

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 20: File GS03-Vir-T002 - Shaka! Meditating Or Asleep?

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Shaka! Meditating Or Asleep?

"I hate these stairs," Makoto sighed when they finally entered Scorpio Temple. "I'm sure only people who are able to teleport can think of something like this..."

"I agree."

"Oh, Milo isn't at home." They searched the temple, but to no avail.

"But I don't want to walk down all the stairs to go to Athens and buy the stationary," Himiko pondered. "Why don't we pick one more Saint to examine?"

"Whom do we have left on our list?"

"Well, we still need to examine Aries Mu, Cancer DeathMask, Leo Aiolia, Virgo Shaka and my Camus-sama of the Goldies. I mean, of the *cute* Goldies."

"Why don't we go and look who's home? I'll pack some things and of course something to eat, and then we can start."

"We're in temple 8 right now, so we only need to go downstairs. Shaka is 6, Aiolia 5 and DeathMask 4. As far as I know, Mu is currently in Jamir - and my Camus-sama still needs to be convinced."

"Well, as Virgo Temple is nearest, we should go to Shaka first."

"Oh yes, he has such wonderful golden hair," Himiko sad dreamily.

"You're right. I'd love to get it into my hands."

"Maybe we can even convince him to open his eyes!"

They stormed down to Virgo Temple. When they entered it, they found themselves in the colourful garden-dreamland again.

"I really do like it here," Himiko marveled at the myriads of flowers.

"The garden is absolutely beautiful," Makoto nodded.

"If you ask me, Shaka has to be totally lazy. Aphrodite's garden is genuine, but he only creates an - albeit stunning - illusion that needs no care."

"Well, he doesn't seem to do much more than sleep all the day."

"I wonder what he does during the night..."

"Sleep?" Makoto proposed. "He doesn't look as if he would do something else."

"He would make a nice statue. One should only keep him under glass so that he doesn't collect any dust."

"Indeed! It would be a pain to dust him, especially his long mane."

"Do you *always* have to insult the people you visit?" The illusion of the garden disappeared, and they stood in front of Shaka, who floated with crossed legs over his lotus flower of stone.

"Well, not *always*," Makoto told him.

"So why *me*?!"

"Because we didn't want to run through your garden for all eternity without ever meeting you."

"Hm," Shaka made thoughtfully. "I guess you have a point. But I hope you will refrain from taking a picnic this time."

"Actually, we wanted to *invite* you," Makoto offered.

"Yeah, we have tea and cakes and some other yummy sweet things!" Himiko added.

"Invite me? Now this is something different." Shaka landed on his feet. No one had ever invited him to anything before.

"Where can we put our things?"

"Hm. My temple is pretty empty, but what about my garden?" In the next instant they stood on the sun-bathed, flower-covered meadow again, next to two large trees. To

their surprise, Shaka didn't wear his Cloth anymore, but a plain white sarong.

"Great!" Makoto tugged a blanket from her bag and spread it on the ground in the shade of the trees. Food and beverages followed.

"You really need to eat a little more," Himiko told the Virgo Saint. "You look far too thin!"

"Exactly," Makoto supported her. "A little more weight would become you better."

"But I mustn't eat too much to keep my body and soul pure. After all, I'm the Man Closest to the Gods."

"No matter how close you are to the Gods, it's unhealthy not to eat properly." Makoto shook her head.

"Yes! Just look at *him* and *him*!" Himiko showed Shaka some of the pics of Milo and Shura (she still needed a couple of good photos of Camus without his Cloth). "They just are in *perfect* shape. You have to work out a little more and eat a bit more to look as perfect as well."

"But I don't need to work out. My cosmo is far more powerful than that of these two together."

"But you would look far better." Makoto offered him a plate with sweets. Tentatively, Shaka took a piece of candy.

"This tastes nice," he said in surprise. "But it's not important how I look like."

"It's a pity if you think it's not important. You do look already striking, but you could look totally gorgeous with a little more meat on your bones," Makoto told him.

"Open your mouth, Shaka!" Himiko ordered. When he complied, she fed him some more pieces of the food. "Yes, be a good boy!"

"Shura was right, Shaka really doesn't move much," Makoto grinned.

"Why should I?" Shaka asked while he munched the bits Himiko fed him. This was something he could get used to, he thought.

"I'm sure you're the laziest Saint around," Himiko giggled.

"Not true! I'm not lazy. I meditate."

"That's clever. And if you keep your eyes closed *all* the time, no one can tell whether you truly meditate or sleep."

"I'm not asleep! That's defamation!"

"Well, it would be difficult to prove the contrary..."

"No one ever surprised me. Isn't that proof enough?" Shaka asked indignantly.

"I'm sure you feel someone approaching even while sleeping."

"Of course," he smiled.

"I thought so..."

"May I have some more tea?" Shaka mumbled between two bites, and Makoto poured him some more of the hot brew.

"You really should join us at Scorpio Temple for a proper lunch," Himiko said.

"I don't think that's a good idea."

"Why not?"

"Gold Saints rarely visit each other."

"But why? Isn't it absolutely boring to stay all alone in these temples?"

"It's tradition. Maybe to prevent fights between us."

"Is there nothing else but fighting on your minds?" Makoto shook her head.

"Well, Aiolia and Milo like to tour the bars in Athens once in a while, but that's not my style."

"Probably it's too strenuous for you, hm?"

"It's *unbecoming*! I'm the Man Closest to the Gods and I don't chase girls like certain other Saints!"

"Indeed? Does this mean you meditate all day and all night?"

"Indeed. And sometimes I teach my disciples meditation and the proper use of their cosmo."

"Obviously you live a fully satisfying life," Makoto said ironically.

"You're right." Shaka smiled like an angel, his golden hair virtually shining like a halo.

"For me this would be far too boring." Makoto played around with the stunning shimmering strands. They were absolutely amazing - long, soft and thick, like silken sunshine.

"Would you please tell me why you are so obsessed with my hair?"

"It's gorgeous!"

"Just don't get any knots into it."

Himiko dug through her bag and tugged out a brush. "I'll take care of it!" She began to work on Shaka's hair, and he endured it stoically.

"Doesn't this hurt?" Makoto asked concerned.

"Well, I will survive."

While Himiko was occupied combing part of the mane, Makoto began to braid small strands.

"Hey, what are you doing there?" Shaka asked suspiciously.

"I spend my time with meditative exercises."

"Oh." Shaka turned his head into her direction and curiously opened one eye a slit.

"Is something?" Makoto asked.

"Just checking on your ...exercises."

"My progress is thoroughly satisfactory."

"And what exactly do you wish to accomplish?"

"I need something to occupy my hands with - and your hair is so soft and golden... Absolutely perfect!"

"Don't you see my inner values, too? Appearance is transitory..."

"So I appreciate it while it lasts." She continued to braid his strands.

Shaka sighed and opened his mouth to receive another tasty bit from Himiko.

"This is a really relaxing picnic for once," Makoto commented, and Himiko nodded.

"Yep. Why can't my Camus-sama be so compliant?"

"*Your* Camus-sama?" Shaka asked amused.

"You can't talk her out of it."

"I *will* get him, sooner or later!"

"Good luck," Shaka told her.

"That's what I tell her, too..."

"He'll be mine," Himiko sulked stubbornly.

"If you talked about Aiolia, Milo or Shura, I'd agree - but Camus?!" Shaka shook his head. The tiny braids felt strange, he discovered.

"She doesn't like it easy."

"Obviously."

"Pah!"

Makoto giggled. "I'm really curious if you will succeed after all."

"Of course. I will try it with Aphrodite's suggestion."

"You even asked Aphrodite for advice?" Shaka grinned broadly. "Then you have to be truly desperate..."

"She needs all the help she might get."

"I agree." Shaka nodded and was glad the he wasn't the target. The young woman seemed to be really persistent.

"And what about you?" Makoto looked at the Virgo Saint.

"What about me?"

"What kind of guy are you?"

"I'm not sure I understand your question. I'm Virgo Gold Saint and the Man Closest to the Gods. I'm the most powerful among the Gold Saints - that's all."

Makoto sighed. "Okay, I understood. No further questions..."

"May I have some more of the food?"

"Sure - there's enough of it, wouldn't you say?" Makoto pointed at the plates on the ground.

"I thought it was nice to be fed..." Shaka looked invitingly at her.

"Ask Himiko. I don't feel like it."

"Well?" Shaka turned to her, and Himiko complied.

"Why can't you be my Camus-sama?" she sighed. "You are cute, yes, but..."

"Do you compare *everyone* with him?"

"Yep, she does. Everything and everybody..."

"Seems to be a hard case."

"Pah!"

"I still don't understand what she sees in Camus. There are so many *cute* Saints..." Makoto wondered.

"That's because he's *perfect*!"

"Camus isn't perfect. *I* am," Shaka told her.

"Can't be," Makoto contradicted. "You're far too thin."

"I'm not *thin*. I'm merely an ascet."

"So you're too thin." She examined him closely. In the white sarong he looked half-starved.

"I *know* I am perfect. I'm not interested in other people's opinions, it's sufficient that I know what I know."

"If you say so - I don't want to fight with you."

"You wouldn't survive it anyway."

"The cuter they are, the meaner they are," Himiko commented. "Except for my Camus-sama, that is."

"He's mean, too," Makoto reminded her.

"He's not mean. He's just a bit grumpy in the mornings."

"Was this everything?" Slightly disappointed, Shaka looked at the empty plates.

"Well, these were only some appetizers. You might assist us a bit in the preparation of a proper meal..."

"Yes," Himiko agreed. "Why don't you go to Athens and fetch *this*?" She gave him a shopping list and a sufficient amount of money. "If you have bought everything on the list, you can join us at Scorpio Temple where we will cook something truly delicious."

"Hm..."

"Hey, we *can* cook!" Makoto said.

"Something like these appetizers?"

"Some things that are even more delicious," she promised.

Shaka looked thoughtfully from the empty plates to the girls and back. "I'm tempted," he admitted.

"It's now or never!"

"Okay. I guess I will do it. - But where do I get all of this stuff?"

"Why don't you try a supermarket?"

"Hm. And where do I find such a thing?"

Makoto looked at the Virgo Saint in utter confusion. "Have you ever left your temple?"

"Of course. I went to India to teach my disciples."

"Am I correct that you didn't visit any larger town?"

"Of course not. Towns are detrimental to meditation."

"Then we have a problem..."

"Can't you take one of us with you to Athens?" Himiko asked. "We could show you."

"I could take both of you with me. This would be no problem."

"Not?" Himiko marveled. Shura and Milo had only been able to take one of them along on their teleport.

"No. Why should it?"

"Well, then let's go!" Makoto described where she wanted to be transported, and Shaka teleported all of them into the town.

"Oops - this is always so surprising..."

"Well, now you have to show me where this 'supermarket' is."

"Follow me." Makoto guided him to a large supermarket. Shaka looked fascinated around. It was so full of people here, so noisy and overwhelming that he wished himself back to the solitude of his temple.

"Come on, Shaka," Makoto urged and tugged him along. "Himiko, get a trolley, please."

The people looked at Shaka in awe. Indian gurus with golden hair weren't that common in Athens. Himiko grinned when she noticed the looks. Maybe they should have asked Shaka to put on some more inconspicuous clothes than the snowy white sarong.

"You'd better stay close to us," Makoto advised him. "We don't want you to get lost." She pulled the first food stuffs from the shelves and threw them into the trolley.

Himiko guarded Shaka on his every step. He drew quite a lot of attention to them. Not very much later, Makoto declared the purchase to be finished. They paid and put the goods into several bags.

"I think we should return to Sanctuary now," Himiko said. "Shaka, can you transport us *and* the stuff?"

"Of course. - Is it always so hectic here?" he marveled.

"Compared to Tokyo it's really quiet here," Himiko grinned. "I think you'd be in for quite a shock if you ever went *there*."

"I prefer the solitude of my temple or my training place in India."

"It's probably better anyway - you draw quite a lot of attention to you!"

"Did I? I haven't noticed."

"You are obviously not of this world..."

"I have the same impression. Another alien..." Makoto giggled when she thought of the Aphrodite-alien with the cucumber mask.

"We are Saints of Athena. Our duties aren't those of ordinary men."

"But some of the Saints are weirder than others..."

"Indeed," Shaka nodded. "Libra Dohko, for example. Fortunately I am just a perfect example of a Saint."

"Of course. As soon as we have managed to feed you up a bit."

"But not too much!"

"A little bit..."

"Well, it depends how your food tastes."

"Bring us to Scorpio Temple, then you will see."

"I have to ask Milo first whether I'm allowed to enter his temple."

"I don't know if he's already back."

"I don't sense him there," Shaka said with a frown.

"Why don't you ask him when he returns?"

"This might get a bit awkward. To enter another temple without permission is a severe breach of protocol."

"Don't panic, we can cope with Milo."

Shaka looked at them with fascination. "How? Milo isn't exactly the weakest among the Gold Saints."

"But he gives in as soon as he is threatened with food withdrawal. Or if he doesn't get our attention anymore..."

"Oh. I see." He shrugged. "Well, then I shall teleport you directly to Scorpio Temple, and you will take care of Milo, should he complain." In the next instant they were in Milo's demesne.

"Fine!" Makoto carried the food stuffs into the kitchen. "Do you have any ideas what you wish to eat?"

Shaka thought a moment. "Can you cook some vegetable curry?"

"No problem. Any appetizers?"

"Some pieces of naan would suffice."

"Naan?" Makoto shook her head. Simply bread, this was boring. "I know something better." She began to assemble the needed ingredients.

"But I'd like to have only some naan..."

"No, no." Himiko shook her head, too. "First you'll get some fried eggplants and a little bit of vegetable tenpura, and then we will see..."

"You don't need to cook something complicated for me..."

"Did we invite you or not? Now sit down, be quiet and wait for the things to come!" Himiko seated him at the table, while Makoto fried the vegetables in the tenpura dough.

Only a few minutes later, a can of green tea and a bowl of the hors d'oeuvres plus tenpura sauce was put in front of the Virgo Saint.

"Eat!" Himiko encouraged him, after she had poured him some of the aromatic green tea. "You eat *only* vegetarian food?" she asked.

"Of course!"

"Did you expect something else?" Makoto asked and fried the vegetable curry in a pan. The basmati rice needed at least ten minutes more, she thought.

"Well, this means 'no o-sashimi'", Himiko sighed and put her banno-bouchou away.

"I guess you have to find another victim."

"O-sashimi is very complicated - at least if one wants to cut it properly and everything. I will only make it for someone who appreciates it!"

Makoto shrugged. "You'll find someone."

"I really do hope that my Camus-sama likes it."

"I thought he was a fan of the nouvelle cuisine?!"

"Probably he has just to try the Japanese cuisine to find out that he loves it."

"Good luck..." Makoto put the next dish in front of Shaka.

"Oh, thanks. You really wish to feed me up, it seems..."

"Yep." Makoto chewed eagerly as well - after all, she had to try the foods she cooked.

"The next dish is a hot vegetable curry with coconut milk," Himiko announced and served Shaka a steaming plate of rice and vegetables.

"I think it's great that we currently have the ingredients for proper meals and not just fast food," Makoto said. "But what shall we do with the remains?" Of course they had cooked for at least a small army.

"I'm sure Milo will return soon, then the matter of any remains will be solved in no time."

"If you ask me, we shouldn't feed Milo so well. He has put on some weight, and he wasn't so thin in the first place."

"I could try to cook some low-fat stuff like my o-sashimi."

"I'm sure Milo will whine and complain - after all, he is such a fast food fan."

"I really should teach him to appreciate the more refined cuisine." Himiko looked at Shaka's plate. "Some more of the curry?" Before he could answer, the next portion landed on the plate. "Be a good boy and eat everything!"

"If you insist..." By now Shaka felt dangerously stuffed.

"I hope you have some place left for the other main course." Makoto looked at the Virgo Saint.

"I hope I haven't come too late," another voice could be heard. "You cook something really yummy here, I could smell it up to Capricorn Temple!"

"Hello, Shura. Would you like some vegetable curry with coconut milk, tenpura and fried eggplants?" Himiko asked.

"Oh, hello Shura..." Shaka blushed. "I'm only here because of the food..."

"I'm almost inclined to believe you." Shura sat down at the table. "So where's the food?"

"I hope you don't mind it's all vegetarian - or would you like me to prepare you some proper o-sashimi?"

"Dunno. How does 'o-sashimi' taste like?"

"O-sashimi is artfully cut and arranged raw fish," Himiko explained and brandished her banno-bouchou. "It's very difficult to prepare properly, and I will only make it if it is truly appreciated."

"Can you cook the fish before cutting it artfully?" Shura asked.

"Philistine! Okay, no o-sashimi for you either..." Himiko sighed. "What about some buri teriyaki? That's baked fish."

"Sounds better. I just wouldn't want to eat raw fish."

"Okay, okay... There are lots of recipes with fried or baked fish, too."

"Fine." He looked expectantly at her.

"And what about me?" Shaka was stuffed, but on the other hand it was so tasty that he simply had to continue.

"Don't panic." Makoto served him the next course and put another plate in front of Shura.

"Smells great!" The Saints cleaned their plates in record time.

"It seems we should cook some more," Himiko proposed and distributed some o-mochi - sweet rice cakes - between the two men.

"I think I'll bake some fruit cakes as dessert," Makoto said.

"Good idea. I will serve some yudeazuki in the mean time."

"I'm really happy to have some guests who appreciate all of my cooking
."

"Indeed. But they seem to be more gourmands than gourmets," Himiko commented.

"I don't like the real gourmet cuisine anyway. The stuff is complicated and still it isn't filling."

Shura and Shaka munched in silence. Suddenly Milo materialized.

"Huh?! What's this?! I didn't invite you!" he told his colleagues.

"But we have," Makoto said.

"How could you? This is *my* temple!"

"You weren't here, and they were hungry."

"I'm hungry, too..."

"Then be quiet and eat something!" Makoto shoved him onto a chair. "It'll get cold if you don't start now."

"But..." Milo began, but as soon as he opened his mouth, Himiko put a piece of tenpura into it, while Makoto saved her cakes from the oven.

Milo didn't even manage to sigh, and every attempt to say something was efficiently blocked by another bite of food.

"When we are fed up with natural sciences and the Graude Foundation, we should consider opening a restaurant," Makoto said thoughtfully.

"Yeah, right here in Sanctuary for all of the thin Saints. I'd love to offer some French cuisine, too," Himiko grinned.

"Low-fat would be better, because they probably wouldn't stay thin," Makoto pointed out and gave Milo's belly an amused look. Nonetheless she distributed her fruit cakes equally between the three Saints. Now she had to find something to convince them to wash the dishes, she thought.

"I hope you will help us to clean up everything," Himiko said with a treacherous smile to the three men.

"Me?!" Shaka asked scandalized.

"You ate the most of the stuff," Makoto told him. "But I don't want to leave you two

out, Shura and Milo..."

"Wash the dishes? Us?" Shura looked at her in shock.

"Of course."

"Hey, I only had two or three of the cakes," Milo complained.

"You had six," Himiko corrected him. "And you have put on some weight, so you will have to get rid of it, and washing the dishes is a fine training."

Milo sighed.

"Do they cook such delicious stuff every day?" Shura asked him.

"Mostly they let me fetch some stuff from the take-away. I like this even better, if you ask me."

"That's only because you are a philistine," Makoto chided him.

"If only my Camus-sama would let me cook for him..."

"Well, you have to convince him."

"But he doesn't even let me talk to him!" Himiko sniffed.

"Why don't you cook something and invite him?"

"Hm... Might be an idea." Himiko imagined herself stuffing Camus with appetizers whenever he opened his mouth to throw her out.

"Why don't you start washing the dishes?" Makoto ordered.

"Pardon?" Milo looked at her with puppy eyes.

"I don't know how to wash dishes," Shaka said soulfully. "I never needed to do anything like this."

"It's easy. Pour some water and washing-up liquid and wash the dirty plates, pans and cutlery and then dry the stuff with a towel."

"I refuse to do something debasing like this," Shura moaned.

"You will do it, or there's no dessert for you," Himiko threatened.

"No dessert? What dessert do you have in store?" Shura asked.

"Fried pineapples, bananas and apples with honey."

"Hm..."

"I'll clean the dishes," Shaka said with an angelic smile. "For nothing in the world I would pass on fried pineapples with honey!"

"You have a point," Shura nodded, and Milo concurred, too.

Makoto supervised the Saints, while Himiko fried the fruit pieces in oil. When they had finished, she had produced a large heap of the fried fruits.

"So where's the dessert?" Shura asked eagerly.

"Here. You really have earned it." Himiko passed him a large portion.

Suddenly Camus materialized in Milo's kitchen. "Hi Milo - oh, Shura and *Shaka*?! - I just wanted to remind you of the poker - Hm... This smells *dee-licious*!"

"My Camus-sama!" Himiko squealed and promptly fainted.

"Why does this not surprise me at all?" Makoto sighed.

"Does this happen often?" Shura asked in amazement.

Camus looked at the unconscious blonde. "She's a very strange one, it seems."

Milo grinned. "Well, you came just a tad too late. We've just finished eating."

"It was truly delicious," Shura nodded.

"I'm just here by accident," Shaka claimed. "Actually, I'm still meditating."

"Of course. We had to force you to eat all the stuff," Makoto laughed.

"Sssst! You ruin my reputation," the Virgo Saint hissed.

"By the way, didn't Himiko want to conquer Camus' heart?" Milo wondered. "So why does she always faint whenever he appears?"

"He's just too overwhelming," Makoto shrugged. "But it is nothing to worry about."

"It's flattering that I have such an impact," Camus said with a lifted eyebrow. "At least it means I don't have to chase her away myself."

"Fortunately she's not awake, or she would be really sad to hear this," Makoto said.

"I didn't ask her to chase me. I have more important things to do than date some silly girl."

"Of course," Makoto commented ironically. "And what would that be?"

"Guard my temple and train my disciples. What else?"

"That's all?"

"What else is important?"

"Camus, you haven't tried their cooking yet," Milo told him. "Then you would know the truly important things in life!"

"I agree," Shura nodded.

"Hm." Camus looked at the women. "Do they know how to cook nouvelle cuisine?"

"You might ask Himiko. It's not my type of cooking."

"Currently she's unconscious." Camus looked impassionately at her.

"True. Hm. We should wake her, or she'll be really mad at us when she learns that she missed your visit again."

"It's not *my* fault that she fainted."

"But it *is*!" Makoto contradicted. "She only faints when you show up."

"But I haven't done *anything*" Camus tried to defend himself."

"Maybe *that's* the problem," Milo laughed.

"Huh? And what do you think should I do? Freeze her *before* she falls unconscious?" Camus looked at the blonde girl. He really didn't understand what kind of problem she had. Maybe she should consult a shrink.

"Well, I don't understand it either why she had to fall for you - literally." Makoto shook her head.

"So do I. And the worst thing is - she's not the only one."

"/think this is absolutely unfair," Milo complained.

"Be glad that you aren't chased by hordes of lovesick girlyies," Makoto said.

"But I *want* to be chased by lots of passionate girls who'd love to fulfill every single wish of mine..."

"I have some dozens to spare," Camus told him dryly.

"Great!" Milo sighed. "Just imagine - one girl to my left to feed me sweet grapes, another to my right to serve me alcoholic beverages, another two or three to massage

me..."

"Dream on," Makoto giggled.

"Hey, I'm at least as desirable as Camus, so why is it so absurd that I'd get dozens of girlies, too, to spoil me a little?"

"Because you are simply not refined enough."

"You are mean, did you know that?"

"Well, you are a shining example..."

Milo sighed and Camus looked from Milo to Makoto and back. "You seem to have quite a lot of fun," he observed.

"Sure," Makoto grinned.

"Hm." Camus examined the still unconscious Himiko and wondered whether she really could cook something edible for him. "And you really don't have any food left?" he asked wistfully.

"It depends. What would you like?"

"Well, some exquisite hors d'oeuvres like some vol-au-vents or other tasty bits..."

"Hm. I could try this," Makoto said with a frown. Camus really liked the complicated stuff.

"Well, then do so."

"Why should I?"

"You are available and you have cooked for the others. Why should you exclude me?"

"Because I don't like you."

Camus stared at her open-mouthed. This was outrageous. *All* girls were after him and would do whatever he wanted them to do - but why did *she* refuse?

Milo smiled smugly. This served Camus right for once. Finally there was a girl who didn't immediately fall for him - and the best thing was: she was his, Milo's!

Makoto looked at the Aquarius Saint's incredulous expression and giggled. He was really cute, she had to admit, but only as long as he didn't say anything.

"Camus, why don't you wake up Himiko? I'm sure she'd cook whatever you wish," Milo suggested.

"I fear she would immediately faint again as soon as she becomes aware of me. It could turn out to be quite tedious." He looked accusingly to Makoto. "But I'm *hungry*!"

"Okay, I'll cook something. But only something small and for Himiko's sake. Milo, why don't *you* try to wake her?"

"As you wish." Milo looked at the engineer and shook her soundly. "Rise and shine!"

"Huh?" Himiko groaned. "Hey, I'm no rag doll."

"Milo, keep in mind that she's not as robust as a Saint is."

"Ooops, sorry. You still alive, Himiko?"

"Uh, I guess so. What happened?"

"The usual," Makoto told her. "Turn slightly left, but very carefully!"

Himiko did as suggested. "Oh! My wonderful, gorgeous Camus-sama," she sighed. "I have to be dreaming..."

"I think I'm going to be sick. I'm not *your* Camus-whatever!" he said gruffly.

"Oh! He actually *talked* to me!"

"I have to get out of here..." Camus turned to the exit.

"No way!" Makoto called. "You won't leave when I cook for you!"

"Huh?!" Camus looked from Himiko to the oven and back. One could see it was a real fight. "Okay, you won. I'll stay," he decided when his stomach growled audibly.

"You are *really* hungry," Makoto observed amused.

"Didn't say so? Otherwise I would have retired to my temple already." Camus frowned when he examined Himiko who openly stared at him with large hearts in her eyes. "I wonder whether this is painful."

"It'll pass..."

"Probably when she faints again," the Aquarius Saint commented dryly.

"You may be right." Makoto grinned and waved her cooking spoon in front of Shaka's face. "He seems to 'meditate' very soundly..."

"Obviously." Milo examined the Virgo Saint amused. "That's why he's never invited to our poker games. His deep 'meditation' makes him always miss his turns."

- File GS03-Vir-T002 Closed -

