

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Epilog: The End of the Job! Return to Tokyo

Epilogue

The End of the Job! Return to Tokyo

When they reached Japan several hours later, it was mid-afternoon in the big city.

Himiko was still thoroughly depressed that she had to leave the love of her life behind and covered one kawaii portrait photo of him with kisses. Hyoga had decided to sleep through the flight. It was always best to sleep whenever possible so that one was ready for a fit the other time. And Makoto hadn't been able to take the perpetual tragic sighs of Himiko and preferred to sleep so that she didn't hear them anymore.

When the plane touched down, she woke up.

"Finally back home," she sighed joyfully. "Civilization, here I am!"

"But it'll be so lonely without him," Himiko sniffed.

"Why don't you try to find someone else?" Makoto suggested.

"But I want only *him*. He's simply *perfect*!"

"I'll try to convince him of your advantages the next time I see him," Hyoga promised. "After all, he's my master and he should do everything that's good for me as his disciple, shouldn't he? And it's really obvious that I need a real family..."

"I don't think that he'd agree that his duties towards you go this far," Makoto said.

"But I could at least try..."

"Well, that's doesn't hurt," Makoto nodded. "It seems to me that most of you Saints are pretty lonely."

"Well, with our powers we stand apart from the mundane people. And we are to serve Athena alone, too."

"I knew there was a reason I can't stand this Athena."

"It's not proper to say bad things about *her*," Hyoga said with a frown. "She is the law! You see, currently I'm on a mission to punish those who break her laws."

The Cygnus Saint sighed. He wasn't exactly looking forward to this job to kill all the Bronze Saints who took part in the Galactic Tournament. After all, some of them had been his friends when they trained in the Kido Mansion before they went to their training camps all over the world. But when they decided to violate the sacred laws, it was their fate to die.

"I don't understand this anyway," Makoto told him. "But then, fortunately I'm not one of Athena's Saints."

"Well, with powers like ours it's certainly a good thing that there are laws that we have to adhere to. One single Saint is able to defeat a whole army of mundane people."

"Probably. You are all mercilessly drilled to fight and don't know anything else, it seems."

"Not only... I know that I want my mama back!"

"Aren't you a little old to cry for your mama all the time?"

"Too old?! My mama was taken from me when I was but a little boy. I never had a real family."

"Hm, most of the Saints didn't have a family, if I understood it correctly..."

"Indeed." Hyoga looked at her with large, sad eyes, and Makoto couldn't help but tousle his blond hair.

"You are so cute, I'm sure you won't stay alone too much longer," Makoto laughed.

"You sure? Do you think Himiko might really adopt me?"

"Yeah, I'm sure she'll do it. She has a big heart for lost children. And of course she will be even more inclined as you want to help her win Camus."

"This would be fine. She even looks a little like my real mama. I would love to have a home to return to..." Again Hyoga felt this empty spot within him.

"Your life seems to be really hard," Makoto sympathized with him. "So without a home."

"Indeed." Hyoga nodded and his blond mane bobbed up and down.

Makoto caught some of the strands. "I really could become a hair fetishist with all of you Saints," she said.

"Maybe it comes with the Cosmo?" Hyoga grinned.

"This would be worth an examination..."

"Haven't you examined me thoroughly enough?"

"Well, you could visit me in the lab anyway. I like to have nice visitors."

"Okay, then I'll visit you in your lab once in a while. Ahm, where is it?"

"Oh, here's the address." Makoto gave him a visiting card.

"Thanks. -- Err, that's *Japanese*! I can't read kanji, I'm sorry..."

"Oh..." Makoto scribbled down the address in roomaji at the reverse side.

"Thanks!" Hyoga hoped that someday he would find the time to learn reading and writing Japanese. Talking was okay, even if he wasn't perfect in it, but the symbols escaped him. Greek and some basic Russian was okay, though. "Well, I guess I have to say goodbye now," Hyoga said. "I have to go to the Coliseum now."

"Ah yes, this Galactic Tournament..."

"Exactly. I have to punish the Saints that take part in this forbidden spectacle."

"Why is it forbidden to join it anyway?"

"Well, it's that we are not allowed to use our powers for our personal gain. And competing in some tournament is certainly not serving Athena."

"I think you're fights are silly anyway."

"So you would just stand there and watch when someone threatens to destroy the Earth?"

"Well, probably not - but I think fighting for this armour as prize is silly."

"Well, that's why I'm sent to punish them. We Saints have to defend Earth against evil Gods and their minions and not fight for fun."

"Well, fights should never be for fun. But don't you think it's a lot of Saints for you to take on at the Tournament?"

"I'm Cygnus Bronze Saint. I can handle them."

"Take good care of yourself!"

"I'll do." Hyoga took his Cloth Box. "Dosvidanya!"

"Ja mata!" Makoto waved him farewell, and Hyoga jogged away.

"Now he is gone as well," Himiko sighed and put the photo of Camus away.

"Well, we have to get back to work."

"Yeah, I'll work all day and night to try forgetting *him*..."

"Working is always a good cure," Makoto nodded wisely.

"Yep. And I already have a cool idea for the Earth Steel Cloth."

"First we should return to our homes and sleep off the jetlag," Makoto suggested.

"Yeah, sure. And I want to glue all the Camus posters to the walls of my home and the lab..."

"This won't help you to work, I fear. You'll only stand in front of the pictures and dream of him."

"But I need a little look at him once in a while."

"One poster in your locker should be enough."

"But I can't decide on *one* poster of him! I want to put up *all* of him!"

"That's torture," Makoto protested.

"Awww, there's nothing bad about him!"

"Okay, okay, he is cute - but you exaggerate hopelessly!"

"I can't help it, I'm sorry," Himiko sniffed.

"Okay, okay... But let's get home now."

Himiko nodded. "And what about going to a restaurant after we put our luggage there?"

"Good idea! I'm starving! And for once I don't have to cook..."

"Indeed. I think I'll order a couple of professionally prepared nigiri sushi. I really missed them in Greece."

"I agree. I'm really looking forward to tempura and sashimi - and of course a proper miso soup!"

They put their bags in their apartments and stowed their things away.

"So where do we start?" Himiko asked.

"Doesn't matter. It should be good and near."

"Fine." Himiko took a notepad and pencils so that she could start to sketch her new ideas for the Steel Cloths before they stormed into the next restaurant.

"Ah, finally proper tables and chop-sticks again," Himiko smiled. They kneeled down on the tatamis and ordered a large meal with several courses. In Greece one just didn't get the proper ingredients.

They ate silently until they couldn't get anything down anymore.

"I'm totally stuffed," Makoto declared.

"So am I," Himiko laughed. They went to the cashdesk and payed before they went back home. "It's really nice to be back, even though I sorely miss my Camus-sama."

"Well, I can't help it, I'm sorry. We just have to get back to work tomorrow."

"Indeed..." Himiko sighed. "But we really should return to Greece for the next holidays!"

- The End -