

# **A Long Walk**

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*This is my mythical story i started it in 2006 god knows when i'll finish it cause i keep going back and editing lol anyhow please comment!...*

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# 1 - summary of Glutatio

A summary of Glutatio

# 2 - Lone Soilder

Chapter one:

LONE SOILDER

The girl had been walking along the same stretch of path for three weeks, although Zurich had been trailing her for two weeks, he still knew basically nothing about her, she still had no idea that she was being followed. It was quite strange that the clan saw her as a threat and yet she couldn't sense him, him who was admittedly the best tracker in his clan but still someone of her supposed capabilities should know that he was following her, surely!

He was sitting in an oak tree twiddling a twig between his fingers watching as she settled in a cradle made by two trees that had grown into each other. He smirked as he watched her pull the old used blanket out of her bag, the blanket that he had seen her use so many times for the past two weeks. He Zurich would never of slept there, wide open to anyone who wished to hurt him or anything that wished to eat him!, it looked like it was going to be a long night again, as part of his job was to make sure that nothing happened to the girl, yes the girl. Oh the girl what gossip was going around the clan back home, she was the talk of the whole village.

He got out his small dagger and throwing knives he looked down, they were a bit blunt, could do with a clean to, but lately there had been barfey time to splash his face with water in the morning let alone clean his blades, now would be the perfect time to do so, she was in a clearing he would see anyone or anything that tried to get to her yes he could afford to let his guard down a bit, after all it was about time she pulled her weight, not that she knew he was there, but that's beside the point, if he's got to watch her back all the time the least she could do is use her head and sleep somewhere out of the way.

He had half a mind to go wake her and, drag her to somewhere quieter somewhere more sheltered away from the things prowling in the night, he didn't need this rubbish, he'd much rather be at home training than babysitting. After all she looked a few years younger than him maybe two of three, but that's no excuse his little sister Serenity was ten and could hunt and, know how to avoid the dangers of the woods and for that matter fight her way out of anything she got herself into. He had taught her everything she knew! It was just him and her but she had to stay with there closest neighbour the butcher while he was sent on this ...errand?

He set to work cleaning his blades up with the water he had in his canister, his dagger had a chip in it so he got down from the tree and tried to find some flint, the moon light was cast in a solid beam on the solitary figure he stood and watched as she breathed in and out, this was the closest that he had been to her, he could see the beads of sweat of her forehead and for the first time he realised that the past three weeks hadn't been hard on just him.

He stood there for the next twenty minutes just looking at her and he would remember those twenty minutes as vividly as if he was there for the rest of his life, he noticed things about her that he hadn't before, she had short chestnut brown hair, it looked like glass in the moonlight he couldn't see her face she had collapsed in such a heap that her hair had completely covered her face, she wasn't wearing clothes like what other girls wore she had a finely made bracelet on, it had something inscribed on it but he couldn't quite make it out, he looked hard at her from a distance now, draped over the two trees feet propped up on a handy stump one arm crossed across her chest and the other hanging loosely over the tree and trailing in the long dew filled grass.

She rolled over and her hair fell out of her face he could see clearly now she was just a normally girl nothing particular stood out from her when you looked at her except her clothes, he pondered where would you buy such things

He had never even seen such fabric, she wasn't wearing a dress like most of the girls that he met in the village no she was wearing pants like he was and yet they wasn't like his they were green and blended beautifully into the moss but the fabric was so tightly woven it almost look of royal quality but he knew it wasn't because if she was a royal he would have been told to kill her instead of protect her and the royals mostly wear red or blue, the pants weren't tight on her they were actually quite baggy and her top was cream. And why so small it showed most of her belly and was low cut he could see part of her collar bones, she had a tattoo across her chest and round up to her shoulders it followed the line of her collar bone beautifully. Not many people had tattoos nowadays no one could afford them they were just too expensive, so that in its self was puzzling