

## **The Legend of the Eagle, the Wolf and the Hound of ED**

Rolf picked up the peaked cap with his left hand, put it on and ran for the platform behind the throne.

"Follow me!" he said as he ran up the stairs.

When they got up to the platform, Double D destroyed the glass with his fist and shouted:

"Ed! Jump out!"

Ed looked down at the ground about two hundred yards below and shuddered.

"It's an awful long way down!" he whimpered.

"Use the jump pack for once!" Double D said and kicked Ed hard in his bottom.

Ed fell out of the window, only to come back with the jump pack at full blast a couple of seconds later.

"What took ya?" Double D asked jokingly.

"Did you have to kick me so hard?" Ed snapped back and gripped Rolf by the waist and flew down.

"Your turn Eddy!" Double D said and turned to face Eddy.

"Of course, but I have no jump pack."

"Your Terminator armour will break the fall when you land."

"Okay, but what about you?"

"I'll use this." Double D said and showed Eddy the staff he was carrying. It was Amon's staff.

"See ya on the ground!" Eddy shouted and jumped out.

Double D gripped the staff with both hands and jumped out. A blue, shimmering light appeared around him and he sailed slowly downwards.

**KHWAM!**

Eddy landed hard on the ground. He looked at Ed who gave Rolf some support in standing up. Apparently Yarrick's spirit hadn't done its job.

"Where's Double D?" Ed asked worriedly.

"He's coming." was Eddy's short answer. Seconds later Double D landed. The blue light disappeared.

"C'mon!" Double D shouted and began running. "It's still a tower, and it will fall!"

Ed let go of Rolf, who said he could run himself, and they all started running away from the tower.

Mere seconds later, the Tower of Despair collapsed with a hideous crash. The Eds and Rolf was without range of the falling boulders, but the dust cloud that swept forth after the tower had fallen took them and they were covered in debris and sand.

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A quiet dust-field, that was what the Plain of Blood outside the ruins of the Tower of Despair looked like. Horribly quiet. Until a hand shot out of the earth. It was ultramarine blue.

"Ahh!" Double D drew his lungs full of air as he pulled himself out of the earth.

Around him, Ed and Eddy also wormed their way up and out of the earth.

Double D stretched down his hand into the earth on one point and pulled out Rolf by the collar of the greatcoat. Rolf spat and cursed as he was pulled up. He hated to need help from the others.

"Why don't you let me act on my own? I'm not that badly wounded!"

"That's what you think." Double D replied calmly.  
Double D didn't get to add anything else to that before a rumbling noise could be heard from another point of the dust-field. The foursomes heads rapidly turned to look at where the sound had come from.  
A small mound of dust was rising at one point. Some of the heaviest of boulders lay at this spot, but they were flung away like small rocks when Kharn flung out of the dirt.  
Eddy looked shocked at him.  
"I thought you killed him, Rolf!!?"  
"So did I, so did I!!" Rolf repeated himself.  
Kharn's eyes were glowing with an eerie light. He was panting hard, but something wasn't right with him.  
"What happening with him?" Ed asked terrified.  
"For once, I don't have an answer!" Double D replied.  
"Look!" Rolf shouted and pointed at Kharn with his healthy hand. "He's huddling up."  
Rolf was right. Kharn was huddling up. And as he'd finished that, a blue-white light started to glow from within his crawled up limbs. It glowed stronger and stronger, until it got so strong the Eds and Rolf had to turn away their eyes from it.

As the light died away, Rolf was the first one to open his eyes. Thanks to the peak of his cap, he didn't have to shield away the light with hand. What he saw was incredible.

The Eds had also opened their eyes now. They gasped silently at what they saw.

They saw the angel of Lieutenant Commander Kevin Poole. The angel was floating on the spot Kharn had been on. The snow white robe was held together on one spot by a golden Imperial eagle. The white angel-wings spread out behind him.

Slowly, the angel began soaring up into the sky and flew through the thick clouds of Secundus 2 and disappeared out of sight.

"I had no idea that he was an angel?" Eddy said startled.

"Superstition has followed through all our Outlaw adventures, Eddy." Double D replied calmly.

"But, if that was Kevin Poole, what happened to Kharn?" Rolf asked.

"The other way, I believe." Double D said and pointed with the staff towards the ground.

"I don't know, and I don't care." Ed shot in.

"Same here." Eddy agreed. "Let's get out of here, before lesser Deamons gather."

The foursome walked away from the collapsed Tower, everybody thinking of what had actually happened.

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"How in the name of Zeus butt-hole, are we gonna get of this rock?" Eddy shouted as they took a brief rest by some large boulders. They'd been walking for about 1 hour, maybe 2. No-one really knew.

"Don't know." Rolf replied and sat down on a boulder. Apparently, his hand hurted a lot. Yarrick hadn't done his job.

Double D didn't sit down like Eddy, Ed and Rolf. He seemed to look for something.

"If I may ask." Eddy said. "Why have you been dragging around that staff?"

"We're gonna need it...Ooops!"

Double D fell forward and landed in a cloud of dust. He'd tripped on a small pile of dust. But it wasn't only dust. Double D had revealed a piece of a rock as he tripped.

"What's that?" Ed said and pointed on the piece of rock that was visible.

"Don't know, but whatever it is, it has something to do with Amon Chakai's staff. I can feel it!"

Double D started dusting off the sand from the rock and he saw immediately what it was.

"A Warp-portal!"

"A what?" Eddy asked shocked.

"A Warp-portal!" Double D replied excited. "Eddy, don't you see? We're saved!"

"How can that piece of rock, save us?" Eddy said and pointed on the socket on the rock. The socket had been chopped out of the rock and decorated with odd runes.

"Besides." he added. "Warp-portals can only be manufactured by Eldar, and this is an ex-Imperial world."

"That's Warp-gates." Double D answered. "This is a Warp-portal. Warp-portals have existed for God knows how long. I found one on Callidus, near the barn. There must be hundreds of them. All you need to use them is a staff, like this."

Double D pointed on Amon's staff.

"So, how does it work?" Ed asked.

"I'll show you." Double D said and gripped the staff with both hands. "Stand back! Psychic powers are not to play with!" Double D shouted as he raised his hands and prepared to jam the staff into the socket.

Rolf, Ed and Eddy got up and backed off and Double D jammed the staff into the socket. He turned it a quarter of a turn, a click was heard and the staff began to glow with a green light, which had a tinge of red and blue in it. The glow travelled upwards, and a ball began to form between the horns of the skull. Now firstly did Double D let go of the staff and slowly backed off. As he had taken about three steps back, a beam of electrical psionic energy shot out of the staff.

The beam went right up into the air and through the clouds of Secundus 2. But somewhere, it must have turned, because it came crashing down. The crackling of pure psychic energy was drowned out by a huge blast as the beam hit home on the staff.

**KVOOM!!**

The staff was shattered in a thousand pieces, but instead a Warp-portal was now standing there.

"After you, my dear gentlemen." Double D said with a gesture against the portal.

"Still as polite as ever?" Eddy said as he entered.

"Yeah." Double D answered.

After the foursome had entered, the Warp-portal closed with a sucking and a plop.

++++Back on Earth++++

"Back home!!" Eddy said as he jumped out of the warp. He felt weirdly light. Something wasn't right here.

He looked at his hands, and got a shocked look.

"Where's my armour!?" he shouted.

Then he looked at Double D and Ed. Theirs was also gone.

"What's the meaning of this?" Eddy said and pointed at where his chest-plate used to be.

"I don't know." Double D answered. "Once again."

The Eds looked at Rolf. He still had the coat and cap. He also had the gloves, boots and the sword. But the lasgun was gone.

"There's something special about that sword, I know it!" Eddy said and pointed at the sword on Rolf's back.

"I believe that the lasgun, and our armour couldn't take the Warp so many times as it has. Because I believe Master Lexicanum Kieran DuVane and Grand Commander Michael Dante was personally in the Warp many times."

"You know who I share experience with?" Eddy asked shocked.

"Yes, and the one Ed shares with died in the Warp. His ship was attacked. The suit of armour was "spit out" later on another planet."

"I don't know how you know and I don't care." Eddy looked at Rolf. Apparently his arm hadn't stopped bleeding and his right hand was obviously broken on many places.

"We'd better take care of Rolf. Let's go home to you Double D, you've got a first-aid kit there."

"Okay. Ed, can you help Rolf. I'm not sure how much blood he's lost, but it's not good."

As they walked home, Eddy heard a humming. It came from Rolf.

"What are you humming on?" Eddy asked. "An Imperial litany?"

"No, it's not." Rolf said and looked up from his hanging position as Ed supported him.

"Then what is it?" Double D asked curiously.

"A traditional song of your country, for a change."

"I think I know which one." Eddy said.

Apparently Ed and Double D also had good hunches, because they started, all at the same time, sing the same song. Double D began:

"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream. If you see a crocodile,"

"Don't forget to scream!" Rolf chimed in.

"WAAH!" Ed ended.

They'd gotten to the street outside Double D's house now. As they went to the door, they continued to sing.

Ed started this time.

"Row, row, row your boat, gently down the stream. If you see a crocodile,"

"Don't forget to scream." Eddy ended and opened Double D's door.

He looked right at the slender but robust frame of McKenzie.

"WAAAH!! FURBALL!!"

"Can you please be quiet, or do you want to awaken the entire cul-de-sac?" McKenzie said as he let them in.

"Take it easy on them, Edward." a familiar voice said from inside. Eddy knew who it was. "I had the same reaction when I saw you first time without your hat."

McGranth sat in an armchair in the living room. He held in a small glass, which contained some sort of drink.

"McGranth, I would guess so!" Eddy shouted as he saw McGranth in the armchair.

"Have they come?" a voice rang from the kitchen.

Charleston's face looked around the corner to the kitchen.

"They have!" he exclaimed in joy. Charleston saw Rolf amongst them and a wide smile spread on his face.

"Lefty!" he shouted, ran forth and hugged Rolf in an almost crushing embrace.

"ED!" McKenzie shouted angrily at Charleston.

Rolf was grinning very badly now. Charleston's hug had caught Rolf's left shoulder in a crush.

Imagine the pain!

Charleston loosened a bit on his embrace and looked surprised at McKenzie.

"What is it?"

"That's not 'Lefty'."

"But he looks like him, exactly."

"The right hand is squashed, not bionic. Now, let me take care of his wounds."

Charleston put down Rolf and McKenzie led him into the kitchen.

The Eds and the other two took care of Yarrick's stuff that was left when McKenzie had ordered Rolf to take it off. They put them by the couch and sat down. McGrath sat down by his drink on the little table beside the armchair.

"What are you drinking?" Eddy asked by pure curiosity.

"A zombie." McGrath replied.

"Do they come in liquid form too?" Ed said astonished. "I didn't know that."

"Shut up Ed." Eddy snapped. "It's a special sort of drink."

"Why are you here?" Double D asked.

"To get our armour back, it ain't safe here." Charleston replied.

"Yeah, and McKenzie foresaw your victory and we understood we didn't need it to be here any more." McGrath slumped back in the armchair.

"Did McKenzie tell you about the future?" Double D asked shocked.

"Lexicanums are forbidden to do that!"

"The Master Lexicanum of every Legion is allowed to talk about the future to his Commander and other high ranking officers." McGrath said and took a sip from the drink.

"How did you manage to get such wounds?" McKenzie said startled when he took care of Rolf's bleeding shoulder and crushed hand.

"Kharn is no easy opponent." Rolf replied.

Mckenzie looked at the youth.

"How much do you have left of Yarrick's memories?" he asked quietly.

"Most." Rolf replied and felled a tear. Apparently, Yarrick's memories was painful, even though Rolf hadn't gone through them. McKenzie noticed.

"What is it?" he asked calmly. He had just bandaged Rolf's shoulder.

"He killed Sebastian. Kharn killed Sebastian!"

Rolf rested his head in his palms. He couldn't believe that memories that wasn't even his could hurt so much.

"I knew how much he loved his grandson Sebastian, but nothing could have saved Sebbie, as he was called, at the Siege. They were too many and too strong."

Rolf looked up, tear-eyed.

"Hopefully it calms you down to know that Rolf Yarrick gave his life to save Sebastian."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Long story, I'll tell it to you another time." McKenzie got up and walked towards the living room.

Rolf wiped off the tears from his face and hurried after.

"Good you're here Edward." McGranth said from the armchair. Eddy had jumped up on one of the arms of the chair.

Rolf sat down by Yarrick's equipment in the couch.

"These kids have thousands of questions."

"So what do you want me to do?"

"Tell them the Legend of the Eagle, the Wolf and the Hound of Chaos."

++++Somewhere in the Warp++++

Kharn landed with a thump on something that resembled a floor. He wasn't missing any limbs now. His wings was still there and so was his left eye.

"Errrgh!" he muttred. "I was so close."

"Indeed you were!" a booming voice said. Kharn shocked looked at where it had come from.

"Y-y-your Majesty! I didn't know!" Kharn stammered forth.

The voice turned out to be coming from a huge Deamon. That Deamon was Karzhan, King of Deamons. He was huge, even in comparsion with Kharn. I'd said about 14 feet tall.

He had jet-black hair, which was long as Kharn's. His horns was like those of an ibex and his skin was in the colour of blood. He was also wearing an incredible suit of adamantium. The suit had special holes in the back for his enormous wings. In the rest he looked like Kharn, but his face was fiercer, however that is possible.

"Did you underestimate a Yarrick?" he said softly to Kharn.

Kharn looked at Karzhan and nodded.

"You idiot!" Karzhan roared. "All Deamons of Khorne have learned never to underestimate the Yarrick family!"

"Sorry milord, I must have forgot." Kharn showed clear expressions of fear.

"Forgot!?" Karzhan seemed to get even angrier by the moment. "Have the time in the Warp made you senile, Kharn!? Have you got any idea of what the name Yarrick means!?"

"No, sire, I don't!" Kharn whimpered.

Karzhan seemed to calm down a bit.

"Then let me tell you, Kharn." Karzhan said and put an arm around Kharn's neck. "It comes from the Eldarain words for Deamon; Yarr, and slayer; ich. Yarrick - Deamonslayer."

Kharn seemed to realize something.

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I was 'killed' by the first ever Yarrick: Hrodwulf...."

"Leman Yarrick." McKenzie said as he begun the Legend. "That was the name of the first Yarrick. He was born under the Time of Darkness, when evil Deamon King Karzhan ruled over humans and Eldar alike. Leman was only a simple smith, but what a smith he was. He made the finest armour and weaponry to be find. He also made the 14 weapons of Khaine for the Eldar to have. In those times humans and Eldar fought together under the lead of a race known as Paladins. These Paladins were great fighters, but also great leaders. Karzhan knew this well, and ordered his 14 Deamon Lords to kill the Paladins and take the weapons of Khaine from the Eldar, who had choosed to call their Paladins for Phoenix Lords instead. The 14 Deamon Lords killed each one an Eldar 'Phoenix' and took their weapons. After that, they set about killing the Paladins that lead the humans. They killed all Paladins, bar one: Sigismund Eagleye. Also known as the Emperor to the people of Secundus 2. He had ruled them for long and when he got notice that Karzhan was killing all Paladins, he decided to

hide from him. Cowardly, yes, but he was spared to fight another day."

"With the Paladins out of his way, Karzhan took control of each human and Eldar world. He had to be protected against any rebel leaders that might challenge him, so he searched out the best smith of all; Hrodwulf Leman. He ordered him to make a suit of armour made of raw adamantium and along with that a mighty axe, in the same material. Hrodwulf did as he was told. Actually, he had no real choice. It was do or die. Karzhan was most pleased with the result and favoured Hrodwulf almost like a pet after that, but Hrodwulf didn't like his service as Karzhan's personal smith. He knew Karzhan was killing his kin without pity or care. Hrodwulf wanted revenge."

"One day, when Hrodwulf was, against his will, making yet another adamantium axe to Karzhan's forces, a traveller appeared in his smithy. The traveller was tall, almost 9 feet. He told Hrodwulf he was the leader of a rebellion that was going to be against Karzhan. Hrodwulf aimed this a thought for about 2 seconds, then he replied that he would join. The traveller, who had been wearing a hooded robe, revealed himself to be Paladin Sigismund Eagleye and he was most grateful that Hrodwulf Leman still remained loyal to him. As Hrodwulf himself was no dwarf, he was about 7 feet tall, he looked Sigismund in the eyes and said he would loyal to him into death and beyond. Sigismund smiled over this answer and asked Hrodwulf if he could make weaponry for him to have and for the rebellion forces of course. Hrodwulf agreed, but it would be no easy task."

"Almost five years later, all weapons had been done. Hrodwulf had made a special suit of armour for the Emperor. It was to be the predecessor of the Space Marine power armour and Tactical Dreadnought armour. He also received a shield of adamantium and a sword of the same material. The shield and the chest plate of the armour both bore the double-headed Eagle of Sigismund. The armour snow-white, the colour of purity and righteousness. Before the Crusade of Freedom began, Hrodwulf made his own sword, a sword with an adamantium blade and a golden parrying-bar formed as a twin-headed eagle. After that, Hrodwulf disappeared from his smithy and Karzhan wondered where he'd gone."

"The answer came as a shock to Karzhan. One by one, each Deamon Lord was killed. The Chaos Armour they wore offered no protection against their undoers. Also, the weapons of Khaine disappeared and so did the Eldar tribes. In the end, only the Lyanden was left and they had their Axe of Khaine in Deamon Lord Kharn's hands. Unfortunately, Kharn was ruling Secundus along with Karzhan, and that meant going into the Citadel of Bloodshed, aka Imperial Palace. Karzhan and Kharn chared the throne room and when the rebellions came to the Citadel, Kharn had prepared a sneaky trap. The Lyanden was trapped in one end of the Citadel and the human rebels in another. Along with the humans was the Emperor and with the Lyanden was Hrodwulf. None of them worried too much and carried on."

"Hrodwulf soon stood before Kharn. Actually, Kharn was easily dispatched to the Warp by Hrodwulf, who'd made Kharn's armour and weaponry. He knew every weak point. After sending Kharn, 2nd in command of Deamon Lords to Karzhan himself, into the Warp and banishing him there till a Champion came of equal power, Hrodwulf decided to find the Emperor and the humans as the Lyanden set off on their Craftworld after recovering their artefact. He did find them, but not soon enough. The Emperor had been cut down by Karzhan, who hated all Paladins. Hrodwulf felt an almost savage anger rise within and challenged Karzhan to single combat. And this my friends, is the reason that

this legend is called the Legend of the Eagle, the Wolf and the Hound of Chaos:"

McKenzie did a pause. His younger friends was listening closely to the legend. McKenzie continued.

"As Karzhan attacked Hrodwulf, he forgot about Hrodwulf being the one who had killed most other Deamon Lords. He was the Deamonlayer, the Yarrick. Eldar leaders called min that; Yarr from Deamon and Ich from slayer. Hrodwulf sidestepped Karzhan´s attacks easily and sent his sword through the back of Karzhan´s head. Karzhan died immediatly, his 'soul' being sent to the Warp and never being able to escape again. Hrodwulf helped the badly wounded Emperor and just a couple of months later, the Age of the Imperium began."

"Hrodwulf changed his surname to Yarrick, as he was known among most people as the Deamonlayer. When he on his deathbed told that the Yarrickian Sword he´d made in his youth only could be welded by the first born son in every generation, it was to be so. And so it has, all the way till the age of Commissar Rolf Yarrick, who´s first born was female. The Yarrickian Sword is a sacred artefact, as old as the Imperium itself. And that´s the legend of the Eagle, the Wolf and the Hound of Chaos."

McKenzie looked at the Eds and Rolf. Apparently he was waiting for something.

"But why is it named so?" Double D asked.

"Ah, there it came." Mckezenie said and smiled. "You see, the Warhound is the atribute of Khorne, along with the Axe and Collar. The Eagle is the emblem of the Emperor, who was named Eagleye in surname. And the Wolf, it comes from that Hrodwulf mean just that, wolf. Or rather reknown wolf. And wolf is also a byword for warrior. At least in the Imperium."

Ed chuckled a bit.

"What´s so funny Ed?" Eddy snapped.

"Hrodwulf. It sounds almost like Rolf."

Time seemed to cease to exist. Everything was as quiet as in the grave.

McKenzie was first one to speak.

"The youngster is right. How come I haven´t seen it before. Hrodwulf Leman Yarrick was resurrected in Rolf Yarrick. Of course, that explains why he was a half-breed."

McGranth stood up. He looked worried.

"Edward? We´d better go now."

"No Eddie. Not before I have taken care of the plasma flasks downstairs."

McKenzie shook of the startling feeling he´d gotten and got moving. Rolf looked at McGranth and asked:

"Can I keep the coat and the sword?"

"You´re the first born in the family?" McGranth asked absently.

"Yes."

"Then you can have it all."

McGranth joined McKenzie downstairs. Charleston gave the Eds and Rolf a look and went outside. As the Eds was left alone, their eyes were directed to Rolf.

"Did you know this?" Double D asked.

"No, I had no idea." Rolf answered and checked the VCR clock.

"I´d better be going home now." he said and left the Eds alone.

The Eds looked at each other. Was their adventure really over?

"It feels weird." Ed said.

"The absence of the armour is causing it. I feel the same." Double D replied.

"Well," McKenzie said as he showed up from downstairs with a bundle of

plasma-flasks and bolt-clips in his hands. "I guess we'll be going now. Take care you three."

McGranth turned to them as they walked out.

"Hope you understand what you've done?"

"Yeah, we do." Eddy replied.

McGranth shut the door behind him and there was a rumbling noise as the three motorbikes drove off. The Eds sat quiet for a good while, until Eddy broke the silence.

"Okay, so I guess it's back to good ole scamming buisness again."

He sighed. Eddy didn't want this great adventure to come to an end.

Scamming and pranksters in all their might, but compared to what they'd done now, it was nothing. Eddy saw in the faces of Ed and Double D that they thought the same.

Something else occurred to Eddy. Would they have the guts to fool Rolf ever again? They knew that he shared memories with Yarrick still, and who knew when Yarrick could take over and give them a spanking? Eddy shrugged off the idea.

"Let's go." Eddy said and made a gesture at the door.

"Yeah, our adventure is to an end." Double D replied softly and got out of the couch.

As the three got outside, they felt like something leaving them. It was almost like a fresh breeze blowing through the air, but only they could feel it. The silence was broken by Sarah's voice.

"ED! Where have you been!"

Sarah was foaming with anger as she marched up to them.

"What do you mean little sister?" Ed asked stumped.

"You were gone all day yesterday! Mom was worried sick!"

Double D seemed to realize something.

Eddy noticed this.

"What is it sock-head?" he asked.

"Eddy," Double D whispered to Eddy as Ed got a rating from Sarah. "we've obviously been gone for two days."

Eddy looked shocked. "Impossible." he said. "We never felt tired on Secundus."

"That's my point. Space Marines doesn't need sleep. Nor do Outlaws. It's all thanks to a special bio-implant."

"I thought Marines was born with all their power?"

"They're born with the incredible long life span, strength, keener senses but some stuff, like the second heart and ability to eat almost anything, comes from bio-implants."

Eddy's mouth went open.

"Two hearts?" he said shocked.

"If one gets punctured, they can keep on fighting."

Eddy shot Ed a look. He was really getting a hard one from Sarah. Eddy felt sorry for having such a sister. Something needed to be done.

"Wait here." he said to Double D.

Eddy went over to Ed and Sarah and stood himself between the two.

"Move it Eddy!" Sarah shouted at him.

"Only if you stop shouting at my friend." Eddy said and pushed away Sarah lightly. But what Eddy thought was light, sent Sarah flying. She landed on the grass, looked shocked at Eddy and ran home.

"Eddy!" Ed said angrily. "if you've hurt Sarah, you're in deep trouble."

"I didn't hurt her!" Eddy protested. "I pushed her lightly!"

"You call that lightly?"

"Stop you two!" Double D's voice cut the air.

The other two looked at Double D.

"I know what's making you strong Eddy. It's in all three of us. The strength from being Outlaws is still in our bodies. It will disappear in time."

Eddy got a smile on his lips. A malicious one.

"How appropriate." he said quietly.

"If you're thinking on having a rematch on the Kankers..." Double D began and then aimed the idea some thought. "I'm in." he ended.

"Me too!" Ed agreed.

"How long do you think the power will hold on, so to say?"

"About a week, I believe. Last time, when we set Kharn free, it was in for about a week. You didn't notice and I never told you."

"How did you know?"

"Let's say that if I were to lift a table single-handed, it's enough to prove it."

"Okay, so what will we do know?"

"I'm going to bed." Ed said and yawned.

"It's 6.00 a.m in the morning, fur-head."

"And I'm tired."

"Ed's right." Double D cut in. "We should get to bed, after all it's a Sunday."

"Okay." Eddy gave after. "C'mon big fella, let's go home. See ya Double D."

"Ditto, Eddy." Double D said and went up to his door.

"Di..did...what Double D said!" Ed replied happily.

++++About 16 hours later++++

Rolf was lying in his bed, trying to sleep. It was hard with all the memories of his recent adventures. He had no idea that he could have done such stuff. No wait, it was Yarrick who'd done it all, not him. How easy he got confused with his extra memories, and sometimes he even felled a tear when the memories got too realistic. The problem was, that they'd been for real. They'd all been real, for Yarrick.

Commissar Rolf Yarrick.

How could someone be so much alike him? It was almost impossible, but the universe is a big place.

"And whatever happens," Rolf mumbled to himself. "I will not be missed."

Slowly, without realizing it, Rolf fell asleep.

As he slept on his pillow, a grey mist arose from him. In the dim moonlight, you could barely make out the features of Commissar Rolf Yarrick. His battle scarred face turned to the sleeping figure of Rolf. The ghost smiled and turned to walk out side. He looked exactly as Rolf, one big exception for the that the right hand was missing.

When the ghost came outside, into the backyard, it wasn't alone any more. It was joined by three other ghosts, the ghosts of Dante, DuVane and attack pilot Simmer. The three ghosts floated off into the night.

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Double D put the finishing touches to a text document on his computer, and then turned it off. He leaned backwards on his chair and thought:

"I wonder if this world will ever be ready for this incredible story?"

He pondered this thought for while and then decided the world would never be ready. Well, only if Deamons so showed up, but that was rather unlikely.

He got up from the chair and went to his bed. He had already taken on his

yellow pyjamas and so was ready to hit the sack as soon as he'd turned off the computer. The computer, which people seldom see was a portable lap-top. His mom had wanted him to have one, as it made studying easier for him. Double D lied down in his bed and looked up in the roof, on the solar system he'd made from the roof-lamp and some balls in different sizes, to represent the sun and the planets.

"If Deamons ever show up on Earth, we're ready for them." he thought.

"Speaking of Deamons." Double D mumbled quietly to himself.

"I wonder what happened to Kharn? Is he being praised as a hero, or what you should call it, or is he facing a trial led by Karzhan himself?"

Double D shrugged off this thought. He and his friends had had enough of Deamons and other cruel stuff. At least they now knew how to deal with a Deamon Lord.

++++Somewhere in the Warp++++

Kharn sat by himself in a dark corner of what looked like a prison cell. He had been stripped of his armour and was only wearing a simple robe. The same went for the collar he'd gotten back when he entered the Warp once more. Once more, maybe this was forever? He'd been the mightiest Deamon to have walked the mortal realm since Karzhan himself ruled, and he'd thrown it away, just like his King and leader. And always, it was down to the family bearing the name Deamonlayer, or on Eldarain: *Yarrick*.

"One day, when I am freed from this prison, I'll have my revenge on your descendants, Yarrick."

Kharn muttered to himself. He was not very happy at being defeated by a human. Not at all. He was one of the 14 Lords of Khorne, God of Battles and Bloodshed.

"One day....and that day will be the end of everything, when my vengeance is released on the Realm of Mortals! No-one will stop me then! No-one!! NOT EVEN YOU YARRICK!! YOU HEAR ME, NOT EVEN YOU!!!"

Kharn started laughing maniacly, as though he was possessed.  
(However that is possible with Deamons)

Karzhan turned his eyes from the small gap between the bars of the prison doors. He couldn't stand the site of a Deamon Lord driven insane. This had happened before, but with lesser Deamons. It had never happened to a Deamon Lord, and that was why they were Lords, wasn't it?

"How could it happen?" Karzhan sighed to himself. "Here I spend millenia telling him to avoid the Yarricks, and what does he do?"

"Kharn has always been disobediant."

Karzhan turned his eyes towards a rather young Deamon Lord named Be'rahn. Be'rahn didn't have any wings, yet. He was yet to make himself worthy of having them.

"Maybe so, but I told him clearly to stay away from Rolf Yarrick. Hrodwulf Leman was reborn in that child."

"He departed quickly, you know."

"That makes me think, he never told me who he possessed."

"He possessed a young lad named Kevin Poole, or more known as Lord Kevlinn, King of Berzerkers."

Kharn put his right hand on his brow and leaned towards a wall.

"That explains all. Rolf Yarrick hated Kevlinn, and as Yarrick searched him out wherever he was, it was a big mistake of Kharn to possess just him."

"He didn't have any choice."

Be'rahn turned to the door that sealed Kharn in his cell.

"What are we going to do with the lunatic?"

"What do you suggest, Be'rahn?" Karzhan asked. He almost sighed forth the words. In comparison with Karzhan, Kharn was just a disobedient teenager, and Karzhan was the grizzled war-veteran.

"If I were to choose, why not send him before the Skull Throne? Why not let Lord Khorne himself make the decision?"

"No." Karzhan protested. "Khorne could send him back, maybe even stronger. Let's keep him here and make sure he never, ever possesses another creature, even if it so is a Icharian rat."

Karzhan walked off from the cell, his steps being drowned out by another burst of crazed laughter from Kharn.

Be'rahn shrugged. Apparently the 14 Lords of Khorne was down to 13 now.

"In my opinion, we should let humanity alone from now on." he said to himself.

## ~~~~~**The Absolute ED**~~~~~

Still here? Suit yourselves. Here comes the Credits for all you freaks. All others, press the back button ;)

First and foremost, we have the reason to think this was influenced from Star Wars. Wrong, wrong, wrong and wrong. Did I mention wrong?

These series has nothing to do with Star Wars. They were created with Warhammer40K as basis and that alone. Some jokes and stuff was inspired from Swedish shows and stuff. Zelda64 also has a part in here.

Secondly, Characters:

Most characters was inspired from something either in 40K or in EE&E. Maybe even both. Let's begin with Kevlinn/Kharn;

He was inspired from the main fact that I needed a really bad guy, and that he needed to be linked with the Imperium in some way. As Ed called him "fellow Space Outlaw" in Dawn of The EDS, I decided to make him a traitor. And to emphasize this fact, I made him a Berzerker, most infamous of all Chaos Marines. (in my eyes) I also made him arch enemy of Commissar Rolf to break up some of the friendship between those two (^\_^) and that I thought he made a good Outlaw version of my fave bad guy in 40K: Ghazghkull Mag Uruk Thraka, Ork Warlord. Oh, and that's were I got the power-claw from.

Kharn was more or less inspired by a figure called Khârn the Betrayer. They were welding the same weapons almost so that was almost stealing. Now, I could have changed name of him to something else, but as the Deamon was named Kharn, what the heck.

Second comes Hive Fleet Kanker;

Inspired from the devastating effects of Hive Fleet Kraken, I just had to include the Kanker sisters as Tyranid Hive Queens. And as Ed describes them as "Hideous, life sucking aliens" in Dawn of The EDS, it seemed appropriate as Tyranids are known to suck out the brain of their captured victims. Yuck! Oh, and if you let some letters in Kraken change place with each other, you get Kanker.

Third and last comes Commissar Rolf Yarrick;

Inspired both from Commissar Sebastian Yarrick and his role as Urban Ranger leader in Oath To An ED, this role fit the Rolf-character perfect. Leading his

soldiers at the forefront of battle, having a serious record of battle experience, and just being funny sometimes are traits that Rolf and Sebastian Yarrick have in common.

This is true. The real Commissar Yarrick from W40K has a good dose of humour when it comes to it, and he even has the habit of saying 'shiny', from time to time.

As Yarrick is my fave character of all in 40K, this makes sense, right?

But in the end, it was Urban Ranger Chief Rolf that gave me this character.

Having good patience, but being very strict in codes of discipline and following of the Law are basic characteristics for any commissar.

That's about it!

Hope you've liked these series, and if you want to tell me anything, ask anything, maybe even send me a review of it, mail me on:

[Cerion88@yahoo.com](mailto:Cerion88@yahoo.com)

And don't keep my inbox lonely, k?

(Can somebody please give me an umbrella? I have a feeling tomatoes will rain soon, when people understand what I just said)