

KEEPER 163

Chapter 163: ARRIVALS II

The next arrival was Zoli Sea School. It is a war academy, and the tensions spiked again. Some boys from the Bami clan were cadets at Zoli, since it is situated in the north. Galka and Zoli held most of the Bami clan cadets, and the hostility was almost too much to witness. These navy blue combats looked pristine, like water, adding to the hostility. There was sure going to be a showdown between the two schools in the third and fourth weeks. Most cadets always pass the weapon dances easily, and it was always seen as a boasting subject to help even those who were bad in combat get into the war college. That is, of course, if they used their four years to study hard to cover for their weakness in combat. They were escorted to the second-year pentagon quickly to dwindle the hostility that was starting to get too tense.

The tension was already high, but it rose even higher at the next arrival. One could think that since Kafika Rift Academy is an all-girls' school, the boys could emit the same emotions they did toward the females of Lokuza and Molakwa, but that would not be the case. The cadets of Kafika, although being girls, had held the number two position in war studies, combat, and weaponry. One could even say that they were the arch-nemesis of the Galka War Academy. Even now, they stood in their red combat overalls looking just as deadly.

Their lady in the lead was almost as tall as Miss Lakiya, and she wielded a long arrow. The one to her right had an eagle resting on her shoulder. She looked fierce. Another to her left had a snake wrapped around her wrist, and another around her neck, coming to sit comfortably on the crown of her head. She must have been from the Tsanka tribe. They prided themselves on training and keeping snakes.

The ladies did not try to hide their hostility in the least bit. Most were from Mis Lakiya's tribe, the Teshini tribe, just from looking at their distinct features. The majority of the cadets in Kafika were from the clans of the west that believed women were superior to men. If you thought Miss Lakiya was the most condescending and creepy, they took it to a whole other level. The ladies of Kafika, well, most kept long nails, and some wore sharp blades in extension to their fingers. They looked like beautiful and deadly weapons, and it would take a fool to look at them as less than that. Their dash combat suits were made to fit their bodies well, like gloves, and their boots rose to the knees.

The instructors looked tense to separate the duo nemesis before it escalated because Galka cadets did not take well to an attempt to be intimidated, and things could escalate quickly if they were not separated. Kiuga managed to maintain his composure and greeted the snake lady among the triple that stepped forward. It seemed Kafika did not have a clear position on one student and instead had three ladies. They bowed in unison before they stepped back, but even the bow looked forced, as if they could not swallow their pride enough to acknowledge their rivals.

"This year, the number one spot will belong to Kafika, remember that Lofekeni boy," The eagle carrying from the Anku tribe, the eagle tamers of the west, whispered before the three did a uniform welcoming bow. Kiuga just bowed slightly before stepping back. The ladies looked like they were looking for someone, but they, of course, could not find him since they had never met him but had heard of him. Spotting Kaka, however, was easy, and they made sure to glare at him. Kaka just snickered. More than a challenge, he hated a woman who dared challenge him. Only women of the north appealed to him. Like he always said. Women did not belong on the battlefield, and he could only recognize the one who beat him. They were escorted into the second-year Pentagon, and finally, the tensions dwindled.

The next arrival was Konate, even if they stayed far south, and there was a sense of camaraderie in the air. There was no hostility like the last time. After all they had all gone through and experienced together, and only those who had truly fought in a life and death situation and lost or come to the brink of losing their comrades could understand such. Kaka did the honors this time, and Konate was to stay in the fourth-year pentagon. As much as Galka wished it to be Lokuza Spirit School, Konate was a close second. They, of course, were not going to go easy on each other, and that was made clear by them before they were escorted to the fourth-year pentagon. They were going to share a pentagon, but they were not going to interact.

Cilsa arrived next, and the excitement was back again. What warrior did not want to marry a healer after all? It is the most romanticized couple among the warriors, and it has bred a tradition in itself that a warrior marrying a healer was the luckiest. The ladies, of course, were fair to the eyes of the galka cadets. The meet and greet went by quite pleasantly, almost too pleasantly bore they were escorted to the third-year pentagon. The Tisaro Arc Academy did not arrive until the following day, and the meeting went by just as quickly and just as pleasantly, and they joined the ones from Cilsa in the third-year pentagon. The third and fourth year pentagon could host three school and their instructors, considering they were bigger than the first two.

The next school to arrive was Yalami, and it was the last. They arrived just after dark on the second day. Sagiri felt a weird sensation right when they arrived. He could not see well who had triggered it in the dim light of the night, but his eyes found the position quickly. He had felt the same odd feeling after his exams back in the exam council headquarters. She was there. He knew that. He did not know why she made him feel an odd sensation, but she was there. For some reason, he could tell she was staring at him, and he stared back. He could not see her, but he knew she was there. It was not the same feeling of familiarity or kinship he had felt when he met N'varu or Myama. It was not familiar, yet somehow it was still so dense that it came close to it.

Who is she, and why do I feel this way towards her? Sagiri could not look away from the spot in the darkness, and even when they bowed in welcome, he did not bow, and his eyes remained watching into the darkness. They were sent into the fourth year pentagon, and yet sagiri could not stop looking at

them, even long after they had disappeared. He did not even hear Senraki's speech after, and he only turned around to leave when N'varu tapped him.

Who are you? He wondered as he walked away. Somehow, he could not get rid of the feeling that something was odd.