Chapter 33 The Great One

The sun was shining down upon the wide grassy field making it not too cool. The wind was blowing, making it not too hot. There were clouds in the sky, but there was no sign of rain. Dolg felt it would be another perfect day.

As he traveled with his group through the field, Dolg stood out the most among them. His outfit shined as he wore a top with multiple shades of gold that connected to make both a shirt and a pair of shorts. Even though he was supposed to be blonde, Dolg’s hair was a color blonde that made it seem like it matched his outfit. He wore everything gold. His outfit, his hair, even his band was gold. The only reason his thick boots were brown was because they were always getting dirty and an untidy uniform was unthinkable for a Gold Leader. Thus, he kept them that color to make it so the dirt wouldn’t stand out.

Dolg continued to walk triumphantly with a leadership smile on his face. Magatha and Zordo walked in a similar fashion behind him, only without the smile.

Magatha was tall and sleek. Her hair was also blonde, like Dolg, but hers was a lighter shade. Her outfit consisted of a white top with extended silver sleeves that seemed to emerge from inside. She wore silver pants that seemed to fit her perfectly. They weren’t too, tight but they never seemed to come away from her legs. Her slim boots, which covered her socks, were a darker shade of grey. She had often preferred them white, but she kept them that color for similar reason Dolg kept his bots brown.

Zordo clothes matched those of Magatha. He had a long, button down, baby blue shirt with long sleeves that were light blue. His pants were also a perfect fit that consisted of a shade of blue that was slightly darker than normal blue. His boots were navy blue. He too, wanted a lighter shade for shoes. On top of his head was perfectly coiffed brown hair that came down to his upper neck.

At each other’s sides, the three almost looked like siblings. Siblings that emerged from parents who were incredibly sophisticated and wealthy. Their outfits all seemed to shine as they walked. They all also carried long swords on their left hip with fancy sheaths that matched the color of their outfits. What differed though, was that Zordo was the only one without a bow and a quiver of arrows.

They were one of the greatest teams in all of the Gold territory.

The team was headed off to a mission. Following them was a horde of Gold fighters with varying weapons. They were necessary if the team wanted to accomplish their mission. All of the people were on high alert in case of an attack. One, however, was a little more jumpy than the rest…

He wore a plain orange shirt, orange shorts and some white sneakers. Though he seemed like nobody important, everyone in the group knew his name. Not because he was a famous fighter, but because he had constantly held up everyone by saying that he saw something. Since the trip had started merely hours ago, he had held up the group three times. Three times it was concluded that it was just his imagination. Three times he had embarrassed himself. He was hoping there wouldn’t be a fourth.

“AHH!!!” the young man cried out quickly. The rest of the group stopped and went on high alert. They all readied their weapons as though ready to attack. Zordo and Magatha quickly made their way to where the scream had come from. When he reached the man, Zordo quickly gathered what information he could.

“What did you see Souvern?” His voice was deep, quick and crisp.

The man pointed off into the distance.

“I-I saw something sh-shine over there in the d-distance.” The man named Souvern was so nervous he was shaking.

Normally the two would have immediately went to check it out, but because this was the fourth time Souvern spoke out, they were a little hesitant.

“Are you sure Souvern?” Magatha asked. Her voice was soft, yet authoritative.

“Yes. Over there.” Souvern pointed out again.

“It’s probably just a discarded weapon of some sort, from a battle that happened long ago.” Zordo concluded.

“You’re most likely right.” Magatha agreed. “But, we should check it out anyway. You can never be too careful.”

“You took the words right out of my mouth.” Zordo said nodding affirmatively.

“Well I disagree wholeheartedly because you two are always too careful.” The two turned to see Dolg who had walked over there slowly. As soon as he heard the scream, he immediately recognized who it was. His smile was no longer present. In fact, he looked rather annoyed.

“Souvern are you wasting our time again? We’ve got to get to the central river as soon as possible.”

The young man put his head down in shame.

“Just like I thought.” Dolg turned to go back to leading the group. “Everyone keep moving.”

“But Dolg,” Zordo spoke “Just because he was wrong before, that by no means makes it so that he could be wrong this time.”

“Zordo is right.” Magatha said, “We should still search the area.”

Dolg kept walking. “Like I said, you two worry too much. Look around, do you see anything?”

“Dolg in this tall grass, anyone could easily hide by…” Zordo started.

“Look,” Dolg interrupted. He stopped walking and turned around. “Searching the area takes time. Stopping to do it once is fine, but when you keep doing it, it makes our jobs a lot harder. We’ve got a job to do and searching around for people who aren’t there isn’t it.”

Zordo and Magatha looked at each other. They were not convinced.

Dolg let out a sigh. “Fine, think of it this way. We tried this three times before and had the same results every time. Chances are, this isn’t going to be different. It makes sense.” The Leader smiled at his friends hoping for some understanding.

Magatha and Zordo continued to stare at Dolg. Their expressions did not change. Dolg began to get irritated.

“You know what? It doesn’t matter what you two think anyway. The Commander put me in charge of this mission, so I say we keep moving without a search. Time is wasting and that’s not what time was made for.”

And with that, Dolg made his way back to the front of the group. Slowly, the rest of the group of Golds settled down. They too began traveling in the direction Dolg was going. Magatha and Zordo began to walk too in the midst of a conversation.

“Is it just me, or has he gotten a little cocky since the old days?” Zordo said.

Magatha smiled. “Oh you know him Zordo, he’s just trying to take precedence.”

“Yes, I do know him. Better than anyone. And I happen to know that he has a record for trying to get attention at being the best. It’s as if he were an Orange or something.”

“If you feel so strongly about it, why do you always let him lead?” Magatha was only teasing. She knew full well why, but Zordo still answered the question.

“While it’s debatable which one of us is a better Leader, he clearly likes the job better. I could care less for the attention.”

“So in other words, you like seeing him happy.”

Zordo glared at Magatha “Don’t make me sound like a Blue. That’s just insulting.”

“Whatever.” Magatha said with a simple smile. “Though I do think you may be right about his emotions this time. I think he honestly believes there may be a chance to fight Atsuma at this place.”

“Atsuma?” said a man holding an ax standing nearby. “He’s going to be at this place?”

“Nobody told me that.” Said a women holding a bow who was next to the man.

“Don’t start spreading rumors.” Zordo said with a serious face. “There is no reason to assume Atsuma will be there, or even if he’s still alive somewhere in Wig.”

“Um…” Souvern spoke up from behind. He was trying to keep quiet because he was embarrassed, but his curiosity got the better of him. “Who is Atsuma?”

“Who is Atsuma!?” the man with the ax repeated. “How can you not know who he is?”

“Relax,” the woman said, “he just turned 26. It makes sense that he doesn’t know the famous fighters of Wig.”

“Just because this is his first mission, that doesn’t mean anything.” The man snuffed. “I knew about the Great Ones when I was still training in the base by listening to the other fighters.”

The man then got close to Souvern. “I guess you don’t know about the Orange man who fights while riding a horse in Orange either. Or the Blue captain that’s been giving all our sailors trouble. You’d probably even make friends with a black band.”

Souvern shrugged embarrassed. “I like to hear about all of those two. But right now, I’d just like to know who Atsuma is.”

“Atsuma,” Zordo spoke up annoyed by the conversation, “is one of the most known fighters in Wig-Or-Log. He has killed many a people. He holds the unofficial title ‘Great One.’ Only when you get a reputation as high as his can you be called that. Among us, Dolg is the only Great One here.”

“Which just tears you up inside, doesn’t it?” Magatha teased.

“I told you, I don’t care for the attention.”

After that both Zordo and Magatha moved up to rejoin their place behind Dolg.

“The reports go” the woman with the bow continued, “That Atsuma is a tan skinned man who looks to be in his twenties even though he’s older. He’s a Leader who can fight with any weapon fantastically, but his specialty is the curved sword.”

Souvern was confused. “He sounds like just another Leader to me.”

“Well he isn’t.” the man with ax snapped. “Not only can he not be killed in a one on one fight, but his teammates are also spectacular. His tag team fighting with a Great One Near named Koroko is said to be legendary. And as if that weren’t bad enough, he always, ALWAYS has atleast one Great One Far lurking in the background. He makes them strike when you least expect so you don’t even know what killed you.”

Souvern gulped at that thought.

“I guess that’s why Dolg wants to go to this place so badly.” The woman went on. “He thinks Atsuma of Orange will be there and he wants to fight him.”

“He’s crazy if you ask me. I would never fight Atsuma. He kills everyone who tries. Him or one of his teammates. He’s just as bad as the Greens.”

“Now that’s an exaggeration.” The woman glared at the man.” Atsuma kills everyone he fights. The Greens make it so that whoever fights them is never seen again.”

“Well I don’t want to fight either of them.”

“And that’s why you’re not one of the Great Ones.”

The group of Golds continued to walk farther and farther. Soon they were all out of sight from the place that Souvern had stopped the group at. When that happened, the blades of grass began rustling. A figured rose from the tall grass. He could not be seen lying down like he was, but he had been there the whole time the Gold’s past by.

“Well that’s was a little too close for comfort,” he said brushing himself off, “but I, Atsuma the Great One saved us with my quick thinking.”

Pandora and Koroko immediately rose from the tall grass after hearing that.

“You just love having that title don’t you?” Pandora said.

“Of course. And I love it even more when people from other countries call me by that title.”

Pandora rolled her eyes.

Atsuma let out a huge smile. “Hey, come on, don’t be that way. We’re all Great Ones.”

“Maybe,” Koroko said brushing himself off, “but whenever people talk about the Great Ones of Orange, they always talk about you, or Eltin. They even mention Altea being one sometimes. Yet you hardly ever see them talking about Pandora and Koroko the Great Ones. This was a very rare occasion.”

Atsuma saw Koroko’s point and quickly tried to change the subject. “Aw what do you care? It’s not like we like the Gold’s anyway.”

“That’s true.” Pandora agreed. “I don’t know why, but I just can’t stand them. Even Blue people, whom I’ve killed, I just see as people not on the same team as me. But Gold’s really get on my nerves.”

“It’s because they always hold their heads up so high like they own everything. ‘Oh, look at me. I’m a Goldy. My country is winning the war. I’m so perfect and you aren’t.’ I honestly think Cham was suppose to be a Gold and got sent to the wrong country. He’d fit perfectly among those stuck up creeps.”

Atsuma and Pandora chuckled at the act Koroko put on.

“By the way Ats,” Koroko began talking seriously, “do we have to keep hiding every time we see a group? This is like the fourth time we’ve done this. I’m getting shaky here man.” Koroko then grabbed Atsuma by the shoulders and began playfully shaking him. “I GOTTA FIGHT SOMETHING, MAN.”

Atsuma slowly took Koroko’s hands off his shoulders and began explaining.

“Well first of all, we couldn’t fight these guys specifically because they clearly outnumbered us AND they had a Great One in their group. Secondly, we’re not out here to start trouble, we’re looking for Vee. If we go causing fights, countries are going to be on the lookout for us and we can’t get our job done as easily. And last, even though I really really REALLY want to fight just like you do, in a fight like that I won’t be able to monitor everybody. And there are a couple of people on our team who need monitoring.”

“I heard that.” came a voice. The three turned to see Baas and Sheina walking toward them. They had been lying in another part of the grass and had just made their way over to the rest of the group.

“I already told you,” Baas continued, “I don’t need a babysitter. Don’t let me stop you from fighting. Now Sheina on the other hand…”

“Hey,” Sheina asked accusingly, “who’s shiny shoes was it that almost got us caught?”

“I had to fall on my back. Fastest way to get down with this heavy thing on.” Baas pointed to the backpack he was carrying..

“And in doing so,” Sheina said putting her hands on her hips, “you’ve probably just ruined tonight’s dinner.”

“Alright you two, if you’re going to argue again, do it on the way. Just like them, we’ve got a lot of ground to cover. Still got a couple of days before we hit the nearest Grey territory.”

“I’ll take lead.” Baas said going ahead.

“And exactly why is that a good idea?” Sheina asked.

“Because someday, I’ll be a Great One and I need to practice my Gold walk.”

Baas put his hands on his hips and began mock walking to act fancy.

“‘Why hello, I’m Baas the Great One. Pardon me, but do you happen to have any fancy I may borrow. I seem to be running low. Yes? No? Maybe? Well then, you’re nothing but a Orange. Good day to you sir.” Baas was hoping for a laugh from Sheina but she just shook her head. That made Baas make a pout face.

“You just watch, I’ll be a Great One some day. And then, maybe I’ll let you fancy walk with me.”

“Hey Great One!” Atsuma called sarcastically from some distance. Sheina and Baas turned to go to look at him. “I hope you know that you’re going the wrong way.”

Sheina and Baas looked at each other. After a quick snicker, they hurried to catch up to where Atsuma Pandora and Koroko were.

Chapter 33 End