

“Where are we going? There’s nothing out here!” The grumpy toa grumbled as he plotted through the sand. In front of him, the helpless Cryas led on.

“Don’t tell me we’re going to that broken down temple you kept talking about with those wanderin’ folk.”

“We’re going hunting. Since you’re exceptionally bad at it, I figured we could try with another friend I’ve made along the way.”

Miran groaned as his “partner” kept going. He was sick of meeting new kets, yes he liked the attention, but these strangers hardly gave it to him anyways! He was always left like a third wheel or as if he was hindering the assignment. Enough was enough!

“Let me guess, another one from that wandering pack? Who could you possibly bring me to this time?”

His words cut off as he ran into Cryas who had finally stopped moving, causing him to hop back in a dramatic fashion and earning him a good scowl. Yet, there he was off into the distance, a large garoch sat there staring off into the endless sands. He was watching someone, his beautifully striped build stood out immediately.

“Woah...” He whispered, a little nodding thrown in as his eyes closed.

“Okay, okay. Got me there. Guy’s impressive. So what are we hunting?”

“Sand mantas. Chalco! Over here!” Cryas called out without hesitation as he gave out a hardy laugh.

“No, both of yous gotta come down here, I already spotted some beasts! Quickly now.”

“You heard the man, let’s go!” Without letting Cryas even process the words, Miran darted off to Chalco’s side. His posture is now fixed and ready to go. With a sigh, Cry then made his way over. Even though there was no bickering so far, he was preparing hims for another yeru fiasco. Nonetheless, he went. As he approached the copper Garoch, he saw Miran practically hopping from side to side. Circling all around him while he patiently waited.

“Settle down there, yeah? You’ll be spookin’ ‘em at this rate.”

Miran snickered as he set himself down...literally. Chalco then began to point.

“Right. Now, listen here yous two. We’re gonna have to grab these critters by the flaps of ‘em. So get them beautiful teeth ready to strike.”

“B-Bite them? Chalco I thought we were simply trapping them?”

“Eh? Trappin’? Boy you said huntin’ ‘em down, not wrangling.”

“YEAH, Cryas! Take those pretty little renowned jaws of yours and bite the target!”

Cryas hit Miran’s back with his tail, sending the boy into giddy laughter. The disrespect of that boy! Cryas shook his head as Chalco called them forward again. He motioned, asking for Miran to move closer to the center. He and Cry would take it down from the sides. They waited, crouched in the dunes until one of the mantas began to show signs of breaching. Once they felt the sand shift near them, it was time to take off. Though much heavier than the other boys, Chalco gave chase first, definitely natural instinct at its finest. Then hesitantly, Cryas followed, branching out to the farthest side. The sands then broke away and the manta shot out.

“Careful now, do yer best to clamp the flaps! Do not go for the tail!” Chalco ordered as the pair did just that. Of course, he managed to grab it first, but seeing how ready Miran was to pounce at the thing, Cryas put his hesitation aside for a brief second and bit the tip of the manta’s flap. As he saw it, the blonde toa immediately took to the air and leaped to pin the creature down. At the moment his weight hit the poor creature, Cryas could not keep his hold. It sent Miran tumbling into the sand leaving Chalco to swing the manta in an attempt to knock the poor critter out.

“Way to go, **CRYAS**! Look what you did!”

The golden ket sneered as Chalco was still trying to get the manta underwraps. The scene from a distance was probably comical, but ultimately a failure of a task.

WC: 678

Battle for Cryas n Miran cause gosh darn it, the boy needs to be breedable and I am on a mission with Cryas to defeat everything xD
Also last minute slot entry for Chalco.