

A heroic act

[People](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

It began to rain as he pitched the last mound of soil onto the boy's grave. He let the shovel slip from his hands and fall on the earth beneath his boots. Picking up the boy's bag which he had found with a clay jar that had been smashed into pieces near the boy, he looked at the contents and stared at them for a while, remembering what had occurred which seemed only moments ago...

The boy's name was Kaj. He was an orphan. His parents died at the hands of some forest bandits while delivering baby wolf skins to the Pronteran Marketplace. His father used to hunt for their meals, now only he was left to do the job for himself and his little sister, Chala.

A small bag hung across the skinny lad's shoulder as he walked across the forest clearing. He knelt by the river and opened his bag. A look of sadness showed on his face as he looked at what he would be bringing home for supper, a few small carrots he had found in a rabbit's hole, some herbs he gathered from plants, and an apple.

He took out the only other item in the bag, a clay jar. He filled up the jar with water from the pool before bending down to take a drink himself. Carrying the jar in one hand while slipping the bag across the other hand's shoulder, Kaj stood up and proceeded on his way. Preoccupied with his burden both on his hands and in his heart, the boy failed to notice a thin, dry piece of wood that was lying on his path.

CRACK!

The sound of the branch breaking beneath his bare foot was more audible than what would have been normal. It was a terrifying shout that

commanded ancient powers into reality. As the old forest saying went, “ It is bad luck to step on dead branches”.

“ The boy is not a match for you, as you are not one for me.” The knight’s voice was calm and stern, “ Come on, I’ve been itching for a fight.”

A burst of steam came out of each of the horned figure’s huge, ringed nostrils. With eyes of livid anger it raised its sight above the figure of the frightened child and looked straight in the eyes of the armored warrior on top of a heavily feathered PecoPeco.

“ You will die today, insolent meatling!” It growled ferociously, slapping the form of Kaj away with the back of its massive left hand to make room as he slowly walked towards Blueberry.

As the distance between them shortened, the minorous charged at the knight. Blueberry stood defiant as the huge creature lunged at him with its great hammer. In a rush of anger and fury, the hammer smashed against the side of the knight, drawing a brief smile from the creature’s face which almost instantly changed to a look of fear and disbelief as it saw Blueberry’s great steel shield holding the blow of it’s hammer without so much as a dent.

The sudden shock of the minorous prevented it from seeing its opponents other hand pierce a frost-tipped spear through the armor of its hide and passed its brutish heart. The knight’s weapon continued its assault, pushing through every sinew until its tip emerged from the creature’s back, burying the entire arm of its wielder with its shaft deep in minorous flesh.

With the minorous hanging lifeless at the length of his ice pike, Blueberry withdrew his weapon from the creature, letting the brute fall heavily on the

bloodstained grass. Pandora sat down at her master's whim, as the knight's free hand reached for the ring between the dead creature's nostrils and pulled it out.

Blueberry looked at the dull silvered piece of jewelry for an instant before throwing it at the direction of the still prostrate form of the boy.

“ You can stand up now. You might want to sell that thing in Prontera.” he called out.