

Sneaky as an ED

As Githu came flying against Eddy, Eddy did the only sensible thing. He ducked.

When Githu flew over Eddy, he got one of these classical facial-expressions which show both suprisement and fear. He landed with a boom in the cellar, but he was soon to get out of there, cursing. When he looked up, he saw a very moody Eddy.

"What did you do to Double D?" Eddy asked in an angry tone, voice still turned metallic by the helmet.

"I did nothing! The poor fool just looked at me in psionical-vision, that's all!"

"Thanks for clearing that out!" Eddy said and swung his right claw in a deadly arc against Githu. Githu dodged it easily and responded with a slap from one of his clawed hands. Eddy flew backwards and landed in Double D's fence with a crash.

"Trying to fool a Slaaneshi Deamon?" Githu said and jumped on the next target, Ed.

"AHH! Get away from me!" Ed shouted as he parried Githu's sword with his own.

"No, I won't get off you." Githu said and attacked Ed with his claw-hands.

"Good bye, Outlaw!" Githu said as he closed his claws towards Ed.

Suddenly, a blue bolt of lightning struck through the air. It hit Githu, but he didn't seem to be bothered too much of it. He just let go of Ed and turned round.

There he saw Double D and Rolf.

"Now, why didn't the psychic attack work?" Double D asked himself.

"Have you completely forgotten that you STILL can't attack a Deamon with psi-powers?" Rolf said and gave Double D an angry look.

"No, Rolf, I haven't forgotten." Double D snapped back. "I just didn't remember it at all."

"So." Githu's sugar-sweet voice rang. "You're the commissar Kharn fears?"

"Yes, that's me." Rolf said and added: "Or at least a part of me."

"You don't seem so dangerous." Githu said and crawled over to Rolf.

"Maybe not me, but Yarrick." Rolf said and looked Githu straight in the eyes.

"Be careful Rolf." Double D said and backed off.

"What?" Rolf's shocked response was as he realized he was left alone with Githu.

"Finally!" Githu hissed and wrapped his tail around Rolf, the muscles under the scaled-skin tightening around Rolf's body into a bone-crushing strangle.

"Arrgh!" Rolf got out as he slowly and painfully got crushed by Githu's tail.

Githu smiled in pleasure as his tail tightened around the commissar. But his facial-expression suddenly changed as a enormous amount of pain flowed through his body. He looked down at his tail, only to find out that about two metres of tail was missing.

"Don't underestimate a Terminator Captain." Eddy said and knocked Githu so hard that he was sent flying through the air. He landed on the other side of the fence in Double D's backyard, namely the forest.

Double D walked up to Eddy, and so did Ed.

"Want any help with him?" Double D asked.

"No, he's mine." Eddy said and ran towards the forest, the gears of the

Terminator suit churning and working hard to keep him upright. Double D bent down and helped up Rolf. He'd gotten away with some small bruises and the air forced out of him.

"Are you okay, Rolf?" Double D asked softly.

"Yes, but I've never been so close to death." Rolf answered as he got to his feet.

"You'll have plenty of time to get closer still to death. Let's help Eddy."

Eddy walked through the forest. He was feeling mostly uncomfortable with chasing a deamon in the middle of the night.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are." he called.

There was no answer.

"Where are ya, ya little..."

Eddy's voice travelled off as he saw something glitter on the ground. He bent down and had a closer look. He felt on the substance with his finger.

(Please note that the Lightning Claws are retractable.)

It was thicker than water.

"Blood." Eddy thought to himself. He put on the helmet and switched over to the heat-vision.

He stood up and looked around. Githu had to be in one of the trees nearby, because the blood trail ended here. Against his own will, Eddy went deeper into the forest. Closely watched by a pair of purple eyes.

"Are you sure about this Double D?" Ed asked with a bit of fear in his voice.

"Yes, Eddy doesn't admit it, but he needs our help. Are you afraid Ed?"

"A bit."

"Don't forget your a fearless Space Outlaw."

"Actually, I'm also afraid." Rolf's voice came from behind them.

Ed and Double D turned round and looked at him. Rolf just stopped and looked back at them. Anyhow, he had to stop, because the two armoured figures blocked the way completely.

"Are you, an Imperial Commissar, afraid?" Double D asked confunded.

"Well, I don't know about Yarrick, but I'm afraid." Rolf answered. "Let's move on."

"Okay." the unison reply came from Ed and Double D.

"How the heck can a 17 feet long Deamon just disappear?" Eddy asked himself as he looked around for the 5th time.

"Answer: They don't!" Githu's voice rang out as he jumped out of a tree nearby Eddy.

Thanks to the heat-vision in the helmet, Eddy saw Githu in time to duck. If he hadn't been wearing it, two things would have happened:

1. He wouldn't have seen Githu at all, as Githu was cloaked at the moment.
2. Eddy would have become one head shorter, because Githu is no fool and aimed his blade at the head.

Githu made a couple of summersaults and landed in a bush nearby. His head hit an oak hard and his cloaking was knocked out. Knowing he wouldn't need the helmet any more, Eddy took it off and walked up to Githu.

Githu was coming to as Eddy said:

"This ends now, Deamon."

Githu quickly realized what was going to happen, and tried another plan of his.

"Why do you want to kill me?" he asked.

Eddy was stumped. He found no real answer and just replied:

"Because you're a Deamon."

"Is that all? I mean, we have so much in common."

"Whaddya mean?"

"We both like to fool people, right?"

"Yeah, but how did you know?"

"I got him right where I want him." Githu thought to himself.

"I am a Deamon, I know everything. I also know, that....YOU'RE GONNA DIE!!!"

Githu roared as he shot up and with open jaws attacked Eddy's unprotected head.

Eddy reacted fast and put his right hand in Githu's mouth and armed the grenade launcher with a grenade, but he was unaware that the new Lightning Claws didn't have a grenade launcher. Instead, they had the Terminator standard issue Storm Bolter. So when he blasted off his shot in the roof of Githu's mouth, the result was that he blew Githu brain straight out of his head.

Purple deamon blood covering the ground, Eddy's right arm and chest-plate.

Eddy pulled out the hand from Githu's mouth and took a few steps backwards.

Githu didn't fall to the ground as expected. He lived on, even without a brain.

But now, he was very pissed.

"AAAHHHH!! MY BRAIN!!! YA LITTLE BRAT!! I'M GONNA KILL YA!!" Githu screamed and leaped on Eddy with his last powers.

Eddy could do nothing. He was apralyzed with terror that Githu survived the blast. Then, suddenly, it happened again. His suit of armour reacted without Eddy doing anything at all.

(All you people out there with a good memory may remember that Eddy's Terminator suit acted on it's own once in "The Battle of Armag-ED-on".)

His Lightning Claws, which were retracted, extended and the suit swung the claws in an arc that cut Githu clean in two.

Githu got a shocked look on his face, as his upper body fell to the ground with a thump. And before Eddy's eyes, the body slowly turned to dust.

He looked at his blood stainted hands and said:

"Thanks, you saved my life again."

"Hey Eddy!" Double D panted out as he ran up to Eddy. "Where's Githu?"

"There." Eddy said and pointed on the dust on the ground.

"Oh. Seems you didn't need our help."

"Nope. I said he was mine."

"Yeah, you did." Double D said and looked on the surroundings.

"Let's go back. I have a creepy feeling this is far from over." he added and walked back to the cul-de-sac.

"So Amon, anything new about Githu?" Kharn asked as he joined Amon in the former throne-room of the Emperor.

"Yes, bad news." Amon's calm and soft reply came.

"What sort of bad news, vise one?"

"Why do you call me that? The bad news are that....." Amon hestitated.

"C'mon, tell me."

"Githu Poisonbite, is.....dead."

"That can't be!" Kharn shouted. "How come? No human can single-handly kill a Deamon!"

"He is dead. I swear upon Tzeentch that he is! I monitored his feelings through the Warp. I felt when he left the Warp and I even felt his joy, when he attacked

the Outlaws."

"The Outlaws...that explains all." Kharn said quietly to himself.

"What do you mean, mylord?" Amon asked and looked at Kharn for the first time since Kharn called on him.

"I knew Githu. A big egoist. But that's the way all Slaaneshi Deamons are."

"So?"

"He wanted Yarrick for himself, but he was punished greatly."

"I think I know who killed him." Amon said softly.

"Who?"

"The Outlaw Captain. The Terminator."

"Captain Eddy? Well I'll be.....If I remember Captain Eddy right, he was almost as Githu, right?"

"In ways of personality? Maybe."

"Don't you see? Githu loved to fool people. He was like a child. Pulling pranksters on everybody. Including you, Amon. He was also self-centered."

"So what makes Captain Eddy and Githu alike each other?"

"Captain Eddy also loves to pull pranks. I know his true nature. 'Cause I've seen his soul."

"Goes this for all off them?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Even Yarrick?"

"Hopefully not. And Amon, you'll like my new idea."

"Which is?"

"To send Gutspew into the Warp. You just have to open the hole. Gutspew has got lots of experience as a Deamon, so don't worry. He'll have fair chance."

"I never worry, I know the future, and there is nothing you can do to change it."

"I know." Kharn turned round and raised his voice to a shout. "Hey Gutspew! Come here!!!"

"Oh dear Tzeentch." Amon said and put his clawed fingers on his nose. "He is so smelly."

"I don't really care." Kharn said as Gutspew entered the throne-chamber.

"Gutpew, are you ready?" Kharn asked Gutspew as Gutspew moved up to Kharn and Amon. Amon looked like he was going to throw up his dinner, even though Deamons don't really need to eat.

"Yes, I am ready to face off against the Outlaws. They'll have the death of the plague at my hands." Gutspew said in his low croaking voice, revealing a rusty blade from behind his back.

"Can we please get this over with?" Amon said, still holding his nose.

"Of course." Kharn's reply came. "I'm just waiting for you to open the Warp-hole."

"Oh yeah. I forgot." Amon said and took out his staff that was hanging from his back.

"Here goes!" Amon shouted. "Stand back ladies and Deamons!!!"

Amon gripped the staff with both hands. He closed his eyes and began chanting something in the Deamon-tongue of Tzeentch:

*"Imansha shirchana Tzeentchiasa atanja mojujeve etanzacha
GAMINDIZACHAXA!!!"*

(This means roughly: Oh holy Tzeentch, give me power to open the Hole Between Realms)

The skull on the upper end of the staff almost exploded as the psychic energy that was focused on Amon was released. The blue lightning struck the walls and roof in the chamber before they gathered on a point in the room. Slowly,

they got a shape and began glowing with all the colours of the rainbow. Amon opened his eyes and said, without letting go of the staff (which still glowed):

"Hurry now, Gutspew, before it closes. I'm trying hard to keep it open, even if it doesn't seem like it."

"Okay." Gutspew's short answer came and he walked into the Warp-hole.

As Gutspew had walked in, the hole closed with a sucking sound, followed by a plop.

Kharn looked on Amon.

"Is it supposed to sound like that?" Kharn asked.

"Yes." Amon's reply came.

"Y'know. It's very convenient to have the only Deamon in the universe that can open a Warp-hole."

"Maybe so, but never forget the Eldar. They can manufacture Warp-gates to use."

"Weird that you don't remember how to make one?"

"That knowledge disappeared as I got possessed." Amon said and put the staff back on his back.

"And why did you change name?"

"Because Amon Chakai sounds better on a Deamon than Draconis."

"Yeah, you're right. How long have we actually had the control of the Secundus system?"

"About 200 years."

"Not any longer?"

"Hah, any longer and I wouldn't be able to send Githu and Gutspew back in time and space."

"Tears your powers, right?"

"Much. 500 years is a lot of time."

"Yes, it is. Now, my dear friend. Let's just forget about the Outlaws a while. Join me for a Gladiator-game or two?"

"Of course. This time, my team WILL beat you Kharn."

"Now a chance. The Armageddon Doombringers are Slaughter-cup reigning champs."

The two deamons walked away. Laughing.

"How far into the forest did you actually go, Eddy?" Double D asked as they walked past the same oak for the third time.

"We're completely lost." Rolf said and looked worriedly around.

"I can't help it. The helmet doesn't incorporate night-vision. Just heat-vision." Eddy answered.

Eddy took off the helmet. He needed some real air. He took a deep breath.

"YUCK! What's that smell?" he shouted and looked around.

They were at one of the many mud-pools in the forest.

"Yeah, you're right Eddy." Double D said and put his hand on his nose. "It smells awful!"

"And there is more flies here than in my shed." Rolf said and swatted one with his hands. As he opened his clenched hands, he saw his black gloves were covered in green muck.

"Eww!" he said and wiped it off in a nearby tree.

Ed walked up to Rolf and looked down.

"Are trees supposed to have feet?" Ed asked.

"No mono-brow. Of course not." Eddy's snapping answer came.
Ed took Rolf in a firm grip and led him off a bit from the tree he'd wiped his hands on.

"What is it Ed-boy?" Rolf asked and looked at Ed.

"That's a Deamon." Ed's reply came as he took out his power-sword.

"What!?" The unison reply came from Eddy, Double D and Rolf.