

WORLD OF WARCRAFT

SEASON OF CHANGES

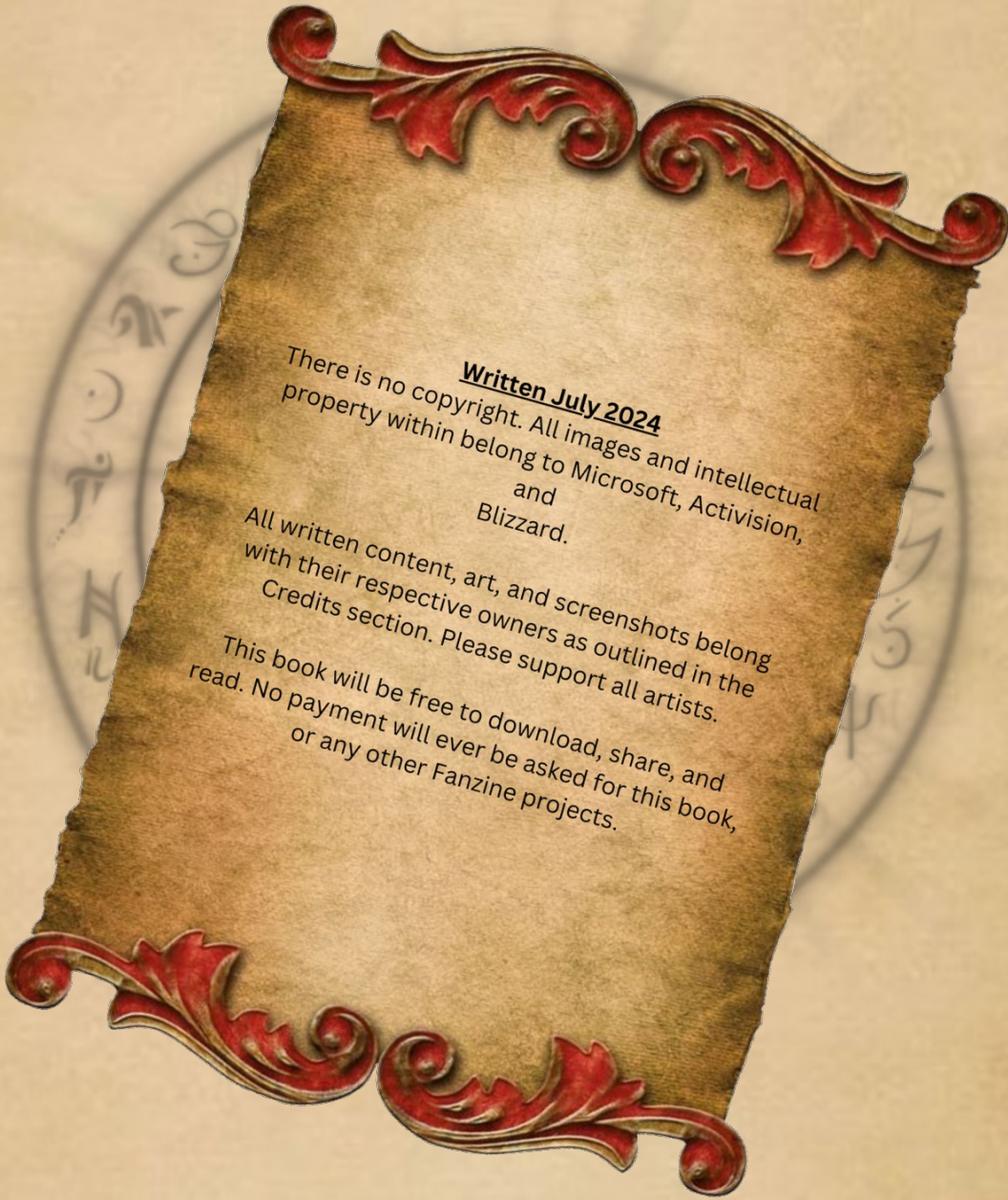
PROOF OF CONCEPT

A COLLECTION OF STORIES AND ART
FROM THE PEOPLE OF AZEROTH

A FANZINE PROJECT



A FANZINE PROJECT



Written July 2024

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This book will be free to download, share, and read. No payment will ever be asked for this book, or any other Fanzine projects.

Acknowledgements

I want to thank everyone who allowed me to use their characters for these short stories. While I know the prospect of getting free art—whether drawn or written—is always pleasant, it still helps me a lot, and I love exploring different characters and their motivations and thoughts.

Plus, it allows me to write about more than just my own characters. I hope this project will be successful in the end, as I want to invite other Writers, Artists, and even Screenshotters to donate their works and showcase them in a collection meant to be shared, passed around, and linked on Social Media and Discord.

I also want to thank you for taking the time to read this, especially if you intend to submit stories, poetry, art, or screenshots for the actual fanzine project. This project is open to everyone, and I look forward to hearing from you!

Foreword

This is just the beginning! This small Fanzine is nothing more than a proof of concept for a larger idea I've had for several years. Unfortunately, time, money, and other things kept me from organizing it, but things are far different now, and I want to give something to the World of Warcraft Community while also allowing other people to showcase their work. As I've said in other places (Such as my Roleplay Guidebook, which you can find [HERE](#)), the Warcraft Fandom is just SO vast that there's a lot to it beyond just our individual servers.

Looking at it through Twitter, Bluesky, Reddit, and even YouTube can show you that there are many fans of the franchise who create so much artwork, stories, and music and take a lot of screenshots of the game. You can start to dive into it on one Social Media platform and seemingly never get to the end of it.

So, this Fanzine project was initially done for one purpose: to give players a way to consolidate all of their creativity into one annually organized place for other players to read, see, and hopefully get inspired.

Keep in mind that this is a **PROOF OF CONCEPT**. I wrote all of the stories with permission from the characters' owners. All the art were gifts, and their artists were credited. I took the screenshots and edited them myself. The larger project's goal, though, is to gather other Writers, Artists, and Content Creators who want to share their works and then give them all proper credits so you can go, find, follow, and even support creatives whose works you enjoy a lot. We'll make sure to have all the credits at the end with their links.

Enjoy reading!



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The Choices That Lead

Written by: Rease Archbold

PoV: Vixelda



DARKNESS STARTED to settle across the edges of the horizon. Slowly, the beauty of endless blue skies, bustling wind, and the promise of infinite bounty started to creep closer to the end of its cycle. Throughout the Ohn'ahran Plains, creatures of all types began to settle down for a restful sleep, preparing for those same promises that slipped away today to start again tomorrow morning.

For Vixelda, sleep wouldn't be an option for at least another several hours. There was still much to do to ensure her camp was adequately set up. A fire needed to be lit, food placed upon said fire, and a tent needed to be properly erected. Supplies and more needed to be shifted and shunted away to keep from getting dirty, wet, or even torn.

This was the part of the night she disliked the most about camping. Sure, it was fun to camp and get out of the towns and cities for once. Hell, it reminded her of her youth in the Vol'dun desert, or at least the happier portions of it. It might be nostalgia that played at her heart when those memories came, but all she could think about was how beautiful the stars looked on a cloudless night and the sounds of whistling wind kissing the tops of the dunes.

For Vulperans like her, there were a lot of dangers then. Scorpions, Hyena's, the Sethrak, and all manner of beasts (both people and not) that wanted to harm her and others like her.

Now though? There was a whole world out there beneath the starlit tapestry and a lot of it that she enjoyed seeing. The stars were the same, and so was the cloudless sky, but there were so many locales to rest at and stare at, each with unique views to enjoy, see, and even explore. The thought of all the places she had been and would be at made her ear twitch and her tail flick in anticipation.

Roofs were nice. It was private and warm in an actual home, especially the one she owned and lived in, but give her an adventure every so often to remind her of her roots.

After a while of fiddling with poles, knots, ropes, and an oiled canvas tarp, she managed to get a cozy-sized tent up against a tree without it falling over atop of her. Stepping back, she wiped the back

of her clawed hand against her brow and smiled with pride for her dedication and hard work. She was getting used to it and remembering how to do things properly again after a long while.

"Whew, alright, dear, I got the tent up," she said with a lilt in her voice. "What about you? How are you coming along?"

She turned back to stare at the large, white-furred Worgen man she had come to love over the years. His wolfish frame was bent over a small pile of sticks and logs he had picked up along the way, and furiously he was smacking and clacking haphazardly at a piece of flint and steel that was comically too small for his large pawed hands to hold. His face contorted to annoyance as his dark lips pulled back on his muzzled face, and each time he thought he had struck it rich with a flame atop the wood, it sparked and died, and he resumed his try again.

"Grr, stupid... piece... of..." he grumbled before his canid ears flicked, and he looked up from what he was doing. His expression quickly changed from that of annoyance to his task to one of questioning emptiness. "Huh? You say something, Vixen?"

Vixelda just smiled affectionately at the man and shook her furred head. "Nothing. I was admiring how well you can light fires."

His ears fell to his head, but slowly, the dullness of his thoughts swept away from his face as he laughed and stood. "Honestly, it's a wonder I've made it this far. Usually had someone else do it for me."

"And here I thought they trained soldiers better," Vixelda clicked her tongue and offered her hand. "Why don't I make the fire, and you just get some leaves and grass so we have some kindling."

Handing over the goods, he turned away with a swat of his tail against her vulpine face before trodding off to collect the requested items on the edge of their camp.

"Well, you always do make the best fires," he teased.

Vixelda knew it was a flirt but accepted it all the same as she smiled and watched him for a bit in admiration before she bent to the firepit, clicked and clacked the flint and steel herself, and had the fire nearly burning in time for him to return with an armful of kindling.

He said nothing but watched her as he bent and placed what he had in the budding flame till the air between them smelled sweetly of river grass and reeds. Then, shifting to the side, he lumbered beside her to sit, nudging up against her shorter frame with a chuckle.

She returned the affection and tended the budding fire. Soon, duck meat would be placed close to the flame to cook. It was a hearty meal for her, but more of a snack for the larger man she was with. It was the best they could do for now until they reached Maruukai and traded for supplies before they traveled south again.

So much had changed in their time out here the last several years. Every inch of the Dragon Isles seemed to evoke some sort of memory from her and she slowly looked from the orange glow of the flame to the rest of the plains around her.

The Argent Crusade... The war with the Primalists... The battles against the Sundered Flame... helping out the Bronze Dragons with several of their time shenanigans... The Nokhud, the Gnolls, and the problems that the Iskaaran's had. Even the Archeologists and Blue Dragonflight seemed to have something they needed help with while they were out here.

It almost seemed overwhelming how everything had changed in the last two years alone. That was something that seemed constant in her life, though. Things always changed, sometimes for the worse, sometimes for the better.

As the fire started to blaze and the crackling pop of cinders and reeds blackened in the pits, she leaned back against his arm to bury herself in the shaggy fluff of white. She loved how it mingled with her own darker fur, and she turned to face him and dragged the tip of her claw up along his arm.

Soon, her smile deepened as she felt reassured by his presence alone. With a turn of his head, he winked down at her and blew her a kiss, and her tail wagged just as much as his. At least now, the next two years and beyond seemed so full of hope. The seasons change, and she'll change with them, but she'll always feel like she has a home now, no matter what adventures she goes on with him.

The End

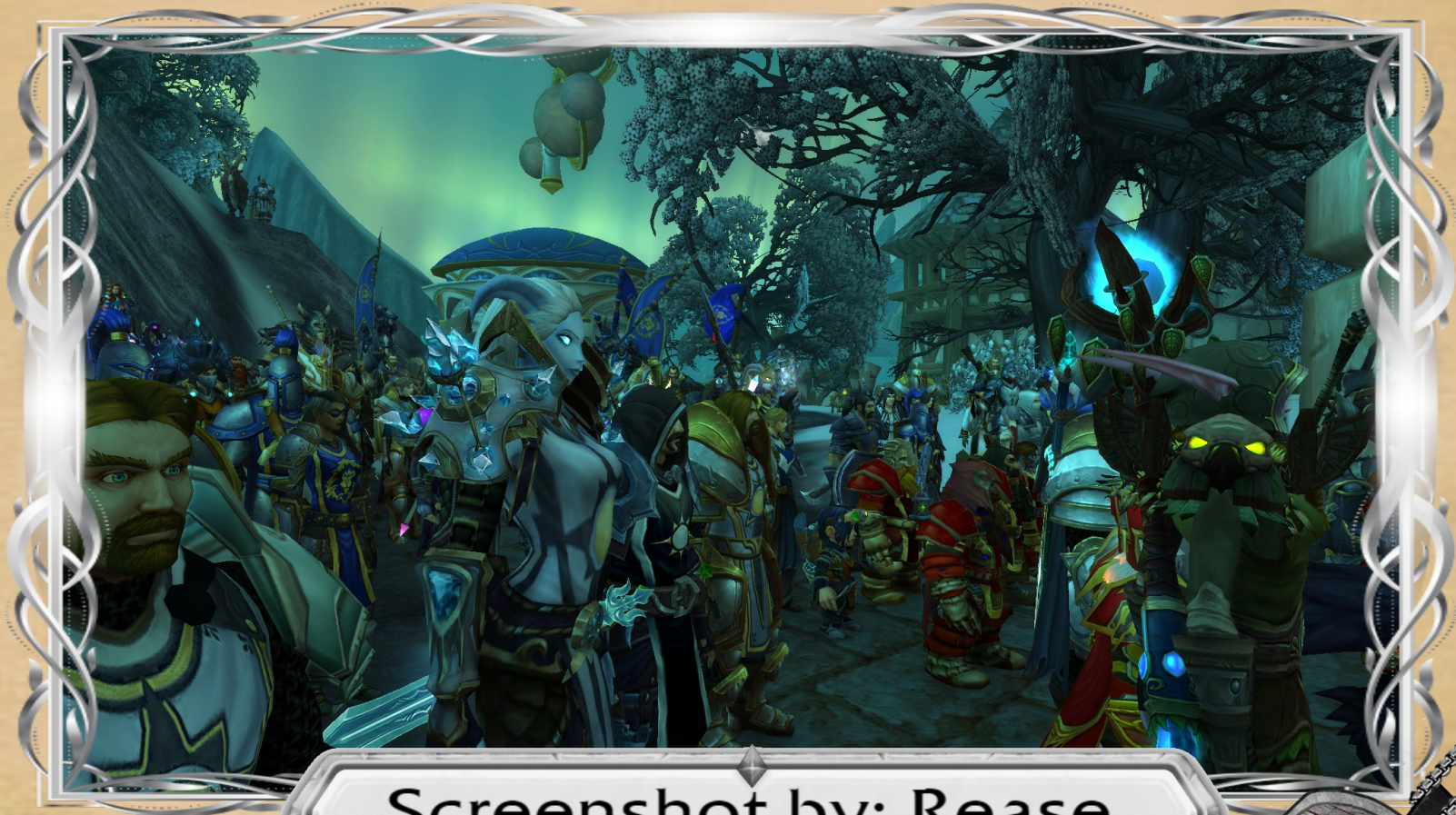




Art done by: Wildheart Wolfsong

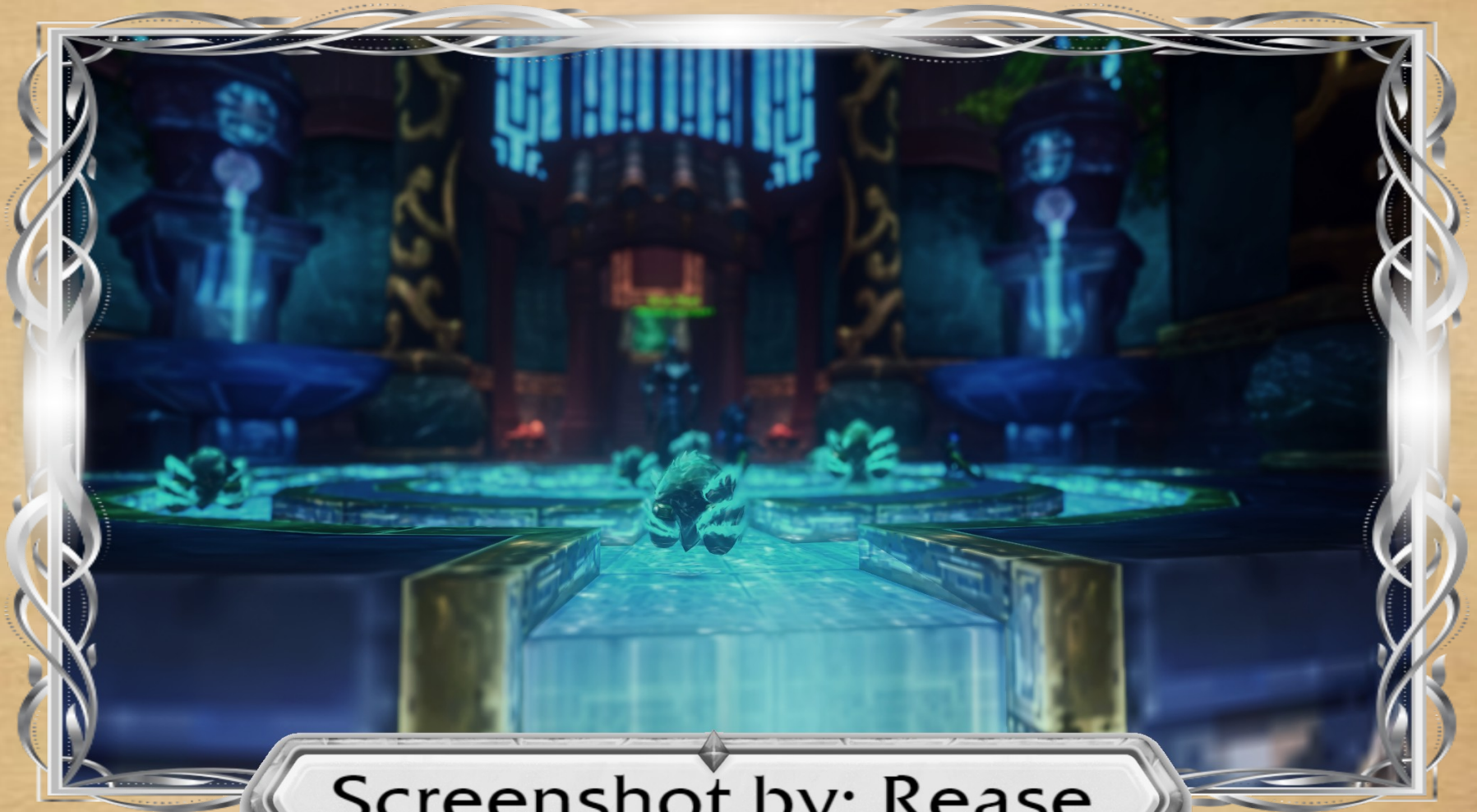


Art done by: Vixelda



Screenshot by: Rease





Screenshot by: Rease

Fortunes Favorite Fool

Written by: Rease Archbold PoV: Caysian Cinderfate



"Gilneas Reclaims Lost Kingdom: Borders To Open Soon For Restructuring Help,"

READ THE HEADLINE in the paper.

For a moment, I couldn't believe what I was reading as I scanned my eyes across the smooth newspaper. Yet there it was, written in dark ink for all the world to see. A fleeting moment of apprehension filled me to my core as I read the details of how the Gilneans fought fang and nail to reclaim what had been taken from them so long ago. With the help of the Horde, nonetheless!

What emotions should I have felt deep in me after reading that? Anger at the thought of how the Gilneans stooped down to let an enemy that wished them death and enmity throughout the years be welcomed? Apprehension of the thought that this would lead to a greater tragedy down the line? A glimmer of hope that this was a sign of changing times and that we could have everlasting peace for a while?

I didn't know. For a moment, I just let my jaw tighten as the tips of my teeth ground against one another in thought while I shifted in my seat and knelt to my elbows against the crystalline table.

In a way, it was jealousy. After all, I was once considered part of the Quel'Dorei Nobility back when Silvermoon was a part of the Alliance of Lordaeron in the heyday of the Second War. Even before that, I bore my family's name of Cinderfate with honor and dignity, raised to be a diplomat, politician, and an adept pugilist who was strong of mind, body, and honor.

Oh, those were the days. The smell of kafa hit my nose, and I remembered that I had a cup to drink. Setting aside my newspaper for now, I reached for the warm mug and brought the sweet-smelling brew to my lips to taste.

The burning taste of sweetened caffeine hit me instantly. The bitterness and sugary taste burned down to my belly, and I closed my eyes for a moment to daydream of how my fortunes could be improved if Gilneas's reclamation played out to return every citizen of Azeroth to their status quo.

Would it be the same? I didn't know. I remembered how it was leaving after Arthas Menethil attacked the city and destroyed it on his path of damnation to the Sunwell. The smell of fire and death all around as buildings burned, people were butchered in the streets, and our heroes failed us all. My family's estate was torn asunder as it laid in the scar of death that led from the gates through the middle of the kingdom. I remembered how my parents remained hopeful that we could rebuild one day once everything was set right, and that was the last I saw of them as I was swiftly carried away to Stormwind, where the last of my family's businesses and wealth was kept.

Light... has it been longer than twenty years since? That seemed like such a long time to the humans, but it only seemed like a short while ago for an elven man like myself.

One would hope that maybe things would be better.

Opening my eyes, I looked back to the Mage District of the Stormwind and the life that surrounded me. Adventurers of all types filtered in from the Trade District on their way to the Harbor, laden with steel, leather, and foolish bravery. Mages in their bright robes and holding grimoires close walked close by while loudly talking about theories and applications of the arcane. Priests - lost from the Cathedral District - made their way to the various taverns and cafes that sprung up in the last several years. Even the orphaned children, forgotten by the endless churning of war, ran and played among the grassy streets between here and Lions Rest. Towering spires of buildings of stone, blue tiles, and glass rose around me to give the city a clean glimmer in the afternoon light.

Its only marring touch was when one of the Orphans—separated from the rest of the laughing children—stopped at the edge of the Cafe's borders to stare at me. For a moment, I made eye contact with the street urchin, staring deeply into her bright, dark eyes as she stood in contrast to myself.

Where I was clean, dressed in silk and golden threads, and full of pastries and kafa, she was small, underfed, grubby, and dirty. Yet I felt some kinship with her as she stared at me expectantly. Had things not gone as they did, and my fortunes weren't in my favor, I'd have been someone who grew up just like her. Poor, destitute, and with nothing but my name.

Despite my waning wealth, the drying up of my business ventures, and the fact that I lived off of my charisma and skill to supplement my income, I am a fortunate man.

With a sigh, I finished the cooling kafa, and whicked away the milk foam mustache it left behind. Then, gingerly, I folded the thin newspaper for the next customer and rose from my seat as the clack of porcelain atop the table announced I was ready to depart. With a glance at my unfinished

chocolate pastry, I stared at its sweetness, and then at the gaunt face of the orphaned child, and then back, picked up the treat and offered it to them.

They beamed a smile at me that helped to melt a bit of the ice over my heart and, with thanks, scampered off into the crowd with their prize. Maybe I could have ended up as the child had things not gone as well as they did with me, and maybe in the infinite timeways that the Bronze Dragons liked to expound on, there's a version of me living in the gutter who wished a kind soul would give me a treat.

For his sake, I hoped there was a version of that child who was well-off and happy to give that alternate me that treat. It was only karmic, I felt.

Reaching deeply into my pockets, I pulled out what few coins I had left and paid the tip the Waitress expected. I sighed and felt a bit of trepidation creep into my chest as I saw the spending money I allowed myself was starting to run drier than I anticipated. Only several silver coins and a dozen coppers were left—enough to feed me dinner tonight, but if fortune didn't favor me, then nothing for tomorrow.

Still, what was owed was owed. I paid what was expected and then replaced the jingling, clinking coins back into my pocket next to other bits of jingling metal and bid the Cafe barista a goodbye before I left out into the packed streets of the city around me.

The grass was cool and still glistening from a morning downpour, as the droplets reflected the summer sun and the smell of the earth all around me. Warming winds billowed down from the mountains and mingled with the cooling winds that blew from the ocean, and I inhaled the clean air until I felt the rejuvenating effects of lunch fuel me for the day.

With a walk, I left the white walls of the mage district and made my way through the city from one district to the other. Walking down a stony ramp towards Lions Rest, where the old Park used to be before it was remade anew following both Deathwing's attack and the death of King Wrynn following the war with the Burning Legion. From there, I made my way to the marbled steps of the cathedral where sin and vice had no place to stay among the glowering stares of the Priesthood and valorous Paladins who made this avenue their home and place of business. Then, winding through those gloriously clean streets, past a burbling canal of water, and along the cobbled streets, I made my way to the industrious Dwarven District, where soot, ash, and grease stained the roads and blackened walls and windows alike. The sounds of men and women yelling among the cranks of engines and machinery filled the air.

I blocked out as much of the foul smells as I could, and ensured that no grease stained my waistcoat as I traveled through the open thoroughfares as fast as possible. It was amazing how much of Stormwind was as clean as it was despite the people within it. Even Old Town, riddled with crime and poverty, wasn't buried in garbage—or at least the non-people kind.

Eventually, past it all, I found my way to where I needed to go. The steel-plated entrance to the Tram was opened, and the sound of the Gnomish genius rang out in grinding metal and ever-revolving gears.

Taking a deep breath (and regretting the deep inhale of Dwarven soot), I made my way down below into the earth and marveled at the ingenuity of it all around me. Years before, when I first came as a refugee to Stormwind, the Tram wasn't there. Travel between Ironforge and Stormwind was done by griffin or cart, and one had to travel up a snowy mountain to the gates of Khaz Modan before they were allowed entrance within. A round trip would have cost a hefty sum of silver and time, and only merchants, soldiers, adventurers, or dignitaries ever made the trek back and forth between the two Kingdoms. Now it costed half a day's wage for three hours of travel each way, and even Farmers could take a weekend trip to the Dwarven City if they wanted to.

I rarely made the trip myself. The bank of Stormwind was enough for me, and there was nothing Ironforge held that interested me.

Guided by dull, yellow lights, I made my way further to the empty tram tracks. No one at this hour was expecting a trip to and from, and I lightly looked all along the deep rut of the tracks below before I hopped off the platform. I landed with a heavy thud that shook me to my core, and I calmed myself before I continued to walk beneath where the trams would come.

Darkness swallowed up this portion of the underground system in shadow, which was what I was hoping for as I spied an arch of iron and descending steps that led further down into the bowels of the mountains outside the Dwarven District. Earth, buildings, and more were layered high atop the recess I walked down, and the silence at first almost made me feel like I was walking into a dark tomb.

But then, an echo of music reached my sharp ears, followed by a rhythmic thrum of energy that reverberated deeply within my core. Soon, the darkness opened up to a yawning room full of pulsating lights from above and the murmuring cheer of dozens of people. The smell of alcohol, blood, and crime-filled the air beneath the slight stench of bodies in unseen parts.

This was Bizmo's Brawl Pub. A place I knew so well.

"Hey! It's the battling Nobleman!" Someone called out from among the crowd, and instantly, I inwardly cringed at the recognition but outwardly smiled and waved as I stepped on in.

"Hey! Hey! You better win today!"

"Baby, you're on a hot streak."

"I lost a fortune to you, light dammit! Elves don't fight like that!"

All I heard was cheers and jeers from both my detractors and adoring fans, and I couldn't help but feel a bit of swagger in my steps as I made my way in. With a kiss blown to whoever would take it, I walked past tables of fried foods and stale beer, tuning my senses to hone to the noises of the arena pit behind me and the sounds of business all around.

The burly Draenei guard stood watch at the competitors' gate, eyeing me behind his dark-rimmed glasses before he stepped aside and allowed me entrance.

"Mr. Cinderfate. You have a lot of fans waiting on you," he said with a deep accent.

I didn't reply but merely smirked as I entered to prepare.



Sometime later, I exited into the pit and walked toward the center of the arena. All around me were the echoing shrills of unknown voices ringing in a cacophony. My fingers slipped upward to unbutton my waistcoat and shirt, exposing the bruised, bandaged body beneath. Then, swiftly and gracefully, I slipped my hands into my pockets, past the jingling coins of silver and copper to the other jingling brass, and pulled out the metal knuckles from within.

I gripped them tightly and watched as the portcullis on the other side started to creak open slowly.

"Introducing the Son of Bruce to the arena today! Will our Battling Nobleman prevail today? Place your bets right now!" the announcer wailed above me.

Out from the darkness on the other side came a roar, followed by the scaly hide of an enormous crocodile slithering out in a zagging line. Feral and strong, it snapped its jaws with an animalistic scream as its bright red eyes stared at me hungrily.

With a smirk, I lowered myself down. If I win, I'll have more money for kafa and sweets. If I lose? I won't ever have to worry whether or not Silvermoon will ever be returned to all of its wayward children. At least the Gilneans could celebrate.

The End

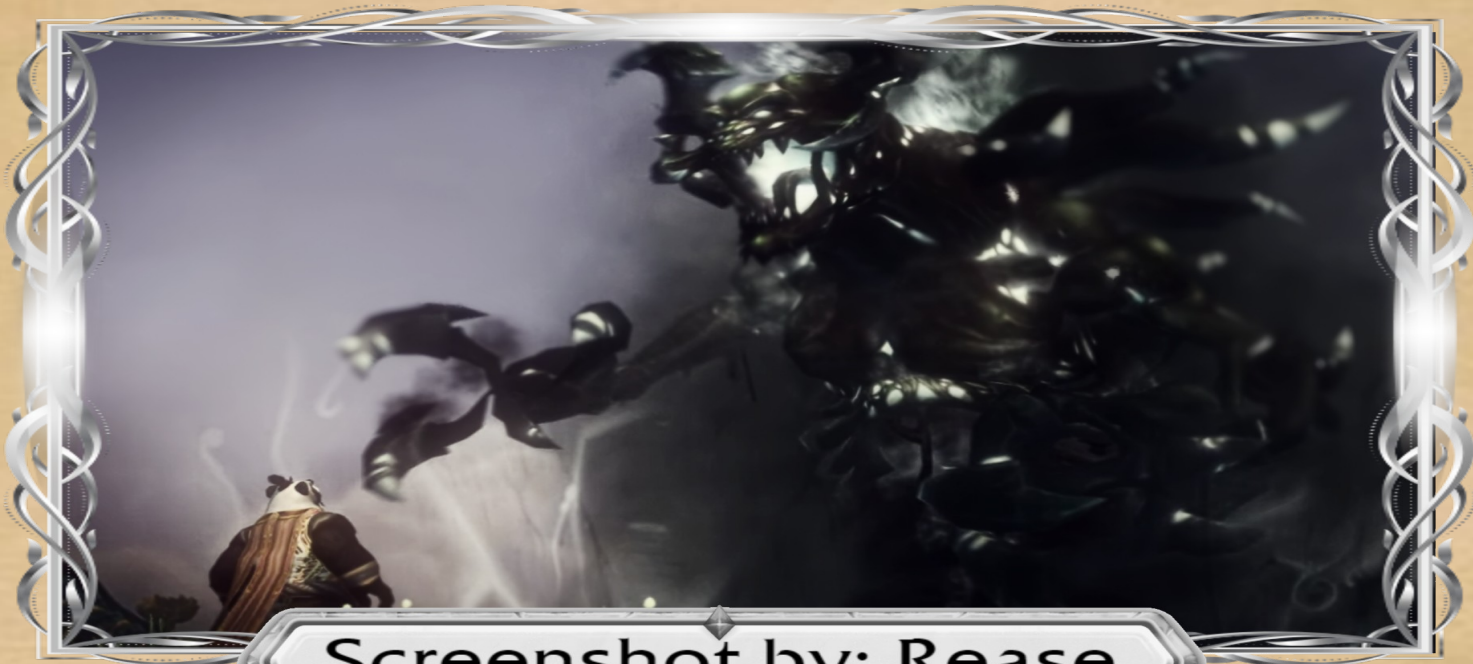




Art done by: PalehornTea



Art done by: PalehornTea



Screenshot by: Rease



Screenshot by: Assiar



The Winds of Coming Changes

Written by: Rease Archbold

PoV: Yui



IT WAS A PEACEFUL NIGHT, much as they had been in the waning twilight of the summer. The seasons came and went as they always did in Azeroth, and much of the world's problems had been dealt with, much as they always were when they cropped up.

It had been that way for Yui ever since the wars in Pandaria raged and even after. The Blood War died down, the Legion was dealt with, the Old Gods were quelled, and even the Dragon Aspects found renewed hope while the Elves welcomed another World Tree to the world. As usual, it was a cycle of pain and blood that soon fell back to a hopeful outlook for the future—something that seemingly happened every few years.

And, like the seasons as well, the ending of that cycle started to quiet down and turn relaxing even though there was always endless work to be had and the anticipation of what was going to come around the corner to usurp the previous cycle's tragedies.

Still, Yui chose to keep her mind off of all that and work as hard as she could to put her focus on other things. She might not be as vaulted an adventurer or heroic as many in the world were, but she still had her Enchanting and Tailoring profession that she very much enjoyed. In a way, it helped her be a part of the struggles that often cropped up, even if she never was on the front lines utilizing her magic and skill to combat foes directly. There were a time or two when she was at the front and fought as hard as she could, but these days, most of her pride in helping to safeguard the world came when she could enhance someone's armor or clothing to absorb magic, deflect a blow, or keep someone alive.

Well, that and enhancements that helped a person glamor themselves up prettily or created minor illusions to enhance them in a lover's eyes. She enjoyed that more, but it was a delight for other reasons.

Yui leaned against the open window on the second floor of the Tailoring Business she freelanced and rented out of. Dalaran was much the same as it had always been for her, with its long, winding streets of pinkish-purplish stones and white-marbled sidewalks. Tall stone buildings reached

up towards the sky, with the distant domed minarets reaching up even higher like fingers atop the myriad of buildings. Each belonging to a mage of some renown living and studying in them.

It was a Magical City, and she loved it there. Magic thrummed through the air and crackled like energy. A lot of times, that energy moved through her and tingled the tips of her soft fur, and it was then that she couldn't help but enjoy it. For her, it was much like one who enjoyed the breeze in a field, and she couldn't help but stop, close her eyes, feel goosebumps prickle her shoulders, and let the moment pass her by while the smell of cupcakes filled the air.

Even now, as the sky turned darker and the promises of the morning ran away by the imminent night, she couldn't help but want to watch the sunset and count the stars in between the clouds. Yet she knew that this moment would have to pass her by. There was a lot of work tonight that she needed to finish up in time if she was going to make a client happy and keep to a schedule.

So she sighed, reached out with her hands to close the window, and stared at herself in the reflection of the glass juxtaposed against the buildings in front of her. At least she could take a moment to adjust herself now that the wind had messed up her hair. Plus, she liked what she saw in the window. While she wasn't the prettiest Pandaren woman in the world, she was still pretty attractive with large blue eyes, coppery soft fur streaked with clean, bright white fur in between, and long hair that she brushed and tied into various buns or ponytails. The fact that she was soft and voluptuous - as most Pandaren women were - was also something that she did like about herself, to say nothing of the men and women who chased after her and tried to gain her attention.

Quickly, Yui fixed her hair up, turned away from the window, and grabbed a box of cloth, threads, and enchanting dust. She easily hoisted it into her deceptively strong arms, careful not to pinch her bust as she grunted and turned towards the stairs behind her. Her little dalliance was over, and if she stayed behind too much to gawk at the sky, she'd have to pay for it with a lack of sleep, which could affect her studies.

Carefully, she trundled to the top of the stairs, tentatively taking careful steps each way down for fear of slipping up. Her mind wandered to the current enchantment that she needed to finish up - one that reflected light - before the heel of her sandal slipped off of one carpeted stair, and she stumbled at the midway point, gasped, and straightened her back as the items in her arms jostled and clinked (with even one spool falling and bouncing down the stairs)

With a curse, she puffed her cheeks in annoyance, waiting for her heart to settle before eventually finishing and reaching down to the first floor. A dizzying array of clothing in different styles,

sizes, and fabrics were displayed in colors as numerous as the rainbows. Some were hung up in racks, some of the better pieces made with richer, more luxurious cloth decorated atop mannequins, and some were folded and placed on tables near the clearance isles. The room itself smelled sweet and spicy from the incense, and in a way, it always made Yui feel like she was walking into a cloud that caused her head to buzz lightly.

She wasn't sure what incense it was, but it was lovely. It made her feel more relaxed and made her want to work harder. No sooner had her sandaled, pawed feet stepped down to the floor than a lilting, gentle voice from her fellow worker called out to her from the door.

"Geeze, don't scare me like that!" she called out.

Yui shifted the box in her arms and looked at the young, blond, elven woman with a sheepish smile. "I'm not trying to! I just let my mind wander a little bit, that's all."

The elven woman ceased her frowning and sighed with a genuine smile in reply. "Well, I'm heading out for the evening, so I just want to make sure nothing happens while I'm gone. I don't want to come back in the morning and find you on the floor knocked out, is all. You're the hardest worker here, and I've seen you push yourself more than anyone else."

Yui nodded, fully aware of Cassandra's concern. The woman was technically older than Yui by deign of her elven blood, and despite looking just as youthful as Yui, she was more matronly. Still, Yui offered that smile as she strolled to her workstation, placing her box in front of her sewing and enchanting equipment.

"I know, I know," Yui muttered. "I'll be careful. You rest well tonight or whatever you're doing, and I'll see you tomorrow after classes end?"

"You take some breaks, too," Cassandra replied, accusingly pointing at the other woman. "We're not at war anymore. I know our current big-name client wants some pieces for some ball she's planning and wants her sequins to shine and be the center of attention, but that's not for another month, so one day behind isn't going to kill her. "

This was a part of the peace that was the roughest for Yui to deal with, though it was still a far better cry than when she had to work during times of War or Conflict. At least during the conflicts when she worked late into the night, she felt like she was helping the cause in her own way. An enchantment she placed on armor or even a weapon could help deflect a blow or strike true to an

enemy's heart. She took great pride in saving lives that way, and when clients came back for more and told her how her magic had saved them from certain doom, it made her work harder than ever before.

Peaceful work was still a battle in itself. She loved her repeat clients when they returned and told her how her magic had helped their love lives improve or made them stand out among their peers. But for certain clients who felt they were owed something because they flashed gold and had a name, it made her fur frazzle out from stress. For every ten who smiled, tipped her, told her to take her time, and bragged about her to their friends, there was one who made her want to go fight wars on the front lines.

This client was one of them.

"Y-yeah," Yui replied as she dug in her box for the sequins, silks, and spell needle threads. "I'll remember that. Thank you."

Cassandra gave one last look to the Pandaren woman, pinched her face like she didn't believe that Yui would take that break (she wouldn't), but then sighed, smiled once more, waved, and left as the door chimed shut.

It was just Yui now in the store to work alone during the rest of the dwindling day.

Which was fine for Yui: She enjoyed it that way because it allowed her to let her mind wander a little bit while she worked. Turning to her workstation, she sat back and relaxed before she grabbed the rest of her materials and started to work while her mind was off and away to other things.

Most of those things were the battles she had thought of earlier and the heroes, adventurers, soldiers, and others who came to see her in times of strife. When she was younger, she dealt with those hardships when Pandaria first returned to the world at large, and she was more hot-blooded then.

Even against the might of the demonic Burning Legion, she stepped up and did her part since Dalaran was on the cusps of those battlefields.

Battlefields such as the Broken Shore, Ashenfall, and all those others that resulted in so many dead on both sides. She remembered the resulting devastation since she had seen it firsthand and remembered being part of the coalition that wanted to do their part to protect their world from being burned.

Now, she just indulged in the stories. In fact, there was even one man she met regularly who told her tales of his daring and bravery, and she found herself swooning over those stories each time he returned with a new one.

As her mind wandered off, though, she increasingly grew careless with her stitching till, eventually, she pricked her finger sharply on the padding of her index. With a yelp, she pulled her hand back to suck on her digit to lessen the pain as a tiny drop of blood pooled along her tongue.

"Dammit," she chasted herself with a sigh, rising from her seat. "Careless. I really should be focusing instead of daydreaming,"

Slowly, she walked to the front of the store, where scraps of cloth and other items were tossed in a small bits-and-bobs container sold by the handful. She grabbed a strip of silk to wrap around her finger, careful not to pinch it too tightly when wrapping it in a bow to stem the blood. For now, she knew she'd have to focus more to avoid a repeat of stabbing herself. Yet her attention soon drew back outside as robed figures moved towards the door of the tailor's shop.

Three Kirin Tor Mages walked in with dark purple robes and the symbol of the order on their chest. The first of them - a human with wild, uncombed hair despite his impeccable hygiene - nodded to Yui as soon as he entered.

"Sorry, Miss. I know the shops are closing soon, but it's pretty urgent right now," he said respectfully.

"Well, if it's medical, that's down the street," Yui replied, pointing with her bandaged finger. "But I can still help you if it's clothing or enchanting related."

"It is. We just needed to put in an urgent order, you see," The man replied again and fumbled into his robes before producing a small missive. "From the Council itself. We're in dire need of enchantments that can reflect all manner of magic and weapons off of armor and robes. Every trader in the city is being tapped right now in case of the worst."

Yui raised her brow, felt her stomach clench tighter, and reached out to take the scroll to read. Within were instructions from the Council on what was needed of every tailor and enchanter in the city, which certainly included her.

"I see," she simply said.

The three Kirin Tor bid her goodnight and left just as silently as they approached. For once, Yui was glad that there weren't any other customers tonight. It seemed the client who annoyed her with those sparkling sequins would have to wait another day for her ball gown to be perfect.

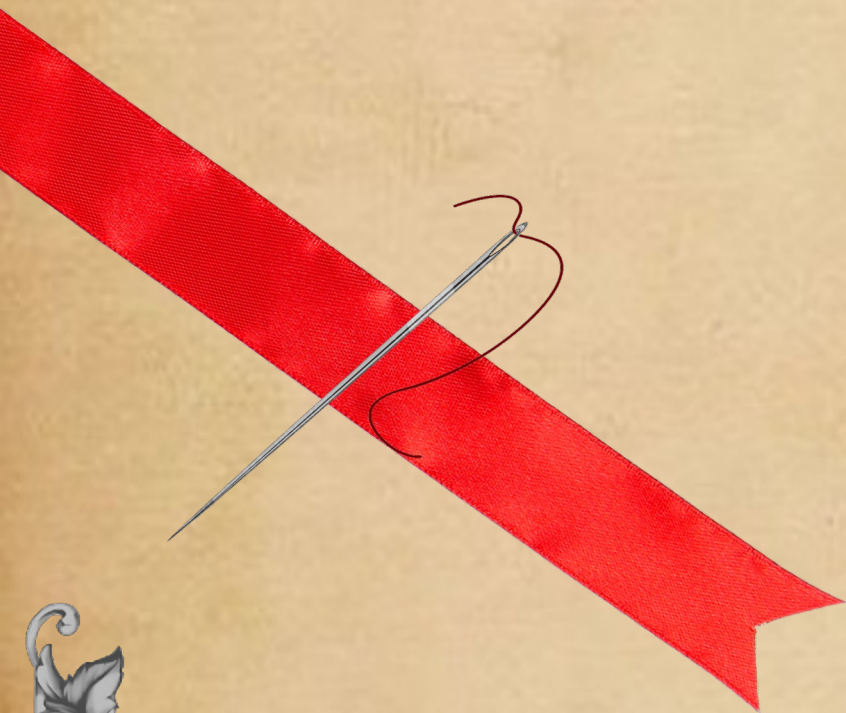
Rolling the scroll back up, Yui couldn't help but sigh and look towards the horizon again.

The sky was still as beautiful as it was earlier, with the waning sun gone over the edge of the horizon. It was the darkening clouds that drew her attention the most now. Rolling cumulus blanketed the sky, hiding the infinite stars, as streaks of hidden lightning glowed bright blue in arcing streaks. A distant boom of thunder shook the whole of the floating city, and for a moment, all Yui could do was sigh.

It was an omen. The cycle was beginning anew again. She knew this peace wouldn't last, but she had hoped it would have been one that stuck around for at least three, like the last cycle's end.

With a sigh, Yui finished her bandage and returned to her work. Who knew what would come and how horrible it would be? Once more, Dalaran shook beneath her feet as another shock of thunder called out in the distance. Whatever would come, at least Dalaran would be her haven. She just needed to work now and clear her busy schedule for the returning soldiers, heroes, and adventurers who would need her again.

The End





Credits

I want to thank every person who submitted their characters, art, and screenshots for this project. I also want to thank everyone who has helped behind the scenes with assets, editing, and proofreading for me. While this is still technically a "**Proof of Concept**" and a "**Work In Progress**," it's still an undertaking that's taken several days to organize properly.

So because of that, here's everyone that needs to be properly thanked so far!





Rease - Writing, Editing, Screenshots

Rease is a Writer of Dark Fantasy, Sci-fi, Horror, and whatever genre catches his fancy. Currently, he is searching for a literary agent and self-publishing his first book while balancing his time between the United States and Scotland. A fan of Warcraft, he's been roleplaying predominately on Moon Guard since the start of "Mists of Pandaria" and has helped in various communities and events over the years. Right now, he's getting his writing career off the ground and wants to help others with their creative passions. You can find more of what he's up to - including free stories - at his Link Tree at: <http://linktr.ee/reasesoffice>

Vixelda - Art, Writing, Moral Support



Vixelda is an artist, writer, photographer, and overall creative soul with a passion for anything artistic that allows her to work with her hands and imagination. Her inspirations mainly come from the Scottish Highlands, where she currently lives. She is also a roleplayer who has been roleplaying on the Moon Guard server for several years as of this writing and is presently planning many more adventures both in real life and in Azeroth. You can find her at <https://x.com/vixelda>

Reva - Art Assets, Moral Support



Reva is an Artist, avid roleplayer, and in-game event organizer who has been playing World of Warcraft for 15 years while roleplaying for 6 years. She's a fan of drawing, gaming, collecting bones, fishing and hunting, and currently is running a Discord Server - The Wyvern's Tale - with her best friend where they catalogue Warcraft lore in an effort to help other roleplayers develop their characters and RP. A cryptid of sorts, you may be able to find her on Moon Guard hanging out on one of her many alts. You can find more of her art on her X and Instagram, <https://x.com/pastelpygmy> <https://www.instagram.com/PastelPygmy/>



Wildheart Wolfsong - Artist

Wolfsong Wildheart is an artist, role player, and amateur streamer who has been roleplaying in World of Warcraft for eighteen years and has a lifelong passion for the arts. Currently, she owns a dog grooming business. She balances her time between her passions, business, and hobbies while entertaining her friends and having adventures with her husband, both in real life and Azeroth. You can find her artwork and information on her streams at <https://x.com/wildheartwolfs1>



PalehornTea - Artist

PalehornTea is an Artist and avid roleplayer who has been roleplaying on World of Warcraft for nine years. She's an artist who loves to stream her art, loves Tauren lore, and ran a successful guild on Moon Guard devoted entirely to Tauren themes. Regularly seen at server events, you can easily find many roleplayers and fans of her artwork showcasing her commissions. Currently, she's bouncing between her commission queue, having real-life fun with her family, and preparing for the next Warcraft expansion. You can find her artwork, streams, and other information at <https://www.palehorntea.com/>



Holn AKA "A Lotta People" - Art

Holn, AKA "A Lotta People" is an avid World of Warcraft Roleplayer who spends their time bouncing between the content and roleplay side of Moonguard. They have been roleplaying in Warcraft for seven years and have a passion for storytelling and crafting characters with varied personalities. It's often joked that they're roughly 60% of the Horde population, with some believing that to be true. Currently, they're preparing for the next Warcraft expansion and trying to figure out how to level their army of alts. You can find them at <https://bsky.app/profile/drbarber.bsky.social>

And of course, we cannot forget the following people as well who have helped this project in other ways.

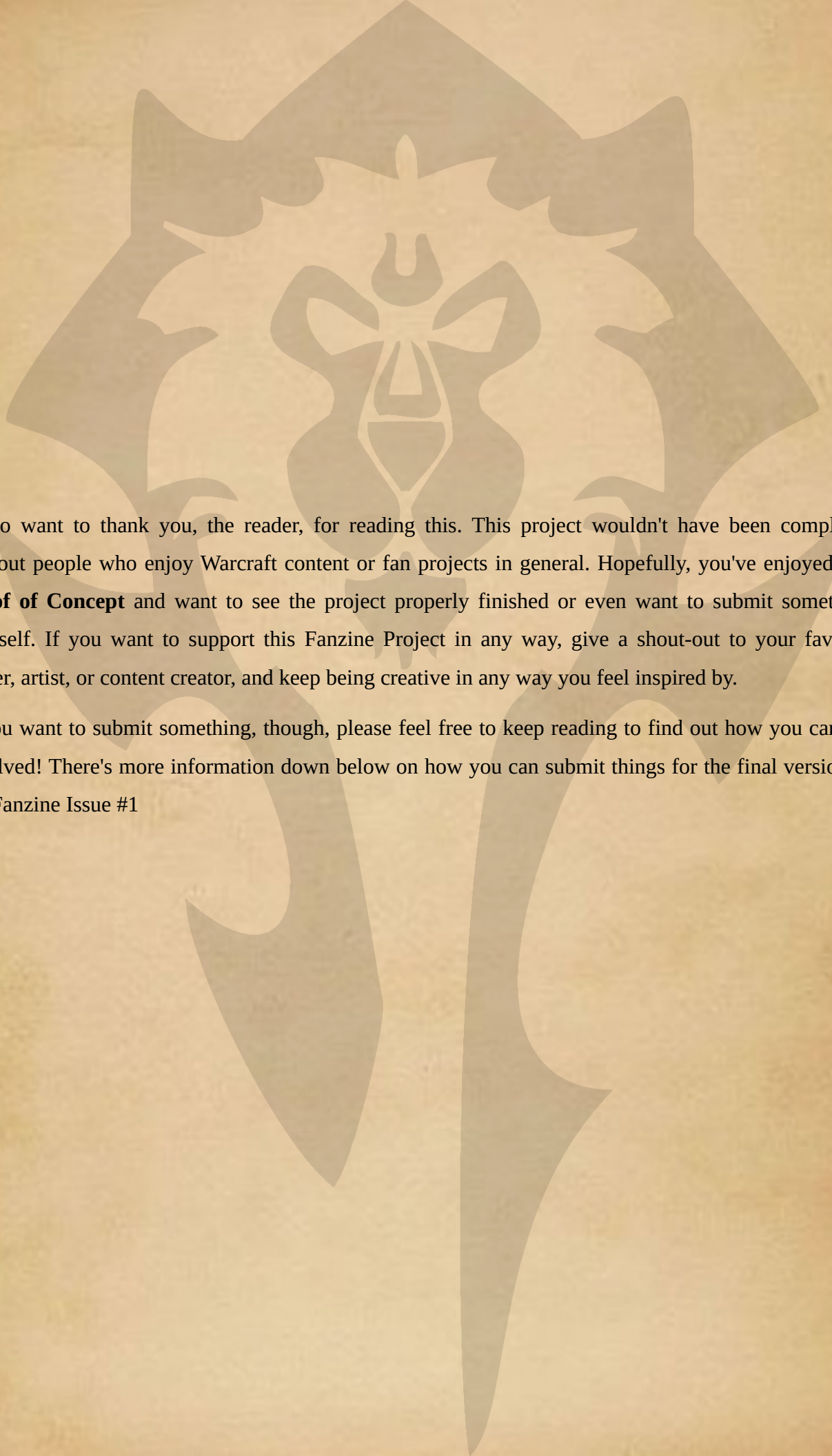
Assiar - Screenshots

Thomas - Art Assets

Yui- Lending a Character

The Three Anonymous Beta Readers





I also want to thank you, the reader, for reading this. This project wouldn't have been completed without people who enjoy Warcraft content or fan projects in general. Hopefully, you've enjoyed this **Proof of Concept** and want to see the project properly finished or even want to submit something yourself. If you want to support this Fanzine Project in any way, give a shout-out to your favorite writer, artist, or content creator, and keep being creative in any way you feel inspired by.

If you want to submit something, though, please feel free to keep reading to find out how you can get involved! There's more information down below on how you can submit things for the final version of the Fanzine Issue #1

WANT TO GET INVOLVED?[?] HAVE SOMETHING TO SUBMIT? KEEP READING!

That's it for this Proof of Concept! While there's little here now, there will be in the future if people genuinely want to get involved with this Fanzine. This Fanzine project aims to gather as many creatives as possible into one place to showcase their best work while networking with others and even giving people who want to pursue publishing/selling original works or commissions a platform to show off what they can do.

As they say, a rising tide lifts all boats, and the bigger the boat, the higher the tide we can ride together.

If you want to get involved in any way, please open the form below to get started! This submission form has clear rules on what submissions will be allowed, how to credit you properly for every submission you give, and how to involve everyone else in any story, art, or screenshot you submit. Not only that, but it also allows you a way to be contacted to ensure that any submission you give will be showcased in a way that fits you best.



(click the above image to open a link to the submission form)

Hope to hear from you! The more people get involved in this project, the better it will be in the end, and the more we can all show the best that the Warcraft Fandom has to offer.

Farther Reading

Luckily there's plenty more to see and read! The best part of Warcraft is that there's just a lot to enjoy, and this small project is nothing more than a sample of it. Between what you can find on Twitter, Discord, Tumblr, and Reddit (not to mention sites devoted to Fanfiction) there's just an almost endless amount of stuff to read, see, and even hear. The best part is there's nothing stopping you from creating something as well for others to enjoy.

For more reading though, check out the following!

If you're interested in World of Warcraft Roleplay, and wonder how to get into it (or even get tips and tricks for improving your RP) then you should definitely check out the link below for the World of Warcraft Roleplaying Guidebook

[World of Warcraft Roleplay Guidebook](#)

If you'd like to see the art, screenshots, and more that were in this Fanzine, please follow the galleries below to see what you're missing in this version!

[World of Warcraft Fanzine Issue #0 Art](#)

[World of Warcraft Fanzine Issue #0 Screenshots](#)

(NOTE: Click the links)

If there's any art or screenshots you like, feel free to follow any links provided and reach out to any of the artists you enjoy!

For other Fanzine Projects, please feel free to check out both "*Artists of Azeroth*" and "*Orctales*", which are excellent collections of both Art and Stories.

[Artists of Azeroth](#)

[Orctales](#)



WORLD
WARCRAFT