

The S-Files

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

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 6: File BS03-Dra-T001 - Easy Prey? The Dragon Trap

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Easy Prey? The Dragon Trap

"Nice photos!" Himiko admired Jabu's poses. The guy sure had had fun with the photo session!

"Just my sentiments", Makoto nodded.

"And who's next? It seems my Rubberduck Saint is still not in Tokyo..."

Makoto leafed through today's newspaper to find another article on the 'Galaxian Wars' tournament. The reporters certainly knew first when another of the Saints arrived.

"What about *this* looker?" Himiko pointed at the pic of a guy with really long, black hair who was featured as one of the most promising candidates to win the prize of the tournament.

"I don't understand how one is able to fight with such a long mane!"

"We'll ask him when we have him on the examination table."

"I'd love to brush this magnificent hair", Makoto said dreamily.

"No problem - as long as we're able to catch him in the first place."

"He does look pretty strong and dangerous", Makoto said thoughtfully.

"Well, the newspaper says he has 'the strongest fist and shield'. I'd really love to put this stuff into my test vats to analyze its structure."

"But be careful with taking your probes. I don't want to experience his fist and shield first hand. And don't expect me to hunt anyone with bow and arrows again!"

"I shall try to design a proper trap", Himiko declared, and her light blue eyes sparkled adventurously.

"A Dragon trap? But it'd better be sturdy."

"We need some bait, too."

"What about some sheep", Makoto grinned. "In ancient times it supposedly worked with dragons..."

"I thought they used virgins... Any takers?"

"Only if *you* know some." Makoto sighed. It's too bad that we don't know too much about those Saints. Can't you check the Graude Foundation's database on them?"

"I wish I could... But unfortunately it's pretty well safe-guarded, and the professor *insisted* that we do our examinations devoid of any information that might lead to prejudices. You know he's weird."

"I don't know nothing... He's *your* boss. I was only transferred to your department for the research project."

"Hm. Why don't we join the fan clubs of the Saints? I'm sure new members will get welcome kits with some information and photos and the stuff," Himiko suggested.

"I guess we still have enough petty cash to apply for all of the fan clubs. Wasn't there a list in yesterday's newspaper?" Makoto rummaged among the papers of the desk. "Ah, there it is!"

Himiko grabbed for the newspaper. "Cool! There are 23 different fan clubs. And the little cutie Shun has five of his own..."

"So we are supposed to write 23 letters?"

"I'll write the letter, you write the addresses on the envelopes and put the stamps on", Himiko decreed. While Makoto sighed and scribbled down addresses, the engineer wrote one general appliance letter and printed it 23 times. "Which reminds me - we could sell them a couple of our photos for a good price."

"Indeed..."

"I want some really nice autographed photos from those cuties!"

"You'd better devise this Dragon trap of yours instead of drooling over those guys."

"Okay, okay..." Himiko let the photos she had just admired disappear in her pocket. "What about sending him a letter and inviting him to the Research Lab?"

Makoto stared at her. This plan was so simple, it actually might work. "Indeed, Jabu was very cooperative when I just asked him, too."

"See! - Now where's the official stationary of the GF Research Center..." Himiko rummaged around until she tugged a not too crumpled sheet from the messy heaps of paper on the desk and inserted it into the printer. When the letter was ready, she gave it to one of the couriers of the internal postal service of the Graude Foundation to see it delivered to the Kido Mansion. "They *all* seem to live at the Kido mansion", she said. I wonder if we could convince someone to let us stay there, too..."

"So that you can sneak in on the poor guys whenever you wish? Naa, we'd better stay where we're supposed to stay. - Let's tidy up the desks a bit. I don't want to have all the photos lying around when the Dragon Saint gets here."

"Sure... Ah, these two are for my personal collection." Himiko let two nice Jabu poses disappear in her pocket, while the other photos found their way into the file cabinet.

"Hm, many more pics won't fit in there", Makoto observed.

"Unfortunately. I shall select the best ones for continuous admiration... Why don't we have a better pic of *him*", she sighed disappointedly and waved the grainy pic of her favourite around. "I want to have a nice portrait of him - preferably one on which he *smiles*!"

"Which one was this?" The doctor frowned. "This pic is just bad."

"That's the problem... The lab tried to magnify it for me, but obviously it was shot from too great a distance. I guess whoever took the photo was afraid to get much closer. I heard some rumours that those Golden ones were *really* dangerous..."

"Yes, wasn't there something that the Goldies are the strongest, followed by those Silver ones, and the Bronze guys are the weakest ones?"

"I must admit the latter ones are already pretty strong for my taste! But I want to examine that guy after we're through with the Dragon."

"You go first!"

Himiko grimaced. "I will think on a perfect camouflage."

"And what do you think of? Those temples are supposed to be pretty empty, aren't they?"

"Well, what about putting on a holographic projector and posing as a column? - I *want* to catch this guy for our examination project!"

"You want to catch this guy for your collection", Makoto corrected. "But I think we should examine the Dragon first."

"If you say so." Himiko cut out the portrait from the newspaper and pinned it to the wall. "We have to wait for the courier to deliver the invitation."

"This might take some time." Makoto threw some darts at a life-size poster of a wrinkled little fellow with a weird hat that hung at the door.

"What's with that poster? I thought we wanted to collect Saints, not mushrooms."

"I can't do target practice with a poster of some cute guy", Makoto grinned.

"Agreed. I wonder if this Roshi-guy is somehow related to Yoda..."

Makoto looked from the Roshi poster to the Star Wars poster at the other wall and back. "True, except for the colour of his teint, he could be his brother." She fetched the darts from the target and threw them again. "We need to find some occupation for the free time between the examinations."

"Well, the Dragon isn't due before tomorrow, so why not take one of the Foundation's jet planes and fly to Greece in the meantime? I have a nice telephoto lens for my camera, and there are still some photos missing. Or we could try to contact the other guys already in Tokyo and set up a schedule for their examination. After that's finished, we could move to the Research Lab in Greece and continue our work there."

"Let's wait and see..."

"Yeah. We still need to catch the rubberduck."

Makoto laughed. "You and your duck!"

"Haven't you seen the that promo pic? He's soooo cute! Those light blue eyes, and the blond mane, and that *body*..."

"...and the utterly ridiculous duck on his head..."

"Ah well, it is not as if it would be glued to him."

"True," Makoto grinned. "I only wondered who had the idea to call this a *swan*. I think I never saw such an ugly rubberduck."

"I guess it's because there's no Duck constellation, only a Swan. But at least the content of the Duck Cloth is absolutely droolworthy."

"I'm looking forward to it."

"It's absolutely unfair that *you* are the M.D.! I should think about a change of profession."

Makoto's grin broadened. "No way. You get the trappings, and I get the contents."

"But I want some of the contents, too," Himiko sulked. "When I manage to catch that Goldie I showed you I will keep him for me alone."

"When? If!"

Himiko sighed and looked at the watch. "Okay, work time is over. I think we should get something to eat now, and tomorrow we'll inspect the Dragon."

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When the two scientists entered their lab the next morning, Himiko shook her head. "It looks as if some bomb exploded here. We should put all of those photos away before our appointment. Oh, the photo lab already sent the developed films of the Andromeda cutie. Hm, it seems I shot 6 films instead of the 5 I thought..."

Suddenly, the telephone rang. "That's the Dragon!"

"Why don't you answer the phone?" Makoto had her hands full of photos that she put into an already stuffed drawer.

"If you insist.... - This is Graude Foundation's Research and Examination Laboratory, Dr.Shizukawa Himiko."

"Hello. This is Shiryu speaking - I got some letter of your organization, but I'm not exactly sure what you want of me..."

"Oh, it's a simple examination, Shiryu-san. Would you please be so kind to visit the R&E lab as soon as possible?"

"What kind of examination?" Shiryu's voice sounded slightly suspicious.

"Medical, psychological and so on. Ah yes, and don't forget to take your armour with you."

"It's no armour, it's a Cloth", Shiryu corrected her.

"Ahm, sorry, yes, of course... But bring it anyway."

"If you insist... When?"

"What about right now? Then we are absolutely sure you are fit for the tournament."

"Okay. I'll be there."

Himiko hung up the phone. "He's on the way."

"Why haven't we tried this from the start? It's very practical that the guys here in Tokyo are more or less the property of the Graude Foundation. I only fear it'll be more difficult with the others."

About half an hour later, the Dragon Saint arrived. Himiko ran to the door and opened.

"Oh hello!" She had to look up to him and cursed the fact that she was so small.

"Hi." Shiryu looked questioningly down to her. What was she staring at?

"Ahm, please come in," she hurried to say. "The lab's over there." She only hoped that Makoto had put away all of the photos by now. "May I introduce you to MD Terada Makoto?" Himiko pointed at her colleague. "Please put the arm- err, Cloth onto the trolley."

Shiryu lowered the box onto the trolley. He held it only by one hand, even though it looked pretty heavy.

"Hello Shiryu", Makoto greeted him.

"I'll be right back", Himiko chimed and went to the lab next door to examine the armour. She only hoped she missed nothing of importance while she was occupied with it.

Curiously she opened the box and peered into it. The armour looked absolutely fascinating in its presentational form - like some abstract green dragon sculpture. It was amazing that it was possible to put this on.

Makoto busied herself with the physical examination in the meantime, while Shiryu watched her every move.

Himiko finished her job about the same time as Makoto, but with far less success. The material of the armour withstood every tool when she tried to take a sample, and putting it under the microscope was beyond her strength. The thing was indeed very heavy, and she had to remain checking it with a magnifying glass while it still stood on the trolley. So she finished by taking some photos of the armour and pushed the trolley back into the other lab.

"Okay, it looks fine to mine", she declared. "I haven't discovered any dents, fissures or other damage. - Could you please put it on so that we can take some photos for the archives?"

"Why not?" Shiryu complied, and the women marvelled at the process. How did all of those parts know where they belonged? And what happened to Shiryu's civil clothing in the process? They would have to review the video tapes of the surveillance cameras in slow motion to find out.

Makoto circled Shiryu curiously. She wondered whether the donning of the armour

caused similar strange happenstances as it did with Shun - but no, his hair still seemed to be the same length as before.

The Dragon Saint waited similarly curiously. What was the red-haired woman looking at?

"It seems his hair doesn't grow longer when he puts on the armour", Himiko observed.

"Indeed", Makoto agreed and caught a strand. "The same length as before."

"Why does this surprise you?" Shiryu wanted to know.

"Well, when we examined the Andromeda Saint, we discovered that his hair suddenly is about 40cm longer when he puts on his armour."

"Indeed? I never noticed." Shiryu went through some exercises because he felt slightly bored. Himiko only hoped that the tape of the surveillance camera was long enough.

Makoto was more fascinated about the fact that Shiryu's hair stayed absolutely orderly even though he moved around. 'Absolutely mysterious,' she thought. Her hair was much shorter, and still a single gust of wind succeeded to turn it into a disaster.

"Okay, I think we're through with the examination", Himiko decreed. "By the way, would you mind to go through some of those exercises again without the armour, so that we can take some more photos for our coll- err, archives?"

"Sure," Shiryu shrugged. He wondered what the two women were up to with all of the photos, but when they insisted? Himiko was delighted.

"I guess that's all now", Makoto said finally. "You don't need to worry about your health *before* the tournament. But maybe you should be a bit careful *during* the fights - it would be a shame if you got hurt."

"Is that so?" Shiryu looked at her with amusement. "I will see what I can do."

Himiko sighed in relief. The Dragon was soooo cute, and she absolutely didn't want him damaged.

"Am I allowed to leave?"

"Sure", Makoto nodded. "And good luck in the tournament."

"Indeed. And try not to be so hard on the cute little Andromeda Saint if you have to fight him", Himiko added.

Amused, Shiryu shook the head and left. He wondered why all the women and girls were so obsessed with this Andromeda guy...

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