

The Gypsy Chronicles Part I Salus

Regux had fallen asleep, whilst Farsight and I discussed logistics.

“We are not the Exiled Tribes, we do not have the Manpower or resources to maintain an open-war campaign against the filth, furthermore while we live in the city we must be shades, non corporeal beings that wreaked havoc on the Gypsy Pandemic and disappear.”

Farsight said, every word reeking with logic and rationality. “Yes but if we destroy even a command tower, we will greatly diminish their ability to relay messages thus, aiding in both a war effort and in our own evanescent getaways.”

“Salus, you do not realize that the Command Towers are not as meagerly guarded as the complexes we assail. For there is a beast in the Gypsy Spires that does not sleep, it sees all, it cannot be killed,” He replied

“Your History has shown us that there has never been a being which could not be defeated, these are rumours encouraged by the gypsies and spread by the masses to inspire fear.” I exclaimed

“Do you not remember that Gypsy monger we found in the brothel, the one we threatened to tear apart? He told us, under the impression that we were about to end his pathetic existence, that such a beast did exist. We cannot hope to defeat it.”

“I don’t know about you, but I *was* about to end his pathetic existence” I laughed

“Furthermore” he added “How can you defeat a Gypsy guards and demons, when you cannot even hold your own against The Temptresses.”

I turned what appeared to be a dark shade of crimson as the moment I had been dreading caught up with me. “Don’t start...” I began to say only to hear him laugh

“Don’t worry, this remains between you and me” he said, amused more by my reaction than the event. We laughed late into the night.

I waited until Farsight and Regux were asleep before making my move. Despite the fact that I am stronger than both Regux and Farsight combined, I do not want things to end poorly between us, as Farsight and I have been brothers-in-arms since before the Great Revolution.

In spite of Regux’s cowardly and timid demeanor, he had stuck by us and aided us to the best of his extensive, yet at the same time feeble, abilities. However he had still not earned my respect and it would be a long time before he could amount to anything more than a weak, pitiful excuse for a Man. Why Farsight stands up for him is beyond my comprehension. After all Farsight is a great man, a good soldier, he rivals me in almost all aspects, even surpassing me in some. It was earlier that night when

Regux told us of some manner of Intelligence Center I wasn't quite focusing on his voice. You see he speaks too much and does too little, a trait that thoroughly aggravates me.

I remember saying to him "These people are tainted, if they stand against us they are not worthy of our consideration, we should put them out of their misery" The very thought of mass slaughter frightened him. I stared at him with my arms crossed, daring him to refute my idea. The worm did naught but shake, as the very sight of me struck a chord of fear throughout his entire being. It made me laugh, yet disgusted me at the same time.

But now he slept, as did Sir Walter. With a final glance at my two comrades in arms, one for which I have the utmost respect, the other for which I have none. I departed from the Den, or Lair, call it what you will, It makes no difference to me; we are forced to live in the sewers like animals, when we could be aiding the exiled tribes in their ever continuing conflict. They are a force to be revered, even without hope for victory they fight, their creed is for each warrior to kill one hundred thousand Gypsies before falling in battle. They live every instant of their lives fighting for their very existence.

I shook my head at our lack of progress and follow the, for lack of a better word, map printed from Regux's processing terminal, seeing as I could not upload the damn file, the secretive bastard had a password on it. The map was not exactly the best piece of cartography. By the time I arrived at my destination I knew that returning to the base would be no mean feat.

I reemerged at a part of the city I had not ventured into since the days of the Great Society: the times of Peace and cooperation between the Weak and the Strong. The Golden Age of Military and Science. But this was no longer the place we had paraded across as soldiers. This was a barren world, of decay and centuries of Mystical Gypsy oppression. This was the central capital of the Gypsy Higher Command. The very heart of the Beast. I recorded my coordinates into the Positioning Grid in my Vambrace. Looking around I saw no living vegetation, but much debris from semi destroyed buildings and totaled vehicles both modern and ancient. The Black Towering Spires from which the Gypsy High Command governed their slaves. The very sky here was chaos orange with wisps of black and red. After ensuring there was no one in sight, I bolted forward running until I saw a line of human folk on their knees.

I banked left taking cover against a wall perpendicular to the line I glanced out to find out more. I saw a group of Gypsy Shamanesses, with a.... with a Gypsy Lord. He was an enormous creature, well over 4 meters high and over 5 feet in girth. The Beast was comprised of mostly solid fat. He resembled a cone with his tiny conical head atop his mountain of a body. His face itself was a terrible sight to behold, not terrible as in Salus temper, but in disgust and utter revulsion. The sight, along with the sight of a Gypsy Lord had caused my breath to quicken. I heard Him speak in a voice that pained my ears "Choose quickly my disciples, for I must harvest." "Your command is our desire, Lord Barry"

Barry! I have heard that name before. The Lord of Gluttony and Excess There were rumours of the few who had seen him and survived. He finds human virgins and ravages them by the dozens turning them into gypsies and impregnating them with his wretched seed. Continuing another generation of naturally born gypsies, he then proceeds to eat them after they give birth. A truly disgusting creature.

If he was killed this day, the souls of millions of human girls would be saved. I did not need Farsight to know not to charge headfirst into this battle. However I wish he was with me, then we would be able to slaughter the fiend. I also knew full well that I will not have an opportunity like this one again. I watched as the gypsy whores had chosen their unfortunate victims. They would not even do them the courtesy of casting their charms. Vile beasts.

They dragged their victims some of them by their hair into pastures others, were beaten with clubs until they obeyed. They were all weak, every one of them they all succumbed to their pain, to their human instincts and love for a pleasurable existence. <Why do we fight for these weaklings, they are a hair above gypsies in my book. They do not resist, they do not fight back.... Wait a minute, what is this?> I thought to myself. I saw a man who did not succumb, a man who rested and fought back. He struck the Gypsy Shamaness only to be swarmed by more guards. He single-handedly fought a group of Gypsy guards. Unarmed no less, it is this type of gladiatorial combat which pleases me. It is equivalent to watching a sunrise after a bloody night raid. A smile crept across my face, I made my decision. I knew what I would do. I took aim then.....hesitated.

I lowered my Multi- purpose annihilation cannon (which I made myself). Should I risk my life for this man who will not remember my deeds? It was then I heard a voice, one that resembled Farsight's "The enemy of my enemy is my friend." I turned my head to find the land as barren as I had found it. Putting on my helmet, I raised my rifle and fired tearing off the Shamaness' head. I leaped from my cover into the clearing, disengaging my rifle and tossing half of it to the defiant one. Our eyes met, he nodded. The guards had not recovered from the shock of being assailed so close to their epicenter. We dispatched them with a barrage of bullets. Whilst reloading I tossed my side arm to a man, who looked as if he had some measure combat experience. He caught it and began to fire at the baffled villains. With the guards dead, the shamanesses became our targets. Shooting them in the head we managed to free ourselves of all but one.

Yet Gypsies do not become Gypsy Lords unless they have an enormous measure of skill and power. This one was not without strength. There was an aura about him, making people lethargic and sleepy. Unfortunately for him, I am no mean person. He did not see me. Under the impression that all his would be attackers were asleep. He hungrily approached this slender, attractive young girl around 17. He had a look of a starved pig who found some ration where he least expected it. He lifted her up in his pudgy paw only to have it cut off by my tech blade. A dagger made of console chips, they adapt to the texture and material of their victims. One of Regux's few successes. He dropped the young mare right into my waiting arms. He unleashed a scream, a horrible scream that caused even me to fall to the ground.

Finding myself kneeling and the girl of the ground, I rose to find those that had slumbered experiencing a rude awakening at the hands of his voice. Lifting the young grape-maiden I yelled "Follow Me!"

A party of 1 ragged old man, 4 women, and 3 men followed me. I leaped over destroyed remains and debris from buildings. Approaching the entrance I came from, I noticed something. The girl smelt very nice. She must have been plucked from her home this very day by the Gypsy scoundrels. I would not mind mounting her against a fence. She looked up at me with big brown eyes that glistened with tears caused by fear. Doubling my urge. Struggling to fight it I turned to catch my breath.

The man I had saved now spoke, “Thank you for rescuing us. Without your intervention My family an I would have surely perished,” He led me to an inconspicuous looking structure. “I cannot reward you with any wealth of my own, therefore I hope you are content with what meager contribution I have to offer.” He placed his hand palm up indicated towards the door. By the time he was done with his speech I was thoroughly confused, yet eager to see what he had in store. He then gathered his family, apparently all of them were his family, and scurried off. With great caution I peered inside. And to my delight I found I had come across a goldmine.

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