hunter's Guild headquarters, there was a machine, a pod-like receptacle that would hold a body and heal it. None in this Age could explain what or how it healed, but she had a beating heart, so she could be saved.

So in the middle of their forest, in the well hidden headquarters Kayla had once found out about, he placed her in the pod, closed it and waited.

Outside those walls, the war went on. Half the Hunter's guild, the Bunny Hunters and the Black Barons, left to fight in the war. That left the Dead Eyes and the Wild Foxes, faithful and loyal to their Huntress Queen.

They stayed there, held up, for 2 months. After two months, word was Maku's forces were invading their forest.

"They are many, but if all our traps get them, we might still win this battle." A scout reported.

"Do not count on it." Their Leader said. "Maku Gaeus will be surprised by no sort of trap; ready your weapons and go, in small groups of 3 to 5. Go and hunt."

"So we shall. You will stay here?"

"I will protect our Queen."

"Aye, thank you. Good luck..."

"Hunt well."

The Hunter's Guild put much of a fight. As predicted, none of their traps contributed for the body count, but the sheer experience and hunting skill made up for it. For anyone that fought there, none will forget the battle of the Wild Eyes, named after both groups: Dead Eyes and Wild Foxes.

At the end, the man stood just outside their base. Wall behind him, forest in front, and saw as a blonde spearman approached him, challenging him unto a one on one.

"You fight for that dog? You are nothing but a pathetic hound, giving up your way of life for a dog like him."

"I did not come 'ere to talk, lad. Draw your weapon and let us see who is the strongest, just the way ye like it."

"Yes, just the way I like it." The man leapt against Pylaf with his double axe, Pylaf placed his spear horizontally to stop his attack, but didn't have strength and it hit his helmet, cutting it in half. Luckily, Pylaf let one arm drop, so the axe would slide to the side. He side-stepped, span around and brought a powerful wave of the spear against the man who stepped back. The wind bellowed out at being cut so harshly before Pylaf leapt against his foe, already spinning his spear in his hands. His foe, though, charged forward for a slice but Pylaf suddenly shot his the back of the spear against the ground, pushing him up. The axe hit the spear and saw as Pylaf approached for a kick. He grabbed his foot, though, and brought him over his head, smashing him on the ground.

"AUGH!" Pylaf screamed, before rolling to avoid the axe.

"C'mon Pylaf, you keep going easy on him, you're going to die." Maku commented.

“Sir, with all due respect, I am trying to concentrate.” Pylaf replied as his foe charged him.

Pylaf thrust his spear to stop the foe, which worked. He kept lunging it at the axe wielding giant, who stepped back whilst defending; Pylaf thus kept pushing him back unto the wall. The foe was surprised when he felt his back to the wall, so Pylaf lunged with all his strength, for the kill, falling prey to a feint.

“That was so obvious, Pylaf...” Maku said, sighing.

The leader of the Hunter’s Guild had goaded Pylaf unto shoving his spear through the wall. He had dodged the spear, for he expected it, and was now charging against Pylaf.

“Shite.” Pylaf said, out loud, as he jumped back to avoid a slice. He landed and rolled on his back to avoid a second, but was kicked as a result. Pylaf crashed against a tree, but made sure he’d crash with his face, for he could then grab hold of it and push it so he’d throw himself to the side. He heard as the axe cleaved through wood; he side-rolled and then leapt forward, not fast enough to avoid a slice at his back, as well as the consequent deep cut.

Still, he was fast enough to avoid a mortal wound and to ensure he got to his spear; he immediately pulled it out of the wall, barely avoiding another mortal wound that would still remain as a scar on his left buttock.

He turned around, hitting the foe with the spear which was blocked by the axe as the foe charged forward. To avoid the mortal slice, Pylaf did the impossible; he rolled on his back, without confusing his movement with the spear. He rotated the spear in his hand, so it would remain pointing forward. He pushed the ground with his left hand, putting all his strength in this last attack, in his right arm; he looked at his foe, just finishing his missed slash at a rolling Pylaf, looking upon Pylaf with the full knowledge he had lost.

The body was in a confusing position, but his arm wasn’t, his arm was muscled, fit, firm, steady and ready. It sent the spear through air and skull, bone and brains, plunging right through the head of the leader of the Hunter’s Guild.

Pylaf landed, breathing heavily, tired and hurt. Looking at his leader, he smiled a job well done before collapsing unconscious, a few seconds later; at that, he was taken to be healed.

The Huntress Queen thus rested, peacefully, in her tomb. The tomb smelled like mint, for some reason, and it had a strange light-blueish aura emanating from inside. Maku still had to wait a few days before the capsule beeped an alarm and started what was obviously the wake up procedure.

“Everyone surround her, otherwise she will kill me before I talk.”

And that’s exactly what they all did, just as the capsule opened up. Her hands, slim and delicate, grabbed the edges of the capsule, pulling her up.

“Well well, Red Riding Hood playing Snow White?”

She looked around, noticing she was completely surrounded, and then looked back at Maku with an uncovered head. She felt a little dizzy, but wasn't about to show it, to show any weaknesses...after all, she was the strongest. Only now did Maku see how beautiful she was, and indeed, that beauty coupled with her attitude produced an amazing charisma.

“I see you are no fan of fairy tales. I shall get straight to the point, shall I?”

“Why have you allowed me to live?” Kayla Banus asked, offended, and ignoring his remarks.

“It was not my initial intention.” Maku admitted, shrugging. “The Hunter's Guild did that. They are all dead though.” He told her, without quarter; as expected, she didn't even flinch, showed no pity or remorse.

“Is that supposed to intimidate me?”

“No, far from it. I doubt you remember it, but I shot you in the head during our conversation.” Indeed she didn't, for as she was told, her eyes squinted in anger as she spat out:

“You coward!”

“I noticed you were the banner of your army.” He interrupted her. “I noticed there was no ideal behind your actions, simply love.”

“You think to understand everything, know everyone. I will say it again: you do not know what you are talking about.” Kayla told Maku, oblivious to the fact he did, in fact, know very much what he was talking about, as per usual...

“Oh? Let me guess the main points: One, you loved the Protector. Two: despite that, you hunted him and successfully killed him. Three: soon after that, you heard Jileo was going to end the Age of the Hunt...which would make his death meaningless, which would make his death tragically unwanted.”

Kayla, disarmed, gritted her teeth, more noticeably than she would have wanted, but Maku apparently had the knack to remind her she had a heart, the hard way.

“If such a thing had been announced just a moment before, he would be alive. But it was not, and he was dead, by your hands.”

“SHUT UP!!!” She screamed, lit afire with such fury it reddened her entire body. She wanted to lunge at the fucking cripple, fucking kill him, but she couldn't! One moment's opening, that is all she wanted, but if she couldn't have that, she couldn't have one moment's opportunity.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP, YOU GOD DAMNED CRIPPLE!!!”

“KAYLA!” Maku yelled, much louder than her. “Do you not see who's truly at fault here? Jileo was not the one to kill the Protector, you were!”

A shocked glare, but she was very aware of that, it was just that she did not see the point. Was he evil to the point he was going to hurt her where blades could not?! Was his aim to defile her stance before the hunters, so he could back with witnesses that she was just a scorned woman?

"As a hunter!" he spoke. "He died because it was the Age of the Hunt. This age is all messed up, striving to be the strongest is all and well but killing? By all means necessary? What would be the problem with putting a knife to his back and saying: 'Ha, see? I could have killed you here.' To which he would reply: 'indeed, you are the strongest of us.' And that would be it! But no, for it is the AGE OF THE HUNT. You must KILL HIM, that is the ultimate proof, is it not?!"

"What do you want from me?!" She asked, holding in a cry, holding in the tears. "Why am I alive? Why are you giving me that speech? What do you-"

"I wish you to take Jileo's place."

Again, shocked, Kayla lost her breath.

Is the man insane?! I was the Hun- I AM the Huntress Queen. But what he said...the Age of the hunt...

"I wish you to take his place, establish the Age of Peace, as Queen of us all humans."

Dumbfounded, she sat down, bringing her right hand to her head. She touched it, lightly, with her fingers, while closing her eyes, trying to think, trying to focus. Then, she looked at Maku, at his overconfident smile, the smile that told her she was going to agree to it.

"Are you insane? I am the Huntress Queen." She said, more confused than intimidating.

"Of which hunters?" Maku asked. "Everyone abandoned the cause when I shot you. Nobody fought on; they're all being handled as average serial killers."

"I...am a huntress." She argued further, in denial.

"Do you really wish to be one? After years of living like one, do you enjoy it? Do you want to do that for the rest of your life? Or do you want to usher in an Age of Peace? An age where kids can play in the streets and not worry about someone killing them off..."

"Ever kiss a girl, Thom?"

"Where parents have no need to be cruel; no need to teach their children to be cruel..."

"On your sixteenth birthday, if we are both alive, I will hunt you"

"Where cripple means cripple, and not dead. Where sick means he must be healed, and not hunted."

"Yes, one enjoys a challenge, and thus the strong, but hunters prey on the weak too."

"Finally, a world where you can date without worrying about, whether or not, your soul mate wants to hunt you down."

"I trust you, as you do me"

"Consider it Kayla; consider how your life would have turned out, if you had lived it on any age other than the Age of the Hunt." Maku asked, no longer smiling, but rather very serious. "See how different things might have been? Tell me you see how differently things could have turned out!"

And Kayla obeyed; very unwillingly, but she obeyed. Her life flashed before her eyes, only in a different age: A mother loving her, educating her, smiling as she kissed a little boy named Thom; a father humoring her child-like gullibility, protecting her, chasing away Thom's advances on his little girl; a friend and competitor, Hioshi, with whom she would often argue with, like with a brother, about his messy bum-like attitude; a lover who had an heart of gold, who loved animals and thus was employed at some position where he could take care of them...a lover she would have married, a lover with whom she would have bared children. It wouldn't be this perfect, but it could...it could. And the fact that it could, made her acknowledge Maku was right, that Jileo was right, that The Huntress was wrong...

"You...speak the truth of it." She said, staring into the ground. "The Age of the Hunt...'tis wrong." She added, then shaking her head in both shock and something else, opening half teary eyes that now saw the world very, very differently.

"Do you really mean that? For you will be the first hunter to truly understand."

She looked back, confused. Maku understood her doubt, since there was an army of people standing to finish the Age of the Hunt.

"Do not believe yourself to be incompetent, just because I out-wit you." Maku said, smirking. "You were right about what you said, about me and Jileo using the system to beat itself. We simply pulled rank and hunter principles so the army would move, but few are those that truly wish, or believe, the Age of the Hunt is over. Jileo was King before being a Hunter. I am a soldier, not a hunter. Others that truly side with the ideal are also not hunters; you will be the first true hunter, to acknowledge the error of this age."

Kayla was, again, rendered confused. She looked around, seeing all the hunters that were keeping her from attacking Maku. Maku was quick to interrupt her deductions:

"Yes, you could convince them to attack me now, as I was blatant in how we used them. It is, though, one more argument towards the fact the Age of the Hunt does not work. So again, you could convince them to attack me, but would you not rather convince them to follow you?"

"..." Kayla saw the hunters' stares. Her insides in turmoil, it was her move, her play. She saw them and she bit her lip, fed up with how Maku always knew everything, knew what she was thinking, knew what she was deciding, always before she did. But this time, this time he was making a gamble. But she knew it wasn't the first one: shooting her in the head had been a gamble, putting her up as queen was a gamble. It was all a gamble. Suddenly, she no longer hated Maku, but rather admired him. His persistence and dedication was to be admired because he put his life in every plan he made.

She thought about it, about Maku, how infuriating his superiority was. The fact a cripple was disarming and beating her silly was just one more argument towards her change.

“Hunters.” She stood up, no longer looking fragile. She breathed, soundly, and looked at Maku. She looked at him with over-achieving eyes, with a surpassing look. She looked at him, telling him she would become better than him.

“Hunters, I now understand. To be the strongest is important, it is a great goal...for the strong. I have found, and you will too once I say it, that I also love those who are weak. I can also respect those I could easily kill.” She added, glancing at Maku, for a moment. “If you have never cared for someone weaker than you, someone you had, for the glory of the hunt, to kill, then strike me down and stop this change. Otherwise, forget this cripple and his overachieving speeches, and follow someone of your own mindset, your own kind...follow your queen.”

And so it started: Kayla Banus, the Huntress Queen, became Queen of men everywhere, queen over the human kingdom of Earth. She was at the front of most battles that raged to end the intermission war, inspiring, converting hunters into human beings again. Maku and a third were at the front of the rest.

“The strong **are** strong! The proof of it is not by beating the weak, but by beating the strong who do evil, who are wrong!! By being able to make what’s right a reality!”

At the front, the strongest Queen Banus made sure everyone was not just compelled by honor to follow her. She made sure they felt the idealism, they agreed with it, and would give their lives for it, just as she had previously done as the Huntress Queen.

“The weak have a part in this world, they have jobs they can do! Those who are really strong are strong enough to **PROTECT THE WEAK!**”

After the Intermission war, she took her seat in the throne, and her place in the politics of the world. She was perfect...she was beautiful, wise, charismatic and, above all, strong. She meant the end of the Sabretooths, the end of the Black Barons, the end of the Age of the Hunt.

“The strong do not prey on the weak. The strong prey on no one! They are strong; they use their strength to accomplish their goals, not to end others’! My goal is to establish peace, and I am strong enough to accomplish that goal... are any of YOU?!!”

Kayla Banus, the Establisher. Some say she never smiled again but that is a rumor, a clear misconception. She gave birth to a child, the few months where she wasn’t seen in the frontlines? That’s what she was taking care of. I have spoken with our king, Plyko Banus, and his ancestor had nothing but good things to say about his mother, Kayla Banus. She loved her child, who some claim was the child of the leader of the Hunter’s Guild, whose name was lost in history.

She is called the Establisher because she successfully established a world-wide age of peace. She singlehandedly thought of a system to keep corruption out of politics. She, alone, killed any and all assassins who hunted for her head, stopped the three attempts at a hostile take over, executed corrupted politicians. Kayla Banus...the little girl who lost parents to Vaarshi, the War Monger; the girl who was forced to kill her first crush; forced to kill her loving mother; who garnished a kill count greater than anyone can imagine; a woman who raised an army of hunters to face against their king.

A hunter true and through, converted back to human being and, in one generation, in one fell swoop, turned an entire world into a human world living in peace.

Her skill? Immeasurable. Her words? Unprecedented. Her attitude? Indescribable.

“Much blood has been spilled; much wild life has been decimated. We all have lost someone we love, have lost things we care about. But we were strong, we. Were. Strong.

This is the end, it has ended. I, as Queen of all Men, hence declare the Age of the Hunt... over!

I, as Queen of all Men, hence officially establish the Age of Peace. It was Jileo's legacy, it will be mine, and it is my sincerest hope it also be yours'.

To kill the weak, to be violent, to beat adversity with a hammer...this is all easy. It is hard to be truly strong. It is hard to stand by what is right, it is hard to not give up, it is hard to not fear change, to handle it, hardest still to be a part of it. But do not worry for the strongest of you is here, at all your stead! So enjoy it! An age of trust, confidence and love; an age of friendship, cooperation and competition; an age of pursuing your dreams, of being an artist, of mining, building, serving, cooking, playing, creating, farming, protecting...enjoy, my people, this Age of Peace. And rest easy, as I will make sure it will last for a long time.”

This was the tale of Kayla Banus, the Establisher. I know it has been my longest one still, but I do hope you have enjoyed it. My name is Garyus, the Taleteller...it is my hope I may entertain you further on some other occasion. If not, do take care of yourselves and, as always, Peace Be You.

So, for all of you who don't know, the reason each E-zine has so many pages is because of Kuzco.

He has been our main writer throughout every single E-zine as far back as I can remember.

So, drop him a line and tell him how wonderful he is for contributing so much time, effort and beautiful writings to us.

Wind blowing through my hair,
Sights behold
Leaving me...gasping for air...
The dark clouds gathering around
Lightning striking the ground...
Thunder rolling with the clouds.
The fiery flames of hell,
Burning like leprosy...
In this madness...corruption everywhere...
In the skies, one day, light shall not shine.
One day, darkness will surround...
everybody else...

Karma...
Turning its tides...
Breeding its disease...
Improper deeds done unto others...
Now done back upon them sevenfold...
Look into the lightless day.
See the hypocrisy in one another...
See everybody desensitized...
Becoming a disease...
Spreading like wildfire.
Deny me not my right to knowledge...
The government corrupt...
Hiding uncovered truths...
Propaganda spreading everywhere,
Only to misinform the brainwashed public.
So that one day, they ride, on a faceless mare
Keeping you in a distracted bourn of bliss
While they restrict your freedoms...

Spreading the disease...
Spreading the disease...

Dig further and you will find...
Skeletons in their closet...
Something that they hide...
Keeping you blissfully unaware...
Search closer and what shall we find...
A careful design of volunteered slavery...
Something called America...
Such clever techniques used for their will...
Feeding their desires...
Greed...
One day...it will all...
Cease to be...

Hidden Design
By PhenioxV

Summer Reading List

Written by Ashley Munoz. As summer approaches a lot of things slow down, the day light, the attitudes, our reading. The last one shouldn't be affected by the heat seeing as once you have a good book by your side, you are very portable (You have legs!). Here's my summer reading list for Summer '09.

CLASSICS

Frankenstein by Mary Shelly

We all know the story about young Victor and he makes the creature, blah, blah, blah. Well, what really makes this a great read is how challenging it is. I usually pick up a new vocabulary word. I also know that with this at a high reading level, I'll be the smartest girl at the beach.

The Iliad by Homer

This is as classic as it gets. Greek myths always make an awesome summer read, they're fun, slightly challenging and several times you'll find yourself stopping and going 'oh, those crazy gods.'

MOVIE BASED

Seabiscuit by Laura Hillenbrand

I have never seen the movie, but I like horses and gambling so this should work out, if it doesn't I'll just come out and give it a horrible recommended reading. My mom bought me this book and it's decently thick so I should have a good week or two to get through it. I'm quite a lazy reader.

The Fellowship of the Rings by J. R. R. Tolken

First off, WOOOO LOTR! I am a huge fan of the movies, absolutely, I just sit there at the screen with my mouth open completely enthralled. I'm kind of hoping the same with the books, except with my mouth closed. Only negative I can see right now is there is no staring at the gorgeous man who plays our perky ranger.

FUN READS

The Loch by Steve Alten

I say this is a fun read knowing it has a giant monster chase in it because I love Nessy. One of my favorite monsters, I read my first Loch Ness monster mystery novel when I was twelve and I am still looking for it because I want to buy it. I will fly through this book for the simple fact I'm going to sit there on my roof with a water bottle and several popped bags of pop corn, just tanning and reading.

Law of the Gun by Paul Evan Lehman

The Law of the Gun is about, what else, cowboys. It's a good old shoot 'um up than declare yourself marshal of the town. It's quite thin, very old, and should be a fun read one evening when I just want to get away.

THINGS I AM GETTING TO

Death of a Writer by Michael Collins

First off, I have started into this, the first chapter was hilarious, I loved how it was written, very smart. Secondly, I have a signed copy (the book was given to me, I didn't get it signed) and that makes it more special, it's the first signed book I have. I can't wait to get back into it, but I'm already in another book.

The Rainmaker by John Grisham

I have twelve different John Grisham's, about time I started reading some, the books are just piling up and I am doing nothing to get them read. So, this is the first one I'm going to read of his then move on to other things, like the Runaway Jury, Bleachers, and the others (I forgot their names).

OFF MY BOOKSHELVES

Orphan Star by Dean Alan Foster

This is a good, short and interesting science-fiction novel; this is also the other book. After I made the list this morning I started reading it. There are books before it; however, I am having no problem understand what's going on at all, there are a few alien words and somewhat confusing concepts, but that may just be me at three AM.

Romeo by Elise Title

This isn't supposed to be a romance novel, it's a murder mystery (someone tossed a bunch of murder mysteries at me). Anyway, the main reason why I picked it is because, the book looks cool, it's got like a bloody heart with a blood arrow drawn through. That just went 'oh, gory...' in my head (huge fan of gore movies).

Dragonriders of Pern

by Tyr

Anne McCaffrey, for those of you who don't know her, is a brilliant writer who has won both a Hugo and a Nebula. This isn't about her though, this is about the incredible series entitled The Dragonriders of Pern.

It's a Sci-Fi/Fantasy series that takes place in a far off star system far into the future, and spans literally thousand of years in the process. It takes place on a planet known as Pern and deals with a variety of problems the Pernese face, along with the looming threat of Pern's sister planet, the Red Star. The Red Star, in her erratic orbit, passes by Pern every 200 years for 50 years, and during that time life devouring beings called 'Thread' rain down upon the largely defenseless planet. In order to combat Thread, the dragonriders take to the sky, to save all that is precious to them, and to keep the Pernese alive.

The series consists of nearly 20 different books, and can be read chronologically, or randomly depending on the readers whim and the availability of the books. How is this possible? Anne has a way of developing each book's storyline so well that they can proudly stand alone, or work intricately together to develop a grander, more beautiful picture.

She describes characters well, never dragging on for more than half a page with the majority of her vivid details, and brings them to life by displaying them through nearly every emotion known to mankind. I'm not ashamed to say she's made me cry for some of her characters, and has made me so mad with others that I couldn't even read. Along with the characters, she's developed an incredible world with creatures all her own and even a recorded progress of how her cultures developed the way they did.

For those of you wondering, yes, there are actually Dragons. They're genetically engineered beasts that spout flame, teleport from place to place, fly, and can speak telepathically to the human bonded with them. They're magnificent creatures, and I'll let you read the books to find out more.

The stories, as I said, take place over thousands of years and generations. You can experience everything from the first group of explorers checking to see if the planet is inhabitable, to the creation of dragons, to the 50th Pass of the Red Star, and on and on.

With her son, Todd, now joining in to write his own novels, it looks like Pern will continue to be an amazing place to escape to when one really just needs something incredible.

Check it out. Just grab one and read it. I guarantee you'll like it for one reason or another.

Lighthouse: A Prelude

by Ash

So, I can do little notes since I collaborate everything, but this started out weird and now it's going to be come my monthly donation to all of you, it will be called The Angelus next month. - Ash

There's an old lighthouse two miles up the beach along the long road to town. Usually I never would have dreamed I would be driving dirt and pebbles, but somethings are just too unavoidable. The river that flows perpendicular to the short road to town flooded and covered the road in four feet of water. My Prius can't possibly make it through there unless it magically turns into Chitty Chitty Bang Bang.

I've always been scared of light houses, but in attempt to get over my fear I moved two miles down from one on the beach. Now I can't look north when I go outside or I just hear the screams from my childhood echoing. They were screams of pain. Screams of hurt and desperation. I don't know what it is about lighthouses, but they bring me tragedy.

I white knuckled down the road, the car just going faster and faster, I just wanted to get into town. It was either karma, fate or that I forgot what a gas tank was. The car crept to a stop by the lighthouse. I swore profusely, how was I supposed to walk fifteen miles for help to town or even the two back to my house where I was out of a phone. I bashed my head against the steering wheel a little too hard and grunted angrily.

I would have to remain in my car until morning and set out on a daring adventure towards town in hopes someone from the quaint village would stop by and be a savior or go in the lighthouse.

After a few reassuring breaths that I was indeed a woman and not a very large chicken in a human suit, I daringly threw open the car door and stepped out in two inches of loose mud. There went my heels to say the least. Now barefoot I proceeded thoroughly disgusted, rattled with self-doubt and highly agitated to the old red and white lighthouse. It was no shocker that the door was locked, what was the shocker was that there was a little note dating back to 1972 reading – 'Gone fishing. Be back before storm comes in.'

That made me feel much better. Being the warrior that I am I stomped back to the car, opened my glove compartment and pulled out my gun. Heroic, I know. Breaking into a horror house I don't even want to be in. I went back up to the old door and aimed carefully firing one round knocking the lock off.

With somewhat relief I shoved the gun into my purse, safety back on, and grabbed the door knob. The old wooden thing fell over by my touch. I sighed, today was being completely useless. I knew when my mother called before ten that I should have just stayed in bed. But no, I have to be an eternal optimistic.

My feet felt the course door then the smooth dust as I wandered into a pitch black setting with only the lightning to guide my way. I doubted this place still had electricity, just my luck. Why couldn't I be an explorer, no, I had to be a nurse. At least if I injure myself slightly I'd be set.

It was then I heard a scream, and it wasn't me or in my head. I could tell it was from somewhere up above me so using my bad navigation skills I began an attempt to find stairs. The stairs were, get this, behind a door that was painted the same color as the wall. I fell into it and the door flew open.

I swore again and got off my ass dusting myself off. I caught myself saying 'who in there right mind would paint a door to look like a wall.' At least I wasn't wet in the rain. The stairs were unpleasant; they were those durable warehouse type with the holes whose edges stick up so they can grab your shoes. In this case the edges purpose was to rip my delicate feet up. I lucked out during the next lightning flash when an old pair of boots became visible.

Stinky rubber rain boots, I would rather not share the feeling off having to wear them so I moved to the stairs and began to climb. I climbed for what seemed an eternity in a calm silence with thunderous crackles in the background. The top lead me to the actual light of the lighthouse and thankfully a tankard of gas. Joyous in my victory, I failed to observe anything else.

That was a big mistake on my part as my arm was grabbed and I was thrown against a steel bar supporting the light. I looked up to see a young woman in surprisingly a bikini, "you shot out my lock."

"I'm sorry; I thought the lighthouse was abandoned." I replied standing with a nervous worry; the girl had something wrong with her. It was as if the storm crackled and flashed with her facial expression. "How'd you get up here?"

She pointed a hand back with her thumb out showing a rope tied around the banister outside. She leaned against the window and “Right after I finished climbing up, the storm started, I’ve been waiting for it to go down some so I can get out of here I’d go down the stairs but...”

She held up a barefoot to me and sighed. She obviously wasn’t having the best day either. “Sorry I threw you, it’s just that you scared me is all, and the lightning, I swore it hit the house. I’m Adie.”

“Martha.” I said offering my hand out, she shook it swiftly and released glaring off into the storm. “Is this your gas?”

“No, it’s oil for the light.”

“You’re kidding me... I’ll never get out of here.” I complained and looked to the stairs, back to my house I go then. “I guess I should just walk back to my house. Nice meeting you.”

“You should watch yourself more carefully; I have a bad feeling about the left side of your face for some reason.” Adie didn’t turn her head, didn’t smile, and didn’t say another word. She simply glared to the sea; the bob cut barely covering her chin. ‘What a peculiar child.’

I left descending down the stairs, and to my surprise I had survived my excursion in the lighthouse. I had conquered my fear and I was feeling fantastic. Brimming with confidence, I kept the nasty boots on as I exited and headed out to my car where to a complete surprise another car had stopped. A young gentleman got out of his car, “Miss are you alright?”

“I just ran out of gas, I’m afraid the old lighthouse is out too.”

“I was headed into town, do you need a ride?” The man asked. I couldn’t say yes fast enough. I just had to get a few things from my trunk, mainly a change of clothes, I unlocked the trunk and it opened. I heard another scream from the lighthouse as lightning went off. It caused me to turn my head into the corner of the trunk door. It was slight pain followed by a warm sensation running down the left side of my face. “Oh, you scratched yourself pretty badly!”

“Don’t worry I have a medical kit.” I said grabbing it as well and closing the trunk. I looked up to the window of the lighthouse and the lightning flashed again showing the girl looking down at me. It went dark for a second before another flash appeared and I swear I saw wings behind her.

It was two years later I had wed the gentleman who picked me up and we were celebrating our sixth month anniversary that I thought I was drunk. I wasn't, I had only had a sip of his beer of the beach in our new house in town. A large headline came across reading 'ANGEL SPOTTED' and some amateur video came in from Santa Anna.

For a second it was panic as the video captured a young woman being pushed off a tall building. It was then I dropped his beer and lurched forward in my chair.

The girl was caught by a pretty young woman with medium length black hair and a set of angel wings. The girl was set on the ground and the angel looked the camera. It was unmistakably Adie.

With a huge push Adie left the ground and disappeared into the buildings. The video was taken away and the anchor woman began to speak muttering words about resurrection, apocalypse and 'God help us all.'

"I'll be... an actual angel." My husband said sitting forward, "Do you want to go to church?"

"Yeah, let me get my old boots on."