

# S-Files: Next Try

## The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

### Kapitel 13: Chapter 5: Pink Heart Attack! The Unwilling Teacher

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Friday, 1987/08/21 -- 1 p.m.

I really wonder how long this ice will keep," Makoto wondered.

"A Freezing Coffin by Camus cannot be broken," Milo lectured. "Not even the power of all Gold Saints combined can do it -- only a certain Bronze Saint armed with a sword of the Libra Cloth succeeded."

"And Makoto with her hair dryer," Himiko added and shuddered. She was still cold and turned on the heating. "Tomorrow I will bring my winter jacket."

"*Tomorrow* we don't need to work," Makoto reminded her. "But on Monday I will definitely take a warm jacket with me, too."

"Wow, this means we already worked a full week to examine the Saints." Himiko was amazed. "Evidently, it takes longer than I thought... How many of them are finished now? Nine of 35? That's barely a quarter!"

"Yep. And it's far less exciting than I thought."

"But my Camus-sama *is* exciting!"

"I think most of the work is mainly stress."

"You can say that," a new voice complained. "Because of you I had to get up at 4am!" Camus was still unkempt (obviously his time had only sufficed to rake his fingers through his mane) and he yawned miserably.

"Why did you have to get up because of us?" Makoto wondered.

"Express orders of Kyoukou Mu," Camus grumbled. "I am to investigate Himiko's so-called 'Cosmo'."

"Why *you*?" Makoto asked innocently. As soon as she discovered Camus, Himiko produced a steady stream of variously sized pink hearts.

"Don't ask me!" He grimaced. "The Pope just said 'Hey, it's *your* fault, now do something about it!'

"Well, he *is* right in a way -- it's all because of you."

"What? But it's *she* who produces them. I never asked her to!"

"She does it only since she saw you. So you are at the root of the problem."

"It could have been *anyone*!" Nonetheless, Camus observed the heart invasion with great fascination.

"These things really get on one's nerves," Makoto sighed and waved her flyswat around.

"Why *me*?" Camus groaned.

"Someone *has* to do it."

"My dear friend, just take it like man!" Milo suggested, almost doubling over. "Hello, by the way."

Camus just gave him a haughty glare.

"What about helping me a little?" Makoto turned to the Saints. "I'm not very keen on suffocating in this pink horror, and I'm pretty sure she will not stop as long as Camus is in view."

Indeed, Himiko wore an idiotic soulful grin on her face and raptly watched 'her Camus-sama', while the hearts floated steadily upwards and began to cover the ceiling. Camus looked helplessly at her.

"You will make her stop this!" Makoto demanded from Camus. "That's what you are here for!"

"Easier said than done..." Camus pointed his index finger at one freshly materialized heart and froze it. It fell down immediately and shattered on Himiko's head.

"Ouch! That hurt," she whined.

Makoto grinned. "Of course. Broken hearts usually hurt."

"It's amazing that I can freeze them in the first place," Camus commented and tried it

with some others. Fortunately they fell down next to Himiko and left pink shards on the ground that dissolved right away.

"You are lucky that the splinters disappear. This spares us the cleaning of the floor."

"But it makes it more difficult to examine them," Camus pointed out.

"They behave like heart-shaped soap-bubbles."

"But soap-bubbles don't disappear without traces," Camus observed. "They leave residues of soapy water."

"Well, we can be glad that the hearts don't leave stains."

"You are right." Camus made a tentative step towards Himiko. "I wonder *how* she creates them."

"So do I! They just appear right above her head," Makoto reported.

"I see. Do you have a ruler somewhere?" Camus looked around.

"Sure." Makoto rummaged through a drawer and pulled out a simple wooden ruler.

"Thanks." Camus went to Himiko and held the ruler to her head. She was so absorbed in her rapture about *him* being *here* that she didn't notice anything else around. "That's a height of 5.5cm. They don't come out of her, they just materialize," he reported.

"Meaning?"

"How should I know?"

Makoto shrugged. "You know more about this Cosmo stuff than I do."

"But I'm no scientist -- I'm a *Gold Saint*!"

"But as Gold Saint you know Cosmo. Aren't Himiko's hearts right that?"

"Well, it feels somehow like Cosmo," Camus admitted. "But I know of no Saint who would manifest his Cosmo in such a ridiculous way."

"Himiko is no Saint, remember?"

"Fortunately that is true. With her getting a Cloth I would quit my job. It's too embarrassing if there were some Saints around producing *hearts*. No one would take us serious anymore!"

"Well, as there is no 'Heart Saint' around, you should be comparatively safe... Except if someone would invent such a Cloth."

"Don't give Phrixos funny ideas," Camus warned. "He might want to try and build one."

"I think I would like to see a Heart Saint," Makoto laughed.

"I wouldn't," Camus replied dryly.

"You are simply no romantic."

"Certainly *not*. Although some enemies might die from laughter if she would engage her *Pink Soap Bubble Heart Attack*..."

"I wonder what might happen if one swallows one of them," Makoto pondered.

"Feel free to try," Camus invited her.

"No thanks. On second thought they might be bad for my teeth."

"And of course they are *your* hearts," Milo grinned broadly.

"I guess I should try to do something now," Camus said and looked at Himiko. "Would you please stop spitting out these hearts?"

Himiko awoke from her near trance. "Huh?! Oh, my Camus-sama!" The amount of hearts doubled.

"This idea wasn't so good," Milo commented.

"That's true."

Milo grinned at Camus' stressed mien.

"What about some *constructive* remarks of yours?" Makoto asked Milo, who grinned even more broadly.

"Of me? I'm just your friendly Scorpio Gold Saint from next door and no scientist."

"You *always* try to talk yourself out of things you don't like!"

"Sure." He gave her his best impertinent grin.

"I would really love to rip off your head ever so often," Makoto hissed.

"Don't panic," Camus tried to be helpful. "He needs that one in a while."

"He needs a sound spanking once in a while, if you ask me! Unfortunately he's a Goldie and far stronger than I am."

Camus shrugged and looked at Himiko whose heart output had normalized. Well, at least as long as one considered 20 hearts/minute as normal.

"I really wonder if she can produce things other than hearts," Makoto pondered.

"Let's see. -- Himiko, would you please try and concentrate," Camus asked. When he directly addressed her, the output of hearts increased, but nothing else happened.

"As long as you are here there will probably be only hearts, no matter what you try," Makoto said.

"I shall go outside then," Camus decreed. "Try to convince her to produce blue cubes while I'm not there."

"Whatever you say."

Camus left the lab and Makoto tried to talk Himiko into producing cubes.

"He's gone?" Himiko mouthed, completely ignoring Makoto. But she did produce something new -- broken hearts this time.

"Yes, he's gone. And he will only come back when you create some blue cubes for a change."

"Whaaa?" Immediately a single cube floated above her, not very elegantly, but a perfect cube -- and brilliantly pink.

"Almost... Try again!"

Himiko made a strained face and slowly, but surely another cube appeared, again in pink, though.

"Hm... So you don't seem to be able to control the colour of it... Now try a green pyramid!"

The next object was an upside down heart.

"Hm. Try again! A green pyramid!"

Himiko made a strained sound and tried to concentrate, and finally a pink pyramid materialized.

"And when you now manage to produce a sphere, I will call back Camus," Makoto promised. The mentioning of Camus, though, caused just another heart flood.

"That was no sphere, thus no Camus!"

Of course the next objects were broken hearts again.

"I would suggest you try a bit harder," Makoto demanded.

"What do you think I'm doing," Himiko sighed and continued to concentrate on spheres. Finally a monstrous pink ball appeared right above her head.

"Wow!" Makoto gaped. "That's a big one! And it's really round."

"That's how spheres are supposed to look like," Himiko commented dryly and wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead.

"So you can control your Cosmo after all!"

"Only for my Camus-sama..." The usual hearts popped up like mushrooms in spring. One of them hit the sphere and they both annihilated each other.

"Where is Camus anyway?" Makoto wondered. "I hope he didn't flee."

"He won't!" Himiko said with conviction.

"I wouldn't be so sure," Milo grinned.

"I'd better go and look where he hides," Makoto decided and set off to search for him.

Camus paced back and fro in the corridor, trying to collect all of his courage to face Himiko again. Why couldn't it be some powerful enemy? Poseidon and Hades together weren't half as terrifying as *that*... Against them he could at least use his mighty attacks in self-defence.

"Oh, there you are, Camus." Makoto beckoned him towards her. "With the right incentive she can produce other forms, too."

"Indeed?" Camus looking seemingly surprised. "Something useful among them?"

"If you consider cubes, pyramids or spheres to be useful?"

"It depends. Are they as volatile as the hearts?"

"Yes."

"Well, then they are not very useful."

"It's *your* place to teach her to do something useful with her Cosmo. For instance, let her produce solid objects."

"I'm not sure whether that is a good idea. These 'objects' appear right above her head, thus they would knock her out once they become solid... which on the other hand might be not so bad an idea after all..."

"This would give her a very good reason to stop producing them in the first place,"

Makoto remarked.

"You have a point there."

"Right. Would you return into the lab with me now?"

"If there is no other choice," Camus said with a graveyard voice.

They returned into the lab and promptly pink hearts were all over the place again.

"You are definitely at the root of it."

"I'm sorry," Himiko whispered.

"Teach her to suppress it!" Makoto demanded sternly of Camus.

Camus looked desperately at the tiny blonde. "Himiko, *stop it!*"

The effect was exactly the reverse of the intended.

"Ordering her obviously doesn't work," Makoto said dryly.

"*Please*, Himiko?"

The result was the same as with the command.

"This doesn't seem to work," Makoto sighed, and Camus hung his head. "I have the impression she creates hearts as long as you are within viewing range, no matter what you try."

"Then it might be best if I would leave."

"Oh no," Makoto glared at him. "You are going to make her stop it! It doesn't matter to me *how...*"

"But I don't know how!"

"Then you have to try and try again until it stops!"

Camus wrung his hands. "Himiko, *please*, try to stop it," he begged. To no avail.

"You have to offer her a reason to want it."

Camus gave Makoto a look of utter horror. "You don't mean what I think you mean? - No! I refuse to even *think* about it!"

"Well, if not that then you have to find another way."

"Milo, why don't *you* say something?" Camus asked his best friend, but the Scorpio Saint

simply shrugged.

"It's all on Camus' shoulders. But *he* doesn't want to give in."

"Why are you all so stubborn?" Makoto looked from Milo to Camus and back.

"Stubborn? *You* refuse to give in to me, too, don't you?" Milo gave her a seductive smile.

"Thanks, but no thanks. It's sufficient if *Camus* gives in to *Himiko*. I don't produce any silly pink hearts of various sizes."

"Indeed, they are getting more and more numerous," Milo looked at the ceiling, before he waved away some stray hearts, whole ones and broken ones. "Camus, *do* something!"

"I'm trying," Camus said desperately and destroyed some of the hearts in his vicinity with some rolled datasheets from one of the desks.

"This method is futile," Makoto told him. "I tried that before. Do something else!"

"Maybe we just have to wait it out. There can't be a really infinite number of hearts..."

"I'm sure it will stop as soon as she is dead," Milo pondered and examined the suddenly pointed and very sharp nail of his right index finger.

"You will leave the poor girl alone," Makoto hissed. "No one is killed while I am around."

"I could put her into a Freezing Coffin again," Camus volunteered. "This shouldn't kill her."

"Do you think this will be of any use?" While Makoto completed this sentence, Camus had already begun to call upon his powers. Within seconds, Himiko was enclosed in one of the 'unbreakable' ice cubes in XXL size. Two pink hearts were imprisoned together with her.

Unfortunately she did not only wear her rapt impression still, but a hand's breadth above the Freezing Coffin, new pink hearts materialized in a steady stream. This time they were frozen ones, though, so they fell down right after their creation and shattered.

"So much for that," Makoto commented fatalistically.

"Sorry," Camus said with a raised eyebrow. One of the new hearts appeared above him and fell down onto his head. "Ouch!!"

"Obviously she does some target practice," Milo laughed.



"In any case, now it's more dangerous than before," Makoto said worriedly. "Camus, get her out of it again!"

"Ahm, sorry, I can only put things *into* Freezing Coffins," he apologized. "The Coffins are made to keep their content indefinitely."

"You have put her into it, you will get her out again," Makoto told him categorically. "Or you will have to do all of Himiko's job!"

"Me?" Camus asked her in shock.

"Who else? I have more than enough to do, and it's your fault that she's out cold."

"But it's impossible! My Freezing Coffin is so powerful that not even the force of all twelve Gold Saints together can break it!"

"Gold Saints, huh? With their powers, maybe. But a hair dryer is a completely different matter." Makoto began to rummage through the drawers.

"Come on, Camus," Milo grinned. "Do something for your money!"

"Money? If only I would get paid properly for *that*! I don't get a fraction of what I'm due for my suffering."

"No matter the pay, here's the hair dryer." Makoto gave Camus the device.

The Aquarius Gold Saint looked tragically at the hair dryer and sighed likewise tragical. "Why me?" he asked no one in particular. He got no answer, and so he positioned himself in a safe corner where only the occasional heart fell down onto him and began to thaw Himiko.

"Have fun!" Makoto wished. "I think I'll go home now. These things are a bit to dangerous for my taste, and while Himiko is locked up, our work is impeded anyway.

"I'll accompany you," Milo said. "Have fun, Camus!"

The Aquarius Saint heaved another deep sigh.

"Use the time to ponder on a way to teach Himiko to control her Cosmo," Makoto suggested.

"You bet on it -- ouch!"

"I hope you are robust enough to survive the hearts," Makoto giggled and Camus glared darkly at her. "I *almost* pity you."

"Ouch!" This came from Milo who also had the misfortune to be hit by another stray heart.

"Let's go now," Makoto beckoned Milo to follow her. "You will help me to tidy the house, now that Himiko is stuck in there."