Chapter 72 : The Black of the Jungle

“Henry!” Keely called out. She was desperately trying to keep up with the boy, but when he had said he was fast, he did not lie. Not only was he fast, but he moved through the forest as though everything in site were getting out of his way and making it easier for him to move. Exactly opposite of Keely whom struggled with every step she took. Because of this, the feeling of helplessness was growing inside her and that made her call out even more.

“Henry!” her voice called into the vastness. No response. By now she could no longer see him anymore. Had she lost him? Out of frustration, she took out her sword and began cutting all the greenery that got it her way. Still she could not find the boy whom had ran ahead. She decided to try one last time, as loud as she could…

“Hen-“

“Are you trying to get me in trouble?” Henry’s voice suddenly emerged. Keely jumped back as the source of the voice was right next to her where Henry was now standing. He seemed to have come out of nowhere. Henry looked up and around as though making sure he wasn’t being followed. Then he continued past Keely.

“Wait.” Keely called as she hurried after the boy. “Wait. Stop. We need to go back. We need to help my friends.”

“Pretty, but not too bright.” Henry said.

“What?”

For a moment, Henry stopped. “That’s what you are, pretty but not too bright.” He then continued on his mission. “It’s pointless to go after your friends now.”

Keely, partly insulted from the insult to her intelligence, got upset at this answer. “It’s not pointless, we can still rescue them. Even from the Golds.”

“No we can’t.” Henry was no longer paying Keely any attention. “We don’t have the right tools. To go after them now would be suicide.”

“What happened to all that cockiness before. ‘I can escape from anything.’ Remember that?”

“I can!”

“Then why aren’t you helping me!?”

“With them now with the Golds…”

“What, you can’t get that treasure you wanted.”

“No I…”

“You black bands are all alike. You only care about what makes you happy. You don’t care about anyone else but yourselves.”

“What gives you the right to judge me?!”

“You have no idea what a black band put me through. What he… did to me and my sister.”

At this moment, Keely sank to her knees and began crying. The emotion from her past event with Brute, the memory of what happened to her sister; it all came rushing back. Henry did not know why the girl suddenly burst into tears, the only thing he could see was that Keely was crying. He bent over and put his hand on Keely’s shoulder. Keely looked up to see him smiling at her. He then wiped a tear from that was falling down her cheek. After a couple of seconds Keely, pulled herself away. In truth, she had felt comforted, but she did not feel comfortable at the fact that she felt comforted.

Henry stood up with his same comforting smirk. “Come on, we’ve got some ways to go.”

Keely still did not know what was going on nor why they weren’t going back to save Atsuma and the others, but she had embarrassed herself enough. She decided to remain quiet for a bit and continue to wherever Henry was taking her.

Time passed. Keely wasn’t sure how long it had been but it had felt to her like a couple of hours. Most of the light from the sun was missing and the sky was now an orangy color. Keely hoped where ever they were going, they would get there before the sun completely set.

It was at this point that Keely realized that the surroundings had changed dramatically. She and Henry were still in the forest, but it was… messier. The air was wetter and the plants looked stranger. Not to mention there was a lot more of them then she had seen in any forest she had been in.

“Where are we?” She asked. “Why does this place look so different then other forests? The trees are higher, and there’s a lot more plants.”

“A jungle.” Henry said.

“A what?”

“My brother says they once existed everywhere, as common as a field or forest, but now there are only a few areas of them left thanks to the war.”

“What happened to them?”

“We’re not sure. It’s mainly a legend. But back long ago, people destroyed them to make room for bases and to help make materials. Now, the few that are left people stay away from. If someone ever comes in here, they don’t stay for long because it doesn’t really make sense to build any kind of base here. It would take too long for these tall, healthy trees to get cut and for all these plants to get dug up. I don’t understand how our ancestors did it.”

“Well, why are we here? Do we need a jungle?”

“No, we need what’s in them.”

“What’s in them?”

“Yeah, see, we couldn’t rescue your friends because Golds are very attentive. There’s no way we could sneak up on their group and expect to make it out alive. But, when they get to their base, they’ll lock your friends up, alone. Then is when we can rescue them. But even still, the Gold territories are fortresses. Thus we’re gonna need some…”

At that moment, Henry stopped and got real still. Keely, seeing Henry, also got still. But she had no idea why or why he had suddenly stopped talking. But she soon found out.

Out of nowhere, noise was being heard all around. Keely couldn’t tell what was happening as it was all happening so fast. She wanted to reach for her sword, but before she could, she felt her hands become captured. She then felt herself being forced to knees. Next to her, Henry was also forced to kneel with his hands behind his back. Finally, everyone stood still and Keely’s mind could grasp what was happening. She and company were on the ground with people pointing bows at them ready to fire. Apparently she had been captured… again.

But why? She was a grey band. Last time she got captured, it was because she was traveling with Oranges. Keely then gave Henry an evil glare. It was his fault. He was a black band. That meant that he had enemies everywhere and now she was caught up in his…

“Bart!” Henry called into the group of people. “Is this really necessary?”

Henry was speaking to this group of people who had his hands bounded behind him? That confused Keely. Why would a black band know people from the war countries. Then, Keely looked around at all of the people. Though their clothes differed, they had a couple of things in common. They all wore some type of black mask, most covering their entire head save their eyes and mouth, and they all had black bands. It was a group of black bands!

One big and tall, brown skinned person stepped in front of Henry and bowed in order to get his face on level. His outfit had a dark green sleeveless shirt and dark blue pants, both too big for him. His shoes could not be seen because of the length of his pants. Perhaps it was because they were kneeling, but Keely felt that everyone there, especially this guy who had just stepped out, were very intimidating.

“Henry.” the guy said. “You were almost late again.” His voice was deep. It had more base then the Discretes, which Keely didn’t know was possible. In fact, it sounded almost as though it was nothing but base. Still, the fact that it had emotion made it more pleasant to hear than the Discretes’ cold vocals.

“I know I know. It’s a shocker.” Henry said sarcastically to the man.

“More than you think. I thought after the yelling you got, you’d run away crying. Yet here I find you actually coming back before dark. Bro’s words finally sinking in?”

“As if. Look, I need to speak with him quickly so now that you know its me…”

“Who’s this?” the guy who was obviously Bart asked.

“This is-”

“Dragon.” Keely said quickly. Scared of all the black bands surrounding her, she did not want them knowing her real name. When he heard it, Henry gave Keely a confused look. The look, however, also showed a smirk.

“Dragon.” Henry repeated. Then he added at the end. “Apparantly.”

“Dragon?” Bart repeated. “Weird name, though I’ve heard weirder. Looking to become a black band?”

“No she-“

“THEN WHY DID YOU BRING HER HERE?” Bart said with intense anger. He had gotten really close to Henry now. Though this sudden jump had Keely shaking in fear, Henry simply pulled his face back in disgust.

“Dude, your body odor is torturing me.”

“This is serious Henry. Why in the Wig do you like disobeying the rules so much? You won’t be satisfied until Bro kicks you out, will you? Its simple, no one besides a black band inside black base. Yet you stupidly bring a Grey here. Are you trying to get us all killed?”

“I need to speak to Brothamo and she needs to be with me when I do it. I have my reasons, now stop puffing out your chest and let me in.”

“Do you know what your brother will do to you when he sees what you’ve brought her here?”

“Not really. But I know what he’ll do to you if you don’t let me in.”

Bart got really close to Henry, looking down on him.

“You think you’re so special because you’ve been protected your whole life. If you were anyone else, I’d beat you within an inch of your life and have your little girlfriend killed before you could grab that sissy little chain of yours.”

“That’s nice.” Henry said still smug. “But you know just as well as I do that the longer we’re out here, the better chance a Discrete has of spotting us. Especially since there are so many of us. So you can either keep us all in danger by fantasizing about things that will never happen, or we can get to the safety of our home.”

Bart breathed a heavy breath. His eyes showed signs of extreme annoyance. Then he turned away.

“Lets go guys. But keep your eyes on these two. If the girl does anything strange… end her.”

Henry and Keely’s arms were let go. The two stood on their feet and followed Bart, surrounded by the other black bands. Henry rubbed his wrists as he walked in pain.

“All that meant ‘welcome’ in black band language.”

“I don’t get it.” Keely whispered. “Black bands work together?”

“And live together.” Henry whispered back humoring Keely. “Now as I was saying earlier, I can get your friends out of that base, but Gold territories are fortresses. If we want to get in and out alive, we’re gonna need to get some help.”

Chapter 72 End

Chapter 73 Black Base

“I’m still confused Henry.”

“Pretty but not too bright.”

“What is that, your catch phrase or something?”

“I don’t know? It’s starting to grow on me.”

“Well I hate it.”

“You would.”

Henry and Keely were walking through the jungle. Actually, it was more like being escorted than simply walking. Surrounded by a team of mask wearing black bands, the two could neither slow down nor speed up. With every step, Keely couldn’t help but feel that the sky was getting darker and that the area was getting more not for Keely-ish. Still, all this she could cope with if she could get her new “ally” Henry to fully explain everything.

“Okay.” Herny said still smiling. “What would you like to know?”

“So, black bands work together.”

“Yes. For as long as there have been black bands, there have been black band groups. We’re not a country in the war but… we do okay.”

“How do you hide from the Discretes? I mean, they’re the best trackers there are.”

Henry chuckled. “Those chumps. They talk about being the best, but lately they’ve gotten sloppy. Our group has thrived better than any black band group for years.”

“Don’t let this boy fool you.” Barkon said. He turned his head around to talk while the rest of his body continued to focus on pushing long leaves out of the way. “He talks a lot of noise cause he’s never seen a Discrete in action. Everyone’s scared of the Discretes. You, me, the greatest warriors Wig-Or-Log ever saw, even his smart-alec butt.”

“Actually mister know-it-all, I was as close to the Discretes earlier today as I was to you. And they didn’t see me at all. I‘m telling you its all hype. The Discretes just want you to think they’re the best, but they’re just like everyone else.”

“All hype? Oh really? Is that why you woke up one night screaming for your brother to save you from the big bad Discretes?”

The people in the group started laughing and snickering. Keely also couldn’t help but let out a light laugh.

“Don’t listen to him.” Henry said really quickly. “He’s always hallucinating, among other bad traits.”

“You expect me to believe you got that close to a Discrete and they didn’t see you? You’ve got a better chance of actually beating one in a fight then me believing that.”

“Well I…”

“Listen boy. The Discretes are as perfect as a human can get. They never make a mistake and they never lose a target. The only reason all us are alive is because we got out before the Discretes could come to follow us. And because we’ve been careful ever since. And we need to keep being careful if we want to stay alive.”

The last sentence Barkon said had been directed at Henry’s actions specifically. Henry just shrugged it off. Keely was beginning to understand. Her dad had never told her anything like this about the black bands. They were… well… just like everyone else. Even though they disobeyed the rules of Wig-Or-Log, they still obeyed their own set of rules. And they obeyed them for the same reason the other colors obeyed the rules of Wig. Because they were scared of the Discretes. Why didn’t he tell her about the groups that existed? Maybe it was because he didn’t know. And that’s when it hit her. These guys were a secret to Wig-Or-Log. Their location and the very existence of a group of black bands was a complete mystery to her dad, an ex-Commander. And not only did her dad not know, but nobody knew. Not the Oranges, Blues, Golds, Gree-well maybe the Greens, she had never asked one. But one thing was certain, the Discretes had no clue these guys existed. If they did, it was certain that they would hunt down every last one of these guys and…

“Dragon.” Henry said snapping Keely out of her daydream. “Was that all?”

“No!” Keely said, accidently overexcited from the thoughts. “I mean, you’ve shown me this secret thing that no one knows about, I have so many questions. But I probably shouldn’t ask. Your whole secret thing is thriving because of secrecy.”

“Go ahead and ask away.” Barkon said only slightly looking back. “Henry’s gonna get us all killed one day anyway. Answering your questions won’t be the first stupid thing he’s done. Just be thankful that you chose him to be your boyfriend escort. Anyone else, and…”

“We know, you’d have killed her.” Henry said rolling his eyes. “Sheesh can you give it a rest?”

Barkon let out another growl. Keely realized that the more she spoke, the more Barko was getting upset. She decided that it was better to keep her questions to herself. Though she wanted to do that, soon the group came to a large opening to a cave. As the atmosphere became dark Keely, once again, let her curiosity take over her body.

“A cave? Just like the Oranges and kids from the Center.”

“Kinda.” Henry said as they entered. “I’ve never seen those places, but I know from the stories of the others that they have roofs. This cave is just an entrance to where we all stay.”

Keely was fascinated by her surroundings, but something that Henry had said intrigued her. He had never been to the Center? Neither had she. Had Henry been a Grey band when he was black banded? This brought about curiosity. Keely realized she knew nothing about Henry. Not where he was from nor how he had become a black band. Being one at such a young age surely meant that he had an interesting story. She wanted to question him and almost tempted herself to do so. However she remembered that not everyone liked to be reminded of their past. A lesson she learned when Atsuma spoke of his past. Plus, she had only knew Henry for, what, a couple of hours? Once they rescued Atsuma’s team, he probably wouldn’t matter to her anymore. Thus, she decided to keep that question to herself.

The group of people continued through the darkness of the caves. There were no lanterns lighting the way, so the light behind was the only thing lighting the way. That made it rather difficult to navigate once away from it. Keely couldn’t see anything except for the people in front of her. She kept tripping over loose rocks and it was beginning to irritate her. Henry chuckled at her every time it happened. It was no problem for him to see in the dark cave. Not only had his eyes adapted to constantly traveling though here, but he had been going through this same cave for as long as he could remember and knew where pretty much everything was by heart.

After about ten minutes of walking, Keely could see light ahead. It wasn’t sunlight though. The sun had set, and now only the stars lit the sky. There wasn’t even a moon.

The light entering the cave came from a large opening in the center of a group of rocks. As the group entered the territory, Keely looked around in awe. The area was small compared to the size of a grey territory, but it was big enough where one could make a home. Surrounding the entire environment was rock walk, a light brownish kind of rock. It went up about five layers and each layer had a ledge that could easily be walked on as well as caves that could be lived in. Just as Henry had said, there was no roof covering the area. Looking straight up, one could see all the stars of the night sky. If the moon had been out that night, they could’ve seen that too. The area wasn’t just a place of nature though. There were signs that man had been there everywhere. Weapons, cloth, and several inner caves that had the glow of lanterns coming from them. But what surprised Keely most of all, were all the black bands. They were everywhere in that small area. Everyone doing something: sharpening weapons, looking at maps, conversing. Keely’s heart began to beat faster with excitement. Even though these were criminals of Wig-Or-Log, she felt that she had finally set foot in an actual base of a country. It’s what she had been wanting to do her whole life.

Once inside the territory, the group of people surrounding Keely and Henry dispersed and went about doing their own things. The only ones left in front of the entrance were Keely, Henry and Barkon.

“Do you like it?” Henry asked Keely noticing her wide eyes.

“It’s incredible!” Keely answered.

“You don’t get out much do you?” Barkon asked. He pulled his long mask off and Keely could now see his face. It had history on it. He was bald and had scratches in several spots on his cheeks. This man had seen action in his life.

“This is what most people would call pathetic.” He said finishing his point.

Keely looked down in embarrassment at her lack of knowledge.

“This is all that we black bands have left. Compared to the countries in the war, it isn’t much. In fact, it’s in completely undesirable territory. But that makes it even more perfect for us. Nobody comes looking.”

“Wait,” Keely said addressing Henry. “You said black bands have been doing this for years. Are there other groups of black bands?”

“Yeah,” Henry answered, “but those guys are punks. None of those groups ever survive as long as ours has. Everytime a new one forms, the Discretes take them out a couple of months later tops.”

“That’s cause we’re careful.” Barkon interrupted. “The Discretes are just relentless where one mistake means the end of your life. We do our best to stay careful and follow all rules, including never allowing anyone without a black band this close in our territory alive.”

“HENRY!!!”

The scream that was made did not come from Keely, Henry nor Barkon. It came from an authority figure above. The three looked up. Standing on the top ledge directly across from their location was a tall young man. Well, maybe he only looked tall because of how he was standing. His arms were crossed and there was a scowl on his face. His skin was the same shade as Atsuma’s, a kind of dark tan. He was young, most likely in his late twenties, but his face looked as though it had seen more years. Keely had often seen that same face on her father. A face that said he had what it took to be in charge.

Henry’s right hand went into his pocket and pulled out his chain. He then began spinning it rapidly on his index finger. He placed his other index finger up on his lips.

“Shh. If you yell like that, the Discretes will hear you. And put a shirt on, we have a guest.”

Obviously Henry was mocking the guy. The man’s toned chest and stomach were showing clearly as he only wore a vest. It was a dark green, sleeveless vest. It hung over his waist which had a black belt looping through the loops of his nicely fit black pants. Keely could not make out his shoes from there, but it was easy to see the black band on his left bicep. There was also… something else. Under his left arm was a type of black cloth. But Keely couldn’t tell what it was.

“Henry.” The man spoke. “Get up here now.”

Henry turned to Keely. “Pardon him, he likes to do a secret hand shake and then an hour long hug whenever he sees me. If you hear yelling don’t worry, that’s all part of the secret hand shake.”

Henry showed a smile to Keely before he departed, but once his face was turned away, his smile faded immediately. The chain in his hand began to spin faster and faster.

Keely attempted to follow, but Barkon stuck out his hand.

“Trust me.” He warned. “You don’t want to get in the middle of that.”

“Who is that?” Keely said looking toward the tall man across the way.

“That… is Brothamo. He leads everyone here in black base. Makes sure that none of us do anything stupid to let us get caught.”

“I guess that makes Henry a constant nuisance.” Keely said jokingly.

“If Henry were anyone else, he would have straightened up by now, or no longer be allowed to come here. But since those two are brothers, Henry continues to be Henry.”

That news surprised Keely on a whole new level. Just by looking at Brothamo you could tell he was leadership material. He stood tall and spoke with authority, unafraid of his actions. And he seemed like the kind of guy who took everything seriously. And Henry was… almost the opposite. Sure he spoke with assuredness, but there was a serious lack of discipline in him. How could two people totally opposite like that possibly be related?

Chapter 73 End

Chapter 74 Brotherly Relationship

Henry tried to catch his balance from being pushed into the room. With the rocky terrain, he should have been thankful he hadn’t been pushed too hard. He turned around a smiled nervously as Brothamo entered the room after him. The older brother had a serious look. Even though Henry had seen that face many times since his dad had died, it still made him nervous. The chain in his hand, once again, began to spin around his index finger.

Brothamo walked in, silent and slowly but fierce at the same time. The lantern on the ceiling 6 inches above him was the only light source. It did not make Henry feel any comfortable as dark shadows were being casted across his brother’s face. Out of instinct, when he felt threatened, his eyes searched around for an escape route. There were two blankets. One neatly folded and leant up against the wall, the other still lie across the floor in a messed up fashion. That blanket on the floor was the only thing in the room that belonged to Henry. Everything else: the weapons on the wall, the maps neatly folded in the corner, everything belonged to Brothamo. He could probably use that stuff to escape if he really needed to, but he was not trying to run. He never ran from Brothamo.

Brothamo, keeping his scowl, leant up against the wall. He threw the black clothe he had in his possession down on the floor. As soon as it hit, Henry knew what it was.

“Oh yeah.” He said still nervous. “I guess I forgot again.”

Brotham, still leant up against the wall now with his arms crossed, closed his eye and looked down in disappointment.

“You guess you forgot. After I just finished telling you how important it is that you think about everyone’s safety, you run off forgetting to put your mask on.”

“Dude, I’m sorry. Mistakes happen.”

“Yes! They do!” Brothamo yelled. “And that’s how people die! Every time you leave without your mask, someone can identify you! The more times they do, the more people will know that the same black band is stealing from them!”

“I know...”

“No, obviously you don’t! Because if you did, you wouldn’t leave without putting it on! I mean, have you ever left black base by yourself with your mask on?! No! You run off and do what you want and put the rest of us in danger!”

“The mask doesn’t make a difference, if the Discretes see me...”

“They’ll figure you out, yes, but the mask isn’t for them. If you get found by Discrete, you’re dead anyway. But the Discretes aren’t only the enemies we have. The rest of Wig-Or-Log I need not to come hunting us down! Dad’s security plans leaves us undiscovered by both the Discretes AND the colored bands of Wig-Or-Log. The Discretes may be able to identify you no matter what, but everyone else won’t be able to unless you do something stupid like LET THEM SEE YOUR FACE!”

Henry did not speak. Brothamo sighed, not moving any part of his posture but his head.

“I just don’t know what to do with you man. Everybody else gets it. You stay careful or you die. But for some reason, you can’t grasp that concept. You do what you want, when you want just cause you’re the youngest in the group and you figure that means something. But this isn’t a game. I tell you over and over and…”

Brothamo stopped in the middle of his speech. He had given Henry this speech more times than he cared to remember. He knew giving it one more time wasn’t going to make much of a difference. The silence in the air kept Henry in his place. But, he remembered that today was not like another day. He had something important, something that could keep the black bands safe from any more threats. He began to spin his chain again as he tried to muster up the courage to break the silence. However, before his courage could gain full strength, his brother spoke first, as though purposely interrupting Henry.

“Please tell me... that girl who you brought with you is here because she wants to be a black band.”

This was bad. Henry had wanted to bring up the conversation of the girl his way. Breaking the news had to be done in a certain fashion. Without it, the explanation wouldn’t come out right and could be immediately dismissed as a bad idea.

“Listen…” he tried to explain.

“So that’s a no.” Brothamo said. Henry could tell his brother’s frustration was growing.

“Dude listen. I found something. And that girl could be the key to getting it”

“A treasure? Get your priorities straight! No treasure is worth exposing us to non black bands. Do you know how many people know this group exist? As many as there are black bands. And with the Discretes running around, that number isn’t much more than the people in this base.”

“Brothamo, just hear me out.” Henry said trying to maintain his self. His chain continued to spin in his hand, only now he was catching it back and forth and spinning it in different directions. “This girl, she’s not just any girl…”

“Oh, here we go! Let me guess, you’ve found your ‘true love.’”

“No it’s not like that…”

“It’s not? The way you were staring at her, I’ve seen it a hundred times on others faces. You think you’ve found the one for you.”

Henry had been caught. He did indeed like Keely, but he was trying to get past that point.

“Okay, you got me. I do like her. But that’s not why I brought her here. Listen. I was walking through the woods when I came across some Discretes. They didn’t see me, but I overheard their conversation. They were talking about a guy, a guy named... named Baas. They’re following the group he’s in because he’s some kind of threat to them. I don’t know why, but for some reason they haven’t killed him. If we can get on this Baas guy’s good side, make an ally of him, maybe even get him to turn into a black band, we won’t have anything to worry about! But right now, he’s locked up within the Golds. Their closest base is a couple of days away, maybe a couple of weeks at most. You could lead a group of people to rescue him with this girl by your side. She’s part of his group. If she testifies how much we’ve helped out, he’ll practically be in our debt. And with someone like that…”

“Wait, wait wait.” Brothamo said. “You said the Discretes were following this guy’s group.”

“Yeah.” Henry answered. “Because they think he’s a threat.”

“And that girl is a part of his group?”

“Yes!” Henry said thinking his brother was starting to get it.

“You idiot!” Brothamo screamed getting off the wall he was leaning against. “Did it ever occur to you that they’d follow you here?! Expose all of us!?”

“They said they stopped following her.” Henry sad intimidated.

“And that’s not the only hole in your plan. You want me to risk the lives of the people here to bring out an escape party for someone who **may** be able to help us with the Discretes?”

Henry nodded without speaking.

“I don’t think you realize what you’re asking. The Gold bases are the hardest to escape from.” Brothamo went and grabbed a map from his pile. He then layed it on the floor directly under the lantern. On it was a detailed layout of a base.

“Do you see this?” Brothamo asked rhetorically. “This is practically impossible to escape from. Walls on all sides of the territory with only one giant door as an escape. If you want to escape from this your timing has to be perfect. It took our guys forever to find the weak link in this base. If Savvi hadn’t joined us, we probably never would have seen it. And with all this, you can guarantee that if we attempt and succeed at escaping, the Golds will rearrange everything making it impossible to do twice.”

Brothamo paused and looked at Henry.

“Don’t you get it Henry? We’re saving this plan. Saving it for when we really need it. For when one of ours get captured by the Golds and needs to escape. Every important member of black base has this plan memorized in case they get caught by the Golds. And we’re not wasting it on a complete stranger.”

“I realize that.” Henry said. “But I think it’s worth it.”

“Of course you do.” Brothamo said. “You say you want to protect us from the Discretes but the fact is you just want to show off. True that outside black base we’ve been killed by them. But the Discretes have yet to be a serious threat to us. There’s an old saying. ‘If a sword is sharp, there’s no need to sharpen it. You could just wind up cutting yourself.’” He then stood up, put his hands on his hips, and faced the wall.

After a good pause. The slience was broken. But this time, it was done by Henry.

“You know,” Henry said trying to choose his words carefully, “you’re always talking down my ideas and my ways. Considering what happened with mom, I can’t blame you.” Brothamo twitched when heard the word ‘mom.’ “But things never turned out like you thought they would when I did them my way. I’ve never been caught, I’ve never been killed, none of the things you said would happen did. In fact, I’ve produced good result by doing what I feel is right. I’ve brought in plenty of treasure for us to use. And now, I feel that helping that girl could be the best thing to happen to black base. My sword is sharp, and I’m not about to let it dull.”

Henry stood to his feet.

“So, I’m going to help her. I’m going to go and rescue that guy from the Golds. If you don’t want to help me, fine. I’ll do it myself. I’ll break him out of there and the Discretes will be a worry of the past.”

Henry turned and began marching out of the room.

Brothamo waited a second. “Wait.”

Henry stopped and turned around.

“I’m not going to go with you, nor will I let anyone else here help you. We can’t risk that on a hunch.” Brothamo then looked down. He turned and walked toward the pile of charts.

“But if you’re going to a Gold base, you’re going to need the proper details. A map. A schedule of their guard duty. And all that stuff. And the good thing about Golds, is they write everything down.”

Henry grinned when he heard his brother say this. Brothamo came back with a good deal of folded paper.

“After all, if my brother going to rescue someone from a base. He’s going to do it right.”

Chapter 74 End