

Blessed Silence

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*Dear comrades, this is my first English-language fic! Fanfiction about Rath's bad day.

This is comedy.*

1. Blessed Silence

Chapter 27 (battle with Linus), middle of the battle.

Rath loved silence more than anything in the world.

No, he hadn't had kind of emotional trauma. He wasn't abused his father. His mother never forbade him from socializing with other children. He wasn't retarded, and his voice was fine. Rath just liked silence, that's all. That's why he left his tribe, not because of his father. They were too noisy. Sacaens are very wild and loud people in general, but the Kutolah tribe was known for its raucous tribesmen. They sang too many Sacaen folk songs. Whether they caught rabbit or deer, they began to sing. Harvest of thistle (NoBaka: thistle? I think you mean grain. XD No one WANTS to harvest thistle, it's like thorns. X3), childbirth, weddings, funerals - all was accompanied by the singing of folk songs. Rath left hoping find silence. But it was almost impossible in such a small army, where he currently resided.

"Curse the tactician . . ." Rath thought, moving through the battlefield and methodically felling his adversaries. "If it wasn't for her stupid order, I could be fighting in total solitude . . ." The day before, Lady Tactician said that they must fight in groups of two or more to ensure the benefit of what she called "support level." She said if two fighters will talk with each other they will fight more effectively later. Yeah, that was rubbish, but Lady Tactician watched closely. When Rath tried to avoid it and fight alone, she forced him to peel potatoes after battle. With his arrows . . . Rath decided be patient and now he suffered the company of Guy, who was presently running after his horse. The battlefield was enormous, and the enemies countless . . .

"Rath! RATH! Rath, please . . ." Guy finally caught up to the miserable nomad. "Rath, can I help you? I can protect you, honestly . . ."

" "

"Rath! Please, please, please! Tell me, what can I do for you"

"Go to Matthew . . ." said Rath. A faint hope still flickered within him. He thought Guy and Matthew were friends.

"Noooo, I don't want to . . ." The young myrmidon winced, "Matthew is cruel, he forces me to do horrible things to pay off my debt. You are not like him. You are kind. You are strong and brave. You are generous. You are the best in the world!" Guy stared at Rath with puppy eyes. "And you helped me when I was lost. So I MUST to do something for you"

" You mustn't do anything . . ."

"No, I must! Listen, I can fix your clothes, I can groom your horse. I can make dinner for you . . . If you want, I can clean up your tent after battle"

" "

"You don't want it? Well, I can do something nice for you. I could give you a massage. A foot massage? Or, if you want, I can sing some folk songs from Sacaen . . ."

"NOOOOOO"

"Okay, okay, don't yell at me . . ." whimpered the frightened Guy. "Well, if you want . . . if you want I can go to Matthew . . ."

"YESSSSSS"

Guy left so upset that Rath felt a pang of pity for him. But he felt pity for himself when he saw archer Wil, the infamous chatterer. Guy was better . . . Rath thought.

"Oh, Rath! You-look-so-cool-as-always! Keeping quiet? Wake up! Let's talk -" jabbered Wil with speed of flying arrow, while Rath couldn't get a word in edgewise, even if he

wanted to. "Teach-me-how-to-ride-a-horse-teach-me-shoot-while-riding-teach-me-some-Sacaen-folk-songs-give-me-your-bandana-please"

"....."

"Oh . . . so, you don't want to talk to me . . . again . . . You-are-so-cruel-Rath-you-are-always-so-cruel-and-evil!" Wil seemed to be very upset. "Sorry, but I don't know what to do. I want to talk with someone so much! First I tried to talk with Rebecca but she kicked me in stomach, I dunno why. After that I tried to talk to Raven but he tried to kill me. Why does he hate me so much? And when I tried to talk with Lucius, Raven tried to kill me again! I wanted to talk with Karel but he is sooo scary . . . And I don't want to talk with Wallace anymore, because he is . . ."

"Go to Sain and talk with him." Rath interrupted.

"Good-idea-thanks!" And the archer ran away. Rath heaved a sigh of relief, but his respite was short-lived as he noticed Lady Tactician, watching him from the hill. Rath remembered the potatoes and began to search for company.

Sniper Rebecca was near him. Well, that's wasn't bad choice, she wasn't chatterbox. For three whole minutes they were fighting in total silence, but suddenly Rebecca glanced at Rath and screamed.

"..... What?" Rath asked, embarrassed.

"You . . . you are my brother!" whispered sniper-girl. "Yes! You are my brother Dan, who left our home many years ago!" Rath almost fell from his horse.

". . . That's . . . not . . . true . . ." was all he managed to whisper.

"Yes, it's true! You have green hair, and you are the same age as he is! You are my brother"

Wonderful argument . . . Rath sighed. Rebecca looked far too excited to be healthy for Rath.

"You were gone for so many years! Don't worry, we can fix it. We can talk all night long! I'll tell you about my life, about daddy's radiculitis (NoBaka: err . . . wha?). By the way, I'm going to marry to Lowen! Hey . . . hey! Where are you going? STOP!" But it was too late - Rath turned and ride away from annoying girl. She shot a few arrows, but missed, thank God.

Just as he left Rebecca, Rath heard a sinister "cough-cough" from Lady Tactician. Cursing all the world, Rath left to find some decent companions, as he thought - married couple Pent and Louise. But today they were in very good mood and they wanted to chat . . . especially Louise.

"Oh, Rath! It's so good to see you here!" prattled the beautiful lady sniper. "We just wanted to talk with you! What do you know about Guy"

". . . Hmmm . . ." Rath mused, meaning "I don't know him very well, but he seems to be a good guy." Somehow, Louise understood him effortlessly.

"That's wonderful! Lord Pent and I . . ." she looked at her husband demurely, "are going to adopt him. We want children so much"

"Yes, we want many children, maybe nine or ten!" chimed Pent. "We've already adopted Erk, he gave us his permission"

". . . Hmmm . . ." Rath repeated, meaning "Congratulations, I'm very glad"

"But we aren't going to stop!" the countess continued. "We are also going to adopt Nino, Nils, Florina, Kent, Sain . . ."

". . . Hmmm . . ." commented Rath, stunned, meaning "I can understand everything, but don't you thing Kent and Sain a little bit too old for adoption"

Louise waved her hand dismissively.

"Don't be embarrassed by it. Believe me . . . age is no barrier for love, especially a parent's love for a child. By the way, Rath, how old are you? Rath, dear"

But Rath was already long gone. He didn't much feel like being adopted. And as he fled

from the married couple, he once again encountered Wil, who wanted to talk very much! "Rath, Rath, RATH! I-went-to-Sain-I-talked-with-him-but-he-talks-so-much! It was too much for me. He talked about women, talked, and talked, and talked! I couldn't say anything! It was horrible, you have no idea!" Wil cried. Rath was quite able to understand.

"Go to Serra." Rath replied, and turned away from the hysterical Wil.

Where can I find some calm quiet company? Rath thought, watching the battlefield. Canas is a calm young man, but he loves to read aloud. Florina screams whenever a man comes within 10 meters of her. Legault can be quiet, but surely he'll steal something. Eliwood and Hector are always together and they don't want more company. Erk could be a good choice, but Serra is always with him, and now Wil from now on. Dorcas smells funny . . . Karel is a quiet man, but Wil is right - he is scary . . . Maybe . . . Yes! Jaffar! He is almost as quiet as Rath himself! The nomad quickly sought out the red-haired assassin on the battlefield, cutting down every foe in his path.

"." Rath greeted the assassin.

"." Jaffar replied. Support level up!

But sadly, that tranquil bliss didn't last for long. Green-haired mage-girl Nino appeared from nowhere and draped herself on Jaffar's back.

"Jaffar-Jaffar-I-love-you-so-much-you-look-so-handsome-today!" she squealed, clinging to the unhappy Angel of Death with all the strength she could muster. "Oh, and uncle Rath is here too" Rath, who was trying to run away desperately, almost fell from his horse for the second time for this day. Uncle? Funny. If Rath was nomadic trooper already, he would have taken his sword and skewered himself, but all he had was a bow. Uncle . . .

"Uncle Rath, Uncle Rath!" Nino even left Jaffar (who ran away immediately) "Uncle Rath, please, help me"

". What?" Rath asked. He couldn't just leave young lady without help because of his stupid Sacaen politeness.

"Uncle Rath, please, help me find a girlfriend for uncle Legault! See, he is older than twenty now, but he still has no girlfriend. He talks with that Heath the wyvern-rider. He will never get married without our help . . . I think he and Isadora would make a good couple, even if she is older than him. Or maybe Rebecca? She can cook really well, too! Or Priscilla, she is a very nice girl too. Or . . ."

". . . Looks like, Jaffar . . ." Rath began, but Nino didn't let him finish his sentence. "How can you talk about that! Jaffar and uncle Legault are a very bad pairing, very-very bad! They're both men, in case you forgot! And besides, Jaffar is mine! We love each other, we are going to married after the fighting is done, and I'll give birth to the two twins! (NoBaka: I don't think she KNOWS she's going to have twins yet. ;)

". . . Looks like, Jaffar went away somewhere . . ." Rath finished.

"Whaaaat?" Nino shrieked and ran away searching for her dear assassin. Rath heaved a sigh of relief. Nino had given him a good idea - Heath! That guy was quiet enough, and surely wise enough to fight alongside Rath without any stupid conversations. Of course, Legault was almost always with Heath, but that day he was sent by Lady Tactician to steal from poor Linus, so Heath must be alone!

The wyvern rider tossed an understanding smile at the nomad. Rath was ecstatic, hoping for some respite. But suddenly his horse began to do strange things - it was twitching, trembling and neighing. And when the horse shook, Rath almost fell from the horse for third time that day. He turned around uncomprehending, and saw that Heath's wyvern chewed the tail of his horse!

"Hmmm . . . Please, forgive me . . ." beautiful Heath's face was filled with guilt. "But this morning Legault came to me and we . . . talked . . . Yeah, we talked all morning . . . and I forgot

to feed Hyperion. So he's a bit hungry just now . . . But don't worry, he doesn't eat horses"

". And what DOES he eat?" Rath asked angrily, watching the hungry glitter of wyvern's eyes.

"Oh, don't worry about it!" Heath laughed nervously. "He eats rodents. Rabbits, beavers, foxes, bears . . . Well, maybe larger mammals . . . sometimes . . . like deer or elk . . . And wild horses rarely . . . But only wild horses!" (NoBaka: Err . . . foxes and bears aren't rodents. And deer and elk are large, though bears are larger)

That was more than enough for Rath. He rode away from dangerous place, trying to figure out which was Heath's main problem - the wyvern or Legault? Soon he heard a woman's voice.

"Rath! Please, come here"

The nomad was pleased by this particular voice. It was Lyn's. Rath liked Lyn - she was kind, smart, and beautiful. When he was near her, he felt calm. But today was turning out to be an awful day for him!

"Rath!" the noble lady of Caelin said. "I have a wonderful news for you"

". ?" Rath asked. What in the world could be wonderful for him? Wil lost his voice? Guy left with Pent and Louise for Etruria? Rebecca was poisoned by Lowen's cooking?

"Our Lady Tactician has a wonderful idea," the happy Lyn continued, "she decided to organize a concert of Sacaen folk songs! You, Guy, and I can all show our friends the great culture of Sacae! This is so cool! Right, Rath? Rath? Where are you going?" I want to become a Nomadic Trooper and have a sword . . . Rath thought, riding away from the confused girl. Wishing for a swift end to the hostilities, he killed Linus. But that didn't help - Lady Tactician said what they must kill all the enemies on the battlefield. That meant almost another full hour of battling. Rath felt the breath of Lady Tactician and smell of potatoes behind his back . . . he needed a companion. Wil came to him again, but Rath quickly sent him to Pent and Louise (that will be wonderful family . . . smirked Rath). He needed someone quieter.

Rath noticed that an enemy lancer had wounded Raven's hand, and Priscilla had guided her brother to the medic's tent. That meant red-haired mercenary couldn't be on the battlefield anymore, so Rath could be with Lucius. The company of modest monk would be great - Lucius was very shy and calm. But Rath was mistaken - he felt the intent stare of blue eyes as he stood nearby. Rath had a very bad feeling . . .

"Hmmm, Lord Rath . . ." the monk began, "you are always so quiet. It looks like you do not socialize very much with the other members of our army"

". . . ." Rath confirmed.

"Can I . . . can I tell you a few of my secrets?" Lucius begged nervously. "Please, Lord Rath . . . I'm in need of a confession. And you are only one who can keep all of my secrets, I'm sure! Wil said he also can keep my secrets, but . . . I don't quite believe that . . . Sir Wil is too . . . social"

". . . Let's begin . . ." the tired Rath sighed. The shy monk couldn't have all that many secrets, Rath thought. Let the guy speak his mind.

"Thank you!" Lucius exclaimed happily. "Firstly, I'm not even a monk! I'm an Ostian spy. I was hired by Lord Uther to spy on Lord Raym . . . on Raven because Lord Uther is afraid that Raven may be able to kill Lord Hector." Rath was dumbfounded.

"Secondly," Lucius continued, "I'm not a real blonde, I dyed my hair. My real hair color is green! My grandmother was from Sacae, and green hair is not very common for Etruria. Thirdly, it was I who added purgative in Priscilla's soup, because she is . . ."

. . . half an hour later . . .

". . . and then I began to understand which sword he is talking about! That was when I decided

not to talk to Karel anymore. Thirty-one - Merlinus mixes wine with water and tea with currant leaves, I saw it myself! Thirty-two - I know Isadora's real age! She is not 29 as she claims, but . . ."

Rath had a very bad headache. He wanted just crawl into his tent and sleep for a very long time. How could he have known that the shy monk would be such a gossip! And Lucius isn't going to stop. But fate took pity on the poor nomad.

"Hey, you! Yes you, green-haired goose with bow! What are you doing there?" Rath heard a rough voice. A very angry Raven was quickly reducing the distance between them. He had had sword in one hand and plaster (NoBaka: Huh?) in the other. Rath quickly remembered that Raven HATED when other people talked with Lucius. "I'm talking to you, you ugly Sacae scarecrow. Dismount and come here, I want to talk with you like a man"

"Lord Raymond, you are wounded!" Lucius tried to stop him, but Raven pushed him away easily. "I'll talk with you later. Now I want to talk with this horse-lover!" So saying, Raven raised his sword high (it was hard for him with just one hand). Rath decided that dying by some crazy mercenary's hand would be better than hearing anymore of the monk's gossip, so he was began to dismount. Suddenly, there was a cry of "Ereshkigal!" (NoBaka: actually, Ereshkigal is Nergal's spell. I forgot what Canas's S-Rank dark magic is) followed by an eruption. Lady Tactician declared the victory proudly. "The last enemy has been killed. Everyone, let's congratulate Canas and get some rest!" It was dark already. Rath's head was pounding by the time he had reached his tent. He was happy that Raven forgot about him and was hoping go to sleep immediately. But...

"SURPRISE"

Rath almost died from a heart attack, then he carefully turned around and saw the whole of the army behind him. Lyn and Guy were in front line, with a wonderful new bow in their hands.

"Dear Rath! We knew that your birthday is today: thanks to Guy!" Lyn smiled, and Guy blushed.

"Happy birthday to you! And we decided to present you this wonderful bow with arrows"

"Th...Thank you..." Rath was touched. He had completely forgotten about his own birthday! Lyn continued: "But that's not all! We love you so much so we decided to have a big birthday party for you! It'll last all night! Ninian will dance for you, and Nils will play on his flute. Florina, Fiora, Farina and Sain will perform "The Three Little Pigs." Wil is going to read rap, and Erk made wonderful fireworks! Lowen is making dinner. Guy and I will sing your favorite Sacaen folk songs! And at the end of all of this - our rookie, charming and beautiful Vaida will give you a special show"

"Too bad, I can't kill myself with a bow and arrows..." Rath thought.

The end (or is it?)