

S-Files: Next Try

The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 7: Dossier 5: Aries Phrixos

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Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- 8.30 a.m.

"I really could get used to this teleportation stuff," Makoto marvelled when they materialized in the laboratory, just in time. They slipped into their lab coats and Milo sat down on a corner of a desk which was otherwise buried with papers.

"All you need to do is stay with me," Milo gave her a particularly winning smile with gleaming white teeth.

"The other Gold Saints can teleport, too. And most are probably less annoying!"

"Yes, my Camus-sama for instance," Himiko sighed. "We could order him to Tokyo for another examination."

"But he *was* already examined..."

"A pity... So who is next?" Himiko leafed through their notes. "A... A... Ah! Albatross Ayrthar and Aries Phrixos. It seems the Aries Saint is scheduled for the morning."

"Phrixos..." Milo shook his head. "How could he choose such a silly sounding name. Even Kiki was better than *that*!"

"Pah! Phrixos is a very well thought out name," a high pitched voice suddenly said. The Aries Saint, who had just teleported in, was a nine year old boy with a shock of short red hair. He carried his helmet under his arm and grinned impishly.

"Sure, sure" Milo said, slightly patronizingly. He still could very well remember when he had been Kiki's age and had just attained the Scorpio Cloth. But at that time there had been several other boys of his age. Kiki was the youngest Gold Saint at the moment, more than ten years the junior of the others, and most of the older Gold Saints felt compelled to be a bit protective of him.

"Or have you forgotten the ancient myth of the evil Ino who robbed the twins Phrixos and Helle and of the Ram who was sent to save them?"

"Of course I know that," Milo sighed. Triangulum Borealis Astreya had bored him almost to death when he taught the future Goldies mythology, history and Greek. The Ram saved Phrixos while Helle drowned in the sea which then got the name Hellespond -- and afterwards the Ram was turned into the constellation Aries to honour him for this brave deed.

"So you are Aries Phrixos?" Makoto asked and looked at her still empty data sheet.

"Yep!"

"The Cloth fits perfectly!" Himiko breathed in amazement. "I can remember that Aries Mu wore it when we were at Sanctuary last year! -- Or is this a new Cloth in smaller size?"

"It is the same -- and not completely the same," Phrixos told her.

"Huh?"

"Well, when Mu passed his Cloth on to me I had to undergo the Test of course... And with the Aries Saint it's that the former Aries Saint 'kills' the Cloth and the new Saint has to revive and repair it. So actually it is the revived Aries Cloth."

"Revived? You mean the Cloths are really alive?" The engineer scrutinized the golden armour. "Makoto, lend me your stethoscope, please. I have to check that."

Phrixos almost burst from laughter. "They don't breathe or have a heartbeat... But they need a considerable amount of blood to be returned to life after they were 'killed'."

"Blood?" Himiko frowned when she realized that she never actually had asked the Saints about their Cloths.

"Sure. Shiryu, Seiya and the others have repeatedly killed their Cloths. And pretty often the Gold Saints offered their blood to revive them and make them even stronger."

"Indeed," Milo nodded. "I gave quite a lot of my blood to revive Hyoga's Cygnus Cloth..."

"After what I heard from your duel with Hyoga in the Scorpio Temple this was only a fair deal," Makoto pointed out.

"It was a pretty bloody mess," Milo said with a wry grin. "I'm glad I don't have to repair those things when they are virtually drowned in blood..."

"One gets used to it," Phrixos shrugged.

"What do the Cloths do with all of this blood?" Himiko wondered. "Are they vampiric or what?"

Phrixos scratched his head and grinned sheepishly. "I have to admit -- I never thought about this. After the Cloths get soaked in blood, they seem to absorb it and recombine their structure somehow. I think I'll have to ask my Master, I mean, the Kyoukou. He still knows a lot more than I do!"

"I just can't understand how it works that the Cloths are one-size-fits-all armours!" Himiko knocked against the breastplate of Phrixos' Aries Cloth. "They are hard and not elastic! And is the weight the same or does it change depending on the size?"

"I never checked that, I'm sorry."

"So would you please take off your Cloth now? I have to begin my examination." Himiko activated the surveillance camera to record the disassembly and assembly process.

"If you insist..." Phrixos grinned from one ear to the other and willed his Cloth into the presentational form.

"Fine," Makoto nodded. "Would you please come over here for the physical examination?"

"Okay..."

"In this assembled form, the Aries Cloth looks as big as the other Cloths. And it's heavy, too! Far heavier than the Aquarius Cloth, if you ask me. -- Milo!!" Himiko looked to the Scorpio Saint, and promptly he was elevated to become her lab assistant for the heavy stuff.

In the meantime, Makoto tried to convince Phrixos to keep still at least for the time of her examination. It was a difficult task, but she got her results nonetheless. "1.35m... 38kg... Bloodtype B... -- Hey, your stomach grumbles -- don't tell me you forgot your breakfast?"

"Well, at home it was still deep in the night when I left." Phrixos looked around for something edible, but without luck.

"Milo, you have to teleport to our house and fetch something to eat for the poor kid," Himiko said worriedly.

"Why me?"

"Because you're the one who is able to teleport! And because you won't get supper if you don't comply."

"Okay, okay -- you win..."

"But I'm no kid!" Phrixos protested. "I'm a Gold Saint!"

"No chance," Makoto laughed. "For Himiko everybody under 20 is still a kid."

"Oh, then I'm lucky. I'm already 21," Milo grinned.

"But you're not in the least grown-up," Makoto told him mercilessly.

"I am! I'm a strong, handsome and very manly man..."

"...who behaves like a baby most of the time," Makoto completed the sentence.

"Hey, are you finished with me? I wanna go home," Phrixos interrupted their little quarrel.

"Finished? I merely began!"

"Too bad." The little Goldie sighed. "It's getting boring here!"

"I'll try to hurry," Makoto promised. "And soon we'll have a nice breakfast."

"Cool!" Phrixos beamed.

"Well, Milo? Fetch it!" Makoto ordered.

"Am I your servant?"

Himiko smiled sweetly. "Well, you are a guest in our house and so you have to do us at least a little favour once in a while..."

Grumbling, Milo teleported away.

"Okay, I'm through with the physical check-up," Makoto said finally. "Now we need your curriculum vitae."

"My *what?*"

"Well, when were you born and where, who are your parents, where did you grow up..."

"Oh, that. I was born on April 1st, 1978 in Tibet in a tiny village where the last descendants of the lost Empire of Mu live..."

"The Empire of Mu... I think I read something about it. But I thought it was a mere legend..." She grimaced. "Okay, I also had to come to terms that I work for a living Greek Goddess..."

"Indeed," Phrixos chimed. "Mu even decided to take up the name of our ancestor's empire so that he would never forget his roots. At least that's what he told me once."

"Do you have these spots-as-eyebrows because of your ancestry?"

"Sure! All of my people have them."

"It looks somehow cute," Makoto said and eyed Phrixos' bluish grey spots which exactly matched the colour of his eyes. " Okay, so you were born there... Who were your parents?"

"I don't know." Phrixos frowned. "I was raised by my grandmother, but when I was very little, then Mu appeared and told her I had a great destiny and was to accompany him to become a Saint of Athena. I think grandma was glad when he took me away because she was afraid of my psychokinetic abilities. I mean, PSI stuff is pretty common among my people, but not telekinetics and teleportation that manifests already in a newborn baby... Mu told me I teleported around even before I could walk and they had to search for me more than once because I had simply disappeared..."

"Intriguing. -- But it seems teleportation is something that comes with Cosmo, too, isn't it?"

"Sure. But my abilities are partly independent from my Cosmo."

"So how did you get along with Mu?"

"Fine! He was like a big brother to me most of the time. Although he even spanked me once in a while. That was very unfair! He is larger and stronger!!" Phrixos sulked. "But fortunately he let me train on my own most of the time"

"I see. Did Mu choose you specifically to become his successor or was this pure chance?"

"Well, I am Aries and he trained me to repair Cloths and taught me everything I needed to know to pass the Test for the Aries Cloth, so it seems logical to me that he wanted me to become his successor right from the start. Anyway, my Cosmo is far stronger than that of a mere Bronze or Silver Saint, so I had to go for Gold..."

"What else?" Makoto wondered whether this contempt for the 'lower' ranks came automatically with the Gold Cloth. It was amusing, especially as Seiya-tachi demonstrated that 'mere Bronze Saints' could very well beat even Saints of Gold rank.

"Fortunately Mu was elected to become the new Kyoukou after the Hades War, and so he decided to pass his Cloth to me just as the former Kyoukou Shion did with Mu."

"So the Aries Saints don't have to fight for their Cloths?"

"Not fight each other, no. But our Test of Cloth is perilous, too. After all, one has to sacrifice more than half of one's blood to revive a Gold Cloth. Throughout history

many Saints-to-be died during this ordeal -- especially as the repairs are strenuous in addition to the blood loss."

"Hm... Kyoukou Shion, Kyoukou Mu -- it seems this jobs mainly goes to former Aries Saints, does it?"

"That just happened. Actually, Shion initially appointed Sagittarius Aiolos to succeed him to the throne. Unfortunately, Gemini Saga didn't like this idea and usurped the throne."

"When the former Kyoukou wanted Aiolos as his successor -- why wasn't the Sagittarius Saint chosen now? I mean, Gaia revived him along with the other Saints..."

"Aiolos was asked, but he declined. Then Athena asked Dohko, Shaka and Aiolia, but they didn't like the idea either. DeathMask, Aphrodite, Saga and Shura definitely weren't on Athena's wanted-for-Pope list, and she didn't think that Aldebaran, Camus or Milo were fit for the job. So Mu was left and had to take up the robe. Although he decided to abolish the Mask so that no one could hide behind it and take over Sanctuary again."

"And I thought every Gold Saint would crave for the Kyoukou post!"

"Why should they? The Kyoukou only leads the Saints into battle in the times of the Holy Wars. In between he sits on his throne and gets bored while taking care of financial matters and such stuff. Okay, he has Triangulum Australe Astrios as aide in economical matters, but in the end it's up to the Pope to deal with all of this stuff."

"I guess then I wouldn't want to become Pope either."

"Well, the only good point about being Kyoukou is that he can use this giant spa in his temple all the time."

"Interesting or not -- someone has to do this job."

"I prefer fun and action," Phrixos grinned.

Right in this moment, Milo materialized in the lab, carrying two large bags with foodstuffs. "Here's everything," he told Makoto. "You may prepare my lunch now."

"And what do I get in exchange?"

"Let's see... What about a long and passionate kiss?"

"That's punishment, not reward!"

Milo pouted. "Today you are even meaner than usual!"

"Of course." Makoto took the bags and looked into them. Fortunately, Milo had not brought miso soup and rice, but the ingredients for a western style breakfast plus

some burgers and cans of coke and coffee.

"Oh dear -- fast food again. What actually am I to *prepare* for you?! In any case, you will have to wait until Phrixos got his breakfast." The boy still needs to grow." Makoto put a roll with jam plus a croissant onto a plate and gave it to the young Aries Saint.

"Thanks!" Phrixos grinned and directed the croissant telekinetically into his mouth.

"I need to grow, too!" Milo pointed out.

"You are already grown-up," Makoto grinned. "The only thing that will still grow is your belly!"

"By the way -- what did you bring *here*?" Makoto pointed accusingly at the canned coffee. "That stuff is *vile*!"

"But it's sold in vending machines at every corner -- I'm sure it can't be dangerous."

"You obviously haven't tried it. I think I will spare you this unfortunate experience..." The cans flew in a high arc into the dustbin.

"Makoto, could it be that you soften up after all?" Himiko giggled.

"Nope. I just want to minimize the risk that someone poisons himself with that." Makoto decided to cook some fresh coffee instead.

They ate their breakfast (Phrixos) respectively their lunch (Milo and Makoto). Himiko was glad that she had prepared a bentou for herself as she couldn't stomach burgers and related fast food.

"Do you want anything else?" Makoto asked the boy finally.

"If you have something sweet?"

"Sure..." Makoto rummaged through a drawer of her desk and found a couple of Mars bars, one of which she passed over to Phrixos.

"Thaaaank you!" Phrixos nibbled on the bar. "What's up next?"

"Your attacks."

"Only if Milo doesn't watch! My attacks are secret!"

"Okay... -- Milo, you stay here while we continue Phrixos' examination. Here, they will comfort you while we are outside..." She gave him the remaining Mars bars while Phrixos called his Cloth to return to him.

"Why, thank you," Milo said ironically.

Himiko, Makoto and Phrixos went to the test range. Phrixos almost slipped on the frozen ground.

"Oh, Camus has already been here," Phrixos giggled. "I guess you will have to live with it as it is now... So what exactly do you wish to see?"

"We have a camera here -- just execute your attacks for the records."

"Okay. But the first 'attack' is actually no attack but a defense." Phrixos assumed the proper pose. "Crystal Wall!"

A sparkling wall enclosed the young Saint. Phrixos put on his broadest grin and waved at the scientists, before he let the wall disappear.

"Cool, isn't it?" he asked proudly. "Mu-sama taught this to me! He also taught me his attacks."

Makoto smiled at him. "Fine. Just direct them at the far wall of the range."

"Okay." Phrixos went into the proper position again. "Stardust Revolution!" Without stopping, he added the second attack. "Starlight Extinction!"

"Wow! That's quite a spectaculum," Makoto said in awe.

"Sure. As Aries Saint I'm one of the strongest Gold Saints. And I'm the only one who can repair Cloths. Okay, except for Mu-sama... By the way, I'm working on an own attack at the moment, but it's not yet finished."

"As soon as it is finished, will you show it to us, too? Athena wants the dossiers on you as complete as possible."

"Sure."

"Let's return indoors," Himiko suggested. She took the film out of the camera and replaced it by a new one. "It's always pretty cold here."

"It was your Camus who froze the range!" Makoto pointed out.

"My Camus-sama..." Himiko sighed and produced a new pink heart.

"This is too amazing," Phrixos exclaimed. "I really want to know what kind of Cosmo can cause such funny things."

"You're not alone with this," Makoto said. "I only hope that it's not catching."

"We'll see," Phrixos giggled. "Maybe you will produce pink bunnies one day."

"You can't be serious." Makoto shuddered. Pink bunnies?! A horrible thought.

"So you haven't manifested any visible Cosmo yet?" Phrixos asked.

"Not yet. And I'm not exactly angry about this either."

"You just have to practice and try!"

"I'm far too lazy for that. And anyway, I'm a doctor, not a Saint."

They went back into the lab, and Himiko fetched a big mug of hot coffee to warm herself.

"Okay, now we have everything we need." Makoto said with a look onto her notepad.
"You can return home if you like."

"Fine! I need to work a bit more on my new attack. Bye-bye!" The little Aries Saint teleported away.

"He's cute, isn't he?" Himiko asked. "Too bad I couldn't adopt him, too."

"Don't you think Hyoga and Shun are enough sons for you?"

"But they are already 13 and 15. I want some smaller children, too."

"Well, you still want to convince Camus to marry you, don't you? You have to increase your efforts."

"I'll do!" Another pink heart formed above Himiko's head.

"I think I'll buy a fly-swat!"

"Sorry..."