

## Prologue

"The time has come," he informed. The figure on the other end of the comm screen frowned.

"Are you sure, Z?"

"No names. Someone may be listening in," the first one said. And in fact someone *was* listening. The ominous figure frowned and swore under his breath. He refocused on the conversation.

"-sure, X," the first figure stated.

"It's too risky, um... Z," X replied. "You may die."

"That's the point, X." Z chuckled. "Or don't you remember?" he asked

"No, I remember."

"*Everything?*"

"Yes. *Everything*. Now stop worrying, Z" the figure called Z grimaced.

"You know how I am." It was a statement, not a question. He continued, "It's in me to worry. Just think, in a few days, I won't have to worry ever again..."

"Over and out, X. And good luck," Z wished

"Over and out, Z. you need the luck more than I do, by the way." X laughed. Z terminated the connection, one of the last connections he would terminate, the final one being between him and life...

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The dark figure smiled. That held more information than any other conversation he had listened in on, he could feel it in his armour. Now just to figure it all out...

"Gorfun!" He rumbled. The cowering chief of intelligence crept in.

"Y-ye-yes my ma-master,"

"Bring me-" the dark figure grinned as inspiration overtook him. He finished, "-the Krakha."









