

War of the Portal

Part 1, Chapter 2 - "Newcomers"

December 25, 2004

By Alkador

The sky still showed darkness as the four slowly walked through the ruined grey city. Recon_Rebel lifted his head slowly, as he looked at the small white flakes that fell to the ground. He was used to the cold and did not mind the snow. Pulling out a silver bottle from his pocket and unscrewing the lid, he drank some of the rum he had remaining, ensuring that found it refreshing.

The flakes drifted onto the ground continuously, filling the roads with snow. RedCircle looked at Recon_Rebel, who began to slowly walk limpidly and blink far too often. He shook his head, making sure that Recon_Rebel was able to see the others.

Recon_Rebel grumbled as he took the remaining sip of his rum. He grumbled, sliding through the snow, moaning under his breath.

“Are we there yet?” He blurted out. DOGMA violently turned to Recon_Rebel, chain in hand, threatening to slash the drunken man in half.

“Don’t ask. Just follow me. I know you’re stronger than me, but I don’t want any childish stuff around here.” DOGMA’s hood was half drawn back, with Recon staring right into DOGMA’s eyes. Unfortunately, he was too drunk to take much notice of unhooded face.

The ground violently shook as a large white creature burst from the cracked snow filled stone. The creature roared like a dinosaur, standing taller than the deserted stores. XwaynecoltX reacted instantly, launching his heavy blow against the white creature, causing it to fall down, blowing away half the snow that filled the empty street. “((BIG)),” said the man, shifting backwards as RedCircle quickly slammed his bat against the creature’s eye. “This one is no good either. It’s a rather attention seeking, if you ask me.”

Recon_Rebel sluggishly launched a punch at the creature’s face, only grazing the side with a weak punch.

DOGMA waved the chain forwards, slashing the slow moaning creature. Images poured into DOGMA’s eyes, pictures of a stick figure and small coloured dots. DOGMA stepped back suddenly as ululations echoed down the street.

A Korean man wearing a checked shirt and boxing glove bound to hand, charged at the creature, slamming his fist on the oversized monster heavily, pushing it to the ground once again. Another man from the shadows appeared with a baseball bat in hand, running forwards to slam the creature’s eye. Two more men with golden knuckle dusters in hand charged forwards through the others as they slammed their fists at the creature, forcing it into the ground, throwing heavy punches until the creature stopped moving.

“I think it’s done,” Said the Korean man. “That was a rather large one.”

“And who may you be?” Asked DOGMA.

“Me?” Asked the Korean man, laughing quickly. “I am Drimarki. Those two men with the knuckle dusters are Inuzuka-Kiba and BonusStage. The other man with the baseball bat is Qwoxyl.”

Inuzuka-Kiba stepped forward, grinning. “Yes Drimarki, it was a rather large one. There have been more of them around recently. DOGMA, I’m please to meet you,” He tried to look under DOGMA’s hood, but it was too dark to notice anything and the falling snow obscured his vision. “We’ve been travelling far and we’re on our way to the portal. I guess we can all go together.”

”Inuzuka,” Said RedCircle. “You like to talk, don’t you?”

”Yes, I do. As a matter of fact, I feel that everyone should be responded to and that way, it makes it a lot more comfortable to me and...”

The others had walked away from Inukuza-Kiba’s ramble. Inuzuka-Kiba called after them as he ran towards the newly formed group, continuing their journey towards the portal.