

Peacemaker Gird

“Ah, there it is. The great city of Anmar-Amar,” Gird said happily when in the distance the city appeared.

“Yes, just behind that armada of warships, sir,” Tally remarked dryly.

“No need to get sarcastic, Tally. We’ll just negotiate our way through.”

Tally looked back to Gird, a big frown adorned his sun beaten face.

“Ehm and how exactly, sir,” he asked, astonished by the sheer stupidity of Gird’s plan.

“Well, I don’t know. Just row up to one of the ships and talk to the captain,” Gird said, shrugging his shoulders with an innocent look on his face.

Tally wanted to scream and tell him he totally lost it, but was too baffled to do so.

“Okay,” he said instead and started to navigate their speedy arrival to the armada.

When they arrived within cannon range the titan needed to do other things that propel the boat forward and so the boat started to lose speed. It sort of drifted to the first and later, when that was sunk, the second ship. Tally took up the oars at the last moment and rowed to the ship.

The ship’s cannons hadn’t fired and so posed no threat to either Gird or the titan. That was a nice thing, because now Gird and Tally could reach it. Gird was the first to climb the ship followed by Tally, who was much more handy in doing so and made it up faster than Gird.

On board silence was all they met. The entire crew just stood staring in total silence horrified by the obliteration of the rest of the armada. No one noticed the guests.

“Ahem!” Gird called, “Excuse me...”

The whole crew nearly jumped overboard in fright. Clearly recuperating, everyone just stared at Gird and Tally. Gird was not known his empathy and just continued with his enquirement.

“Excuse me. I need to speak to the captain.”

It took awhile before this relatively simple question had pierced through the sheer terror that had gripped the hearts of the crew. After a minute or so a man reluctantly stepped forth from the crew.

“That be me,” he said.

“Ah, great! See, Tally. Someone we can talk to,” Gird said happily.

The captain heard Gird speak and his face went through a gigantic change. From startled to puzzled on to angry recollection.

“The loony boat!! You’re the people from that loony boat! What the fuck are you doing on my ship!?” the captain called.

“Well... ehm, we’ve come to negotiate our way into the city... of course,” Gird said hesitantly due to the reaction of the captain.

The captain wanted to scream at Gird in some way or another, but was distracted by a ship flying by. Everyone looked up at the big wooden vessel passing by, people and gear flying out or hanging on ropes just like feathers on a gigantic bird.

“Well, you don’t see that every day,” Tally remarked dryly.

Gird and the captain just for an instant looked at Tally in a baffled acknowledgement.

“Ehm, right,” the captain said, “have you completely lost it!? You are never going to reach our city.”

“Right..., well..., that is a tough opening bid for this negotiation,” Gird said disappointed.

"I'm gonna cut ya..." a sailor yelled and drew his sword. Immediately the battle around the ship died out. The sailor took a hesitant step forward and snuffed it. A scorching heat ray burned him to a crisp and his forward motion made him break up and crumble to dust. The captain's eyes nearly popped out of his head.

"Ehm, right, cu... a deal, yes that's it! A deal, a great deal. We are so happy to have you visit our city. If you could relay that message to your ehm..." The captain pointed to the titan while he stammered the words into sentences. "We could," he stammered on, "perhaps save what's... ehm.. eh... left of our... eh, ehm, eh... fleet?"

Gird looked around. He saw much debris, some rowing boats and far away a few vessels sailing away full sail, hanging dangerously in the wind. Gird smiled. He had won, again.

"Well, of course we could spare you some boats."

"Alright, great... if you could please tell your titan that," the captain pleaded.

"I could, but, you see, I need some guarantees... or let's say tokens of good will. Could you please all throw your weapons overboard?" Gird looked defiantly at the captain and his crew, who very reluctantly then threw their weapons overboard while they grumbled and needed a lot of encouragement.

"Right! Now we sail for Anmar-Amar!" Gird called happily.

And soon Gird came to the city Anmar-Amar to bring peace after a brief but devastating war. A war he started and ended within an hour and which had left the great city ruined. One clearly should not throw warships onto a city or produce tidal waves sixty feet high in its harbor. That pretty much would be the end of that city.

"Ah, captain, so nice that we can now sail into the city right up to city hall and onto the main square. They should have thought of that before you provided it for them," Tally remarked sarcastically.

"O, shut up, Tally, I just need the university. Just need to learn to read," Gird growled. "O, no problem, you just rebuild the ruins of it we sailed across, find new scholars to work there and they'll teach you," Tally said feignedly cheerful, "or perhaps some of the floating bodies aren't as dead as they seem to be. If you're lucky one of them is a scholar."

Gird's gaze shifted from distant to right next to the ship and he noticed the many, many dead bodies that drifted away from the ship as it slid quietly onwards between them. His face first lost all its colour and then turned red.

"Crap!... Crap! Crap! Total crap! Get us the fuck out of here!" he yelled with a skipping voice.

"Yes captain," Tally barked as he stood upright and saluted his captain. He knew when to stop ridiculing Gird. He wanted to turn to the actual captain of the ship, but didn't know what to tell him.

"Ehm, captain, where to, captain," he asked Gird hesitantly.

"I... don't... care! Anywhere!!"

And so the peacemaker Gird and his new willy-nilly crew sailed to anywhere, still in search of someone who could teach Gird how to read.