

# A Year with Peace

By Robert Truzska

Opening: We open up in a clearing of some forest. In this clearing there are Onchi, who's on the ground, and Peace, who's hovering a foot away from Onchi.

Story: After Magal had revealed himself to be the Angel of Peace, Onchi was generally scared to death of dieing. After just having a near death experience, thanks to Ikkou/Destruction, she didn't want to go out right after she had remembered her true dreams. Peace rose a hand to Onchi with an expressionless face. Onchi, not knowing what to do, stared up at him with a scared look. They both stayed in their positions for a few seconds one Peace spoke.

"Are you going to take my hand and get up or are you going to just stay there all day?" Peace stated with a slight smile to help urge her on.

Hesitantly, Onchi reached up and grabbed Peace's hand. No sooner than she did that was she back up on her feet with a little jump from how hard Peace pulled.

"Umm.... thanks...." Onchi said looking down to the sheepishly looking down at the ground.

Peace just nodded and smiled. Slowly, his wings of energy died down and the energy in his eyes fizzled out. Standing there in his human form, Magal(as Peace liked to be referred to) gently lifted Onchi's chin and looked her in the eyes.

"There is no need to cast your gaze from me. Though you may be Tenma, I have no will to kill you." Magal said to her softly.

Onchi couldn't help but smile back at Magal's gentle face. It was something about him that made her feel as if she didn't need to worry. It's as if she were just talking to one of her friends back when she was being trained to be a Tenma.

"So, from what I understand, you like music. Am I correct?" Magal said to Onchi as he walked over to the edge of a nearby pond.

"How did you know?" Onchi asked as she kept her place.

"Well, I like to watch people. Find out what they like and do. Though this tends to freak some people out when they see this boy just watching them from the distance. But you didn't seem to notice when you were watching the boob tube on the streets of Tokyo." Magal replied as he chucked a small rock into the pond.

"You were watching me then?!" Onchi inquired as she took a step towards Magal, slightly shocked.

"Yes, I was." Magal said.

"Why didn't Shiya sense you then? If you were close enough to see that I was watching that lady on the television, then you should have been sensed." Onchi went on with another step closer to Magal.

Magal turned around and smiled at her.

"I can't reveal everything to you. Not yet anyways." Magal answered.

Onchi couldn't find anymore questions to ask him. So she just shut up and stood there quietly.

Magal chuckled and then walked up to Onchi.

"Come with me. I want to show you something." Magal said then proceeded to walk towards the forests.

Onchi just followed him without any questions. She followed him for about an hour and he showed no signs that he was stopping. Slowly, Onchi began to get tired of walking and slowed down. Much to her surprise, so did Magal.

"It's almost as if he knows I'm getting tired." Onchi thought to herself as she continued to slow down.

Eventually, they both were at a halt. Magal turned around and looked at Onchi.

"I guess we could break here.," Magal said as he looked up at the darkening sky, "If you want I could set up camp for you also."

"What do you mean by that?" Onchi asked with a confused look upon her face.

"I mean, if you want to get ready for sleeping I could set up a place for you to sleep here. You know, a tent with some blankets and a fire." Magal explained with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"Oh, I guess you could do that if you want to. I'm not really tired." Onchi said.

With that, Magal disappeared into the woods and came back a few seconds later with a tent, a sleeping bag, a pillow, and a duffle bag. Setting them down close to Onchi, Magal began to assemble the tent. All the while, Onchi just stood there and watched this boy, who she knew could easily destroy her, attend to her needs for sleeping quarters. Within a minute the tent was assembled and the bed was arranged inside of it. After that, Magal opened the duffle bag and began pulling out several pieces of fire wood and setting them up in a teepee. Shortly after a fire was blazing and lighting up the now dark woods. Still standing there, Onchi finally noticed that she was getting cold in the little bit of clothing she did wear. Placing her arms together, she shivered a bit and rushed over to the warm fire. Just as she reached the fire, Onchi noticed Magal pulling over a nice sized log. Letting it rest right next to Onchi and the fire.

"Sit. Your legs must be tired from constantly standing and walking." Magal said as he motioned to the log.

Onchi didn't really have to be told. She plopped down on the log immediately. Still shivering slightly, Onchi rubbed her hand up and down her arms to try to warm them with friction. Then she felt something falling over her shoulders. When she looked up to see who or what it was, Onchi saw Magal wrapping a cloak around her shoulders.

"There, that should help with keeping you a bit warm till you decide to sleep. I'll keep watch over the area till you wake." Magal said in a soft voice to Onchi.

And without a word, Magal slipped into the darkness that surrounded them. Onchi just sat there, holding the cloak around her and thinking of what had happened today. She was also curious about this entity who called himself Magal. Though she could have sworn that the legends of the Angel of Peace said that he was a ruthless fighter who showed no mercy to those that he fought, she couldn't help but wonder if Magal really was Peace. The descriptions in the legend matched up but the attitude was all wrong. He was too kind to be a ruthless killer, like in the legends. As she thought more and more of it, Onchi became more and more tired. Eventually, she passed out, sitting on the log.

The next morning, Onchi awoke to the site of a green tent roof. She noticed how comfortable the

place she was sleeping in and didn't want to get up but she felt like she had to. Lifting herself up slightly, she looked around and noticed a small picture next to her, taped onto the inside of the tent. On closer inspection, she noticed that it was a picture of all the angels(all in angel form, of course). They all seemed to be rather happy and in the middle of them all was Peace, with his arms around the two female angels that Onchi figured to be Love and Order. She couldn't help but giggle slightly because Peace looked like he was drunker than all hell. Then, suddenly, the flaps to the tent opened and a head popped in.

"Ah!" Onchi screamed as she hit the person dead on with a right jab to the face.

When she looked up, Onchi saw that she had just popped Magal right in the nose. Shaking his head a bit, Magal looked up to Onchi and smiled slightly.

"Good morning to you too." He said with a chuckle.

"Oh, I'm sorry. You startled me." Onchi said with a bit of a blush as she sat up.

"Eh, it's okay. I'm sorry that I startled you. I thought I heard some noise in here, so I had to check it out." Magal replied as he rubbed his nose a bit.

After a bit of conversation Onchi crawled out of the tent to see a small table set up with a huge bounty of food. The smell itself made her mouth water. Quickly, she jumped over and began eating. Magal, on the other hand, slowly walked over and picked up, what looked like a chicken leg, and began eating. Within minutes the table was cleared of all the food that had once filled it. Most of which was consumed by Onchi. Sitting there, they both relaxed as they let the food digest a bit.

"It's good that you still have your appetite." Magal said over to Onchi with a smile.

"Yeah. I usually don't eat that much but I was so hungry for some reason." Onchi replied.

With a chuckle, Magal stood up and patted his stomach.

"We should get going. I'd like to get to civilization before nightfall." He said as he began to walk.

Onchi got up to her feet and began to follow Magal again. After about two hours of walking, they came up to a dirt road. Following it, they came to a very western-ish town. Slowly, they proceeded to a local tavern and entered it. Once inside, much to Onchi's amazement, there were people all dressed up in cowboy outfits. Hell, there was even a guy playing an old fashioned piano in the corner and a bartender dressed like that of the old western bartenders. Walking up to the counter, Magal took a seat and Onchi followed his lead and did the same.

"What'll it be boy?" the bartender asked.

"The usual, old timer." Magal replied with a smirk.

With a slight chuckle, the bartender turned around and mixed up a drink. When he turned around, he placed frothing glass of some drink that Onchi had never seen before in front of Magal. Sipping it merrily, the bartender asked Onchi what she wanted. Not knowing what to say, Onchi looked at Magal.

"Just give her what I got. Maybe she'll like it." Magal said as he took a short break from drinking his drink.

The bartender nodded, made up another drink in an instant and placed it in front of Onchi. Hesitantly, she took a small sip of it. As soon as the drink hit her tongue she smiled and began to

take large sips of it.

"What is this stuff? It's wonderful!" Onchi asked.

"It's called a milkshake." Magal said as he handed his glass to the bartender so he could get a refill.

"Well, it tastes good." Onchi said as she went back to drinking.

After about 5 milkshakes, they both were full. As they sat there, Magal filled Onchi in on how his realm is and answered most of the questions that she had. After a bit, a chair suddenly came flying over and smacked Onchi in the head. Knocked unconscious, Magal caught Onchi in mid-air. Looking around, Magal spotted what was going on. There was a bar fight going on between two groups of people. Utterly pissed by the disturbance, Magal laid Onchi on the counter and told the bartender to make sure she keeps safe. Walking over to the brawl, Magal slowly changed into Peace. When he got up to the groups, they both stopped and looked at him.

"Who threw the chair?" Peace demanded with a wicked glance at everyone.

The groups split up and they all pointed at one man who stood alone in the center. Before anything else could be done, Peace had the man by the neck with one hand. Lifting him off the ground, Peace looked at him straight in the eyes.

"I don't agree with your actions. So, I shall punish you." Peace said to the man.

With a distorted scream of pain, the sound of cracking bones came from within the man. Slowly, he began to change in shape and size. When the changing was all done, Peace dropped the man, who was now a rabbit. With a small screech, the rabbit ran out the doors and disappeared. Transforming back to Magal, Peace slowly lowered to the ground. When he was done with transforming, he looked at the rest of the group.

"Let that be a lesson to all of you. If you fight, don't do it around me." Magal said.

Without another word, Magal walked back to the counter to see if Onchi was okay. A bit to his dismay, she was still unconscious and bleeding a bit from her head. With a sigh, he picked her up in his arms and carried her out of the tavern to a nearby inn. Entering, he immediately walked her to the special room that he always stayed in when he was there. Laying her down on the bed, Magal tended to her wounds with his powers. When he was done, he pulled up a chair and fell asleep sitting in it as he watched Onchi. When he finally woke up, he saw Onchi looking right at him as she lay there in the bed.

"Why are you so nice to me?" Onchi inquired of him.

"What?!" Magal asked right back, slightly started and with a slight blush.

"I'm a Tenma, one of the enemies of the Angels. And yet, you treat me as if I were a long time friend. Why?" Onchi asked, still laying there.

"Well... umm...." Magal said as his blushing began to grow more evident as he tried to think of something.

"Well?" Onchi asked as she sat up and looked him right in the eyes.

With a sigh, Magal gave up with trying to think of some sorta excuse.

"I guess it's because I like you. Call it love at first sight, if you may. It's just... well, I don't know.

Something about you I really like." Magal finally answered.

Onchi just sat there dumb-founded and completely shocked by his answer. After some silence between the two, Onchi got up and looked Magal right in the eyes. They both stood there silently looking into each others eyes. Both of them were completely speechless. Removing his glasses and putting them in his shirt pocket, Magal gently put his hand on the back of Onchi's head and placed his forehead against hers.

"I know that your a good person. That is why I saved you back there when Destruction attacked. And over these past two days, I had grown to like you even more. So, I'd like to start up a relationship with you." Magal finally admitted to Onchi in a quiet, gentle tone.

Onchi's mind was all a fluster. She didn't know if she should say yes or no. She had only known Magal for two days, yet she couldn't help but feel good when she was around him.

"Could you give me some time to think this over?" Onchi said quietly as her thoughts rattled in her head.

Magal pulled his head away from her and smiled slightly.

"I'll give you as long as you want to think this over." Magal said then left the room, closing the door behind him.

Several hours past after he left, and Onchi watched him from through the bedroom window, pondering upon the question just asked by Magal. As she watched him, Onchi found a few things out about him. One being that he was a smoker. As he paced up and down the street in front of the inn she was in, he'd go through cigarette after cigarette.

"He seems more nervous about this than I could ever be." Onchi thought as she watched him pace up and down the street.

Eventually the sun went down and the moon was up. Onchi still hadn't made her decision so Magal was still walking up and down the streets, smoking cigarette after cigarette after cigarette. Onchi wasn't the only one that was still pondering on the subject either. Magal was beginning to have his doubts, but they weren't of Onchi, they were about himself.

"Dammit! I always give them the time to think over these things and the same damn thing always seems to happen. They have the time to think over the bad things about me, which usually outnumber the good or out do them. Sure, it's a good thing to let them think about such matters but it usually boils down to one of two answers. Either it'll be "I don't know you well enough to start a relationship, how about we just be friends?" or "Your not my type."." Magal thought to himself as he paced.

Then he thought back to when he asked the same thing to the Angel of Love. After having worked with her for so long, he had such a large emotional attachment to her that went into seclusion when she turned him down. Ever since he hadn't had the nerve to ask another female such a thing. And then he started thinking of who Onchi was.

"Dear god, how stupid am I?! Me, of all people, asking her, a Tenma soldier, to start a relationship. Order would beat the hell out of me if she knew I did such a thing.," Magal thought with a sigh, "Oh well, yet another mistake to check down in my long list of screw ups."

As the depression and sadness built up inside of him, the weather changed to match his mood. Rain started to trickle at first, then it poured down like there was no tomorrow. Still he paced back and forth, smoking a cigarette which didn't seem affected by the heavy rain. All the while, Onchi watched him from the window. Finally, Magal looked up at the window and saw her standing there. With a slight smile, he waved up to her then continued his walking after she returned the smile. After that the rain let up a little but it was still present.

A little while later, Onchi fell asleep in a chair that was next to the window while sitting there thinking. Magal entered the room to see her sitting there sleeping. With a small smile, he picked her up in his arms and layed her on the huge bed, covered her up, and left the room again. The next morning, Onchi awoke to the sound of birds chirping and people moving about the streets. Then she noticed that something was missing.

"Where is Magal?" she thought to herself.

After thoroughly checking the inn, she hadn't found hide nor hair of him. So she went to the tavern, thinking that he may be in there enjoying a milkshake. When she entered the tavern, Onchi got a few looks but there was no Magal.

"Where is the guy I was with yesterday?" she asked the bartender as she sat down at the bar.

"He might be out checking the surrounding areas for renegades." the bartender answered as he dried a glass with a white cloth.

"Does he do that often and how long does it usually take?" Onchi went on.

"Eh, he usually does it when he's bored or has something on his mind. He shouldnt' take to long. Just give him about an hour or two.," the bartender said as he set a milkshake down in front of Onchi., "He said to give you anything you wanted till he got back."

Onchi just nodded and quietly drank the milkshake just set down infront of her. As she got close to half way through the glass a thought slipped into her mind.

"What does he do to renegades if he finds them?" Onchi inquired.

All the bartender could do was shiver as he thought of the answer.

"What? Is it really that bad?" Onchi asked him with a curious look.

"Well," the bartender began, "The last time he dealt with renegades that were in here I had to spend a week cleaning up the place. There were pieces of the poor bastards all over the place."

"What did he do to them?!" she asked with a gasp.

"There was a group of 10 of them. Since he controls this place, he simply made their bodies implode. It was one big bloodfest in here. And he seemed quite angry at the time also, but that was centries ago." the bartend explained.

The mere thought of such a thing frightened Onchi. Onchi began to drink her milkshake again, but at a rather slow pace as she thought of what could have made him do such a thing. Eventually, she gave up thinking of that stuff and enjoyed the atmosphere around her. Just as she was beginning on her third shake, the place suddenly grew silent. When she turned around, she saw why. Before her stood Magal, covered in blood and some internal organs, smiling at her. Onchi's jaw dropped to the ground, in a sense, as she gawked at him. Still smiling, he sat down and ordered a milkshake.

"You sleep well?" he asked Onchi.

"What happened to you?!" was the only thing to come out of Onchi's mouth.

"I asked you a question first. You answer my question, then I'll answer yours." was Magal's reply.

"Umm... I slept well." Onchi answered after a bit of silence.

"I had to take care of a few problems outside of town." Magal said right after Onchi's answer.

Onchi thought back to the conversation she had with the bartender before, then shivered at the thought of how he got to his current state. Then she noticed that the blood on Magal was being practically absorbed into him.

"What's going on?!" Onchi stammered out as she watched in disbelief.

"Oh, you mean the blood stuff?" Magal asked as he looked himself over.

Onchi just nodded, still watching in horror.

"It's just returning to it's creator. I made this world, you see. If something dies, it will disappear and return to being a part of me." Magal explained.

The silence lasted only for a few more seconds, then the music picked back up and everyone began chatting again. Onchi sat there, next to Magal, thinking of what he could do to other people if they pissed him off. That whole day, not a word was exchanged between the two on the subject of the day before. Nor did this happen the day after. Slowly, the days became weeks, and the weeks into months. About the second month, Magal had decided to start training with Onchi. He said that he wanted to "make her stronger", incase she had to fight with destruction again. During the following months, they both grew closer. Getting to know just about everything about each other. And for Onchi's birthday, Magal had constructed a guitar for her. The guitar was purple with a wooden neck and a powerful amp was built into it. From that day forth, she used it in their training. Then, one day Magal didn't show up for practice.

As Onchi wandered through the town that they were currently in, she was stopped by a tall, slender man wearing a cloak and cowl.

"Yes?" Onchi said as she looked up at the man.

Without saying a word, the man opened the door of a nearby vehicle and motioned her to get in. Shrugging, Onchi stepped in. Just as soon as the door closed, the vehicle started moving. All Onchi did was sit there and look out the window quietly. After an hour of travel, the vehicle suddenly stopped and the door opened right up. When Onchi got out, she looked around and noticed that the place was familiar to her. It was where she first met Magal, or the Angel of Peace to be more precise. Then she remembered that it was a year ago that this happened.

"So, you remembered it was our "anniversary"." Onchi said, with a slight smile, back to the cloaked figure.

With a chuckle, the cloak fell off to reveal that it was Magal.

"Yes, how could I forget?!" he said with a smile.

When Onchi turned around to see Magal, she was surprised to see him in full combat gear. His upper torso was clad in grey platemail that stretched down his arms and ended at his wrists. In his left hand he carried a rather wicked looking scaxe(scythe/axe combination) that was as tall as him. Other than that he was wearing a padded body suit that was the same color as the platemail.

"Why are you dressed like that?" Onchi finally asked as she finished looking him over.

"Well, we have to be ready for our return." Magal answered her with a small smile.

"So we're going back to Earth?" Onchi asked.

"Yep." Magal replied as he approached her.

Magal looked Onchi right in the eyes and smiled softly. Placing a hand gently over the mark on the left side of Onchi's chest, he muttered a few words then wiped it away.

"That should help with keeping the others off you once we get back." Magal stated.

Onchi just smiled slightly at him and nodded.

"Are you ready for returning to Earth?" Magal asked Onchi in a gentle, but serious, tone.

"Yes." Onchi answered.

With that, Magal embraced her as he converted into his angel form. Hovering over the ground, his wings folded over their bodies and with a snap of energy they were taken away from the realm they had spent a year in. Without Peace's presence, the realm began to disappear into nothingness, its inhabitants disappearing all at once. Magal and Onchi both returned to Earth just a few feet away from where the others were. Deciding that it'd be better if they hung low, both Onchi and Magal now watch over the others.