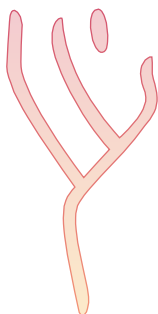
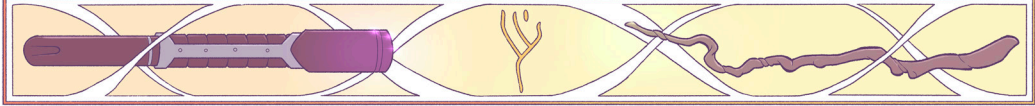




PRINCESSES  
&  
PURGATIONS



A  
W·I·L·L·O·W  
FanZine



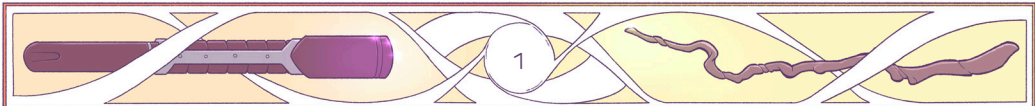
# THE MAGIC'S IN YOU

**A Note From the Editor by Ty: Wit & Folly (YouTube)**




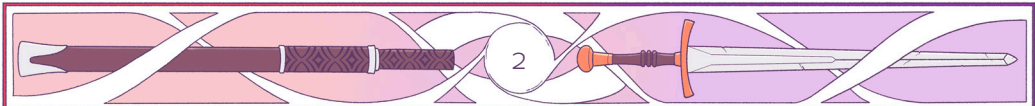
Almost a year ago, I was given a chance to revisit the world of Willow - a world that had been, as Jon Kasdan put it, left on a shelf somewhere to gather dust. I expected to enjoy it, but I did not expect to adore it. Willow (2022) is a show that is rich with lore, symbolism, diversity, and, most of all, love. The clunky bits made it charming. The jokes landed better on every rewatch. The closing credits are plain fun. The show oozes passion and silliness, attracting fans that all said the same thing: “I wish more fantasy stories were like this.”

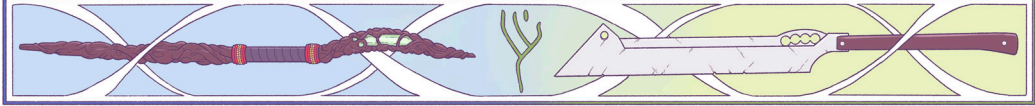
Like all the fans, I was devastated when a cancelation was announced, puzzled at Jon Kasdan’s explanation, and angry when it was ultimately removed from the streaming platform. But fandoms exist for a reason - they create. There’s a palpable creative energy that exists in these communities, and it’s always been inspiring to me. In an era where stories are treated as profit-making or garbage, all we can do is hold onto what we love and give ourselves to it for as long as we can. Sharing the creative energy, never letting it fade, is what we can do to keep the story alive. So I hope that you keep this zine in a safe place - it’s proof that we were here and that we created.



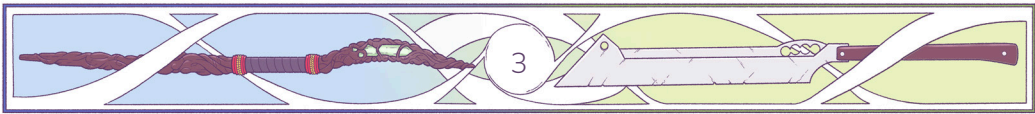


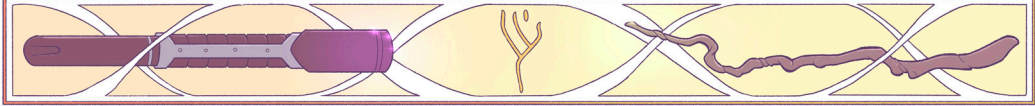
Janina   @JmJ1812



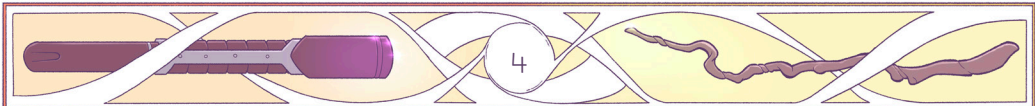


Michael J. Cohen  
@arkwulf @arkangelwulf





Para Caspari  @Paracelsus11

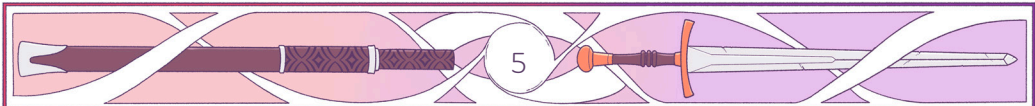


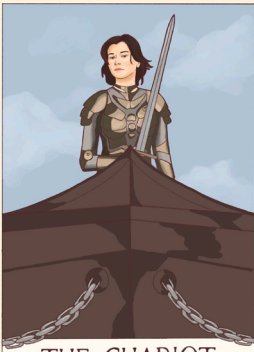


Marie-Claire Gould [@mariec Gould](#)



[@Rhappi256](#)






**THE CHARIOT**

Emma Stobo [@EmmaS\\_Stobo](#)



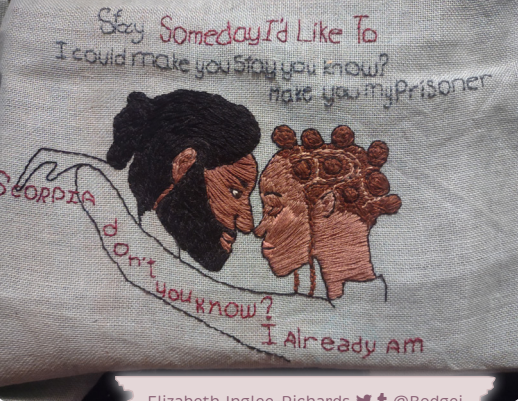
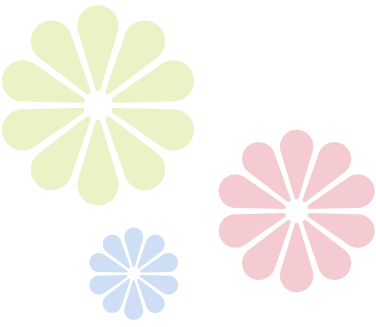
**THE EMPEROR**



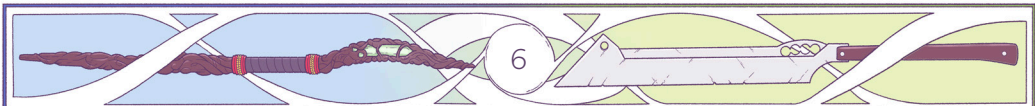
**THE MAGICIAN**

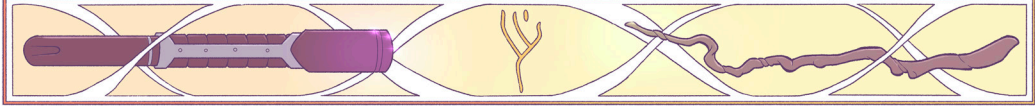
In a world that now praises dark, gritty fantasy with sad endings. Where Disney and Star Wars have rejected romance and "happily ever after" and made me feel wrong and bad for wanting that, Willow was a breath of fresh air. I grew up loving the movie, it's in my top 10, I never expected we would get to go back to that world. When I heard about the show I was scared, because Disney Lucasfilm had already taken Star Wars and torn apart everything I loved about it, I didn't want that for Willow. However Jon Kasdan and Willow were like a big warm hug that pulled me in and said "it's ok we're going to heal all that hurt and make you safe here." I felt so seen as a woman and as a fan, it felt so good to have fun with fantasy again and to get all the romance my heart desired. The real world has been a tough place these past few years and it meant everything to have such a happy escape to go to every week and celebrate it with my online friends, my Questies. I'm so sad we don't get more, we so deserve that happy, hissy, ending. Still I will hold on to love being the most powerful force in the universe and that our combined love of Willow will bring all us Questies back to the world of Willow again some day.

- Alaina Schumacher, [@AlainaSchu](#)



Elizabeth Inglee-Richards [@Bodgei](#)





# Be Decent, Be Fearless

by Charlotte: likemyfather\_b4me (ao3)

*When you love someone and they need you, yes, you jump off the edge of the world to go and get them.*

That's what I'm doing, isn't it?

Mims, you're everything I have left in this world. If I have to cross it again and again for you, I will. Years ago I made the choice to meddle in Daikini problems. It's brought me nothing but pain. I never should have gone in the first place. No, that's not true. Why doesn't this feel right? It doesn't matter.

*If anything happens to her, the world will burn. And that's why you have to go. To protect her, like you did before.*

Even at the end of all things, part of me knows that my beautiful, gracious, fierce daughter is right as always, and I can almost see what the smirk would look like on your face once you realized you may actually win this argument. Even now, Elora approaches the Crone. I left her when she needed me most, didn't I? But really, I've taught her everything I could. I'm just a farmer, I'm no great sorcerer. She has nothing left to learn from me, right? Right. I can't do anything else for Elora, but I can still save you, Mims. Hang on, Bobbin.

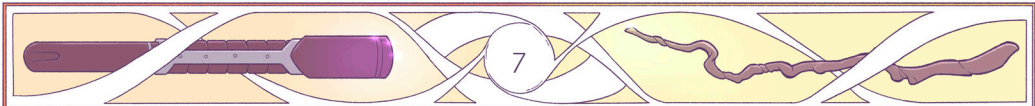
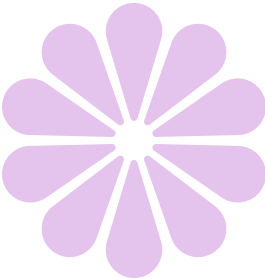
*I made a promise to our people. And this is how you honor it. Not by hiding from you know is coming, but by rising to meet it.*

I can't shake the look on Elora's face earlier. So scared. She's so certain she will fail, that this is a sacrifice, not a battle she can win. And in my own fear, I didn't reassure her. What have I done? But she is well taken care of, right? Kit and Jade will serve her to the end. Graydon will follow her anywhere. Boorman will lead them. They would all die for her. They will all die for her. Oh, no. Wait, my feet have stopped moving. I can still fix this. But Mims- how do I choose? The breath, just like I taught Elora. In, and then out. Again. It's time to turn around.

*I love you Da. You've always been, and you always will be, my hero.*

I'm so sorry Mims. You were right, this is how I honor you. My heart tells me that whatever unfolds, you are ready for it. I have to trust that you're ready. I love you, Bobbin. You are with me. Ranon and Kiaya are with me. Madmartigan is with me, and all the other friends we've made along the way. I'll always have them, but my place will always be here, at Elora's side. She chose me, all those years ago. Now I have to choose her. It's a long way down, especially for a Nelwyn. But the plunge is over before I even realize I've made it back to the edge.

*Wherever the adventure leads, I'm with you.*







# Summary of Illustrated Essay on Classical Mythological Themes in Willow 2022

by DianeLS (Tumblr and ao3)

In *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* (1949), Joseph Campbell identifies the following typical motifs (also called mythemes), or units of narrative action, in the archetypal hero's story. Here's how they map onto Willow 2022 (so far).

## Part 1 of the hero's story: Departure

1. The call to adventure: Forming the quest party (1x01) with Kit, Jade, Kase, and Elora.
2. Refusal of the call: Graydon, Boorman, and Willow join reluctantly (1x01); Boorman and Willow gripe all the way to the Immemorial City (1x08). Elora's initial skepticism (1x02-04), and Kit's whole attitude toward Elora. Jade's questioning her calling as a knight (1x04).
3. Supernatural aid: Willow warns Sorsha telepathically (1x01), then deploys magic at the Slaughtered Lamb (1x03).
4. Crossing the first threshold: The Barrier (1x01).
5. The belly of the whale: A darkly surreal, liminal place that is NOT the Underworld itself, where heroes are tested and their mission defined. Nockmaar (1x04): "God, the spiral staircase just tried to eat me!"

## Part 2 of the hero's story: Initiation

6. The road of trials: All the training, especially on the Shattered Sea (1x07).
7. The meeting with the goddess: Willow's (1x02-04) and Elora's (1x07) visions.
8. Temptation away from the true path: Elora's uncertainty about magic (1x02), and later, "I don't want to be Elora Danan" (1x07). Kit's angsty anti-Elora thing, esp. in Skellin (1x06). Graydon's whole possession thing (1x04). Jade and Boorman tempted to stay in the Wildwood (1x05). Willow's concern for Mims (1x07).
9. Atonement with the father: Kit provides the most obvious example in S1/Vol. I. But Jade, Elora, Graydon, and Boorman also relate.
10. Apotheosis (becoming god-like): 1x08: Elora, with the lightning fingers, and Kit, with the Cuirass. Willow's divine-power moment when he's breaking up the Wyrms Wedding.
11. The ultimate boon: 1x08: Ding, dong, the Crone is dead! Airk is alive! The gang is now better equipped to fight the Wyrms!

## Part 3 of the hero's story: Return

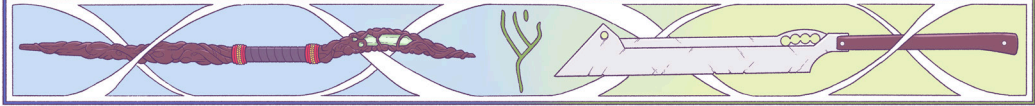
(Note that most of Part 3 hasn't happened yet in Willow 2022 canon, since the final units of Part 2 occurred in 1x08. This is the area with the most future potential!)

12. Refusal of the return: Graydon's with the Wyrms. Other characters (esp. Jade, Boorman, Willow) might not want to return to Tir Asleen.
13. The magic flight: One of my fics imagines Elora using magic to zap the questing party back directly after 1x08. I wouldn't be surprised if something like this occurs in Kasdan's completed S2/Vol. II script as a narrative expedient that happens to be grounded in myth.
14. Rescue from without: Willow saves the others from the Wyrms Wedding from the outside, and Kit saves Airk from the "far away" place where he is "lost" (1x08). Graydon might have to be rescued from the Wyrms.
15. Crossing the return threshold: Back through the Barrier.
16. Master of the two worlds: Honoring the questers.
17. Freedom to live: Ultimate victory over the Wyrms' forces of darkness.

You can find the full essay here:

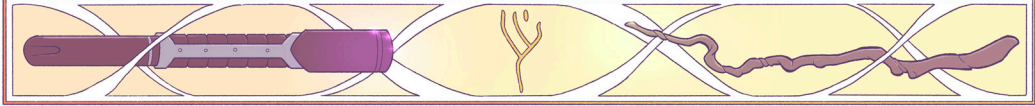
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/47336605>



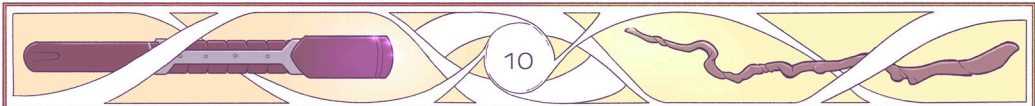


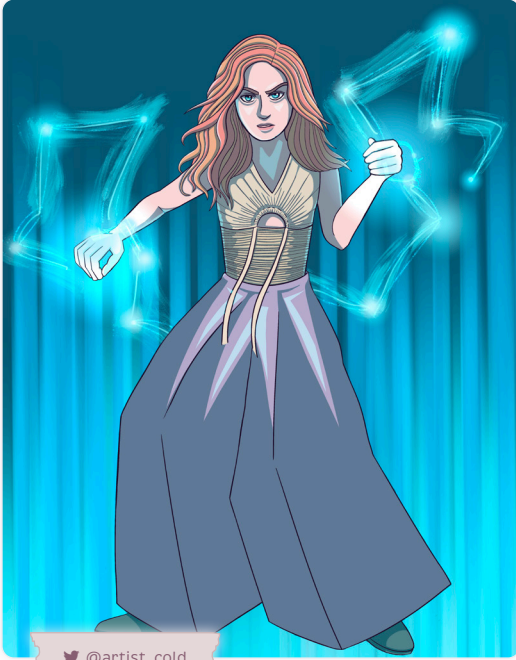
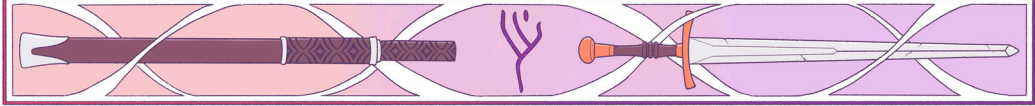
Janina   @JmJ1812




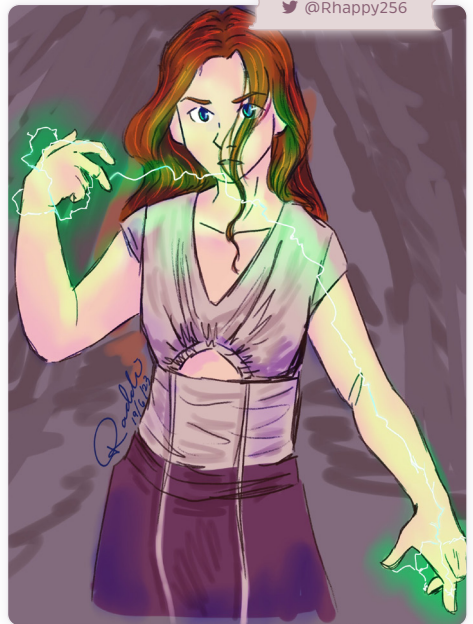



Maggie © @dawnmargaretart

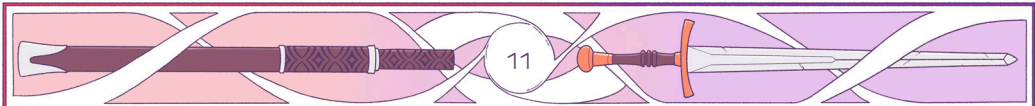




 @artist\_cold



 @Rhappy256





## Singing Flesh to the Bones: How Love Revives Graydon Hastur Through Music

by Mary Goldstein, @hiddendruid (twitter)

Music has a large role in the Willow franchise. When composing the score for the original 1988 film, James Horner included several musical phrases to indicate key ideas and moments for the main characters. These musical moments - known as leitmotifs - allow for storytelling without dialogue and act as a shorthand to explain character growth. This practice was carried into the sequel series by James Newton Howard and Xander Rodzinski, with specific leitmotifs associated with each character in the main cast, with the exception of one: Graydon Hastur.

Graydon lacks a leitmotif in the score, unlike Willow who carries his leitmotif from the original film and Elora Danan who adopts a new one for the series. This changes halfway through Volume 1 when a leitmotif appears in "The Whispers of Nockmaar." This episode is important to Graydon's development as a character from a cowardly prince to a brave hero. But what is the trigger for this leitmotif's introduction? Well, Graydon answers this question in "Beyond the Shattered Sea," shortly after confessing his love to Elora:

*"I just wanted to tell you because. . .without you, I never would have become the man I always wanted to be."*

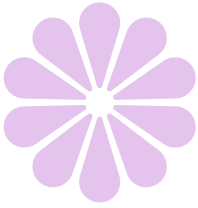
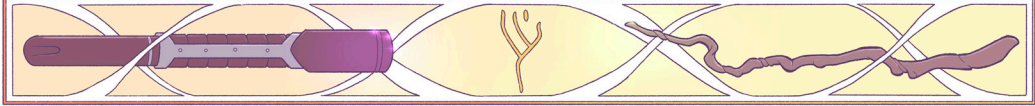
-Graydon to Elora


It is clear that Graydon's character growth is helped along, or at least instigated, by Elora. Indeed, the first time Graydon's leitmotif occurs is when Graydon lies in Elora's lap during his possession, although it is faint and incomplete. From there, the motif is heard again and again over the course of the latter half of the series until it plays with full confidence as he follows Elora over the edge of the world in "Children of the Wyrn."


Clarissa Pinkola Estés, Jungian psychoanalyst and writer, examines the Inuit story of the Skeleton Woman, who is just bones before she is pulled out of the ocean by a fisherman. In her analysis, Estés poses that love can be born through a cycle of Life, Death, and then a return to Life. By laying out the stories in stages, she examines how the hunter's ability to untangle the Skeleton Woman from her net allows her to take the heart he has given her and use it as a drum in her song.

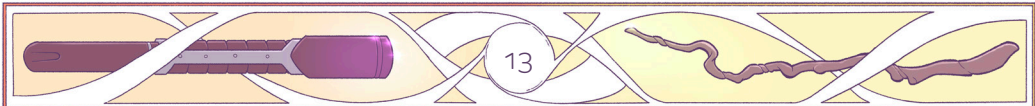
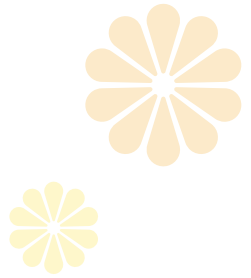
In the first episode of the series, Graydon possesses a neutral tone and a blank expression that paints him as dead, a position bolstered by his lack of presence in the soundtrack. He maintains this facade until the adventure begins where he leaves the barrier and enters the Unknown. During the fourth episode, Elora examines his scars and tells him that he is resilient. In that moment, Graydon's leitmotif plays for the second time, more fully realized and confident. By untangling Graydon's proverbial skeleton - the sorrow and anger of his physical deformity - she has allowed him a peek into her heart, and thus he begins his song to sing flesh onto his bones. He starts coming back to life, and his leitmotif joins the symphony of the rest of his show.





 @artist\_cold

 @Rhappy256





# Psychology of Dreams, a Willow and Lovecraft Essay

by @sihayaspring (Twitter)

Carl Jung describes dreams as a doorway into our psyche and the unconscious, into an ancient primordial place that is exceptionally childish and even grotesque. A perfect description for the land of dreaming. It is a place where we become our most whole.

H.P. Lovecraft actively incorporated his own dreams into his body of work, it was his way of exploring them in a way unsatisfied by the Freudian analysis popular in his time. This manifested itself in works such as “The Statement of Randolph Carter” and “Nyarlathotep” which are essentially retellings of actual dreams he had. These became foundational works in the Dream Cycle.

In Willow (2022), we see such an ancient primordial place. The realm of the Wyrms, whether connected to or encompassing the Dreamlands of Andowynne, is where most of these similarities between these creative works manifest.

Such as the fact the dream realm operates differently depending on who is perceiving it. Like in the case of Kit and Elora.

Likewise both locations have literal gates accessible through the use of a key. The Silver Key is the subject of a few tales in the Dream Cycle, and while we haven’t seen a magic key in Willow, both of the doorways possess a keyhole that need a specific key in order to be opened.

A much sought after location in the Dream Cycle is Unknown Kadath, a place that holds much similarity to The Immemorial City in Willow. Both are near impossible to find cities where dwell eldritch gods. Furthermore those who attempt to reach its pinnacle are met with consequences. Madness, falling into the sky, or being turned to stone, taking a dangerous leap of faith.

The Crone acts as the Harbinger of the Wyrms, reigning over his temple. Likewise Nyarlathotep was the messenger of the Other Gods. Both guarding mysterious and hard to find cities. Both are also shapeshifters. Furthermore the tapestry depicting the Immemorial City is heavily influenced by ancient Egypt, and the favoured form of Nyarlathotep is that of an Egyptian Pharaoh.

And it doesn’t stop there.

The beings in the Dreamlands are happy to hand people over to Nyarlathotep in hopes of a reward being bestowed.

The Fungi of Yuggoth also called the Mi-Go, are devout followers of Nyarlathotep. This is a direct reference in the show. The Trolls look like yetis, a fork the Fungi of Yuggoth are known to take. Both are also miners.

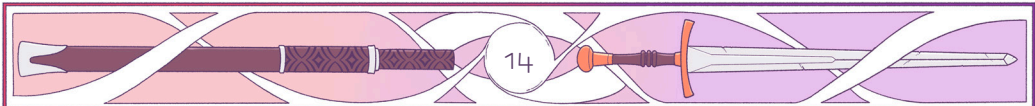
Throughout the season we have seen the characters delve into their subconscious through multiple trips into the underworld. These moments of apotheosis are always connected to The Wyrms in some form. Nockmaar, Skellin, and the Immemorial City itself.

Dreams as Jung said are a doorway, and Lovecraft used them to explore his unconscious. It’s only natural to look for ways in which Jon Kasdan, as the mastermind behind the project, has included pieces of himself into the story and characters. I want to look at how Jon identifies with Elora and Graydon in particular, like Lovecraft identified with Randolph Carter.

Jon has made it clear that Elora and Graydon both embody a piece of himself. Elora as his perspective worldview, and Graydon with a childhood defined by a significant trauma.

As has been explored on @Wtforceshow they quiet literally embody an alchemical union. Which in itself is the process of integrating one’s shadow, and achieving individuation and self actualization.

Jon talks about the union of opposites beneath a tree—depicted visually in





the finale through the wedding of Dove and Airk. However as Jon also points out, Graydon is a counterpoint to Airk and why at this stage in Elora's journey, she is no longer compatible with Airk.

In conclusion, the Dreamlands are a doorway into one's psyche and both the good and bad, the ugly and beautiful, are stored away in there throughout our life.

Exploring and writing down the experiences of our subconscious are tools we can then use to eventually eat our shadow.

Much remains unknown in regards to whether Lovecraft ever ate his shadow. However Randolph Carter did reclaim the land of dreams he has searched for, which represented a piece of his childhood and escaped the eldritch nightmare which sought him.

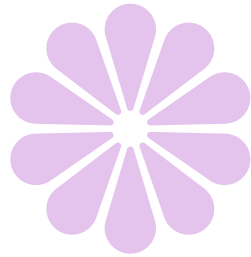
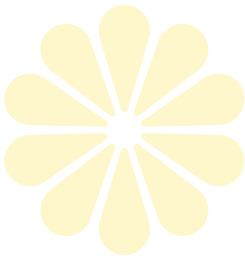
Jon Kasdan ends the season with a triumph for our heroes, but Elora and Graydon separated. One is drawn still to the dark and the other now in it's depths...their dream quests have only just begun.

Completing this alchemical union is precisely why this show deserves Volumes 2&3.

Now I will leave you with this beautiful quote from Celephaïs which I think encapsulates the world of the Dreamlands and the world of Willow alike...

"There are not many persons who know what wonders are opened to them in the stories and visions of their youth; for when as children we listen and dream, we think but half-formed thoughts, and when as men we try to remember, we are dulled and prosaic with the poison of life. But some of us awake in the night with strange phantasms of enchanted hills and gardens, of fountains that sing in the sun, of golden cliffs overhanging murmuring seas, of plains that stretch down to sleeping cities of bronze and stone, and of shadowy companies of heroes that ride caparisoned white horses along the edges of thick forests; and then we know that we have looked back through the ivory gates into that world of wonder which was ours before we were wise and unhappy."

Check out the full thread with pictures here:  
<https://twitter.com/sihayaspring/status/1669856348249669632>







# I'M RESCUING YOU!

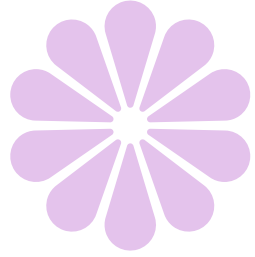


@eleverieart  @eleverieart  elssiie

Willow is such a warm, whimsical show, made with so much love for the original movie and for continuing its legacy in a new and fun way. But what really captivated me was elora and graydon's relationship throughout the season. Graylora has quickly become one of my favourite comfort ships. I love their unspoken connection, their sizzling chemistry and the vast potential they have to become something truly special. I created this piece of art with all the emotions these two evoked in me. I'm happy to contribute something to this amazing fandom and hopefully we all get to celebrate a 2nd season soon enough!



Michael J. Cohen  
@arkwulf @arkangelwulf

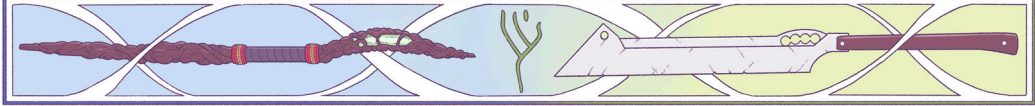


@artist\_cold



WAS NO ONE ELSE AVAILABLE?





# WHEN YOU LOVE SOMEONE, AND THEY NEED YOU, YES, YOU JUMP OFF THE EDGE OF THE WORLD TO GO AND GET THEM!

## The Liberation of Jade Claymore, Part I

The Evolution of Jade's Hair by Demi (spyskater.tumblr.com)

We all know Jade Claymore is your quintessential knight archetype. As such, she is extremely dedicated to the path she's set out for her life. She is bound to the oaths that she's made and while we don't know what those oaths are, it's easy to assume that she is entirely committed to Tir Asleen and Sorsha and, by association, the entire Tanthalos family. Due to the restrictions set upon her as servant of the crown, Jade is wound rather tight. You know what else is bound and wound up rather tight at the beginning of the season? Her hair.

For the first four episodes, her hair is constantly close to her head, making it seem rather small. She's got these ties running through her curls for half of the journey, keeping everything neatly in place. It's very Jade, a character for which things are rarely out of order (unlike Kit, whose hair typically flies about everywhere). There are two physical attributes Jade gets rid of over the course of the season, both of which we're introduced to her with: her mask and her bound curls.

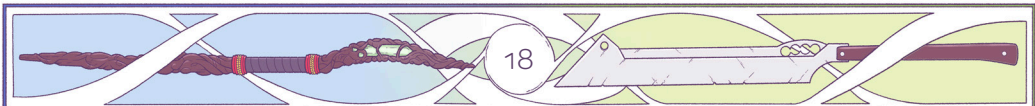
When we meet Jade, her mask is on and her hair is braided back. This Jade is at her most duty and honor-bound and the unforeseen adventure ahead will evolve her beliefs about what it means to be those things. By the way the mask is made, it almost forces Jade to keep her hair pretty low, due to the head strap in the back. In episode three, after her mask is knocked off of her face, she never picks it back up again. The mask represents an identity that she ties to Tir Asleen and Ballantine (it's paralleled with his helm). Kit offers to return it to her, but Jade refuses it and begins her crisis of faith and journey to discovering who Jade Claymore really is. We never see it again. This Jade Claymore died in the Pitiless Pass with Ballantine.

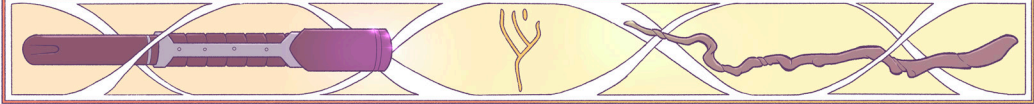
In episode five, something similar happens with her hair. After Scorpia tells her the truth about her history, that she is a Bone Reaver stolen by Tir Asleen, her hair is never bound again. She loses all of the

ties and strings holding it. Instead, her Bone Reaver look consists of Bantu knots that crown her head like her sister's and fully freeing the rest of her hair. She's accepted her Bone Reaver heritage and gone is the orphan girl always searching for family. Also important, she finally allows herself to be honest about her feelings to Kit, something that has been forbidden by the duties she's bound herself to.

And as the season goes on, she continues to allow her hair to freely flow, even if it's tied back. With every episode, it seems to get bigger and bigger until we have the ponytail she's wearing in episode seven and eight that sits high on her head. I would argue that, despite the life threatening quest they're on, at this point, Jade is at her happiest and most liberated. She is the only one that doesn't appear as broken down by the Shattered Sea. She's found her family, discovered her purpose, and has Kit.

Episode eight is where she breaks her final chain: she's finally able to admit she loves Kit in front of other people. Willow basically gives her the permission and it leads to Jade's most important quote of the series, the purpose of her journey. From bound and restrained to a knight who understands that duty and honor means nothing without love. By unbinding her hair, Jade unshackles herself.

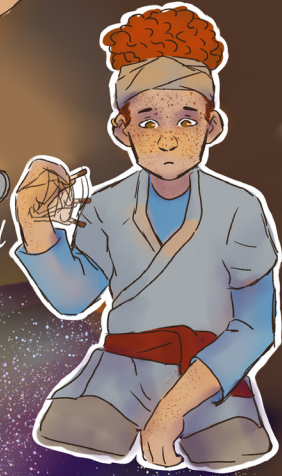




*And at night when you  
look up at the sky,*



*and you're feeling sad.*



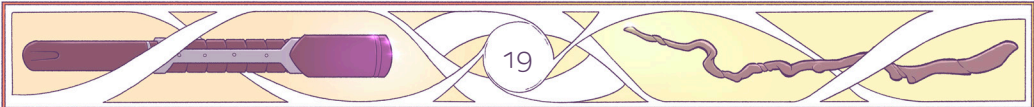
*know that I'll be there*



*And you'll have stars that can laugh*

[@Rhappy256](#)

I like to imagine Jade's relationship with the stars. Like it started maybe with her mom telling her stories about them.... and how she holds those stories close to her heart every day and night after her mom joined the stars to watch over her from the night sky.





## Gold Rush

by wlwellie (A03), @butchkit (Twitter)

"Why did you kiss me?" Jade's voice is even quieter with this question, now. She'd rather the frustrating combination of not knowing what to think but not knowing how to stop thinking than having to confront the question not even she has the correct answer to.

Kit goes quieter than before, and the only thing heard is the sound of her breathing getting a bit heavier in the silence of the night and her pulse quickening in her ear, a light swooshing sound to fill the void behind the cicada.

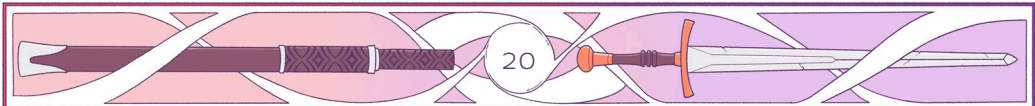
She doesn't know how to reply, because she hadn't really thought about why she'd kissed her that night. There wasn't time to think of why, but enough time to just feel it and everything regarding why it had felt right in that moment. She's too used to thinking too much, as she's become far too accustomed to shielding each thought that would sprout in her mind from the depth of her heart for the sake of what she'll believe is everyone else's good, but not her own.

She'd kept everything quiet, therefore she'd think too hard and analyze every move to assure she'd correctly been forcing her gaze to remain strictly platonic, not too close to the border of absolutely screaming everything she'd kept at bay, behind the dam.

She'd thought about kissing Jade before she actually had. Too much, if she's honest, though she'd never gotten the chance to act on it or fully read into the situation to even see if it may be a reciprocated response.

But she knew that night, as it was an all-consuming need, that she'd regret it if she hadn't kissed Jade, hadn't given her at least a sliver of insight into what she was feeling before they would both be leaving.

You can find the full story here:  
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/43723089>





# Burn Your Name Upon My Skin

by overkill\_max (A03)

The first time the name is burned upon her skin, Kit had cried out in pain. She had not known in that moment, that it would have been the least excruciating part of the whole ordeal.

Kit had waited impatiently for the day to pass her by. She had read the same lines in her books, hardly paid attention to her lessons, and fumbled her way through the most elementary of parries and dodges. Blows from the heavy wooden training sword easily landing on her fingers, her arm, her ribs.

...

When the time came to be alone, she had cried tears that burned hot against her face. She screamed into her pillow until her voice was ruined. She had poured herself empty from the sheer anguish.

The name above her heart was not the one she had wanted to read.

Yet it stood there, unchanged. Mocking her.

“Jade Kael.”

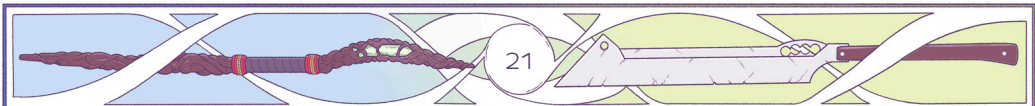
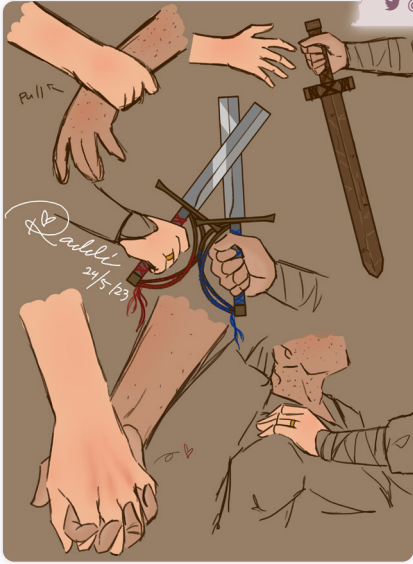
Through red, tired eyes, and angry, prying fingers, it refused to change.

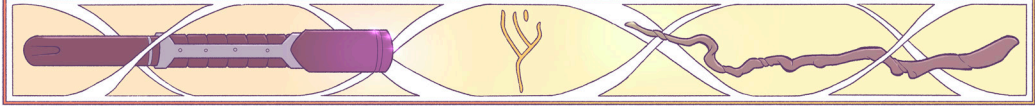
For a terrible moment, Kit had held onto the hilt of her sword with a sick intent. Wanting to take it out of its scabbard so she could carve out the name, along with her broken heart.

She didn't want anyone to ever know that the girl she loved, the one she dreamed of going on adventures with beyond the barrier, was meant for someone else... just as she was meant for whoever this Jade Kael was.

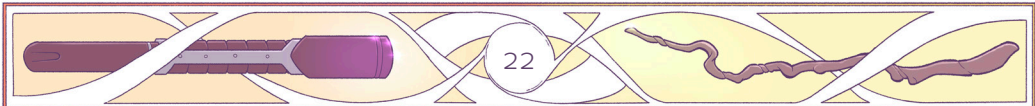
You can find the full story here:  
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/44720068>

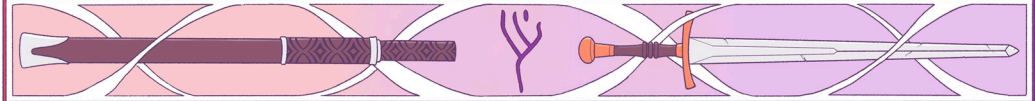
@Rhappy256





Janina [Twitter](#) [Instagram](#) @JmJ1812





## Out of the Cuirass

by Jennifer Toms: KitsJade (ao3), jlmichigan (Tumblr) @JenTMichigan (Twitter)

The city gates behind them, they paused for a moment, looking to the horizon. Only way out was back to the water, back the way they came. They would have to figure the rest out from there.

Hearing a soft metal clanking beside her, Jade glanced over to see Kit self consciously smoothing her new chain/plate armor down her trim waist. She let her eyes travel down past Kit's hands, to where the armor hugged her deliciously curved bottom in a way Kit's leather trousers never had. "Mmmh". The sound escaped her lips before she could stop it.

"What?" Kit glanced back at her. Jade could only smile helplessly. A warm tingle lit in her belly at the way the Cuirass outlined every curve and valley of Kit's athletic frame. As many times as she had admired her friend's body, mostly in stolen glances while Kit rambled on about the next adventure she wanted to take, Kit had never looked like this. The tight fitting armor left little to the imagination. Her eyes started to slip back down across the suit...

"I'm gonna take it off," Kit asserted, looking back towards the horizon again. Jade's smile widened, a sudden thought of the soft skin underneath causing her cheeks to flush. "When?"

"As soon as I figure out how," Kit tugged a finger at the collar of the mail shirt.

Kit really had no idea how beautiful she was. She was fidgeting with the armor the same way she always tugged at her gowns, as though she felt exposed in anything other than the loose manly shirts and leathers she normally chose to wear.

As the group started walking across the sand, Jade leaned in to murmur in Kit's ear, "I'm sure we can figure something out."

"Yeah? Well we better, because this thing is giving me a wedgie like you wouldn't believe". Kit hopped slightly, trying to shake the chain mail more loosely around her legs.

A sudden laugh bubbled out of Jade's mouth. She felt almost lightheaded, the loss of adrenaline leaving her shaky. How long since they'd had a good rest? Gods, and a bath. She still felt crusty from all the "camouflage" and rock dust.

"What's the plan?" she called up to where Boorman and Willow were leading the group, followed by Airk and Elora, who were talking earnestly.

"You're lucky a sorcerer plans ahead" Willow called back. "Everyone was so quick to run off the edge of the world, no one thought to bring supplies."

"Just so happens, I tied our things together with some inflated pig bladders, and sent them off the edge ahead of me. They should still be tucked safely by that big rock where I climbed up out of the water. We can rest there while we plan how to get back!"

True to his word, Willow had managed to salvage most of their meager belongings. A worn tarp they could use to get some relief from the unsetting sun. The bits of fishing tackle and catch nets they had used to procure food on the long trek across the Shattered Sea. Two cracked leather bladders for carrying water. Flint and stone, a battered tin pot. And a pouch of tough as leather eel jerky. Ugh. If they ever got back home, Jade would happily forswear any food that came from the sea, especially eel.

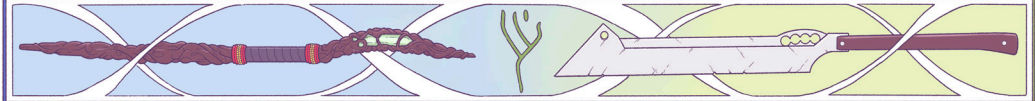
"Ladies, who's up for a skinny dip?" Boorman boomed, already stripping his shirt off.

You can find the full story here:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/45077305>







# 'CAUSE I DON'T WANT TO HAVE ANY ADVENTURES

## Is That an Order, Your Highness?

by VetiverRiver (ao3)

"Hey, where'd you go?" Kit asked, tapping her forehead

"Nowhere, just thinking.

"About?"

"Nothing, love," Jade must have said it unconvincingly because Kit just raised an eyebrow at her, silently pressing her to continue, "I'm fine," she insisted.

"Never said you weren't, but now I think you're not," Kit flopped on the canopy bed and opened her arms for Jade to join her. Jade dropped her traveling cloak on the chair by the door before settling her head onto Kit's chest with a sigh.

"It's stupid," Jade said softly, barely more than a whisper, "I have everything I could ever want, but I'll never be a knight," she wished it was dark so Kit couldn't see her face, feeling incredibly pathetic until Kit started to shake with quiet laughter and she turned defensive, "I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't laugh at me when I'm sharing my feelings, Princess."

"What are you talking about? You are a knight."

"What are you talking about? I haven't trained, I haven't been knighted. All of that work for nothing..."

"I'm sorry you never got to train with the Shining Legion but do you really need my mother to tap you on the shoulder with her scepter?" Kit poked at her ribs and her whole body tensed in annoyance, "It's not even magic," Kit added with another little laugh.

Jade pulled away, fighting the childish urge to shove Kit off the bed and she looked down at her wife in disbelief that she could be so callous with her feelings when she's the one who asked what was on her mind. Kit realized her mistake and she sat up, holding her hands out like she was a spooked horse.

"Here me out. You have more experience than most will ever get in a lifetime. Do you know how many knights train to just stand in doorways all day? You've traveled the continent beyond the map, saved my ass countless times, fought literal demons, and brought back a kidnapped prince. People write epic tales about that stuff so don't tell me you're not a knight."

Jade felt her anger snuff out as quickly as it came and she just stared at Kit dumbly, not having a response. She bit her lip looking for something to say and Kit patted the bed calling her back.

"Thank you," she murmured into the crook of Kit's neck before dropping a kiss onto her shoulder.

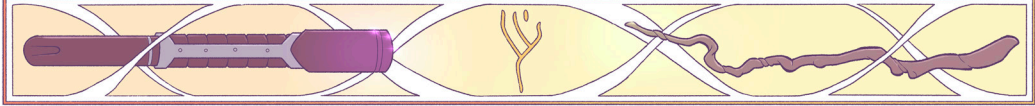
"Where would I be without my knight? Kit mused lovingly, tracing her knuckles with a finger, "But if it really means that much to you, when we get back home I can have Mom bop you with her queen stick a few times."

This time, Jade did push her off the bed.

You can find the full story here:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/44702128/chapters/112471201>

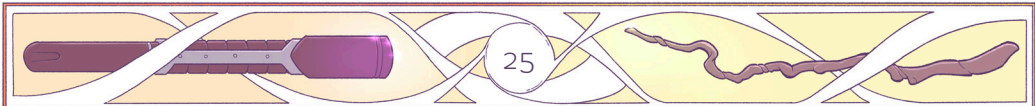




Janina   @JmJ1812

Willow is a kind of show I've really missed for a long time. Great fantasy combined with stunning cinematics and lots of humor and fun. Every character is unique and you can connect to them easily and deeply. Seeing all of their growth within those 8 episodes was truly amazing. This was a show I truly needed when I was 12 and I feel like my inner child has healed a bit. The amazing cast and crew deserved so much better and those characters deserved their stories to be finished. They'll always have a place in my heart and I'm thankful to have been able to theorize from week to week what's going to happen.

UNLESS THEY'RE WITH YOU





# You Can Rest, I'll Keep Watch

by howtowords (ao3), how-do-i-do-words (Tumblr)

Kit was tired, probably more tired than she had ever been before. She guessed it had been around a week since they had left the Immemorial City and she hadn't been able to sleep more than a few minutes at a time since. They have mostly been walking in silence, always staying close together just in case something attacked the group again but so far, nothing bad had happened.

When she was a child and daydreamed about going on grand adventures with Jade, Kit had never considered how much walking they would involve. She also hadn't thought that there would be other people travelling with them so they never got a moment to themselves, least of all her brother. It was sort of infuriating, even if she was glad to have him back.

She didn't know how long they had been walking without breaks - everything had gone fuzzy a while ago - but it must have been at least one full day and she was pretty sure that she would just fall over and not get up again if she had to keep walking much longer. She wondered if anyone would even notice, she was already trailing behind the rest of the group and it was getting increasingly dark.

But when her legs did finally give out beneath her, Kit didn't fall into water like she had expected. Instead, strong arms caught her, pulling her back up and against a warm body and holding her up so she wouldn't fall again. Her first instinct was to fight back but then Jade whispered into her ear and she calmed down immediately at her voice.

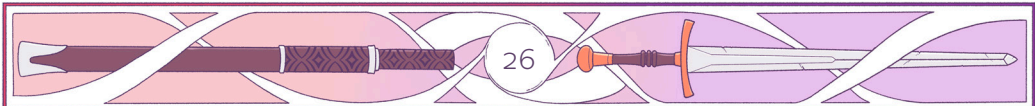
"Do you need a break? I'm sure everyone would be fine with stopping here for the night, we're all tired."

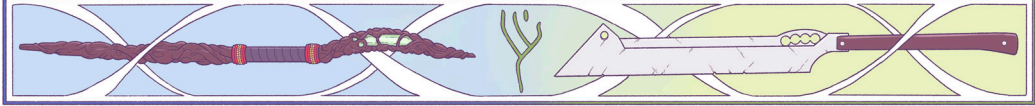
Kit wanted to disagree, wanted to keep going, but she couldn't even stand without leaning against Jade and she was just so tired. After considering it for just a moment too long, she nodded against Jade's shoulder and let her lead her to a nearby island where the others were already setting up their camp.

You can find the full story here: <https://archiveofourown.org/works/44276923>



Leanne Joy Lane  
@leannejoylane t @leabag





# Vows

by Dora Rogers, regnantqueen (ao3), @doradee\_ (Twitter)

Kit took a breath. “Can we talk?”

Jade’s face fell, or rather it closed, grew guarded, and she studied Kit warily. But her voice stayed friendly. “‘Course,” she said. “Always.” She sat down on the ground and patted the spot next to her; Kit joined.

“Before we left,” Kit said, “I made a few big decisions without telling you. Leaving Tir Asleen before the wedding. Coming on this whole damn quest, for that matter, I guess.”

“I remember,” Jade said. The trace of a smile appeared on her face. “We talked about it, you ate the right amount of crow, I generously forgave you, remember?”

“I think I may have done it again,” Kit said. Her fingers played over the spot on the Cuirass where the Lux fit. “I promised I’d go home with you after this, to the Wildwood. Or wherever you wanted to go. And I meant it. But, Jade...” She took a breath. “I have to follow Elora. Wherever she goes next, wherever the Wyrms find her, I have to be there.”

Jade’s eyebrows shot up. “I see.”

“It’s for my dad,” Kit said.

“No, it’s not,” Jade answered.

Kit winced. “You’re right. It’s for me, too. This is my...destiny, or quest, or whatever you want to call it. But it’s what I have to do. I said I didn’t want to go on any adventures unless they were with you, and I meant it. But whether I want to or not, I think I have to go on this one.”

Jade watched her silently for a long moment. Until finally, very slowly, she smiled. “And...you think this is a problem, I guess?”

Kit stared for a long moment. “Fuck you.”

“Oh, please do!” Jade laughed. Kit grinned, and tackled her, and they wrestled playfully for a moment until Kit decided it was enough and let Jade pin her. Jade kissed her fiercely,

and for a few minutes that was all Kit wanted to think about. But eventually Jade broke away and stared down at her thoughtfully. “I appreciate everything you said, Kit. But I told Scorpia I was staying with you until this quest was over. And it’s not over yet, not nearly.” She glanced over to where the others slept. “I’m following you, and I’m following her, too.”

Kit sat up, and Jade let her, sitting back herself. “I want to give you something,” Kit said. “A symbol of my commitment.”

“Kit, you don’t have to...I mean we’re in the middle of a wasteland, Kit. What do you have to...”

Kit presented her with the Lux. “I’m Elora’s guardian, and you’re my heart. So it kind of makes sense for you to have the heart of the Cuirass.”

Jade stared. “Kit...I can’t...you need this.”

“And I need you.” Kit leaned forward and kissed her. “I’m not a complete child, Jade.” And then when Jade made a certain face, she protested. “I’m not! I’ll carry it for you, if we have to split up, so that it’s always ready. But I want us to be together. I’m not going to run off, and if we get separated, I’m going to find you again. I’ll move heaven and earth, just like I would for this.” She closed Jade’s hand around the Lux. “So as long as the Cuirass is mine, it’s yours. If you want it.”

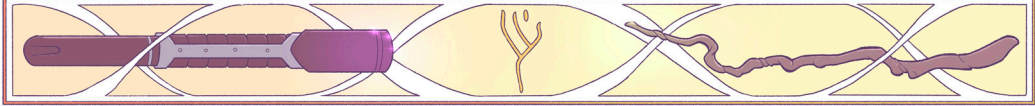
Jade was silent for a long moment. And then she reached out and took it.

“I think a ring is more traditional, princess,” Jade said. “But...” And suddenly Kit’s heart swelled til she thought it might burst.

Jade’s smile was radiant. “But I do.”

You can find the full story here:  
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/44240369>





# those rumors they have big teeth

by falsenine, isabrella, melsj98, and resurrecho (A03)

Jade empties the bag of microwave popcorn into a huge bowl as Kit rants on about every single thing that Elora's ever done wrong, and a few things Jade thinks Kit might have imagined, or at least heavily embellished.

"Ugh, she's just so..." Kit grasps at the air like the magical right adjective is going to hurl itself into her brain, lounging on the couch in her faded pajamas. Jade wishes she wouldn't bring this up during their monthly movie night. It's getting harder and harder to find time to hang out, just the two of them, and she can't understand why Kit would want to spend that time talking more about the band.

"She's a great singer," Jade says diplomatically, plopping down on the couch next to Kit and wedging a large bowl of popcorn in between them. Hopefully this will put an end to the Elora talk.

"Ugh!" Kit says again, tossing her head back dramatically.

"I know she kind of grinds your gears, but objectively speaking... it could be worse."

"It could not be any worse than this," Kit says, one eyebrow raised. To demonstrate her point, she picks up her phone and gestures at the last text in their group chat: Elora sending a heart emoji, a flower emoji, and a "stay beautiful, babes!"

Jade suppresses a grin. Elora is sometimes a little bit... enthusiastic, one might say.

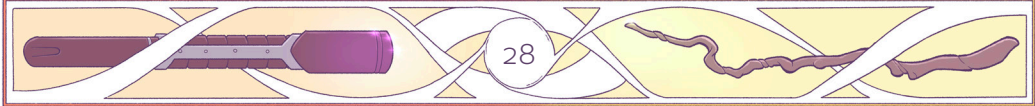
"And today she tried to ban Oasis?"

"You played Wonderwall four times," Jade points out. "I like Wonderwall and I was ready to bash Betty to a pulp."

Kit throws a popcorn kernel at her. "Can't you just... go there with me?"

Jade swallows, looking down at the popcorn so she doesn't have to look at Kit. "I'm not gonna stop you bitching-I know I couldn't even if I tried-" Kit grins at her, making a little halo out of her hands and hovering it above her head. Jade rolls her eyes. "But I actually like Elora. We sound good with her, and with Graydon. When we actually get our shit together."

You can find the full story here:  
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/46547317/chapters/117212608>





# life is a bad dream

by isabrella (ao3, Tumblr)

Kit unrolls her bedroll a good couple of feet away from Jade, wanting to give her space. When she looks up, one side of Jade’s mouth is quirked into the ghost of a smile. “What am I, Graydon?”

Kit thinks that’s an invitation to get closer, so she gets up and shuffles her bedroll flush with Jade’s. She lies down and props her head on her forearm.

“Jade,” she says, still not sure what words are appropriate. Please remove your grubby hands from my princess still rings in her ears, as does You two totally have the hots for each other! But so does the haunted look on Jade’s face after she killed Ballantine, and her harsh dismissal of Kit’s plan to dispatch Graydon. “I’m sorry,” she says after a moment, flinching at the inadequacy of the words.

Jade closes her eyes. “Can you just...” Kit braces herself to be dismissed entirely. “Hold me.” The words come out as a whisper, and Kit freezes, entirely sure she’s heard wrong.

It might be the first time Jade has ever asked something of her.

When her brain fully engages, Kit scrambles to comply, moving her body closer to Jade’s, sliding an arm under her head, pulling into the fold of her arms. Jade is stiff for a moment, then goes limp in Kit’s arms. She heaves a huge breath in and Kit realises she’s crying, silent, wrenching sobs.

Kit panics.

“It’s okay,” she says hastily, patting Jade’s back. Then she realises that’s a deranged thing to say to your best friend-slash-something the day after she murdered the closest thing she has to family, and panics even more. “I mean, it’s not okay, it’s really not okay, you might even say it’s bad, and I know he was basically your only family, and I hope—”

“Kit?” Jade interrupts her with a wet-sounding laugh.

“Yeah?” Kit says, pressing her lips together.

“Shut up.”

“Yeah,” Kit says again. “Sorry. I panicked.”

But Jade just nestles herself back into Kit’s shoulder and snuffles against it. Kit breathes in her scent—sweat and damp and something specifically Jade underneath it all—and finds her hands have automatically moved to hold her close. Jade fits next to her body easily, like they’ve lain like this a thousand times before.

Which is true in one sense—they’re no strangers to sharing a bed, whether Kit’s fluffy monstrosity or Jade’s simple cot—but they’ve never done it like this before. Not deliberately holding one another, not with Jade clinging to her like Kit’s the only thing keeping her afloat.

Kit strokes her hair gently as Jade’s crying slowly peters out into soft snuffles, and then the deep breaths of sleep.

And if Kit drops a kiss on Jade’s temple as she falls asleep, then that’s no one’s business but her own.

You can find the full story here:  
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/44917153>





# Because

## by Eggplant Crusader

Kit is brazen and wild and beautiful.

She rides like a madwoman, fights like an artist and flirts like a complete moron.

She is the princess of the realm, and her marriage will bring an age of prosperity like no other, and Jade does not know how she's supposed to live with that.

She does not know how to smile at the best thing to happen to the world since Bavmorda was defeated.

She does not know how she's supposed to watch from the sidelines as her heart is torn to pieces.

She does not know how not to be in love with Kit Tanthalos.

But she will learn.

Because that's what she does. She learns, and she survives, one ache at a time. She will learn to be the knight the realm needs, the friend Kit deserves, and maybe, if she's lucky, some day, a woman who is not tethered to the impossible.

But for today, and for tomorrow, and for as long as she can, she allows herself, weak as she is, to fail.

That's what her life has become, every waking moment, almost like a game, she will fool herself into indulgence, and immediately note her failure.

Because Kit smiled.

Because Kit joked.

Because Kit got mad.

Because Kit crossed her mind.

Because Kit, because Kit, because Kit.

She has surrendered to it, convinced that when the time comes she will be ready to pull back.

And she feels it inside, constantly, how her heart tears, pulled apart by love and duty until she cannot tell one from the other. Until all she knows is all-consuming devotion, all she is is ecstasy and despair, adrift in a sea in storm.

And she almost cries, at the tragedy of it all, at the destiny assigned to her, at the forces that have destroyed her and left her with nothing but her torn heart.

But instead she smiles.

Because her princess is brazen and wild and beautiful.

Because she does not know how not to be in love.

Because Kit.

Because Kit.

Because Kit.

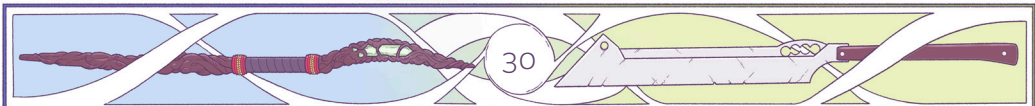
Jade is stalwart and noble and glorious.

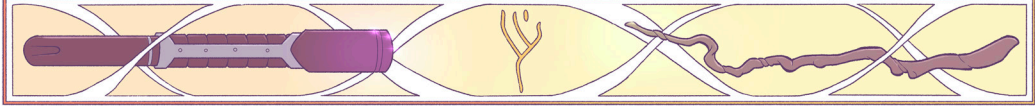
She rides like a knight, and fights like a knight, and flirts like a goddamn poet, which is embarrassing as often as it is breathtaking.

She is Kit's best friend, and the love of her life, and not the person she's supposed to marry.

But Kit knows she would choose her pain for Jade over a thousand joys.

She knows she will never regret it, not if it makes her miserable, not if it kills her.





She knows she will never surrender her love for Jade Claymore.

So she will fight.

Because that's what she does. She fights, and she strives, until she gets what she wants.

She will fight every knight in the realm if she has to. She will fight her mother, and brother, and betrothed, and his entire damn family if she must. She will fight until there is no one left to fight to keep her from the impossible.

But for today, and for tomorrow, and for as long as she can, she allows herself rest.

She lets get enemies gather, connive, scheme. She spends every second of every day drinking Jade's light and hoping when the time comes, she will not have to fight her too.

Because Jade is better than her.

Because Jade is strong.

Because Jade is noble.

Because Jade is loyal.

Because Jade, because Jade, because Jade.

It's heartbreaking, how everything she loves about Jade is what threatens to pull them apart.

But she feels it inside her, the roaring fire, how it burns, how it begs her to tear it all apart, until all she knows is all-consuming need, all she is is ecstasy and despair, adrift in a sea in storm.

And she almost has to laugh, at the cruelty of it all, at the joke being played on her, at the little people with their plans and machinations, thinking they stand a chance against the monster within her.

But instead she smiles.

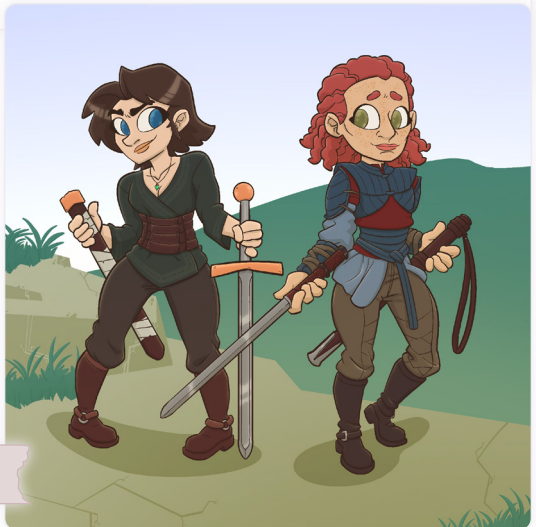
Because her knight is stalwart and noble and glorious.

Because she knows she will never surrender her love.

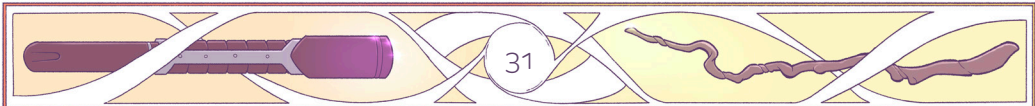
Because Jade.

Because Jade.

Because Jade.



Michael J. Cohen  
@arkwulf @arkangelwulf







## The Alchemical Journey of Willow

by Wit and Folly

Video Link: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=c5TgO8eHYEc&t=486s>

Video Essay that uses the process of alchemy to dissect, analyze, and theorize about the world of Willow.

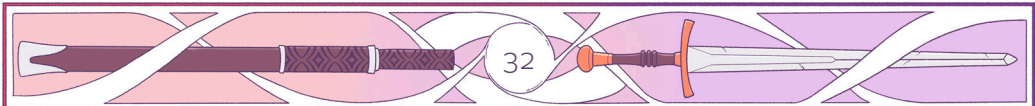
## Willow movie and show parallels-Guess Who's Back

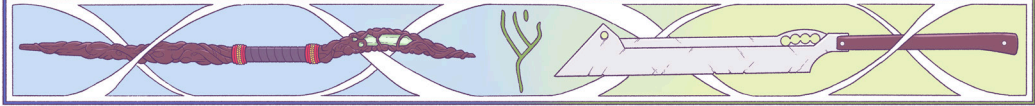
by 传奇水手辛巴达

Video Link: <https://youtu.be/1eS0Zh68RU>

The idea to make this video is there since the first episode. Many viewers don't like the style of the end credits, but after seriously listening to Guess Who's Back, I think the choice make sense. Willow the series isn't perfect, there are parts that are beautiful and funny, and parts that are rough and clumsy. But overall, it's very beautiful.

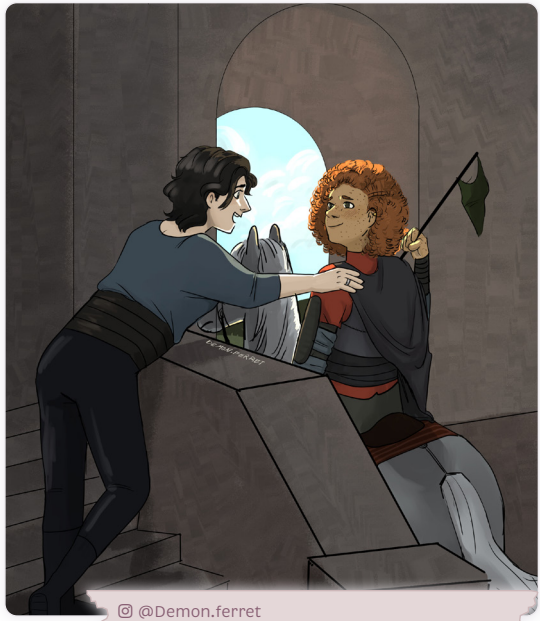
Hope you enjoy this video!





We as queer people deserve silly stories, fluffy stories, sweet stories, fun stories. Willow has its moments of darkness, but it's ultimately a light-hearted story that hinges on the triumph of love - all kinds of love - over power.

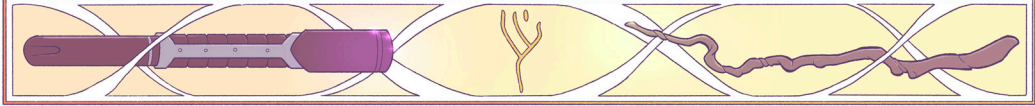
~ Dora Rogers



@Demon.ferret  
based on Edmund Leighton's "God Speed" 1900


Janina 🐦 @JmJ1812






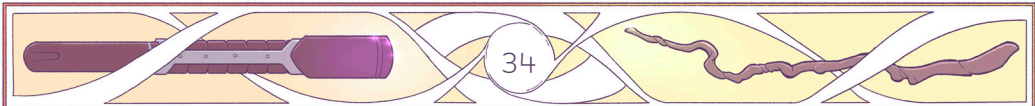
# EVERYONE DESERVES ONE GOOD CRY PER QUEST

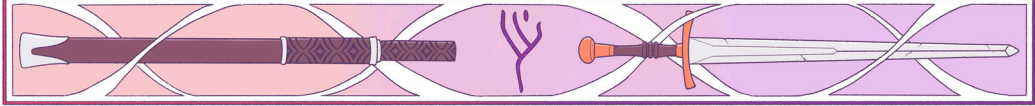


 @ReaperOfStories

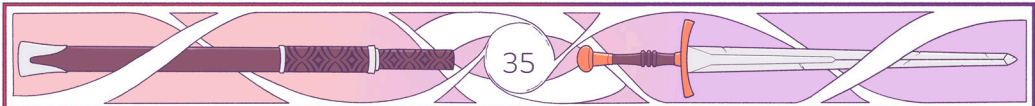


 @Mowsyling





Bence Slezák [🐦 @benszák](#)



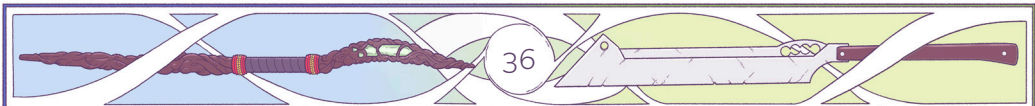


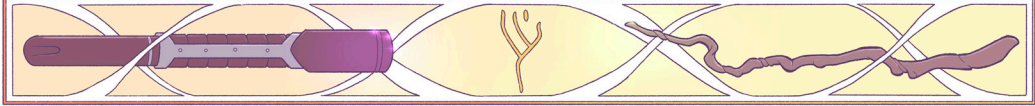
# BIG SMALL YOU'LL FIND



Missy t @AllGirlsArePrincesses

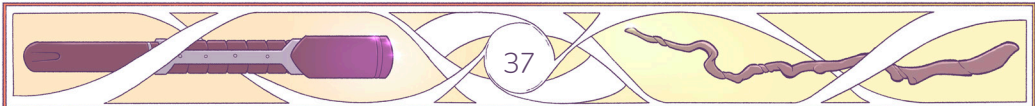
# IT'S ALL A MATTER OF PERSPECTIVE





🐦 @ITSKITACTUALLY

🐦 @itsKitActually





This zine wouldn't have been made possible without...

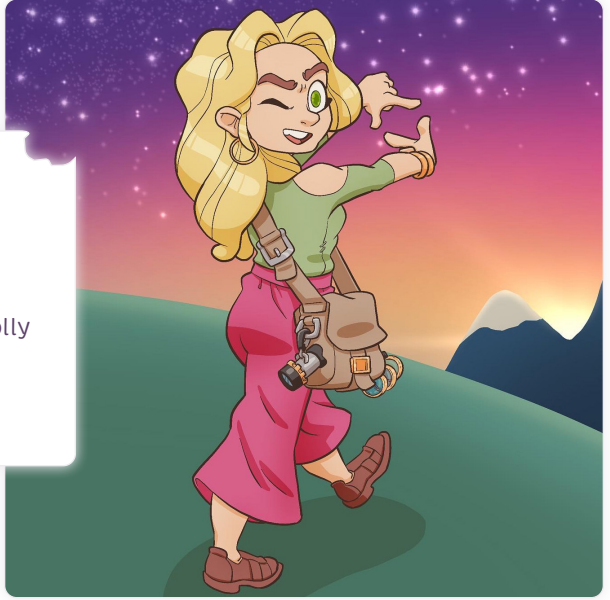
**Ty**

aka Wit and Folly

🐦 @black\_tym

🐦 @wit\_folly

📺 youtube.com/c/WitandFolly



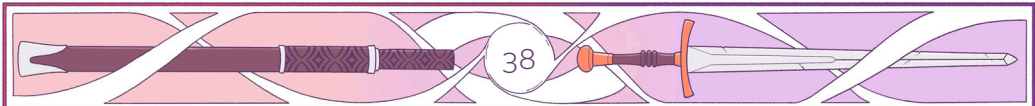
**Michael J. Cohen**

aka Arkangel Wulf

📷 @arkangelwulf

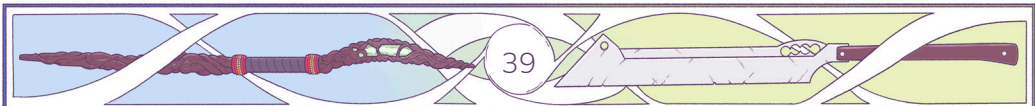
🐦 @arkwulf

🎵 @arkwulf

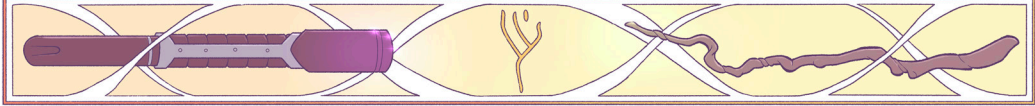




And many thanks to  
🐦 @artist\_cold  
and  
🐦 @Mowsyling  
for helping to review  
submissions!







LOVE  
IS THE MOST  
POWERFUL  
FORCE  
IN THE  
UNIVERSE

