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Brothers of The Sky

1. First Name _____
2. Plural Noun _____
3. Plural Noun _____
4. First Name _____
5. First Name _____
6. Body Part _____

Brothers of The Sky

Alright, so, I now know why _____First name_____saved me. His guild, The _____Plural noun_____Plural noun_____ _____First name_____name, by the way, is in deep in hell's grasp. People are actually planning on destroying the three's guild. Because, they have yet to get a single job. Well, a single C classification job completed, that is. They've done a few D and E class jobs, but, to become a guild, it is required to have done one A class, three B class, and ten C class jobs. So, when they revealed this to me, they explained in exchange for my life, I must help them out to complete these jobs. This, to me, made sense. "An eye for an eye."; My father lived by that motto, my mom once told me. Equivalency was the key to a peaceful and successful life, he would say. It made sense to me. If everything is in line, no one could possibly get angry with you.

I accepted these terms.

Now, before I go on, I need to explain somethings. _____First name_____upgraded my so it sends waves to my head , as well as accepting the normal feed. Now, I understand the language of these other beings. So, just to clear that up. I mean, for awhile, I remembered that they language sounded like Sim-ish, so, I asked about it. My arm is also fitted with a sort of heat proof metal. It is sort of camouflage, but, instead, depending on the temperature, it changes color according to the grey scale. White for hot, black for cold. The metal itself isn't particularly strong, but,

it is very manipulative and maneuverable.

In any case, I was now the first human to ever join a guild. [Sarcasm]I felt all giddy inside.[/Sarcasm] Actually, I was more interested in the two brothers running a guild. While traveling around town, I learned that seven guilds resided here. The fifth most in a town or city. I learned all this in a brochure I found. Anyway, all the guilds here had leaders around thirty year or older. So, I confronted them with this.

"Strykers, I have a question."; I asked, exiting the building.

"Go ahead, Metal Man."; William said, not even looking at me. Daniel turned around to me. At the time, they were modifying their aeroplane. It, like my arm, was run of of steam. But, differently. This one took in hydrogen , and then heated it to a high enough level, until it produced steam, which would initiate the cogs, thus rotating them, allowing it to be powered. It also had clockwork controlled steering wheels. The clockwork moves the gear being propelled, thus, changing direction. They were cleaning out the gears, for the ignition, so, that they would have less of a hard time to lift.

"Forgive him, he's not very social. Or considerate."; Daniel pardoned, with a grease-filled smile. He meant it honestly.

William then turned his attention to the turrets.

"Thank you. So, why are you operating a guild so young?"; I remarked. William now turned to Daniel.

"Aha! So your amnesia is off?"; Daniel exclaimed, and in a way victoriously.

I was dumbfounded. "I never had amnesia to begin with.";

"Oh, hehe. Sorry then, Metal Man."; Daniel apologized, rubbing the back of his head.

I

then remembered,"Hey, don't change the subject."; Then there was a brief silence.

William then turned to me and finally started to speak. "We are both diagnosed with Wherking's Disease. It's a disorder that impairs your movement. Your legs don't get correct pulses. Even with steamarms, it's hard to get around."; William then pulled up his pants, revealing a brace. I now understood why they wore long sleeved pants in this heat. "It only affects legs, queerly enough."; He shrugged. "So, we were interested in all kinds of ways in different transportation. This eventually lead us to Reddings."; Reddings was the name painted on the plane. We started building a steam-pushed engine, and then an steam-powered engine. The difference is that steam powered works off of coal, which burns, and then powers it."; I was familiar with that one. I had once seen an actual train working off of this. "Our father then saw our blue prints, as childish and delusional as they were, and realized that we wanted to be pilots."; He then stopped.

Daniel took over,"So, one day, after he finished his patrol, he brought home a gift."; I assumed he was a law enforcer. "It was a beat up old plane, with which, was working, but, just barely. He said,'If you want a cake, I can supply the base. It's up to you to pick the filling, garnishments, toppings, and frosting'."; What an odd analogy. "So, we got right to work. After two years of working, I was twelve at the time we finished, he thirteen, we had finished refurbishing and fixing up the old thing. We then named it after our Father, for all his support, advice,

and, haha, the plane itself. Redding Stryker.";

"Our dad then turned ill when we officially became aeropilots. Our family fell on hard times,"; William reminisced. For someone they just met, they seemed to trust me an awful lot. "So, trying to make up for our fathers lack of work, we took up small jobs. Eventually, we even took on some D and E ranked jobs. At that point, we were called 'The Guardian Angels of The Desert'."; He laughed, then continued. "That stuck with us, and, we gathered Wilson and his dad, and Reese and Charley, and became a guild.";

Just then, it hit me. "Who are Reese and Charley?";

Daniel smiled. "Reese and Charley Fairfax. They are Victorian. The are our neighbors. And childhood friends. Initially, we didn't like them, because, they were the richest people in town."; Daniel sighed, feeling shameful about this next part. "And, because they're Victorian, like you."; Daniel paused. Then, continued. "However, one day, we were playing near the bay, when we saw Charley drowning. Will dove in, and saved her. We've been friends ever since.";

"Charley is my age. Reese is twenty."; William interjected. At the mentioning of Charley, I think he blushed. " Reese is a templar. A holy knight, if you will. He uses swords, as well as guns. He's the one who trained me in basic marksmen, though, I now horribly surpass him. He is also proficient in steam technology, and is trained in the fighting styles of a monk. As a templar, he can use basic Light Magic. Healing, Air-Control, basic time magic, ect."; William seemed to like him. "But, at everything he does, he's novice. He's a 'Jack of All-Trades, Master of None', if you will.";

"Charley, however, is a summoner. She can summon spirits, and cast hexes and minor demons. She's the prodigy of summoning, and she's even taken a few students. She's really sweet, though, and hates to fight. But, she's one of the kind to put survival over comfort."; Daniel explained, placing a monocle in his eye. How dumb. "You haven't met them, because, they weren't interested in you."; Daniel and William then laughed, and I gave them an evil eye. They shut up. "Nah, not really. Charley has just been feeling a bit, is all. So, Reese is tending to her. They'll be out by tomorrow.";.

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