

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 11: File GS03-Vir-T001 - Blond and Beautiful! Or Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know?

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Blond and Beautiful! Or Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know?

"Sniff," said Himiko. "So you *really* want me to abandon my attempts to catch my gorgeous Aquarius Saint? Whom else should we examine, if not the cutest of the cute?"

"You'd better give him some time until he has forgotten your embarrassing entrance," the red-haired M.D. sighed. "What about the guy with the long, blond hair? He doesn't look too dangerous."

"Didn't I suggest that a while ago? If I remember correctly, it was *you* you said he's dull. I always thought he's really kawaii. Not as gorgeous as Camus, of course, but still..."

"I don't mind as long we don't go to your personal cutie."

"You're almost as mean as Milo!"

"Really?" Makoto grinned. "Then I have to exercise a bit more."

"But don't use me or *him* for your exercises!" Himiko sulked and admired her favourite Camus pic which she had in about five different sizes now.

"Okay... But now let us go to the cute blond guy."

"I hope he has light blue eyes. I *love* blond hair plus light blue eyes."

"So? I thought you'd prefer something else..."

"It depends. I always liked blond hair best. Camus is just the exception from the rule. But what an exception he is!"

"I see." Makoto started to pack her things for the examination and Himiko followed suit.

"Are you ready?" Makoto wanted to know. "Where do we have to go, by the way?"

"Virgo Temple is the sixth of the temples and we're at number eight."

"Finally we only need to walk downstairs!"

"On the other hand it means we have to go upstairs afterwards."

"I want someone who carries me!" Makoto groaned.

"Ask Milo."

"He doesn't even want to carry my bags."

"Try to convince him."

"But how?"

"Be nice to him," Himiko suggested with a grin.

"Nice *to him*? He's a mean guy and doesn't deserve it."

"Hm..." Himiko put on a dreamy look.

"What are you thinking of again?"

"Nothing... I just thought I'd love to be *very nice* to my Aquarius cutie..."

Before Makoto could respond something adequately mean, they stood at the entrance of Virgo Temple.

"Himiko - you go first!"

"Why me?"

"I prefer taking photos from a safe distance. It might be that he isn't as harmless as he looks...."

"Coward." Nevertheless, Himiko entered the temple. Shaka was cute, too, after all, and when she got him first, she would certainly keep him.

Makoto cleaned her thick glasses. She didn't want to miss anything.

When Himiko made the first step into the temple, she found herself in a beautiful garden. The sky was light blue and feathery clouds chased themselves along high above a wide green meadow with colourful flowers. "Wow! This temple seems to be like a Tardis," Himiko exclaimed. "It's far larger from the inside..."

"Fascinating," commented Makoto and took some photos of the ethereal landscape.

"But where is Blondie?"

"I can't see him. We should search for him."

"Well, I'll continue straight forward. There has to be an end to this garden somewhere." When Himiko went on, Makoto chose a slightly different direction.

"I think there's some strange golden light emanating from somewhere over there," Himiko called to her friend, and Makoto joined her.

"You think that could be him?"

"Well, he *is* all golden, isn't he?"

"Then let's go there." They went towards the golden light and Makoto hoped they found the Virgo Saint soon. She didn't feel like running much farther.

Suddenly the garden made place for a standard issue large hall with high columns at each side. In the back of the hall was a dais crowned by a lotus flower made of stone. The slender young Virgo Saint floated about one meter above the stone flower.

"How on earth can he fold his legs like that when he wears this armour?" Himiko was amazed.

"Dunno. But I'm sure it's horribly uncomfortable."

"Just look at his marvellous hair! It shimmers like spun gold."

"Beautiful," Makoto nodded.

"Shht! We should be a bit quieter - he seems to sleep peacefully."

"You're probably right. Let's get a bit closer."

"I wish I could admire his mane without the silly helmet," Himiko whispered.

"Indeed! His hair is incredible! It looks so silky and it's so long!"

"If he'd only open his eyes! Just look at these lashes!"

"I can't believe they're not artificial. Hm. He might use this new super mascara..."

"You mean the one for the 'dramatic look'?!"

"Exactly that." Makoto examined Shaka and pulled out her camera. "We really do need good photos of him."

"Sure." Himiko shot another film in rapid succession. "That's good - not even the flash wakes him up."

"Fortunately. And as long as he's asleep he won't defend himself."

Suddenly, the Virgo Saint unfolded his legs and floated down until he stood in his lotus flower. "I never sleep, little ones," he said haughtily. "I meditate. And you dared to disturb my meditation. I shall punish you for this."

"I hate people who make fun of me because of my size," Himiko grumbled. She hated it that she was only 5 feet tall.

"I don't mind," Shaka said soulfully. "You disturbed my peaceful meditation and you will pay for it." He only hoped that the Pope wouldn't reprimand him for punishing common people because of such selfish reasons. After all, he even had ordered the Aquarius Saint to send his disciple to kill the other Bronze Saints, for they fought in the Galaxian Wars, a tournament that was simply for show.

"See?" Makoto said to Himiko. "They're all the same!"

"Yeah. Mad, bad and dangerous to know," Himiko nodded. But she was sure that Camus was different.

"If you insult me, the punishment will only be harder," Shaka stated. He'd better not tell them that he probably wouldn't punish them at all for *fe- err, respect* of the Pope.

"It seems they all have some problems," Makoto said. "We really should have taken Milo with us."

"Yeah, I guess he's mean enough so that he could take care of that guy."

"I'm not used to being ignored," Shaka sulked.

"You're right. When Milo would have done the dirty work, we could have done our job without being disturbed," Makoto said.

"This armour looks really cool, though. Matches his hair perfectly," Himiko admired.

"But I hate the ugly helmet."

"True. Maybe we can convince him to take it off."

"*Hey! I'm here!*" Shaka complained. "Don't talk *about* me - talk *to* me!"

"Only if you do us the courtesy to wake up fully and open your eyes," Himiko demanded.

"Exactly! We don't talk with people who refuse to look at us," Makoto added.

"It's dangerous when I open my eyes," Shaka warned.

"Ts... Do you have such an evil eye?" Makoto wanted to know.

"Don't mock me. My powerful cosmo will eradicate whatever I look upon."

Makoto sighed. "Slowly but surely I have the impression that our task isn't as easy as the professor wanted to make us believe."

"It seems that Akira had a point when he quit."

"Indeed. Those golden Saints are quite difficult to examine properly."

"After all, we Gold Saints are the strongest of all of Athena's Saints!" Shaka tried desperately to get the attention of the two reckless intruders. He would have understood it if someone challenged him to a fight, but they had obviously entered his temple only to ignore him openly. This was truly evil.

"Be quiet! I'm talking to Himiko," Makoto reprimanded him.

Shaka turned his head towards her, but kept his eyes closed as usual. "*You* are the intruders in *my* temple!"

"He still refuses to look at us," Himiko complained.

"I think we should return to Milo. The Virgo Saint *is* dull, after all."

"But I still would *love* to see his eyes," Himiko sighed.

"I don't want to wait an eternity until he finally opens his eyes. Besides, I'm hungry, and we wanted to order gyros and souvlaki so that we can invite Milo to a yummy Greek lunch."

"Good idea. We can try it again tomorrow. Maybe then he's a bit more cooperative."

"We shouldn't forget to order some nice wines, too..."

"Yes! I thought of a Samos wine for dessert..."

Makoto sat down on one of the stairs of the dais and searched through her large handbag. "Would you like a sandwich, too?"

"Sure, if you have a tuna sandwich."

"Of course." She passed Himiko the food.

Shaka couldn't believe it. Now they even had a picnic in his temple?! It was too bad they weren't a threat against Athena or Sanctuary so that he could kill them without hesitation. He pondered whether an attack against his dignity and pride constituted a threat against Sanctuary.

"Thanks. And now a cup of green tea and I'm content..." Makoto poured her a cup.

"Okay, and when we're strengthened, we can return to Milo's temple," Himiko suggested. "I have only one pic of Camus with me and I wanted to admire the rest again..."

"Only one?" Makoto gazed at her in surprise and tugged at the little photo album with at least two dozen pics of the most handsome Saints.

"Well, I have this..." Himiko unfolded a 25"x40" poster.

"This pic is *really* cute," Makoto admitted.

"I know. He's simply magnificent." Himiko smiled dreamily.

Shaka still couldn't believe it. They did not only picnic in his temple, now they even admired posters of Camus and other Gold Saints? And worst of all, *they completely ignored him!!!*

"Have I already showed you the pic of Milo just after he got up?" Makoto asked.

"You mean the one of him with the uncombed hair? Kawaii! I want one like this of my beautiful Camus!"

"I fear that's going to be more difficult. After all, Milo doesn't struggle anymore..."

"Ah well, it's only a matter of time until I convince Camus to be nice, too."

"Well, I wish you luck."

"Thanks." Himiko sighed. "He's sooooo gorgeous, even though he isn't blond."

"I'd say he's gorgeous *because* he isn't blond."

"Hm. I think blond is beautiful."

"That's a matter of taste."

"True. *Some* blonds are just annoying. And I don't look at a certain someone."

Shaka stared at them and gave them a withering gaze. Maybe he should kill them after all. Even Pope would understand murder committed in the heat of the moment.

On the other hand - he probably wouldn't believe *him* this excuse...

"You're right." Makoto had finished her meal and put the remains away. Himiko passed her the empty cup. "Thanks. - Now let's return to Milo and order some real food. We promised him some decent meals and should keep it, or he might throw us out after all."

"We should order a large grill plate for four persons..."

"You still haven't given up trying to invite Camus?"

"Of course not..."

"Then let's go."

The two women left the temple, leaving a thoroughly frustrated Virgo Gold Saint behind.

Wasn't he, the Man Closest to the Gods, due a little more respect?

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