

COUP no GO



Parental Warning Due to the graphic nature of some of the language found in this manuscript, this manuscript has been deemed unsuitable for children under the age of 13. Consider this a 'PG-13' rating as with a movie. Don't say we didn't warn you.

We're Animosity!

Like the title says, we're Animosity...This is the official zine of the glorious Carolina Otaku Uprising (COUP).

Every year, a pilgrimage is made to some fanboy laden cesspool (such as AZ) where millions of Akira-hat wearing baboons yammer and guffaw at the new release of the 1,289th episode of Ranma ½ while snorting down more baskets of chili-chees fries at one sitting than one should probably consume in a lifetime (3 baskets). And then, there are people like you and me. Yeah...We're the good ones. We're the ones that aren't shrieked at and beaten by members of the opposite sex. We are the lone and noble warriors of international artistic liberty.

We are Otaku.

Be proud of your otaku heritage, brothers and sisters, and know that from the wells of the darkness of "Legend of Overfiend," there will be light at the end of the tunnel. There can be hope! There can be redemption from the pits to which the moral minority has cast us!

But you won't find it here. Here, we've just got mildly funny articles, fanfic, fanart, and entertainment. If you want salvation, watch cable.

ALLEGIANCE OR DEATH!
BIG FIRE!

Boring Stuff

Animosity V

The fanzine of the anime club known as coup

Edited by Heather "Shrub" Walker and Jenni Levenbook

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Life Is Good

or

Why Fans Have Nothing To Complain About These Days

By: D. Francis Smith (age 25)



Five years ago in these pages I predicted the death of Japanese animation in this country. Or something like it, anyway, a permanent stagnation where things would stay as they always were. Japanese animation would remain overpriced, hard to find, of poor quality, or probably all of the above, in that same grim world of third-rate fan subtitling and *Tenchi* Uber Alles in the legitimate market.

The reasoning behind that conclusion made sense at the time, and sounds fairly ridiculous now. I had failed to realize the significance of three things, three things that changed the North American market for Japanese animation permanently in just a couple of years or so. Between 1999 and 2001, Japanese animation exploded in this country, becoming cheaper, better-looking, more popular, you name it. In 2004, we reside in some kind of fanboy Golden Age.

You wouldn't know it by listening to most people, because it's the function of fans to complain. *Pissenmoan Ergo Sum*, or something like that. But soon, fans are going to have to scratch pretty hard for things to complain about, because it is only going to get better.

And it's getting better, as I say, for three reasons.

The Advent of Bandai

Back in the day, Bandai was some kind of nerd holy grail. There were dozens of variations on the rumor before it finally happened. "Bandai is coming...Bandai is coming...Bandai will bring us *Gundam*, and *Escaflowne*, and smite our enemies!"

The funny thing is, that's just about what happened. Bandai came, bringing *Gundam* and *Escaflowne*, and after a brief false start with all that Anime Village nonsense, Bandai more or less stomped on the terra.

Bandai had the catalog to release whatever it wanted. Bandai had the money to fund fat-assed box sets. Bandai had the sense to release cheap DVDs of *Cowboy Bebop*. Bandai had the juice to get nationwide exposure on the Cartoon Network. They managed to get 25-year-old *Gundam* episodes broadcast on American TV, which is a hell of a feat when you think about it. Now we're getting to watch stuff like *Wolf's Rain* and *Witch Hunter Robin* and *Big O II* for free, with minimal wait time following the Japanese release. And Bandai's arrival pushed its competition to try and match it in all of the above categories.

And if you absolutely can't watch the dubs on the tube, well, why don'tcha buy the DVD?

The Advent of DVD

DVD did many great things. DVD made cartoons look better. DVD made cartoons cost less. DVD made cartoons available at an infinitely wider selection of retailers. And to top it all off, DVD made people shut the hell up and stop arguing about whether English dubbing was the root of all evil. So let's hear it for the DVD.

Just think about the dub/sub thing. Hell, aside from the silencing of so many evangelical fanboy yaps, just think about the cost savings. In 1998, ADV Films spiked you an extra five bucks if you didn't want to listen to their dub. An hour of subtitled *Evangelion* cost \$30 a pop. The whole series on subtitled VHS would set you back almost \$400.

Now you can buy the Director's Cut of the whole damned thing on DVD for \$150. Maybe even less if you shop around. If you're too lazy to wait for mail order, your local Best Buy will give you a pretty steep discount anyway.

And if you're a fan of the five-finger discount, well, that's pretty easy these days too.

The Advent of Digital Piracy

Ones and zeroes. Ones and zeroes have done an awful lot for us.

DVD is of course inextricably linked to those ones and zeroes, but it's a big enough phenomenon to be regarded on its own. And the rise of digital piracy has much more to do with the ones and the zeroes. They're what fansubs are made of these days, and they're what deposits them on your hard drive at such a prodigious rate.

It doesn't even compare to the analog age. Back then, getting the latest cartoons meant knowing somebody who knew somebody who knew somebody. Every "knew somebody" in the chain meant your copies were getting worse and worse before they got to you, and too many meant they were barely recognizable once you could watch them. Either that or you sent money orders to some goon with a Geocities website and waited nine to 12 weeks to get an empty envelope in the mail.

Now you fall asleep, hit your head on the keyboard, and wake up to find 13 episodes of a show that hasn't finished airing yet. Getting hold of the latest cartoons is just that easy.

Even if you do have a moral objection to piracy, piracy is benefiting consumers in the legitimate market. Why are American companies co-producing more TV shows and features? Why are so many shows coming out so quickly on American DVD? To get a jump on the pirates, naturally, since those pirates seem to subtitle the hottest shows in about 48 hours. ADV's latest co-productions are shooting for simultaneous releases, specifically to beat online pirates to the punch.

Damn, It Was A Good Day

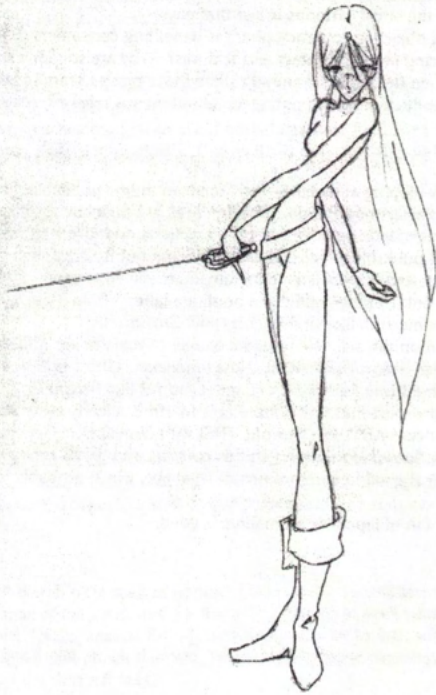
Even with piracy continually nipping at its heels, the American anime publishing business seems to be ticking over nicely. ADV, Geneon, Media Blasters and Bandai USA don't release financial results of their own -- they're all private companies, or small divisions of larger giants -- but the empirical evidence suggests they're doing fine.

ADV is expanding into print publishing, Media Blasters is filling out its live-action lineup, Geneon is co-producing more and more hit series, and Bandai isn't going anywhere any time soon. Right Stuf is making money off all of the above with its mail-order outfit, and growing as a boutique label -- from Tylor and pornography, they've branched out to release fairly big-name stuff like *Comic Party* and *Gravitation*.

Even Hollywood is getting in on the act. We waited a couple of years to see *Millennium Actress* in theaters. We waited a couple of months to see *Tokyo Godfathers*. Now *Innocence: Ghost in the Shell* is coming stateside in no time flat, and the same should hold true for hot new summer movies like *Steam Boy*.

Women watch this stuff, a prospect that was unthinkable in 1998. Nearly every American company is pitching releases at a female audience -- ADV with *Saiyuki*, TRSI with *Gravitation*, Geneon with *Fushigi Yuugi*. Media Blasters is pushing *Boku no Sexual Harassment* in this country, and they'll probably make money doing it. You can go to a convention and meet good-looking women of legal age, who'll probably be interested in chatting about cartoons for a while.

Life, in other words, for the fan of Japanese animation, is good.



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and if i die today, i'll be the happy phantom

A Lost Esile Fensig

By: Connie Covington

Vincent sat on the edge of the cliff where they had marked Alex's grave and drank a cup of coffee. Another cup sat on the ground next to the headstone.

"You know, this isn't how I'd imagined things would work out." He took a swig from his cup. "It's ironic. We achieved your goal, but you're not here to see the world without the Guild."

He sighed. "Were you able to get your revenge, before the end? Did you kill Delphine or did we?" A gentle breeze rippled happily through the grass.

He took another drink. "Forgive her. She loves you, you know. I love you." The breeze blew gently again, like fingers through his hair. He leaned back and let the wind play across his body.

"Did you find her, Alex? Was she waiting when you died? I hope you did." He finished his coffee and stood up. "I brought you something." He bent over and picked up the other cup, then flung its contents into the air.

The breeze warmed considerably, and Vincent felt it swirl around him. He thought he heard it whisper as he turned to go, "Thank you, old friend," and a woman's soft laughter.



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ADD Anime Theatre: For the Attention Impaired
By: Mo Morelli

For those of you who don't have the time to watch this anime classic, or perhaps you don't have the attention span, I present:

AKIRA



MOTORCYCLES: Vroom!

KANEDA: Tetsuo! Kei!

KEI: Oi, Kaneda!

AUDIENCE: *[sings Canadian national anthem]*

NUMBERS 25-27: What? Giant, milk-oozing, stuffed animals aren't cute?

TETSUO: *[grabs head]* ARRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGH!

SOUNDTRACK: DUUUUUUUN! DUUUUUUUUN!!!

AUDIENCE: I think something bad's going to happen...

NEO TOKYO: Explode!

EXTRA CHARACTERS: Arrrgh! *[dies]*

MILITARY: Quick men! Fire your puny guns at the gigantic mass of flesh! That'll stop its superhuman powers for sure!

SOUNDTRACK: DUUN! Duuuuuun!

MILITARY: Ack! Who would have thought we would be defeated by his amazing strength!

EVERYONE: Tetsuo! Akira!

[The world decides to explode and suck Tetsuo in. Or something.]

KANEDA: WTF???

AUDIENCE: My thoughts, exactly.

We at Animosity pride ourselves on diversifying the anime we represent from a variety of time periods and genres. For those of our readers suffering from a friendship that has become strained from an obsession with a single anime, we suggest a well-thought-out letter to diffuse the aggressive nature of a face-to-face confrontation. Take this letter, for example...

Stop Fucking Talking about Dragonball before I Stab Your Fucking Face Off

By: Brandon "Despair" Cecil

I have known you for some time now and feel, in most cases, privileged to call you a friend. However, in this time of friendship, I count perhaps four non-Dragonball related conversations, and approximately seventy four and a half discourses on Dragonball or Dragonball merchandise. Frankly, I'm sick of it.

I have sit through numerous discourses on why "Goku is the baddest ass ever," or that "Gohan is indeed badass, but does not actually match the ass-badness of Goku." Truthfully, friend, I do not give a flying fuck about Dragonball, for I find it to be a mass-market, commercialized whore of an anime series appealing only to those who are under the age of 13, or who actually use the term "Japanimation."

I do not care about whatever the fuck Super Saiyan is supposed to mean, nor do I want to debate with you how much actual power can be put into the kamehafuckwhatever. Yet you insist on constantly speaking to me about it, and if you continue, I shall be forced to hurt you. I shall hurt you in ways that your bastardized, Akira Toriyama-infected view of the world cannot comprehend. I shall stab you. I shall stab you so viciously that your face will actually fall off. During this stabbing, I shall laugh maniacally, driven insane by the pure non-Dragonball related joy that shall ensue upon your lack of a face.

I will not cosplay as Piccolo, nor shall I ever even think of playing your Dragonball RPG, or shall I ever deem myself so shallow and vile as to refer to you as "Super-Saiyan Bob." If you ask me to do any of these again, there shall be a reckoning. There shall be a reckoning unheard of even in the Bible, for so unholy is my wrath that even God Himself would pause, and say, "God Damn, that's a Reckoning that I wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole."

In short, shut the fuck up about Dragonball.

However, you can prevent such greivous physical atrocities against your person. This will happen when you can intelligently discuss a real, quality anime series.

Something like Sailor Moon, perhaps.

Separated at birth?

You decide.

Alex Rowe

captain of the airship Silverna
operates outside the military's will
has a rifle-cane that can
outgun small aircraft
wears a long, black cape with a
belt around the collar
has a mysterious, tragic past
is incredibly badass

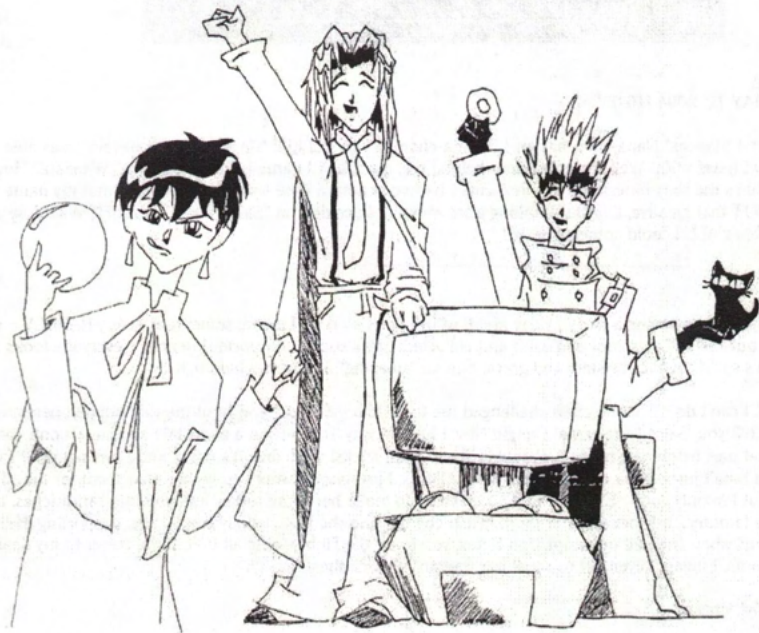
Captain Harlock

captain of the spaceship Arcadia
operates outside the law
has a pistol that can
pierce Metanoids' skin
wears a long, black cape with a
scarf under the collar
has a mysterious, tragic past
is incredibly badass



with apologies
to Matsumoto
and GONZO
Akiko

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Many of us here at Animosity enjoy a feature of the Internet called Live Journal (www.livejournal.com). As a nod to the hours of enjoyment this journaling website has brought us, we submit this modified tale of the anime, *Brother, Dear Brother* which chronicles the tales of young Nanako via letters to her "brother." This quick, charming rendition is offered up for your approval...

LJ Dear LJ
By: Pinny Small



Saint Luvr

TUESDAY, MAY 12, 2004 (16:05PM)

OMG!!! I did it-! *dances* Nana-chan has an LJ! Nana-chan has an LLLJJJJ!! *singing* I can't believe I was able to set up LJ the way I have! w00t! Well, Tomoko-chan helped me, tho! Her LJ name is "dRUMstick69." Waaaah!!! How cool is THAT!? What's the sixty-nine stand for, tho? Hm. I had such a hard time trying to figure out what my name would be. I'm just NOT that creative, j0! After thinking a lot about it, I decided on "Saint_Luvr." *BLUSH* Waah! So corny! But... but... That's ALL I could come up with!!! *_*

I'm hungry.

Heeeeeeey! Miya-sama's having a party Friday night! w00t!!! She's so cool. I mean, sometimes - very RARELY - she's in a bad mood, but she still acts cool and calm and collected! She's such an important person - everyone looks up to her... and she's so full of shi... mystery and grace. She's... *amazing*. I want her hair! u_u

OKAY OKAY. I can't do it!!! Tomo-chan challenged me to write my first entry without mentioning one person... BUT I CANT. I <3<3<3 you, Saint Juste-sama! Dangit! Now I have to buy Tomo-chan a chocolate sundae. Ooooh, maybe I can delete that part before she reads it. Waaaah!!! Tomo-chan sucks! Well, fine. It's my LJ and I can say what I wanna! *pout* I hope Sain't Juste-sama comes to the party. OMFG, I promised I would go by her apartment for the -TENTH-time today, but I've only gone -EIGHT-! BOO! >:o I need to make her some turkey and cheddar sandwiches, take her clothes to the laundry... buy her another tooth brush cuz the one she has... wholly crap, it was supporting life!! She's SO AWESOME when she's all unkempt. Teh Smex, yo!!! Even tho I'll be doing all that, I'll be closer to my dear, sweet Sain't Juste-sama. I mean, I even get to smell her fragrant dirty clothes! *le sigh*

Oh! A butterfly! *chases*

Onii-Sama

WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 2004 (11:35AM)

Dear Live Journal,

Nanako-san, my pen-sister, insisted that I obtain what they call a "LiveJournal." In effect, you, what I am writing in right now. This is such a very new and strange experience for someone such as myself. Honestly, what am I to do with

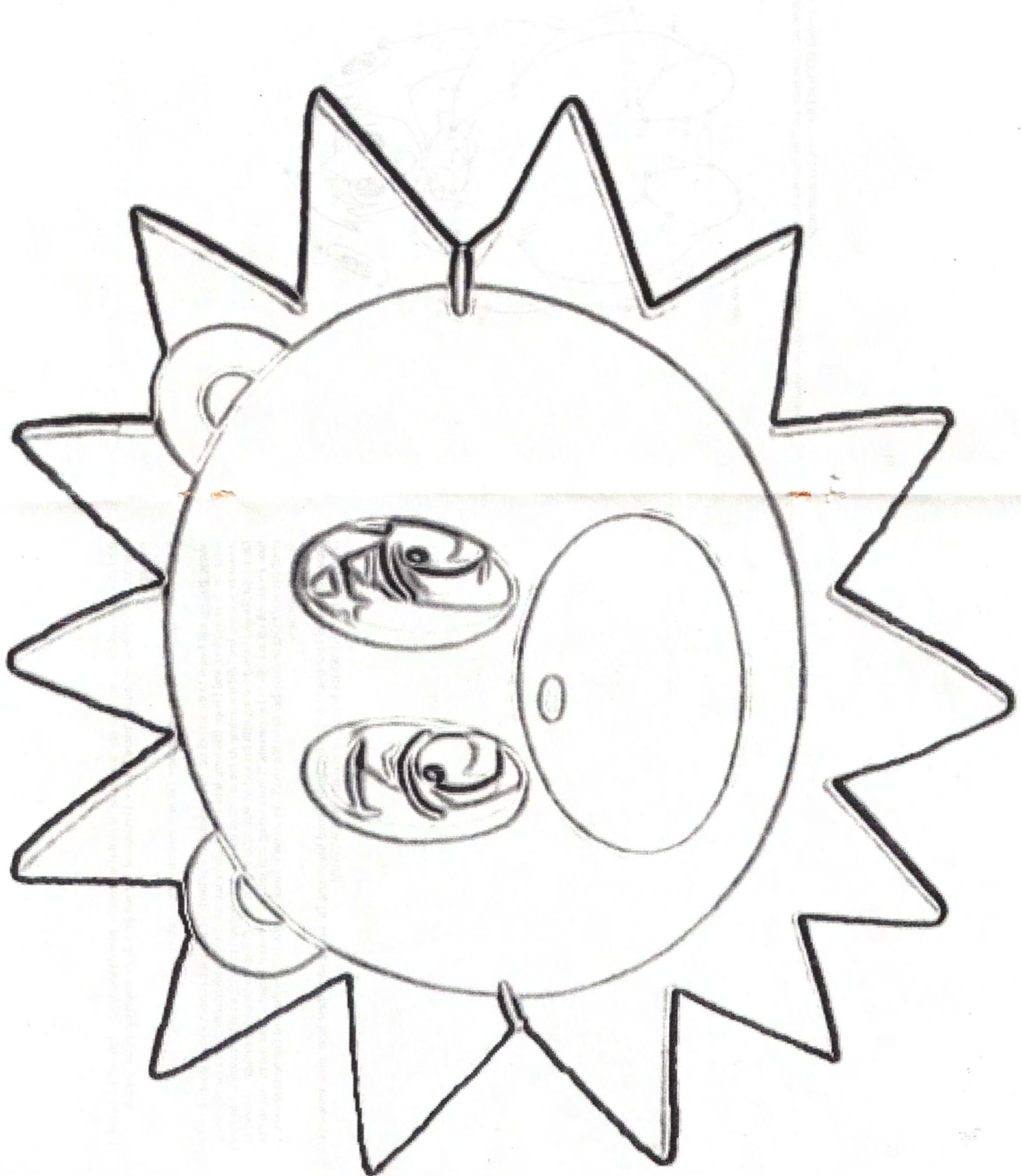
this? She wanted me to tell her what my "user name" is so that we could... how do you say it... "friend" each other. I have heard of "befriending" but to "friend"? Sorry, LiveJournal, but you get a B- for proper use of the English language.

Now I have to figure out what to write in here. Let us contemplate the possibilities. Oh, I know.

Qgae boi toj and I went to the school fair this weekend. It was lovely weather. It has been a while since we had some fun time together, and I hope this turns into a habit. Unfortunately, I also inadvertently invited my pen-sister. I meant to, you see, but I did not anticipate the effects of having teeny-boppers roaming a college campus. This raven-haired girl Nanako brought along with her sort of went insane. Even though Nanako behaved normally, I expect to hear an ear-full when I talk to her parents. "What's wrong with you? Your deviant behavior shall not rub off on this child! Are you trying to defile her to be like you?!" No, actually, Fukiko and Rei will do that just fine on their own, thankyouverymuch.

Oh, god. What did I just type? I think it has finally started happening. I'm writing all of these incomplete sentences. LiveJournal is so ebil. What's happening to me!!! OMG!! WTFH??!!

ENJOY THIS CUT-OUT MASK!





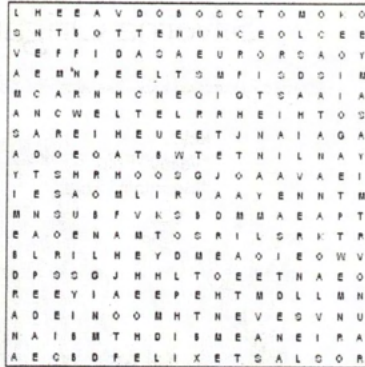
by Rachel Chapin

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COUP Wordsearch

By Mary "M-Chan" Buchanan

- ALVIS
- BASARA
- CLAUS
- DEAR BROTHER
- DIO
- FIRE BOMBER
- FLOWER GIRL
- GAMLIN
- LAST EXILE
- LAVI
- MACROSS
- MIYA SAMA
- MYLENE
- NANAKO
- PLANET DANCE
- RAY
- SAINT JUSTE
- SEVENTH MOON
- TOMOKO
- VEFFIDAS





The solution to this word search can be found on page 20.

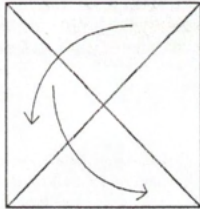
LAST EXILE

Silverna Origami Project

Create your own kick-ass airship! Cloud-age paper folding, baby.

key:
"Valley" Fold: 
"Mountain" Fold: 

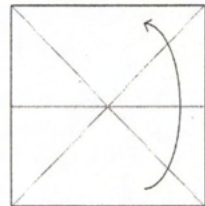
Step 1:
Fold a square of paper into
diagonal quarters, as
shown.



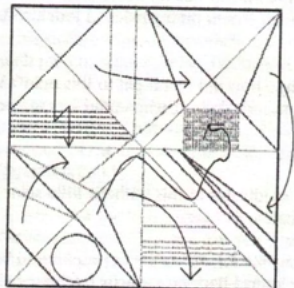
Step 2:
Make sure your creases
are straight, then unfold.



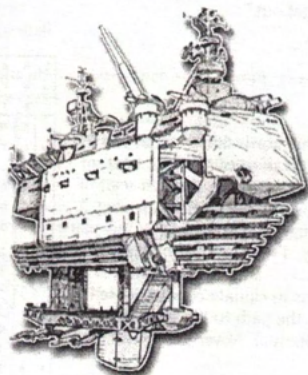
Step 3:
Next, fold in half horizontally
to make another guide
crease.



Step 4:
The last few folds should be obvious, and are left
as an exercise for the reader.



Step 5:
Just set your creases and you're done. Ta-dah!
Your very own unbeatable airship to rule the skies.



Another Burning Question Answered by Fiction

By: Pinny Small

I was inspired by an ongoing debate on a message board concerning who would win in a fight between Vicious and Vincent. (Of course Vincent would win - duh - but I had to put a little fangirl spin on it). For your enjoyment, I present this charming tale...

The Battle of the Snake and Lion

It seems that I am dead. The problem is, I've known this for some time now. I eat, and yet am never without hunger. I drink fine wine, and it leaves an empty tastelessness on my palate. I touch soft, pliant flesh and it no longer sets my heart afire.

I've asked myself, time and time again, why... how did I let it get to this point? Was it simply bad luck? No, luck had nothing to do with it. Did I bring this on myself? Hell no, why would a man such as myself want this?

It was all because of a woman.

One woman made the most feared of all syndicates in this pathetic little solar system crumble and shatter to pieces. And why? How did she accomplish this feat?

One man. The man I was ready to take any life for, a man I was prepared to take a bullet for, a man to whom I gave comradeship and trust, sympathies I never knew I had the capacity to give - betrayed me. With that woman.

And I am left alone, the only human being alive - or dead - worthy and strong enough to carry the weight of this dying piece of shit gang of rotting, putrid old men, desperately trying to hold on to any power they think they have. Dragons who imagine themselves invincible and otherworldly...godly. But in reality, they are extinct. Didn't they know that dragons are of the past? Snakes, on the other hand, have survived millenia. They... We never die. Biting the heels of mankind, we rule the world humans can never experience...

"Hey, you. Closing time. Pay up and get out."

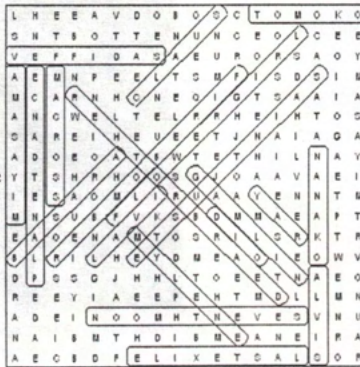
I hear the whimpering of one now...

"Did ja hear me? I said - "

I need but only look at the man and his words falter. What can I say? I have a distinctness unmatched by most other men...I get up and leave the cash on the beer-spattered counter. A quick scan of the place reveals how empty it truly was. I can't say I was paying much attention, tonight. No loss, though. I quickly tired of this place and its filthy dishwater it calls whiskey. I really should be going...

Sometimes I believe that those morons in climate control cause the rain to fall all too often. To my left is the path to the prison I call home. Don't they understand how utterly...? Never mind. But, it's true.

It's always raining.



It was raining that night. It rained the night before that. It rained the first night I saw them, confirming my suspicions, and it has indeed rained ever since. Even on that beautiful night when we met again. He gazed upon me with such malice and determination. He smiled, but it was the way a fox smiles, right before he changes into something else. Those eyes of his, gentle, beastly eyes, they are - not at all like mine. They searched me for some answer only I could give him. Hm.

No, Spike. I don't know where Julia is. Nor do I care anymore.

But in casual conversation, I would admit that yes, I hope that bimbo is lying in a ditch somewhere, pallid skin damp with this heavy rain, golden hair matted against that angelic face, physically dead as I am spiritually.

That man...

How could he have let her blind him so easily? Slender fingers gliding from her narrow chin to his lapel, those eyes deep as the oceans humans long left behind, lined with those soft as silk lashes -

Who is that?

It was artistry the likes no man could withstand. Or could he? Didn't I? If but for a while...Only a god of infinite power and cruelest intensions could have crafted such a devious little creature. And how dare he.

This man...

How dare he destroy what I - what we so carefully constructed? Our lives, our family, obliterated, in a single bat of her luscious eyelashes...

He walks so deliberately. Strides that remind me of that other, that one to whom I gave my all. He almost glides, but for the mass of his body. Strength...I feel his eye boring into my chest. That look I recognize from so many men, so many opponents I have met and slaughtered. That gaze that measures you up in a split second, and tells him you will fall easily.

What is this man planning? More precisely, what is this man?

His raven hair is soaked in this artificial downpour, drooping messily about his tanned skin. He hasn't shaved in days, weeks rather. His hands are drawn up in loose fists. I anticipate engaging him - in a fight, of course. Not many men I have ever encountered struck me as this one has. As he comes closer, I feel my hand automatically hover above the handle of my katana. His trenchcoat flows wildly in the storm, becoming dark wings at his back, that single eye igniting in a surge of passion.

What is this man?

My body knows what to do, and I know that sometimes I have no control over it. The blade met with his forearm - I saw it - but was blocked somehow, and in the same instant I felt a car sideswipe me, directly in my ribs. No, that was this man's fist. I made a sound, one that I hadn't made in many years since I learned how to properly wield a sword. I cut across again, determined to draw blood. This man was fast, but I know I can be faster. He has no weapons on him, or else he would have shown them after seeing mine. I went straight for his stomach, but he's quick on the pickup of how I fight. I catch sight of that one eye, but as he turns swiftly to deliver a backhanded punch, I see that other eye.

God, he's insane.

I recover from the punch and ready the katana, heavy on the offense now that I know I can't afford to let him hit me again. He comes forward one step and I dive into the lion's den. Yes, that is what this man is - the most voracious lion, king of all warm-blooded flesh-eaters. That may be, but I am the ever watchful and cunning snake, my friend.

He throws a right; I make an upward cut at his throat; he stumbles back. There is a slither of crimson on his hairy chin. I go for him again, but he knocks the blade away like it's a butter knife, never mind it has the blood of hundreds on its edge. This does not deter me. I can survive a gun duel. I can win with fists. I ready for another blow, but he gets me. My eyes could not even register that swift movement and for the life of me, I do not know why. I feel the impact with the pavement, as well as a foot in my stomach to send me down harder. I heard - felt - blood spatter against my lips.

The hard asphalt feels good against my back, drenched and still warm from the heat of the day, just like something else I used to revel in...No time to day dream, snake. The lion is upon you. The katana is just at my finger tips, but the slippery welness of a boot comes down on my fingers, crushing them under the lion's weight. Peering up at him through thin strands of wet silvery hair, I see his noble head outlined in a halo of artificial light from the streetlamp. His ominously regal form lingers there, looking down upon his captured prey.

"That was nice... Care to step off my hand so that we may go at it again?"

Feeling the chilly fingers of death - which look an awful lot like her's - wrap around my neck, I believe I get a little delirious. But then again, I have never been one to run from a challenge. For a dead man such as myself, only looking into the lion's mouth can excite what normal people call 'emotion' and 'feelings.' In this moment, I know that I am yet still alive.

To my astonishment, he relents.

And do we ever go at it again. He remains unaffected by most of what I deal out. I have the sneaking suspicion that he is not giving this hand-to-katana fight all he's got. In fact, this entire episode seems eerie, surreal. Every time I leave a mark, I am repaid in full with interest by his powerful fists and boots. After a while, once again I am flat on my back - on my side rather - and I wonder to myself, is he truly bleeding red blood?

Here we are yet again.

"Here we are...yet again..."

I know that this time, he won't let me go. He's had his fun. He's tested my limits. He's left me a bloody patch on the sidewalk. And I'm alive. I know it. I feel it.

What is your name?

"What...is your... name...?"

His nightsky mane glows against the shops' neon signs.

Who are you?

"Who... are you?"

I know that he is smiling down at me. Lions don't eat snakes, do they?



We at Animosity understand that fandoms sometimes overlap. For our loyal readers who are fans of roleplaying as well as anime, we proudly procure a useful weapons handbook for campaigns where you wish to emulate your favorite Animosity writer. This list is not meant for any particular game, but may be modified to fit any game you choose. Please enjoy...

Caroline Otoku Uprising Weapons Handbook

By: Crusher Ed, Ruwani Opatha

Nolan's Pants:

A character wearing these pants gains a +5 bonus to his or her cold resistance and charm. Although relatively thin and baggy, these pants actually have strong magic insulation against cold and cold-related attacks; so much so, that the character will feel no need to wear a coat, even on the coldest of days. The character may give up Nolan's pants to another member of their group, provided they are clean, and gain a permanent +2 to charm at the expense of the other bonuses.

Brandon's Despair:

A character having this attribute will become extremely cynical about the world and although they will stay with their chosen group and even feel connected to it, they will openly ridicule the group and insist they are not the same. A character in this state gains a +5 to mind-based spell resistance, +2 to roll against altered mind, and gives the enemy a -2 in any enthrall attempt.

Chishiki's Touch:

A character with this attribute has an uncanny ability to disrupt or destroy electrical and computer equipment. The character must intend to damage the item in order for Chishiki's Touch to work. Roll a d20. If the result is a natural 20, the device is destroyed; if 17-19, it has severe internal damage; if 11-16, the device needs replacement parts; if 5-10, the item is rendered inoperable for that day. Under the effects of altered mental states, the character has no control over the ability and must roll whenever they are in contact with a device of that type.

Ru's Hairsticks:

This accessory may be used as a fashionable way for keeping hair out of the face of female characters. When faced with the threat of enemies or just "stupid boys", however, they become lethal melee weapons and may be played with the qualities of either fighting rods or knives of the same length.

Shrub's Bandana:

"It fights crime." A character with this item feels a great desire to follow a just path. It provides the character with the ability to clearly see both sides of an issue. As a result, that character may completely ignore all confusion effects while wearing the item.

Deandra's Chapstick:

A character with this item is immune to spells that silence or otherwise impair their ability to speak or communicate. A drawback of this item is that the character becomes addicted to it and must carry it with them everywhere they go. In order to gain the positive effects, the item must remain in the character's possession the duration of the effect and may not be given to another character.

Wing's Sandals:

A character using this item feels as if their movements are a great deal easier. Their movement during battle is increased by 1/2 as a result. Also they have a +5 against attacks that require precision on the part of the enemy. GM determines applicability.

Ketheres's Hair:

Characters with this attribute have long hair that nearly reaches their waist. All females not already familiar with the character that come within visual range of that character will be drawn toward the hair and have a compulsion to come into physical contact with it. So strong is the lure, that they must roll against altered mind to avoid suffering 1d4 damage from whiplash. In order to use the hair, the character must spend 1d4 - 1 turns caring for it each day (the -1 accounts for those days where your hair is perfect upon waking up).

Girth Brotherhood:

Characters with the Girth Brotherhood attribute are part of a vast network of Girth Brothers across the world. The character's physical appearance must match the GM's conception of a "girthy" person and must be male". As a result of their girth, they have a +3 against all physical attacks, but suffer a -2 to movement. They find unnecessary running distasteful and rarely run unless in danger. Through the network, Girth Brothers who are under attack in a populated area are usually able to find help from another Girth Brother.

Fangirl's Scream:

Characters with this ability are capable of producing a high-pitched sound from their mouths that frightens away potential enemies and disturbs hearing for a brief time. Enemies nearby when the scream is used have a -2 to initiative and must roll against hearing loss to avoid partial deafness for 1d4+1 turns. At the GM's discretion, lesser enemy NPCs may be scared away automatically. This ability is only available to female characters.

Phil's Yo-Yo:

Characters having this item are capable of twirling and twisting it in such a way as to affect the minds of those within close range. In order to use the item, the space directly in front of the character must be clear and the yoing must be uninterrupted for at least 30 seconds. Enemies within clear visual range of the yo-yo are drawn to its motions and will be affected. The effects are the same as casting enthrall or a similar spell upon those enemies. Those able to resist the spell suffer an unconditional 10% reduction in hit% (i.e. THAC0).

Crusher Ted's Imposing Form:

Characters with this attribute have a very imposing appearance that frightens most smaller enemies. All enemies attacking that character or any character in his/her group suffer a -2 to initiative roll.

Listener's Touch:

This ability allows the character to automatically fix non-functioning electrical or computer-based equipment by playing with the item. The character rolls a d20 to determine success. If they get a natural 20, the item is repaired far beyond its original functioning or specifications. For example, a radio's range is doubled. Extent is determined by the GM. Any roll below a 7 fails.

Kendo Club Bokkens:

"No flesh shall be spared! March on a road of bones!" These items are wooden practice swords originally used by the UNC Kendo Club in defense of the weak and for the administering of swift bokken justice. They may only be used by those with good intentions. Useful against the vile and those who try to fuck with you or your group, they afford those wielding them +5 to initiative and attack damage. They also give those wielding them an extra roll against mind or confusion based attacks if the first roll fails.

Sink your postmodernist teeth in the unexpected crossover interview between Neko Sensei from *Princess Tutu* and the cats...er...cast of *Azumanga Daioh*...

Neko Sensei Review

By: Austin

Hi everyone. And welcome to the Neko Sensei Review. Today I will be reviewing the astounding new anime *Azumanga Daioh*. For weeks I have toiled with exactly how to summarize the absolute brilliance of this wonderful show. But most times words seem to fail me when it comes to describing what this anime is actually all about. So I thought it better to sit down with some of the cast and ask them about this anime's puzzling plot line. This is a summery of the interview.

I decided both to ease the interview process and get the most stressful part of the article out of the way by interviewing the dumb characters first.

NEKO SENSEI: So the memo that the creators of the show sent me says your name is let's see...Well it says here that you're from Osaka so why don't we call you that shall we?

OSAKA: No you see my name is -

NS: So Miss Osaka tell me a bit about the anime and what your role was in the series yes?

OSAKA: There was a show?

NS: Yes, you know...you and the rest of the girls that play on TV?

OSAKA: I played on the TV why would I do that TVs are so small you could fall off and get hurt last week I tried to play on a plasma flat screen but it kept falling off the wall -

NS: No, you were *on the show* on the TV. That's what I meant.

OSAKA: No that wasn't the show that was real life.

NS: Nyah, this is going nowhere fast.

OSAKA: Where are we going?

NS: *[breathes deep sigh]* To get ice cream in the middle of the interstate. You want to come, too?

OSAKA: Do I ever! I love ice cream. *[rushes out the door]*

I then thought it wise to try interviewing some other cast members.

NS: Let's see now...You must be Miss Sakaki. Is that right?

SAKAKI: A talking cat! *[Starts to turn bright red]*

NS: Yes. That is what I am.

SAKAKI: Just one question...Are you Chiyo-chans father?

NS: *[clears throat]* I have no idea what you're talking about. Now back to the interview, or...you'll be forced to marry me! Nyah! *[drops pen and scratches at table]*

SAKAKI: *[go's swirly-eyed chibi and passes out]*

NS: OK...Well let's get another one of them in here.

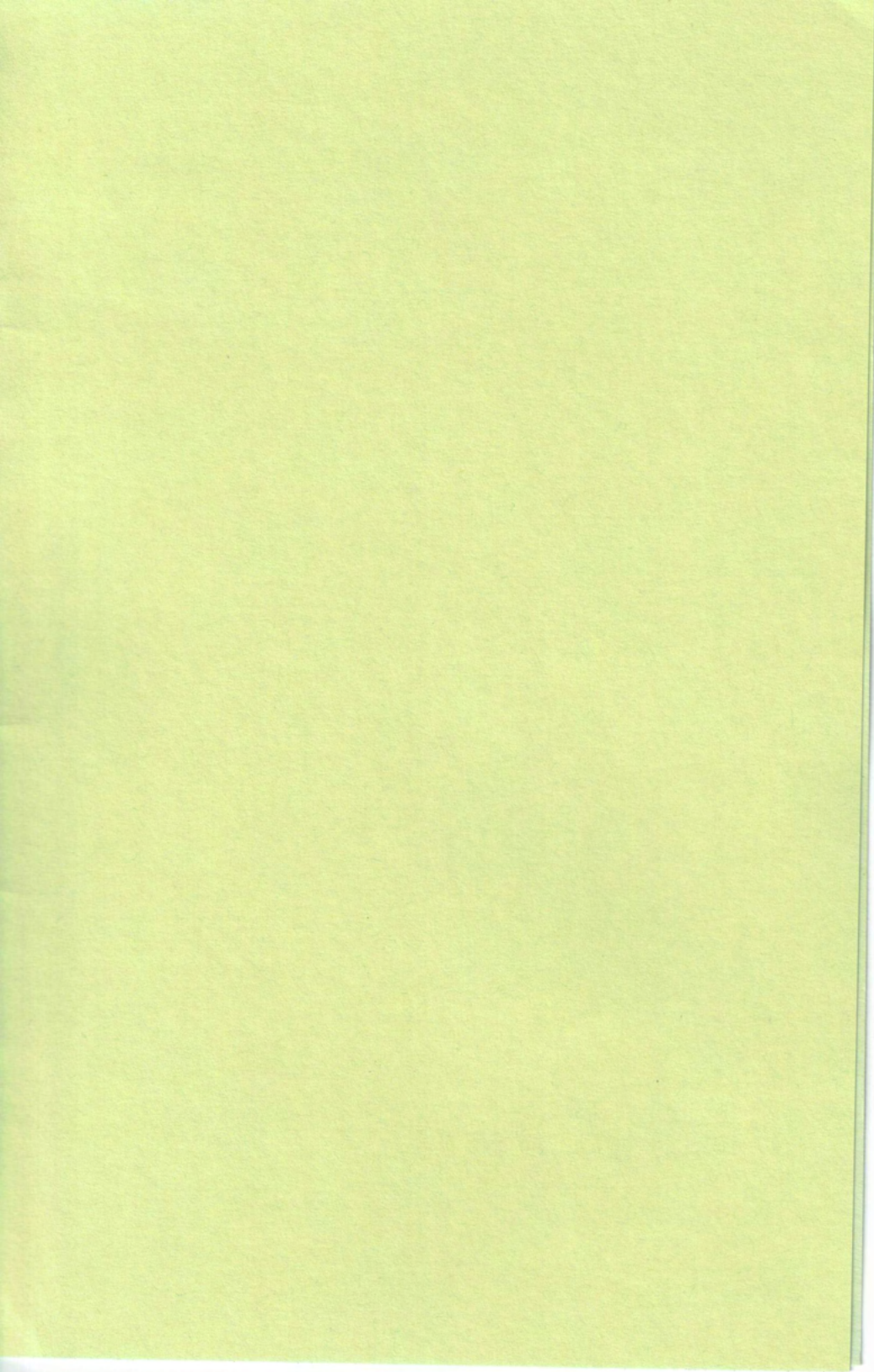
CHIYO: *[she walks in]* Daddy!

NS: *[quickly puts on shades]* I'm sorry, little girl; I'm not you papa. I'm Rai from *Kodocha!*

CHIYO: Daddy, why did you go away? I thought you loved mommy. She said that after you had me you two where going to get married.

NS: That's it. This article is over!





Come, all little children who love stories!