

ANYTHING IN THE WORLD

By

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In a desert land filled with lost and forgotten Turkish culture, a small family of cats slowly walk across an open area under intense heat.

“Just a little further, and we will have all the water we need,” says the Father, as he watches his family battle through starvation.

“If your map is wrong, then we are truly finished,” points out his wife in a low weak tone.

After another hour of walking, the two children in unison cry out:

“Water, daddy see, water!”

The parents, now embracing hope in the form of tangible opportunity, chase the children into a perfect oasis.

The family begin to drink more water and eat more fruit than they can handle. Soon they find themselves lying on grass, exhausted from well needed nourishment.

“Daddy, I’m so full,” says one of the children.

“Honey, thank God you were right,” says the wife to her very happy husband.

“I still want more,” says the other child. He then gets up and walks towards the clear blue water. As he approaches where grassland and water meet, without warning a fifteen foot crocodile jumps out, and in one motion eats the young cat.

“Nooooooooooooo!” yells out the Father.

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah!” screams the mother.

“Muuuumyyyy!” cries the brother.

As the family are overwhelmed by terror, five more crocodiles jump out of the water, and rush towards the rest of the family. The father, and mother try to escape, but their efforts were futile.

Fuelled only by desperation, the now orphaned cat ran with all the energy he could muster. But he didn’t get far when he was floored by a crocodile’s tale.

“Let me have a piece of him, you ate the last little one all by yourself,” says one of the crocodiles as they surround the helpless little animal.

“Make another move, and risk loosing all your teeth,” says a calm voice from behind.

The crocodiles turn round, and there standing with a walking stick and an oriental looking straw hat, is a four foot tortoise known only as the lone reptile.

The crocodiles look at each other, and then begin to laugh hysterically. With speed and precision beyond normal comprehension, the tortoise leaps over their heads, hit all their knees with his walking stick, grabs the child, and jumps back to where he originally stood.

“Aaaaaaghh! You little...” cries out the lead crocodile as he and the rest of his pack hops around on one foot.

The lone reptile smiles before shooting off into the desert.

Within the four walls of an impenetrable fortress, Raz, the Commander in chief of the entire Reptilian Federation, who stands fifteen feet in height wearing armour, which compliments his large bone crushing frame, addresses the Federation's army made up of thousands of vicious and battle ready reptiles.

“My fellow Reptiles, the present famine is nature’s way of restoring the order, an order that says the strong must rule, and rule we must. We have already taken control of all the land’s Oasis’, and the weaker breeds serve as food to fuel our strength. But my dear brethren, we can’t be satisfied with the status quo. We must maximise our present opportunity, by utilising our seat at the top of the food chain, to increase our military might and embrace our potential to have anything in the world.”

The words of Raz cause the Reptilian army to roar with cheers.

“Sssssire, we have a sssssituation,” whispers General Slither, a ten foot cobra also wearing armour that complimented a strong build.

Prompted by his General’s words, Raz steps into the castle’s court room where six crocodiles stood with their heads down in shame.

“Let me guess the lone reptile made fools of you all,” says Raz clearly unimpressed.

“Sire he is a mighty warrior....”

“HE IS A FOUR FOOT TORTOISE!!!!!!” yells Raz before re-composing himself.

“Sire we can not allow his actions to continue to go unpunished, even if he is reptile,” points out Lieutenant Zard, one of Raz’s advisors who stands thirteen feet in height with a build just as menacing as the mightiest crocodile.

“Things are not that simple, after all we aren’t just dealing with one tortoise. This is a well organised rebellion with disguised and hidden members. Many of which could even be among us,” calmly argues Raz.

“Be that assssss it may, the tortoissssse representsssss a ssssssymbol of hope. Take away the ssssymbol, and the rebellion at the very leasssst will weaken,” highlights his General.

Meanwhile in one of the seven major safe haven villages, situated in the middle of an uncharted Oasis, the lone reptile lands with a newly made orphan, who is inconsolable. An elderly female cat hugs the child, and then leads him to the village orphanage.

“We can’t continue to live like this,” says Hump, a 16 foot well built camel who like his reptilian counter part was a mighty warrior.

“What would you have us do? We will not survive a full frontal war with the Federation. Our only hope are the havens, and to police one situation at a time,” says the tortoise understanding his friend’s concern.

“May be a full frontal assault isn’t possible now, but it isn’t an idea that should be abandoned,” says Hump still boiling with passion.

“What are you suggesting?”

“Gather every able bodied animal who’s lives have been destroyed by the Federation, and train them in the way of the warrior.”

Seven days later in another safe haven village, a community soccer tournament where many animals use their God given talents, to help push their teams towards the title of champion.

The Kangaroos were having problems keeping up with Apes’ power and agility when a huge chunk of the Federation army descended on the village, causing everyone to freeze in fear.

“Greetings fellow animals, I come in peace,” says Raz stepping into the middle of the pitch.

A teenage leopard unable to tame the rage within him, born out of the murder of his family at the hands of the Reptilian army, charged at Raz with the intent to end the crocodile’s life. Without even making eye contact Raz knocked the enraged wild cat out with one punch.

“Here’s the situation that lies before you all, the Federation, thanks to thorough intelligence, is aware of the location of all seven safe haven villages. These villages will all be wiped out within the hour. For this to be avoided one thing must happen; the Lone reptile must present himself at the Federation’s arena alone, and unarmed.”

Half an hour after Raz's announcement, the commander in chief sat on his throne, which over saw a large arena surrounded by thousands of blood thirsty reptiles. In a blink of an eye the Lone reptile appeared calm and ready.

"Your reputation precedes you," says Raz.
"Skip the niceties and lets get to it," responds the tortoise.
"As you wish."

Raz then snaps his finger causing the gates, of a cage situated under the throne area, to open; allowing a thirty feet mutant dragon to walk out, with a giant razor sharp axe.

The dragon roared loudly, but everything about the creature failed to phase the tortoise. The dragon swung his weapon at the tortoise who reacted by leaping into the air. The dragon responded by breathing fire at the air borne reptile, who effortlessly spun out of the way only to land with his back to the fire breathing opponent. The dragon then charges at the Lone reptile, who still had his back turned. Then in an instant, utilising movement, speed, and skill that was beyond everyone's comprehension, except for Raz's, the tortoise using the dragon's own weight and power against him, crashed the fire breathing foe into the floor, which in turn cracked the ground and knocked the dragon unconscious.

Raz leaps into the arena with an aerial kick that rivals the tortoise's speed and skill, the Lone reptile spins out of the way and they both fall into a hand to hand combat scenario that in its own way plays out like a game of chess, with Raz fundamentally relying on his amazing strength and the tortoise displaying incredible agility. As Raz fought the Lone reptile, the mutant dragon gained consciousness and also began to attack the tortoise. In the midst of all the anguish the tortoise executed a well placed split kick that caused both his opponents to stagger, while he spun into his favourite fighting stance. The Lone reptile stared down both his opponents more than aware of the fact he wouldn't be able to keep this up.

"You are truly a mighty warrior, with skill that can only be described as exceptional, but you are not invincible," says Raz as his General throws him a sword.

Before the crocodile and his dragon could engage the tortoise once again in battle, a flash bomb exploded in the middle of the arena causing everyone, including the tortoise to be temporarily blind.

Fifteen minutes later the tortoise regained his sight only to find himself in front of flames and ruins, where one of the seven safe havens once stood.

“What happened?” asked the tortoise.

“Raz happened. All this happened while you were at the Federation’s arena. No matter what you do, we’re finished,” says Hump, now making it very clear to the tortoise who had rescued him. The tortoise dropped to his knees and quietly wept.

“You are the best of us all, our only hope is if you leave, regroup and return one day to avenge us all,” says Hump feeling his comrade’s sadness.

“I can’t.”

“YOU MUST.”

Many months later, in a land far in distance and culture from the Federation territory, where reptiles and all other species lived side by side in peace, a young female tortoise happily danced towards the town's market.

"Hello Hazel," says an old donkey as he watched the young tortoise dance by.

"Hello Mr Biggleman," replies Hazel.

"Are you going to be selling any of those delicious cakes at your store today?"

"Definitely, and I'll be sure to keep one aside for you."

"You are such a good girl."

Hazel continues her journey, when several meters later she hears a strange noise from behind a bush.

"Hello," cries out Hazel as the noise sounds like it came from a person. She investigates it further, and finds a dirty and clearly drunk male tortoise.

"Helloooooo," says the intoxicated tortoise before falling head first into the ground.

The male tortoise awakes in a humble and nice looking house. He stumbles into a lovely garden, which reminds him of how his home used to be. He then falls to his knees and weeps. Hazel walks in with the intent to make some lunch, and sees her guest overwhelmed by sadness. She responds by holding the tortoise in an embrace, while he continues to cry like a child in the arms of its mother.

The sad tortoise cries himself to sleep, and wakes up to find his host staring at him with genuine empathy, even though she didn't know the story behind his sadness.

"Hi my name's Hazel," says Hazel immediately revealing a bubbly personality.

"Hello Hazel," says the male tortoise now sitting up to gather his bearings.

"Do you have a name?" asks Hazel.

"Loner," replies her guest.

"That's an interesting name."

A few minutes of silence follows.

"Drinking won't take your pain away," says Hazel.

Loner looks into Hazel's eyes and asks:

"What will?"

Maintaining eye contact Hazel responds:

"Love."

Twenty five years after exiling the Lone reptile and destroying its first wave of rebellion, the Federation territory had expanded across many lands, excluding only two other super powered empires.

“He looks like a tortoise, but he doesn’t have a shell,” says a crocodile guard as he and his fellow reptile guarded the entrance to the Federation’s capital.

“No tortoises are usually a bit smaller, may be he’s some kind of deformed lizard,” said the other guard as they casually observed a six foot reptilian creature dressed in a black gee like outfit. It resembled a muscular tortoise without a shell.

“You do know it’s rude to talk about someone like their not there when they are standing right in front of you,” points out the reptilian creature.

“State your business then.”

“I’m here for the tournament,” says the creature handing the guard his identification.

“What kind of name is ‘J’?”

“Again it is rude to make fun of someone’s name.”

“Everything checks out, you may enter,” says the other guard. J takes his identification and walks past the guards.

“Maybe he’s a gecko,” says one of the guards as they watch the creature walk away.

A crowd of able bodied animals all gathered in the centre of the Federation’s arena before Raz.

“Greetings warriors, like many before you, in front lay the opportunity to compete in a tournament which rewards its winner a high ranking position within the Federation army. The losers that survive in one piece will be given the opportunity to join the army as a foot soldier. Captain Hump will now explain the proceedings, good luck.”

Captain Hump addresses the group wearing Federation standard armour.

“All one hundred of you will be put against a thousand blood thirsty prisoners captured during the war against the Panther Province. In this round you must only attack the Panthers. The fight will end when there are no more Panthers or when you are all dead. If there are survivors, they will then go on to the next stage, where you will partake in one on one battle’s. The winner of this stage will take on this arena’s champion. If you are able to get through all this, there will be no question about your worth as a warrior and as an officer. Good luck.”

“LET THE TOURNAMENT BEGIN!” yells out Raz prompting cages surrounding the candidates to open. An air of tension filled silence then follows. Then without fear or remorse a thousand mutant Panthers all ten feet in height and heavily built, descended upon the warriors.

This put in motion a battle that displayed rage, skill, strength, power, limitation, and brutality. After an hour of none stop fighting only ten warriors remained. Silver back a twenty foot gorilla warrior with insane strength and agility, Prey a fifteen foot lion warrior who possessed incredible strength and had mastered the sword, Claw a nine foot mutant eagle who was a master of kung fu, Jab a five foot ninja hedgehog, Slam a twenty foot polar bear that was incredibly powerful and durable, Naught a five foot monkey who was a master of the steel staff, Jaws a thirty foot mutant dinosaur with incredible strength and a giant hammer to match, Viper a ten foot mutant snake warrior, Chaos a twenty foot powerful Rhino warrior, and J an unidentifiable reptile warrior who had clearly mastered Chinese Wushu and Taichi.

“You ten have made it through to the next round where you will all be paired up, and given the opportunity to engage each other in a one on one battle elimination, that will see one warrior emerge the winner,” announces Raz as all ten warriors maintained their fighting stances in the centre of the arena. As informed at the start of the competition the remaining candidates were paired up.

The first match saw Silver back go up against Prey. The gorilla’s strength and agility caused a lot of problems for the feline warrior, but in the end Prey’s amazing sword fighting skills brought home the victory.

The second match saw Claw take on Jab. This was a match that saw both fighters use a great deal of jaw dropping skill, but Jabs unrivalled ability to pinpoint pressure points saw him emerge the winner.

The third match was Slam versus Naught. Slam made Naught respect his size and power, but in the end the monkey’s skills were too thorough for the bear.

In the fourth match Viper proved to be a tricky customer for Jaws, as the snake warrior’s acid spit and ruthless aggression put the dinosaur on its back foot at one point. But in the end Jaws was just too powerful.

The last match saw J take on Chaos. Chaos wasted no time in unleashing his unstoppable charge, the unidentified reptile calmly responded by using the rhino’s weight and power against him. In seconds the rhino was on the floor unconscious.

After the first round matches were complete, all five victorious warriors stood before Raz and his senior officers.

“Well done for making it this far, you are all nothing less than impressive. If any of you wish to walk away right now then do so now unchallenged,” says Raz. The warriors answered with a deafening silence.

“It appears you all have made your choice, because we appear to be fighting with odd numbers there will be three more matches, which will be followed up by a three way battle royal. The only question now is; which of you are brave enough to face our current arena champion now?”

“I will face any warrior who dares to fight me,” roars Prey as he boldly steps forward.

“I expect nothing less of a warrior from the lion kingdom,” says Raz snapping his fingers prompting the gates underneath him to open, allowing his thirty foot dragon warrior, armed with a huge axe, to walk before prey with a calm murderous intent. Prey, alien to the concept of fear, looked his opponent in the eye.

“LET THE FIGHT BEGIN!!!,” yells Raz genuinely excited.

Prey, now facing a much bigger opponent, began displaying his impressive ability that was clearly a by product of nature and training. The Dragon warrior was viciously on the offensive utilising both it axe, fire breathing ability, and insane strength. Pushed into a position where there was no where to run, Prey unleashed his sword to block a concrete smashing at attack from his opponents tail, which in turn sent the feline warrior flying. The Dragon warrior followed up its attack shooting a huge ball of fire from his mouth, which Prey rolled out of the way from, before flipping to his feet. The feline warrior out of rage gave out a loud roar and flung his sword at the Dragon who effortlessly dodged it, while Prey began to charge towards him. The Dragon warrior now operating from the realm of pride threw his axe aside and welcomed Prey's approach. When the feline warrior got into range, he began to attack the dragon with skills that belonged in a boxing ring.

The dragon warrior began being bombarded with over a thirty punches, with some hitting the body, and some connecting to the face. Prey then noticed his opponent getting dazed, and reacted by ramming him to the floor, grabbing hold of his sword which was now beside him, and stabbing it into the dragon's chest. The dragon gave out a loud roar as before its life faded away.

"My only prayer now is that you survive this tournament, because I have no doubt you will make an excellent senior officer," says Raz clearly impressed by Prey's performance.

The next match saw Naught take on Jaws. The dinosaur's power was more than apparent through out the match, but the primate's skills were too superior. Utilising agility, speed, and mind blowing skill, Naught kept striking Jaws at will. Despite the dinosaur warrior's impressive durability, the monkey warrior was hitting too many vital points too frequently. Eventually all Jaws could do was fall.

"Impressive," says Captain Hump.

Finally the third and final battle began, seeing J take on Jab. At the start of the battle Jabs kept J at bay using spikes they way an average ninja would use razor sharp stars. Utilising an impressive array of timing, movement, and agility, J was able to make the fight up close and personal. But quickly found Jabs hand to hand combat skills were just as flawless as his. J found himself being pushed backwards by a kick, which Jabs followed up by throwing a spike into a pressure point on J's leg, causing it to paralyse instantly. J not even given time to asses his newly acquired disability begins defending himself with two hands and one leg. Out of sheer desperation, J manages to execute a backward somersault allowing his good leg to strike and throw Jab to the floor. J then embraces a two second opportunity, and revives his dead leg by making use of his knowledge of pressure points. By the time

Jab was back on his feet, J had put in motion a series of attacks that was fast, accurate, and relentless. Jab put in a valiant effort, but was unable to keep up and was soon knocked out by a nicely placed aerial spin kick.

“Is it me or does his fighting style seem very familiar?” asks Raz as J stands in the arena as the victor. Captain Hump responds by issuing the next announcement:

“After careful consideration the officials have abandoned the idea of having a three way. Prey, as you defeated the arena’s champion you automatically have a place in the final. The remaining of you will have to fight for the chance to face Prey.”

This prompts a round that sees J take on Naught. After staring down his opponent for two minutes, Naught went on the offensive. J using his acute sense of movement and agility just about avoids the monkey’s attacks. Naught’s attack were so aggressive J found it almost impossible to respond offensively in any way. J knowing he couldn’t continue this battle unarmed initiates a retreat with a series of back flips. When given enough room, J unleashes two short metal sticks which he rotated into a fighting stance. Naught welcoming the challenge ran towards J, who did the same. Both fighters were evenly matched as the option to block and dodge now exists for both fighters. Eventually J was able to disarm Naught by locking his staff with his short sticks and kicking him to the floor. As Naught flips up to his feet, J threw his weapons aside and began to engage the monkey warrior in hand to hand combat. Naught’s skills were impressive but, as J suspected, they were no match for him. In no time J began to make things uncomfortable for Naught before finally knocking him out with a scissor kick attack.

After a good night sleep everyone returned to the arena to witness the tournament’s final, that saw J take on the mighty Prey. The feline warrior started his bout with a loud roar as he threw his sword aside, and began to run towards his reptilian opponent. As the two combatants began to engage each other in hand to hand combat, J found that although he was quicker than Prey, the Lion warrior was quick enough to ensure his power would be a problem for the reptilian warrior. At one point Prey grabbed J by the leg and flung him into one of the arena’s wall. As J got to his knees in an attempt to come to terms with the pain he was now in, Prey pounces to his side and kicks him across the arena like he was a soccer ball. J slowly got to his feet as Prey began to confidently walk towards him. Focusing on his breathing as well as the little strength he had, J calmly goes into his Tai chi stance. Prey unimpressed leaps towards J with a ruthless attack, the reptilian warrior responds by deflecting the Lion’s force, which in turn sent the feline warrior flying. Unable to fathom the fact J was no longer fighting fire with fire, Prey leaps into action again. J, seeing Prey’s inability to give up, deflected the Lion warrior’s energy in such a way that all four limbs of the big cat were broken one after the other. As willing as Prey was to continue fighting, he couldn’t.

“People of the Federation here standing before you is the latest senior officer, of the Federation army,” says Raz causing the crowd to cheer almost uncontrollably.

After the tournament J was led to a grand chamber, given to all senior federation officers, which was the size of decent size house.

“You will find everything you need is here,” says the pretty young female cat steward.

“Thank you,” replies J. As the steward leaves the room Raz enters accompanied by Captain Hump.

“Your ability to fight and survive is extra-ordinary,” says Raz placing an approving hand on J’s shoulder.

“I’m a dime a dozen, fate just happened to be on my side,” says J.

“Indeed it was, I haven’t seen the use of such skills since I went up against the lone reptile. Gaining an officer of your calibre couldn’t have come at a more pressing time. We are about to wage war against the Mammoth empire, and a mighty warrior capable of leading several legions on such a quest is needed. Are you up to the task?”

“I wouldn’t be standing here if I wasn’t,” says J.

“Good, Captain Hump here will brief you,” says Raz then leaving the chamber.

“As a senior officer of the Federation army, thousands of soldiers will look to you for direction and strength.....”

“How does the Lone reptile’s greatest ally and closest friend, become a captain in the Federation empire?” interrupts J.

“A lot happens in twenty years,” responds Captain Hump.

“To become a senior officer in the Federation army you have to survive an insane tournament, and everyone else that has ever outright defied the Federation is either dead or imprisoned. Yet you the right hand man to the Lone reptile become a Captain in the Federation army.”

“Who are you?” asks Captain Hump.

“Someone that knows you betrayed your own, and single handily caused the death of hundreds,” says J. Captain Hump in a quiet rage draws his sword and points it at the reptilian warrior.

“Why?” asks J unfazed by the Captain’s actions.

“The greater good; the Lone reptile’s solution to everything was hide and run. It was just a matter of time before we all were wiped out.”

“And now?”

“And now anyone can join the Federation, without hiding or looking over their shoulder.”

“Have you taken a walk outside the walls of this castle? It’s a cowboy state, where only the strong survive. Raz didn’t think twice before sacrificing ninety-nine warriors to find one senior officer. Tell me, is this the greater good that you sacrificed hundreds of lives for,” says J then disarming and kicking Hump to the floor in two motions. The Captain could only look up to his own sword that was now being pointed at him.

“You did what you did for yourself, and if I didn’t live to honour my father, your friend, I would kill you right now.” J then drops the captain’s sword and gives him room to get up.

“You’re wrong, I did it because at the time I saw no other way. Because I hoped I was wrong I saved your father’s life, and helped him escape. Since then, the Lone reptile never returned. Going with the flow was all I was left with.”

“If the Lone reptile went with the flow in the beginning, you won’t even be alive right now,” answers J.

“I will do your briefing tomorrow,” says Captain Hump then leaving the room.

The following morning during a meeting involving Raz, General Slither, and Lieutenant Zard; Captain Hump briefed J on his first mission as a senior officer.

“The Federation governs all the lands except two large territories. The Insect colony that is virtually impenetrable. The Federation has the might to take it by force, but the cost will be far too great. And then there is the Mammoth empire, their army rivals our own, but tactically they are retarded because their philosophies are backward and generally insane. Because of this we’ve been able to engage them with four legion units. However, the Senior officer has proven to be incompetent, using more brawn than brains. Your task is to relieve him and finish off the mission.”

“With the right leader at the helm, neutralising the Mammoths will be done in no time,” adds Raz.

A thousand Mammoth soldiers march through Death canyon, an inter-link between the Mammoth Empire, and the Furious desert land, a sandy platform filled with the death of many past wars.

Sergeant Pulver the thirty foot bone crushing Mammoth in command, halts his army with a simple wave of his hand. He patiently puts all his senses to work as the silence settles in. Then without warning or mercy sixty feet boulders begin to fall upon the army from both sides of the canyon. Five thousand of these boulders fell in waves of a hundred. An army of thirty feet mammoths easily transformed the boulders into pebbles at the expense of a great deal of energy and composure. Before the dust settled two hundred ruthless and highly skilled crocodile warriors descended upon the Mammoths. At the cost of one hundred and fifty crocodiles the mammoth army fell.

Senior Officer Shar, a fifteen foot Sabre tooth tiger warrior armed with a medieval looking sword, leads his remaining fifty soldier army back to the mobile Federation camp. A two hundred foot dragon swoops down from the sky and lands in front of the army, allowing J and Jabs to jump off before taking to the sky once again.

“Your ride leaving that quick, says you are not here to just relay a message,” says officer Shar.

“I see pleasantries aren’t a soldier’s best friend within the Federation,” says J.

“What do you want?”

“I’m here to relieve you off your duties, which means you can live as my second in command, or die as my predecessor.”

“And if I refuse to stay under your command; whom exactly is going to carry out the execution?” asks Shar drawing his sword. Jab responds by throwing a single spike into a pressure point of the Sabre tooth warrior causing his whole body to paralyse.

“Who here is Shar’s second?” asks J.

“I am,” bold answers Kwa a crocodile warrior.

“Do you share Shar’s view on my command?” asks J.

“I live only to serve the Federation.”

“Good then you will bring us up to speed on everything.”

Kwa leads J, Jab, and what is left of his unit back to the Federation camp, where the rest of the unit recuperated while he met with his new senior officer.

“Shar’s strategy was make the enemy think we have one hundred thousand men even though we only had four hundred. This has meant we have constantly been on the offensive using traps, sabotage, and a range of gorilla warfare tactics. Our victories have been many, but our losses have been immense. And it seems at the very most we’ve made a dent in the Mammoth army’s resolve. The only real reason why we haven’t been wiped out is because the enemy lacks knowledge of our whereabouts and in general possess a one dimensional thinking pattern,” updates Kwa.

“It seems Raz’s assessment of Shar’s performance is slightly unfair,” thinks out loud J fully aware Jab doesn’t communicate with words.

In the throne room, of a Fortress deep within the heartland of the Mammoth Empire and strategically surrounded by a thousand body guards, Commander Garge found himself being addressed by Comsy, the Mammoth monarch's oldest advisor.

"The Mammoth army suffered another defeat, and the people are now getting restless," points out the elderly advisor.

"If the people are so restless why haven't I been challenged to a yitsu?"

"No one in this kingdom can match your power in a hand to hand duel to the death, even with the possibility of attaining the monarch's power and fortune looming as a reward."

"Then they have no place to be restless. Anyway I have received word that the Federation's presence in this domain is nearing extinction." As Garge finishes his words, Jab jumps from the ceiling behind Comsy and paralyses him with a well placed pin.

"GUARDS!!!!" yells Garge as he draws his sword.

"Don't bother, none of them can speak," says J appearing from the shadows, touching on the fact that he and Jabs had already paralysed every Mammoth in a three mile radius.

"None of you will leave this place alive," threatens Garge.

"That remains to be seen; Commander Garge I challenge you to a yitsu," says J.

"You aren't even of Mammoth heritage," replies J. Jab then throws a scroll at the commander's feet.

"You will find that your kingdom's law doesn't prevent non-mammoth from taking part in a yitsu."

Three hours later in the centre of the Mammoth arena, surrounded by an audience of ten thousand mammoths and viewed by Jabs from the shadows, J stood before his opponent Garge.

"You are a fool for not killing me when you had the chance," confidently says Garge.

"If you say so," replies J.

Fuelled by the chants of his people, Garge charges at J and unleashes a series of powerful, fast and very creative attacks. J effortlessly avoids everyone, as he is a specialist in taming large attackers. This carried on for five minutes before Garge gave out a loud scream born out of frustration. J, unfazed, responded with a five well placed strikes to temple, eyes, throat, sternum, and groin, which neutralises the commander instantly.

“I could kill you where you kneel,” says J as he stands in front of the commander who is now on his knees.

“What are you waiting for?” asks Garge desperately trying to hold onto some kind of pride.

In less than a month the Mammoth race seemed to have submitted entirely to the Federation.

“You have definitely proven your worth,” says Raz standing over a map of the mammoth kingdom in his throne room as J, Hump, Slither, and Zard stood before him.

“You’ve managed to do in little under a month, what Shar couldn’t do in 12 months,” highlights commander Hump.

“It’s almost too good to be true,” says Zard.

“That’s because it is,” responds J prompting Jab to jump down from the ceiling and strategically thrown 4 spikes, 3 of which paralyse Hump, Slither, and Zard, while the fourth one is effortlessly caught by Raz.

“It’s funny how ones greatest asset can instantly become his greatest liability,” says Raz calmly drawing his sword.

“It’s over, your army is crippled, and the mammoth slaves you’ve positioned all over the Federation kingdom, are nothing more than soldiers in wait of an order. And that order has been given. In this scenario even if your army was 10 times bigger than it is now, you wouldn’t stand a chance,” says J calmly. Raz smiles and then attacks with incredible speed and overwhelming aggression. J embraces the position he is put in by displaying incredible agility and sense of movement. After an intense exchange of attacks, both warriors spin of into their favourite stances.

“I knew I had seen that fighting style before, which leaves 1 question; where is your shell?”

“For me to be a warrior that was guaranteed to survive as a recognised figure within the Federation, it was clear I had to surpass my father. And to do that I had to sacrifice my shell,” explains J. Then, utilising a speed that was beyond Raz’s comprehension, J moved behind the crocodile warrior and paralysed him with the spike he had caught earlier. Garge then crashes into the room with an army of mammoths behind him.

“The Federation has been crushed, and the empire is now yours,” informs the mammoth warrior.

“Good, we must now build a Federation that lives to serve and protect the innocent and the weak, through the strong.”