

The S-Files

A Scientific Treatment on Structure and Workings of Athena's Saints (Well, sort of...)

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 1: File BS01-And-T001 - Andromeda Unchained! The Secret of the Pink Cloth

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Andromeda Unchained! The Secret of the Pink Cloth

"We know this one's location - the Andromeda Saint currently stays at the mansion of Kido Saori together with some more of the younger Saints who are supposed to fight in some tournament." Terada Makoto grinned inwardly. Akira obviously didn't read newspapers, or he would have known that his 'green-haired chick' was a boy.

"Akira, you're the hunter - hunt!" Shizukawa Himiko ordered.

Akira took his anaesthetic rifle and went to the van they were allowed to use. It was a black vehicle with a red stripe at the sides and a discrete Graude Foundation logo at the driver's door.

The two women followed him and hoped that the Professor really had called the guards of the Kido Mansion that they were there on (more or less) official business, or they'd get more fun than they liked.

"By the way, Mako-chan, I volunteer to assist you for the physical examinations..."

"I bet... - But okay, why not?"

"Great!" Himiko grinned. She really had chosen the wrong subject. Her job at engineering only left her with the armours, and that was definitely unfair.

Finally they arrived at the mansion. Much to their relief no one tried to stop them, and so they parked at a lot next to the house. Looking carefully around, Akira left the car.

"And when we have finished examining the little one, we can find us some real guy," Himiko said.

"Yeah, someone nice," Makoto nodded eagerly. "A guy who's a real treat to look at!"

"The Rubberduck Saint!"

"As you wish - I hope it's worthwhile to examine him..."

"Haven't you looked at the photo?" Himiko pulled another print out of her pocket.

"This is secret material!" Makoto chided.

"Need some copies, too?"

"No... I asked Michiko from the lab to make some pin-ups of the cutest guys."

"Shame on you! - Hm, why haven't I had this idea?"

"Oh, Akira's coming back!"

"Obviously he caught his 'chick'. Yes, this spinach-coloured hair is fairly unique. It's the Andromeda Saint," Himiko commented.

Makoto opened the rear door of the van, and Akira gently laid down his catch.

"It wasn't a girl after all," he said poutily.

"We know," the women grinned.

"But where's the armour of his?" Himiko wanted to know.

"He didn't wear it. And it was difficult enough to catch him anyway. Boys, he is *fast!* - By the way, it's no armour, it's a *Cloth.*"

"It's not made of cloth, thus it's an armour," Makoto stated, and Akira sighed.

"He's really cute!" Himiko admired the beautiful face of the boy. "Look at those long lashes!"

Makoto inspected them. "They are real, even though the colour doesn't match his hair. I guess I have to examine this in detail in the lab. - Akira, let's return!"

"But we still need his armour. Hm. Maybe we can ask him when he's awake again." Himiko marvelled at the strange green hair of the boy. "I really need another copy of *his* photo, too!"

"Ts. I hope he stays unconscious for a little longer, so that I can complete the examination in the lab."

Finally they reached the Research Lab, and Akira carried Shun into the examination

room and laid him onto the table.

"He looks so petite - I wonder how he managed to survive this horrible training. I mean, Akira is at least twice his size and he didn't make it..."

"You don't need to rub it in," Akira growled.

"Okay, okay. You can go now, by the way. We'll call you when we need you to hunt down another Saint."

"That's fine with me." Akira left the lab complex and the women began to examine the small Saint.

"He *is* small," Makoto observed and wrote down Shun's measurements before she took a blood sample.

While Makoto did some real work, Himiko decided that she needed to take some more photos for her collection - err, research file.

"We definitely need to take some more pictures when he's conscious again."

"It won't take much longer, I'd say." Makoto frowned. She should invent some story to explain Shun how he got here. She took his hand and checked his pulse.

"How is he?"

"Perfectly well."

Suddenly Shun blinked. "Hm? Where am I? What happened?"

"Beautiful!" Himiko commented the fact that he had really large, bluish-green eyes.

"Hello Shun. How are you?"

"Well, fine - but where am I? And who are you?"

"It seems you suddenly fell unconscious," Makoto claimed. "You're at a Graude Foundation lab, and I'm Dr.Terada."

"I'm Dr.Shizukawa," Himiko managed to say. It was too bad that she was so easily distracted by cute guys - but then, Shun was too young anyway. But *really* cute.

"Maybe you trained too much," Makoto said.

"Can't be. I only did some really light training - running around the mansion and stuff like this."

Himiko looked thoughtfully at the boy. How could she ask him for the armour without arousing suspicion?

"Well, then we have to examine you once more to be sure. Could you get up, please?"

"Sure." He sat up. "Ouch! My bu- back hurts."

"So? Then let's check it," Makoto said.

"But - you can't..." Shun blushed slightly.

"I'm a doctor. Lie down there!"

"Maybe your armour doesn't fit properly?" Himiko found an opening.

"It's no armour - It's a Cloth!"

"Ah, yes, but maybe we should check this nonetheless. Where do you keep it?"

"It's already at the Colosseum with the others of course."

"Fine. We'll see to it that someone gets it here, and in the meantime I'll check where you're hurt. Now lay down, or do I have to get angry with you?"

"Okay, okay..." Shun gave in, while Himiko called Akira to fetch the armour. In the meantime, she put another film in the camera.

"Hm, Shun, you only have a big bruise there. It probably happened when you fell down." Makoto could hardly tell him that it was the spot where the anaesthetic dart of Akira's had hit him... "Probably it'll hurt for a couple of days, but it'll be over soon."

"Fine..." Shun sighed. But then, he had survived far worse things during his training.

"Here's the Cloth, gals," Akira said when he entered the lab with the huge storage box.

"Thanks, Akira. - Shun, would you please be so kind to don it, so that we can check if it really fits properly?" Himiko started the surveillance cameras of the lab via remote so that she wouldn't miss a single instant.

"Sure, although it always fit me perfectly. You see, the Cloths *always* fit their wearers, no matter if one grows taller or else. I don't know how it works, but it *does*." Shun pulled the handle, and one could see a pink statue of a well-chained woman in the box until it dissolved and magically reformed as armour around Shun. "See?"

"Cool!" Himiko marvelled. "I read about this but never saw it live! By the way, how long are those chains?"

"Dunno." Shun shrugged. "Pretty long, I guess. I never bothered to measure them."

"May I?" Himiko fetched a tape measure.

"Be my guest..." Shun held out the left arm, and Himiko began to measure it.

"20 metres..." Himiko laid down the length of chain on the floor of the lab. "50 metres..." She decided to use the length of the corridor, too. "Ahm, now I have 350 metres and there still doesn't seem to be an end to it..."

"I told you I never bothered to measure them. They're just *long*." Shun couldn't stifle a grin when Himiko opened the door to another corridor to lay out the chain.

Makoto looked tragically up to the ceiling. By now the whole floor was covered by the chain. And it was only one of them...

"Hm... And the other chain is as long?"

"Sure. Wanna try to measure it, too?" Shun blinked innocently.

"Forget it, Himiko! I guess we can assume they are of the same length." Makoto lifted some of the chain and discovered that it was pretty heavy. How on Earth could Shun run around with this? And where did all the stuff come from anyway?

"Unfortunately I haven't even found out the length of the first one," Himiko called from the lab next door. "I have 780 metres now, and there is still no end in sight!"

"I really wonder where all of this comes from." Makoto inspected the bracer on Shun's left arm, but there was no hint.

"It's a Holy Cloth. Maybe you should ask Athena." Shun smiled sweetly when Himiko entered the lab again and stumbled over some coils of chain.

"Well, I think we should try to put it all back from where it came," Makoto suggested.

"Indeed. I give up. I'll put it into the file as *chain of immeasurable length*."

Shun grinned, and suddenly the chain retracted to ...wherever.

"If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it," Makoto marvelled.

"Actually, there's something else of mysterious length," Himiko pointed out. "I'm sure you had short hair without the helmet on."

"Sure. This happens all the time. I got used to it..."

"Just a moment..." Makoto fetched another tape measure. "Now we have 81 centimetres. Please take off the helmet..."

Shun complied.

"Now it's 37 centimetres. Fascinating! A difference of 44 centimetres. This is

incredible! May I cut off one strand?" As Shun shrugged, she cut off a dozen hairs of either length and examined them under the microscope.

"Can you see anything strange?" Himiko asked. She took off the helmet and put it back on Shun's head. "This is amazing!"

"Are you done?" Shun asked after the fourth time.

"Oh, sorry, Shun. - But look, when I put on the helmet *nothing* happens."

"It's *my* Cloth after all."

"Sure." Himiko smiled her best winning smile at Shun, and the boy blushed.

"I wonder if the other Cloths work the same way," Makoto said. "What's the sense in it?"

"Maybe it's to make them look even cuter," Himiko grinned.

"Hm." Makoto examined Shun thoughtfully with a gaze. "I thought those armours were made for battle, not for a beauty contest."

"But weren't the Samurai of history supposed to stun their opponents with their beauty as well as with their fighting skills?" Shun pointed out. "Maybe it's the same with our Cloths."

"Good point. By the way, we are finished here. You can go now."

"But what about this brief period of unconsciousness?"

"I'll make some more tests and tell you when I got the results."

"Fine. It would be really embarrassing if I fainted during the tournament."

"Indeed. We'll see to it that it won't happen."

"You can check in here anytime," Himiko offered.

"Where exactly is 'here', by the way?" Shun wanted to know.

"Graude Foundation Research Labs," Makoto replied.

"Hm. Not the medical department?" Shun frowned.

"We were faster within reach."

"I see," Shun said, even though he didn't. Very strange. But then, when they belonged to the Graude Foundation, it should be okay.

"And be careful that you won't get hurt again," Makoto told him.

"I'll see what I can do about this..." Unfortunately being a Saint wasn't the safest occupation in any case.

"Shall I drive you back to the mansion?" Himiko volunteered. "But before I drive you home, I'd love to take one or the other photo for my collection, if you allow..."

"Sure." Shun was used to the fact that people loved to take photos of him - especially his fan clubs in Tokyo. He didn't mind - as long as they didn't want any autographs, too.

- File BS01-And-T001 Closed -