

War of the Portal

Part 3, Chapter 6 - "Procession"

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By Alkador

"How long have been in that room for?" Sighed RedCircle.

"A few hours. I hope gfoxcok has done it." Replied Eldarion.

After the full scale attack, the commanders had gone to have a meeting in the room where gfoxcok was attempting to duplicate the tank.

"This is interesting," Mentioned Qwoxyl, still reading the book on the Ancient ones as before. "It says that some of the Ancients couldn't handle surrendering their powers and decided to depart the world. I wonder what that means?"

"It says here that the Ancients were only in their 'primitive stages' with their capabilities," Laughed carmelhadinosaur. "How are they to know that?"

"There were stories," Replied Alkador. "On a particular power that allowed your mind to be brought forwards in time and to glance at future events. The further your mind went, the greater the power required. But you also needed the power to return..."

The door suddenly opened as everyone tilted their heads up, expecting the commanders. At the sight of two strange people, the_phantom_spancker gripped his gauntlet tightly, ready to strike. "We mean no harm," Replied the man who seemed rather old for his age, with a deep slur in his accent. Eldarion and the_phantom_spancker did not notice this as much. A man smiled behind him, twice as young.

"Who may you be?" Asked _lightning_, advancing forwards with his flail.

"As he said," Responded the younger man. "We mean no harm."

"I am Denvish," Smiled the older man. He then glanced to the younger man. "And this is -Myst-"

"You're not with Dobio, are you?" Cautioned XwaynecoltX. He hoped that they were not of the kind...

"Dobio?" Denvish laughed. "No. I came to find out what that pillar of light was and met -Myst- along the way. We saw this place and then...I hope we didn't interrupt at the wrong moment."

"No," Responded XkwiziTOnE, assuming they really did mean no harm. "Have a seat."

Denvish and -Myst- sat next to Inuzuka-Kiba and Afterburner on one of the many red couches in the small lounge.

"So why are you all here?" Asked Denvish. "After all those strange lights, I thought no one would be here!"

The group explained their story to the two men as they listened intently. By the end, Denvish pulled out a small harp out of his bag. He smiled as he began to play a tune. It was one with an interchanging key at a slow pace, yet it had a deep melody attached, a form of nostalgic sadness. His fingers interchanged between each string, shifting them up and down to generate the sounds everyone listened to. Somehow, no one was so sure as to how, but somehow, it made them remember their lives much the submissions ever came, their friends, relative and all...it was a tune that soothed souls.

“How intricate...” Smiled ReconRebel, who stood at the door with the other commanders. “It’s almost a nocturne requiem, yet I sense a hint of hope in there.”

“Thank you,” Smiled Denvish, glancing to the other commanders. “I am a minstrel.”

“Not many of those,” Sighed -Mazza-, who stood up to hug YoinK_VineS. ramagi stared at them as she slowly sidestepped away. -Mazza- stared at gfoxcook. “Has you done it yet?”

“Yes,” Puffed the guard. “Nine copies – at last.”

“It also means our plan will shift into action.” Responded Crono-.

Denvish changed the tune, playing a harsh, low sounding allegro tune. It sounded tense and almost a prelude to a battle with hint of success.

“Our plan,” Said D0GMA, while pacing around the room. “The enemy is most likely weak and most likely assuming we are gathering forces. This is our moment.”

“Now that gfoxcook has duplicated these tanks,” Added YoinK_VineS, glancing to -Mazza-.

“We will take it across to the enemy and engage attack.”

“Isn’t that dangerous?” Thought Inuzuka-Kiba. “They were strong before...”

“I’m sure we’ll be fine.” Reassured -Mazza-. “Won’t we?”

“Our rate of success all comes down to our actions,” Responded gfoxcook. “If we fail, no, there is no fail. We must execute an accurate plan of success and we *will* defeat the enemy.”

“First rule,” ReconRebel added. “Know your enemy.”

At once, everyone made their way to the transport room while they discussed the submission’s possible tactics. It really was war after all.