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Destiny Awaits

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Part Five:

"What actual knowledge do you expect to gain from me? I cannot give you anything that the Traveler itself could not give to you. I know less than you might even know now. You come here asking questions that I do not know the answers to! You barge into my home and interrogate me! Why should I even begin to try answering these things when you won't bother telling me a damned thing!" The Forger was angry with Argy, jealous even. He marched about his home, perched upon the ninth floor of the Tower. Things hung from the ceiling low enough that you would hit your head on them if you even tried to move. Things were cluttered up all in each corner and even taller on every piece of furniture he owned.

"I simpy come asking you for advice, if nothing else."

"Advice? Advice? I have no *advice* to give to you, Young *Prophet*! I have nothing! I have half a mind to kick you out of that window," He pointed to a window with it's shutters closed, half covered in junk, "but nothing else!"

"Forger, why do you act this way?"

"What way do you mean, young Prophet? I am simply acting myself!"

<Lies>

"You're lying. You are acting..."

<He is jealous>

"Why are you jealous?" The Forger stood afront Argyn with his jaw hanging low, as if someone had kicked over his sand castle.

"The Forger does not get jealous, the Forger is a higher being than that, young Prophet."

<His younger brother was the Prophet before you, Argyn>

"Prophet Grtheyn was your younger brother, wasn't he?" The Forger snarled at Argyn.

"Who told you that," he spat, "tell me, who!"

"The Traveler. The Traveler has told me a great many things. I can share those

things with you, or you can act an old hermit and I shall leave and share with the Dignitary or the Bishop."

"Fine, young Prophet, by all means, I shall help you, but in order for me to do so, I will need your help, too."

"Oh? And what is it that I may assist you in, all powerful Forger?"

"I can give you any knowledge you seek, in an indirect way, as it may be. I simply need you to retrieve an artifact. I need you to bring me the Eye of the Prophet. It is a device that holds fantastical powers and has the ability to transfer thoughts stored in the device to the wielder, a sort of journal, if you will."

"Does it contain the knowledge of Prophet Grtheyn?"

"I believe so, yes. He always had it on his person. He would pick it up, close his eyes, and it would glow a bright white. After a couple of seconds, he would put it back into his bag and be on his way like nothing had happened at all. I cannot tell you how many times I've seen him use it, think of the Knowledge it may posses!"

"Where do I go to find this, 'Eye of the Prophet'?"

"The Citadel, that was the last time I remember him having it."

"The Citadel? On Venus?"

"That is correct, Prophet. You must go there and find it."

"How will I find it?" Argyn paced about the room holding his face in his gloved hand.

"You are the Prophet. You will know where to go."

"Can I take other Guardians with me? Will I be able to take on the Vex with a team?"

"It matters not to me, Argyn," he waved his hands up in an annoyed manner, "that is for you to decide." The Forger got up and walked over to his room marked ⊟E□. He stopped and turned, "Argyn."

"Yes?"

"For whatever it may be worth, I am not jealous of my brother," he locked eyes with Argyn, "I am extremely proud of him and I miss him deeply. What saddens me, is seeing someone who The Traveler has spoken through who does not wear the drapes as happily as he once did. As proudly as he once did." Argyn looked down at his boots. The Forger had this way of making people feel inferior. He walked out the door and down the hall to the elevator. He hit the down button and waited, thinking. He thought about what the Forger had just told him. *Not as happily? Not as Proudly?* He didn't like that the Forger could tell that he was still off put by his sudden responsibility gain.

<You are going to have to get over it, Argyn>

"I just down know if I'm ready for it, I mean, I'm barely a graduated Guardian, how can I even hope to take this whole Prophet thing on?"

<Do you know what it is you posses that the other Guardians do not have?>

“No.”

<Me. You have the power of The Traveler on your side more so than the others. You have a direct mental link to me. All you have to do is call upon me, and I will grant you the power of the gods> The elevator opened and the other Guardians looked up to Argyn and right back down to the ground, shuffling and granting him room the the crowded lift box. He walked in and took his place between an Exo who stood so tall he had to cock his head to the left so he could fit in the elevator, and an Awoken - she was beautiful, majestic in her hunter gear. Argyn smiled at her and she smiled back, “uh-hello, miss...”

“Dragna,” she smiled and looked back down to the ground, he blue skin riddled with glowing white freckles was absolutely captivating. Her hair was a soft gray/blue color with highlights of darker yellows. Argyn smiled as the elevator opened on his floor with a sudden jolt.

“This is me, I gotta go.” He smiled and stepped off the lift and and waved to her. He had never seen her before. “Dragna. Wait!” He turned around to see the grated lift already going down. “I didn’t get her last name. Damn!”

<Focus, Argyn. We have a mission to do>

“Right, sorry.” He walked over to his ship to see a crowd of people blocking his way. “What now!?” He got closer as someone turned around to see him.

“HERE HE IS!” A swarm of people attacked him, reporters, people in poverty, workers and mechanics who worked in the Tower. A shout of screams and voices and questions.

“Prophet Argyn, what is it like to speak directly to The Traveler?” One reporter shot.

“Prophet Argyn, please take me with you! I need to prove myself to you so that I may be blessed by your eternal hand!” a worker who had lost his left hand and most of his right arm in an explosion several years ago.

“ENOUGH!” The Dignitary raised his hand as it glowed a violent red. the crowd as well as the entire Hanger hushed. Dead silence. “Prophet Argyn, I believe you were going somewhere?” He raised his hand to the spacecraft Henry IV and guided Argyn to it, taking Argyn’s shoulder in his hand. “Listen, Argyn, I need you to do me a favor.”

“Alright.”

“I need you to bring that Eye of the Prophet to me before you give it to The Forger. I need to make sure it doesn’t have any information on it that might -” he thought for a second, “hurt our City. You understand?” Argyn nodded. “Great! have a safe flight, and remember, be brave.”

Argyn climbed up into the ship. As the glass came up and over his head he thought, H*ow did he know about the Eye?*

<Your Dignitary has friends in low places, Argyn. Best to look after him>

“I guess you’re right. Who can you trust?”
<You can trust Me>