

The Good, The Bad and The ED

Gutspew Nurgle walked out in the moon light. He was no pretty sight. His body was so decayed, it could make the stomach turn on the most hardy of beings. His skin was covered in boils and open wounds. I can say he looked better than he smelled. Waaay better.

And he was no pretty sight, so you get the point, right?

"I think I'm gonna throw up." Double D said quietly, and tried to keep his dinner in the stomach.

"Nah, he doesn't smell badder than Ed." Eddy said and pointed on Ed, who still was fixating the Deamon with his eyes.

"I think your psyker is right." Gutspew spoke in his almost trademark croaking tone. The Eds and Rolf turned their heads quickly and looked at Gutspew. The bloated figure went one step closer, pus left in a trail after him.

"Kharn wants you guys out of his way, and I'm the one to do that." Gutspew croaked and opened his mouth widely.

A weak buzzing was heard before a virtual beam of flies shot out of Gutspew's mouth. Ed, Edd and Rolf was quick enough to get out of the way, but Eddy was left no chance at all, as the Terminator armour makes him a bit slow.

The fly-swarm crashed into his chest-plate and sent him flying into a nearby tree.

WHAM!

"Urgh!" he said as he fainted away.

"Eddy!!" Double D shouted as he turned round. "Feel my Force Sword, Deamon filth!!"

Double D jumped at Gutspew, using his Force Sword as a double-handed battle-axe.

But before Double D could blink, Gutspew had pulled his sword and the rusty blade easily parried the blue Force-steel of Double D's sword.

When Double D landed on the ground, he was suddenly in hand-to-hand combat with a 6½ feet high Deamon, that smelled incredibly bad.

Double D got his sword on top of Gutspew's and thought that he had him. But he didn't. With a swift back-swipe, Gutspew got out of his locked position and sent Double D's sword flying into the same tree as Eddy had crashed into. The blade burried itself in the trunk some inches above Eddy's head. Double D quickly turned his head to see where the sword went. It was not very wise to do that because Gutspew used this oppurtunity well, and knocked Double D hard in the back of his head with his fist. Double D went down on his knees and fainted without a sound.

Meanwhile, Ed had taken Rolf to what Ed thought was safety, a tree-top. He'd hated to leave his friends, but he had to do it, for Rolf's safety.

"You can put me down, Ed-boy." Rolf said as he found a place to stand on in the tree, a broad branch.

"Oh, sorry Rolf." Ed answered and put down Rolf. After doing so, Ed landed beside him.

"We shouldn't have left Eddy and Double D." Ed said worriedly.

"You could do nothing. That Deamon is at least ten times stronger than the last one." Rolf's answer came.

"So what are we gonna do?" Ed asked and looked confunded.

"Think up a plan. Which I should be good at."

"Don't you mean Yarrick?"

"I know what I mean."

"Rolf?" Ed asked after a moment of silence. "Can you smell it?"

"What?" Rolf said and looked up. He sniffed the air and looked down.

"He's found us." Rolf whispered as an answer on his own question.

"What are we gonna do?" Ed asked back in the same whispering tone.

"He's after you, not me. Kharn have probably said to him to take me alive, so...."

"So what?"

"I'll act decoy, and you'll take him from behind. Okay?"

"Ay, commissar!"

"Oh, well. Here goes." Rolf said and swung down from the branch. As he flew through the air, he easily gripped another, thinner branch and swung down that way.

When he was about 13 feet above the ground, he pulled his sword and jumped down onto the ground. He landed directly in front of Gutspew, who was surprised of the little human's bravery.

"Give up Deamon!!" Rolf shouted and tried not to breathe too much.

"Are YOU threatening ME?" Gutspew said and pointed on Rolf with a decayed finger.

"Yes, there is nothing to fear except Fear itself."

"Wise words. But they won't help you. You're going with me back to Kharn!!"

Gutspew jumped on Rolf, who was astonished that such a bloated being could be so agile. In the last second, Rolf jumped out of the way and Gutspew crashed into the ground, head first.

Ed siezed his opportunity and jumped down from the tree, with a brightly blue-glowing power-sword.

He landed on the ground with a heavy thump, and ran against Gutspew the fastest he could. He would not get one new chance.

He had to time this right.

Gutspew pulled his head out of the ground, but he didn't have time to curse even at Rolf, before a felt an enourmous pain in his back.

"RRRAAARRRRGGGGHHHH!!!"

Gutspew turned his head and looked on his back. There he saw Ed, who was standing on his back, with his power-sword half-way down into Gutspew's back.

"Rrrggg! GET OFF, PIPSQUEAK!!" Gutspew shouted. The pain from the trilitium sword was too much, even for Gutspew, who was renowned to be one of the most sturdy Deamons alive.

"As you wish!" Ed said and swiftly jumped off Gutspew's back.

Gutspew got up and turned round. He held his rusty-sword in a firm grip, a grip so firm that the bone of his knuckles pierced out of his skin.

"Have you got ANY idea of who I am?!" Gutspew shouted. He was very angry on this youngster.

"Nope!" Ed's simple answer came.

"I am Gutspew Nurple, Lord of Decay and Diseases."

"Do you know who I am?" Ed asked back, playing along.

"No." Gutspew answered and raised what would have been an eyebrow, if it weren't so that he didn't have any.

"That's good, because you won't need to know when you're dead." Ed said and with an almost blinding speed, he raced forth and cut Gutspew in the left arm.

"Arrrgh!" Gutspew cried out as he felt the pain again. "Foolish Outlaw!!" Gutspew swung his sword in a deadly arc, but Ed was quick and ducked away, so the sword only took a piece of his shoulder-pad armour. But the duck made him vulnerable for a new attack, so Gutspew brought his sword in a back-sweep, which would cut Ed's head clear off.

But just as he was about to deal the final blow to Ed, a blue ball of plasma hit Gutspew right in his back wound. The pain was horrendous, to much even for the Lord of Decay.

Double D and Eddy came out from behind and joined Ed and Rolf.

"Finish him Ed." Double D said. "He's as good as dead."

"I don't think so Double D." Eddy said frightened. "Uh, he's definitely not as good as dead."

"Oh my." Double D said as he saw Gutspew grip Rolf by the waist and run away from them.

"Get him!!" Eddy shouted and the three Outlaws ran after Gutspew.

"How can he be so bloated and so quick?" Eddy asked while they ran after the decayed creature.

"I have no idea, Eddy." Double D answered.

"I didn't ask you." Eddy looked at Ed, who turned on his jump-pack and flew after Gutspew.

"ED! Where you going?!" Eddy shouted, shocked.

"To save the commissar."

"Jesus!" Eddy said and shook his head.

"You'll have it sooo nice in the slaver-pit on Secundus 2, commissar." Gutspew said maliciously.

"I have a feeling Kharn won't make me a slave." Rolf said and tried once again to break free from Gutspew's grip, but to no avail.

"So why does he want you, then?" Gutspew asked, deeply confounded over the answer. "All humans are now slaves to great Lord Kharn."

"He doesn't want me as a slave, he wants me killed."

"Then he would have given me orders to kill you, right?"

They'd reached the dumpster by now, and Rolf recognised the spot where the warp-gate opened last time.

"Has it ever occurred to you, that Kharn hates me?"

The Deamon and the commissar didn't get any further in their conversation, because they were heavily interrupted by an Ed that came flying down from the skies, the armour glittering in the moonlight. He was going very fast because of the aerodynamical shaped helmet he was wearing, and the white and red crest on it fluttered in the powerful wind. In his hands he held the bolter that he'd always used, ready to fire a salvo at Gutspew any second.

"Let go of Commissar Yarrick, Deamon of Hades!!" he shouted as he flew down like a bolt of thunder.

"Does he ever give up!?" Gutspew asked himself and threw away Rolf from the grip. He landed in a pile of trash (obviously).

As Ed came closer, he shot off a short burst from his bolter, which hit Gutspew in the stomach.

"Rrrg! Dodge this!!" Gutspew shouted and opened his mouth and lashed out

with his tongue.

The tongue hit Ed on his chest-plate, and as it did so, Gutspeew by accident turned off Ed's jump-pack. And as Ed is no bird, he falled to the ground with a thump.

Gutspeew walked up to Ed where he was lying on the ground and said:

"Hope that'll teach you."

Without warning, Ed shot up from the ground, pulled his power-sword and cut open Gutspeew's stomach. With a last scream of pain, Gutspeew falled to the ground, dead. But his body didn't dissipate like Githu's. Eddy and Double D ran up to Ed, and so did Rolf, who'd gotten out of the pile of carbage.

"That was that Deamon." Ed said and took off the helmet.

"Not quite, Ed." Double D said softly.

"Whaddya mean?" Ed asked, surprised.

"Remember what happened on Armageddon? With the Plague Marine Champion?"

"Yeah!" Ed said happily and slowly his facial expression changed to a scared one. He'd realized what was going to happen.

"Oh!" he said put on the helmet, and so did Eddy and Double D. Rolf hid behind a pile of trash and was soon joined by the Eds. A split second later, the body of Gutspeew exploded. It wasn't a large explosion, but it was enough to achieve the right effect.

FLA-DOOM!

"What a blast!" Ed said as he looked up.

"Good thing we were out of blast, unlike last time." Eddy said, remembering his mistake on Armageddon.

"Ed-boys?" Rolf asked worriedly.

"Yes Rolf?" Double D responded.

"It ain't over yet." Rolf said and pointed on some small beings that came crawling out of Gutspeew's remaints.

"What are those?" Eddy asked shocked as he saw the small copies of Gutspeew.

"Those are Nurglings. I belive." Double D said and pulled his Plasma Gun. "Fry 'em!"

Ed, Eddy and Rolf followed orders and pulled their guns to. The red laser shots and the blue Plasma balls were mixed with the white streaks that were the trails of the bolts that came from Eddy's stormbolter and Ed's bolter.

As all the Outlaws and Rolf's weapons could fire at a fast rate, the Nurgling threat was easily dealt with.

"Okay, what now?" Eddy asked as they got up from their cover. "Do we wait for the next Deamon?"

"No." Double D's troubled answer came.

"Why not?" Eddy asked surprised.

"Because...." Double D hesitated. "Because Gutspeew sent a psychic message throw the Warp. I didn't understand it, but I have a feeling he wanted a Warp-passage to be opened for him."

"By who?" Rolf asked. "A Dark Eldar? They're the only ones that can manufacture Warp Gates."

"No. A Deamon."

"A Deamon? A psyker Deamon?" Eddy asked shocked.

"Yes, and as it takes time for this one to reach it's destination. Not only through space, but through time, we should have a Warp-passage here soon."

Double D had barely ended that sentence, before the familiar sound of a Warp-passage was heard. The Eds and Rolf turned round and looked at the swirling pattern of colours.

"I never done this before." Rolf said, with a spec of fright in his voice.

The foursome walked up to the passage and Eddy said to Rolf with a kind gesture:

"It's just to walk in."

The four heroes walked in and the warp-passage closed with a sucking sound, followed by a plop.

Amon Chakai rushed the fastest he could to Kharn. How could he'd been so stupid? He knew the Warp. It takes time for a psychic message to reach it's destination, sometimes days or even years.

"Kharn, I have good news and bad news!" he shouted as he entered the throne-room.

"Again?" Kharn's surprised answer came.

"The good news are that Yarrick is alive, so you can kill him yourself."

"And the bad news?" Kharn asked with a face that said he had some idea of what was coming.

"Eh, bad news number one is: Gutspew is dead."

"I knew it." Kharn interrupted.

"And bad news number two is: The Space Outlaws and Yarrick are on Secundus 2." Amon ended and tried to look innocent.

"What!!?" Kharn screamed.

"They got into the Warp-passage before I realized what was happening." Amon tried to explain.

"You moron!" Kharn kept on going. "Those four are the ultimate fighters. Working as a team, nothing can stop them."

"Listen Kharn. I opened the Warp-passage in the Badlands in the south. They won't survive long against the lesser Deamons and the Berzerkers out there."

"Maybe your right." Kharn said and calmed down.

"Give orders to all your troops to kill the Outlaws, except the Lexicanum, I want him myself. Also give orders that they must capture Yarrick, at all costs."

"Good idea Amon. What would I do without you?"

"I don't know. Maybe you wouldn't be King over Deamons and Berzerkers?"

"Maybe so." Kharn said and laughed maliciously. "Maybe so!"

The Eds and Rolf stepped out of the warp-passage. Eddy came out lastly.

"Hurry up! It's gonna eat my leg." he said as the passage almost closed on his left leg.

"Where are we?" Ed asked.

"On secundus 2." Rolf said. "The Badlands, home of many aliens."

"How far is it to the Imperial Palace?" Eddy asked and looked at the blood-red sun of the Secundus System; Betelguese.

(Note: Kadoria is the Eldar name of Betelguese as Khaine is the Eldar name of Khorne)

"About 20 miles." Rolf's heavy answer came.

"It's gonna take forever to walk that far." Double D said and looked down on the ground.

But his head snapped back up as he heard a shout from behind:

"Blood for the Blood God!!! Skull for the Skull Throne!!!"

The four turned around and looked straight at 20 Berzerkers that were charging at them, chainswords and bolt pistols at the ready.
"Not good!" the four said in unison.