

S-Files: Next Try

The New Saint Dossiers

Von abgemeldet

Kapitel 6: Chapter 2: Culture Shock! A Greek Guy in Tokyo

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Tuesday, 1987/08/18 -- 5 p.m.

When Makoto, Himiko, Milo and Hyoga arrived at the house, they found Shun already waiting on the steps. He sat on his Cloth Box, a travel bag next to him, and looked around. The house wasn't too big, but it had a nice garden with a little pond in the backyard.

"I thought you wouldn't arrive anymore today," he greeted them.

"We had to finish Milo's examination first," Himiko explained and gave her second 'adoptive son' a motherly smile. "I'm sorry, little one!"

"Well, now it's our free time, though," Makoto added and opened the door.

"Do I get something to eat?" Shun asked eagerly. He left Kido mansion without bothering to wait for the dinner there.

"Sure! She's going to cook for us!" Hyoga beamed.

"And for me, too," Milo said to make sure that they didn't forget he was here and hungry, too.

"Before I begin with *anything* you will stow away your things and wash your hands. This house is a tidy and cleanly house," Makoto told them.

"And don't forget to take off your boots!" Himiko exclaimed when Milo stormed into the house.

"My boots?" Milo looked down to his feet. "They belong to my Cloth!"

"Then you will take off your Cloth. I'm sure I will find a fitting yukata and houseshoes for you," Makoto said. "You are not going to run around here in boots."

"But..."

"No way," Himiko told him off. The boys had already changed into the more comfortable indoors shoes.

Grumbling, Milo willed his Cloth to leave his body. It assembled in presentational form before it disappeared in its box. Milo was clad in his usual Greek tunic and trousers now. The dark look Makoto directed at him prompted him to get out of the slippers belonging to this outfit, too.

"Fine," Himiko smiled. "Hyoga would you please be so kind to show Shun your room? You two will stay together there; it's big enough." She looked at the green-haired boy. "You can put your things there."

"And where may I leave my stuff?" Milo pointed at his Cloth box. If he stayed longer here, he had to bring some stuff from his temple, too, of course.

"Follow me," Makoto said and led him to the upper floor where the rooms of hers and Himiko's and the one designated to Hyoga and Shun were located. "This will be yours."

Milo peered into the room which was only laid out with tatami. "This is totally *empty*", he protested. "I need a bed and something to put my clothes..."

"I'll get you a futon," Himiko said. "And later we will see that we find some chest for you where you can put your things."

"A futon?" Milo frowned. "Is that something to eat?"

"No, a futon is a bed. Or rather a kind of mattress which is rolled out when you want to go to sleep," Himiko lectured. "It's very practical because it doesn't take up much space and the room can be used otherwise when it's stowed away."

"But I'm sure it's very hard..."

"Milo, I didn't know you're such a softie," Makoto teased.

"Am not," Milo pouted. "I just want the comfort due to me as Gold Saint and protector of Athena!"

"No one forces you to stay here," Makoto shrugged.

"Pah. You won't get rid of me so easily!"

"Then don't whine around. Be glad that you get a whole room on your own! You're lucky that this house is spacious enough, or we would have put you together with the

boys."

"Hm... I might fetch my bed from my temple," Milo pondered.

"Do as you like," Makoto sighed. "By the way, Hyoga will explain to you how to use the sanitary facilities and the Japanese bathing customs. I'm sure you'll find it slightly different from the way you're used to..."

"Pardon? We do have a bathroom and a toilet in our temples in Greece!"

"But certainly not Japanese style," Makoto laughed. "Okay, if you would excuse me for a moment. I want to change in some more comfortable clothes before I cook the dinner."

"But hurry! I'm starving."

"First things come first." Makoto disappeared into her room and got out of the street clothes. She didn't change into a yukata like Himiko usually did, but some old and washed-out jeans and a baggy violet T-shirt.

When she left her room, she bumped into Milo who had waited for her in front of the door.

"Milo!" She sighed. "Well, come on, I'll prepare the food now."

"Great." The Scorpio Saint followed her like a shadow.

Himiko already waited in the kitchen. She had begun to chop vegetables. Makoto looked at the large heap and hoped it would suffice. With three additional hungry mouths they had to buy much larger amounts... Maybe they could convince Kido Saori to pay them some money for housing Hyoga, Shun and Milo.

"Do you think that's enough tenpura?" Himiko asked pointing at the vegetables. She began to prepare the dough to fry them in.

"Well, I'll chop some more carrots and zucchini," Makoto volunteered.

"Is the dinner ready?" Shun looked into the kitchen, Hyoga's blond head gazing over his shoulder.

"Soon!" Milo said cheerfully.

"Did you wash your hands?" Makoto asked sternly.

"Sure." Shun held them up for proof.

"Fine. Then you can sit down in the living room and wait there."

"Okay." Eagerly, the boys stormed into the living room and knelt down at the

cushions surrounding the low table. This was different from Kido Mansion with its western style interior, but somehow really cool.

"And what about you?" Makoto asked Milo who still stood behind her.

"I thought I could help you carry the food..."

"We'll manage. You only stand in the way here."

"If you say so..." Milo looked longingly at the heap of tempura that Himiko fished out of the wok.

Makoto began to arrange the trays with miso soup, soy sauce, chopsticks and a portion of the fried vegetables on each. She sighed when she eyed the cheap wooden waribashi -- normally they had beautiful lacquered chopsticks, but they were still hidden somewhere deep in one of the unpacked boxes from their move and so she had bought a package of these for starters.

While Himiko brought the food and a can of green tea into the other room, Makoto began to cook the next course.

When the trays stood in front of the Saints, Himiko smiled and poured them some tea. "O-agari kudasai. -- Help yourself."

Hyoga and Shun took a sip from the green tea, while Milo eyed the tray in wonder. "Where's the spoon for the soup? And can't I get something *real* to drink? I mean, a beer or something like that?"

"I'm sorry, but we don't have any beer in the house. But we could fetch some when we have to buy supplies next time..." Himiko made a mental note to buy some French wine, too, just in case Camus came to visit them.

"Do you want me to die from thirst?"

"There's enough green tea for all of us," Hyoga grinned.

"I only drink tea when I'm sick," Milo complained.

"I could fetch you some water," Makoto offered him.

"Water is for washing! -- Ah well, I fear I have to try the tea..."

The others laughed and used their chopsticks to fish the vegetables out of the miso soup. Milo watched them incredulously.

"You eat *soup* with *chopsticks*?"

"How else? Maybe with our fingers?" Himiko replied.

"You might try to use a spoon," Milo suggested.

"Why? There's no need."

Milo grumbled something and took the chopsticks. Close examination of the others had told him he had to break them apart first.

Makoto observed Milo and tried not to grin too broadly.

"Do you have another pair for me?" he asked with a sheepish grin when he managed to break one of the sticks in the attempt to separate them.

With a suppressed snicker, Makoto gave him a new pair.

"Tha-hanx..." This time he was successful, but it didn't help him much. "Do you mayhap have a users' manual for them?"

"Sure. But I doubt you can read it..."

Milo sighed and watched Shun and Hyoga enviously who obviously were used to eat with chopsticks. They had finished their soup and expertly dipped their tempura into the soy sauce.

"Your soup is getting cold," Makoto pointed out.

Milo grumbled something and decided to drink the soup without eating the veggies in it first. Makoto shook her head. Milo was so ...unstylish.

Himiko smiled happily and poured tea for the others as soon as their cups were empty. She enjoyed having the boys to pamper.

Milo tried his luck with the tempura, but somehow his chopsticks just didn't work properly. Probably he had gotten a faulty pair, he thought, and when he was sure no one looked, he simply used his fingers and lightspeed.

Makoto looked thoughtfully at Milo's tempura that seemed to vanish without a trace. Milo grinned like a Cheshire Cat.

Finally, Makoto fetched the next course, fried fish with vegetables in a hot sauce.

When Milo saw the steaming sauce, he sighed. This would get a little more difficult. Thoughtfully, he examined his chopsticks again and tried to hold them like Makoto did -- albeit without much success.

Makoto couldn't watch his desperate attempts and showed Milo the proper way to eat with them. "See?" She took a piece of the fish and ate it. "It's really easy!"

Milo tried to follow her example, but the fish fell back onto the plate. "It's still alive," he claimed.

"Certainly *not*," Makoto grinned. "But it seems I have to feed you, or you will go hungry today..."

"Please," Milo begged.

"But only this time!" Makoto held a piece of fish under his nose.

"Aaaah!" Milo beamed at her and swallowed it right away.

"Hyoga, would you do me a favour, please?" Himiko asked him in a low voice. "Show Milo how to eat with chop sticks, yes?"

"Sure, Mom," Hyoga nodded grinning.

"I bet he doesn't want to learn it," Shun commented when he saw Milo's contented smile while being fed by Makoto.

"Of course I want to learn it," Milo contradicted. He thought it was better to show some signs of good will. It was something completely different, though, if he would accomplish doing so...

"That's good to hear," Makoto nodded. "You are no baby after all."

"In the worst case you can still give him a spoon," Himiko pondered.

"Please! Gimme a spoon," Milo begged. "Then I will not be in danger of starving anymore..."

"If you insist..." Makoto went to the kitchen and brought a spoon of the kind used for little children who weren't able to eat with chopsticks yet.

Now Milo was able to devour his portion with the usual speed. "Do you have another course?"

"Pardon? Are you *still* hungry?"

"I thought this was just the appetizer."

"Nope. It was everything I prepared."

"We're still growing," Shun pointed out and looked at his empty bowl.

"But I don't want to cook anymore," Makoto told him.

"I have an idea," Himiko smiled. "Hyoga, why don't you join me in the kitchen? I'll teach you how to cook."

"Me?!"

"Exactly." Himiko beckoned him towards her. "Now come here and I will show you how you can prepare your food on your own."

"Hm."

"You agreed to help us with the household tasks," Makoto reminded him.

"Sure. But Shun and Milo have to help, too!"

"Of course. Shun will vacuum the house and for Milo we'll find something useful, too." Makoto looked around. What could Milo do?

"But I'm *hungry*!" Milo squealed.

"It will take a while until the food is ready, and I will not allow you to idle around."

"But I'm a Gold Saint, sworn protector of Athena -- such jobs are far below my rank!"

"Well, then ask Athena to help in the household for you. I'm sure she'd be delighted..."

"Milo, why don't you take care of the garden in the meantime?" Himiko suggested. When Milo and Makoto argued they wouldn't manage to come to any conclusion, she feared. "You see, as we moved in only a few days ago, we haven't had time to arrange everything properly."

"How do I know what to put where?" Milo frowned.

"Just ask. I'll tell you," Makoto said.

"Okay. But don't forget my food!"

"Himiko and Hyoga will see to it."

The guys began to do their chores under the tight supervision of Makoto and Himiko. Finally Milo and Shun were finished, and Milo's stomach gave off some weird sounds. He jogged into the kitchen.

"How far is the food?"

"Ready," Himiko said. "Hyoga did very fine." The blond boy beamed with pride and carried a new heap of tenpura into the living room.

Makoto watched with worry how much the young men could devour. If this continued they would never manage with their money. They really had to ask Athena for some support.

"This was good," Milo said finally.

"I did them all by myself!" Hyoga told him proudly.

"Indeed. Very nicely done." Himiko tousled Hyoga's hair.

"And what about me? I cleaned all the rooms," Shun pointed out.

"Of course, you did fine as well." Makoto smiled at Shun and stroked his spinach mane.

"And me?" Milo demanded.

"You don't need special attention," Makoto said mercilessly.

"Of course I do!"

"Nope. You're already grown up."

"Pah."

"But I might reconsider if you wash the dishes..." Makoto pondered aloud.

"Wash the dishes?" Milo asked.

"Sure." Himiko gave him a dazzling smile. "You live here, you do household chores like the others."

"If you refuse this, there is still the laundry," Makoto said.

"Ahm, no, I think I'll wash the dishes..."

"Okay, then I'll do the laundry together with Shun, and you, Hyoga and Himiko will tidy up the kitchen."

About an hour later, everything was finished and they sat together in the living room again.

"Is there anything else to do?" Shun wanted to know.

"Nothing at the moment." Himiko yawned. She began to feel a little tired, but she wanted to watch at least the news on the TV. "Why don't you use the time to play or train or whatever else you do in your spare time?"

"Okay. I guess I'll check the surroundings a bit..." He wanted to take a look at the garden.

Hyoga switched on the TV set and sat down in front of it.

"Where do I get some beer?" Milo asked. "I hate watching TV without having some liquid nourishment!"

"I fear you'll have to manage. We don't have any at home. I could fetch you some tea or lemonade..."

"Ah well, I guess I will manage without." Milo sat down next to Hyoga. "Hm. Could anyone translate a little for me?"

"Don't you understand any Japanese?"

"I'm from Greece!"

"So what? I have learned Greek even though I'm from Japan."

"I didn't have time to learn exotic languages. I haven't even managed to learn English," Milo sighed.

"Well, now you have enough time..."

"I know Russian, Greek, Japanese and a little French," Hyoga said proudly.

"See, Milo? Take an example in Hyoga," Makoto grinned.

"And I know Japanese, Greek and a little Spanish," Shun added. Unfortunately the Spanish was limited to certain expletives Albiore had used, though.

"So why don't you two help Milo a bit?"

"Sure, Mom!" they said in unison.

"That's nice of you." Himiko tousled both of them. Milo sulked. Why didn't *he* get any attention?

"I think I can really get used to having you around," Makoto said. "It was far too quiet before."

"Indeed," Himiko nodded. "Now I only need my Camus-sama here, and we are a real family."

"True. Although I can very well live without him," Makoto laughed.

"*You* can. But I can't... And anyway, Hyoga wants a little sister."

"Sure," Hyoga grinned. "That would be cute."

"I only fear that then the house will be too small for all of us," Makoto stated.

"It's no problem," Himiko contradicted. "My Camus-sama will stay with me of course, and there is still enough room for one or two children."

"You sure Camus will comply with that?" Milo almost doubled over.

"Of course."

"She decreed that she will convince him," Makoto told him.

"Camus will be a real good father," Hyoga said. "After all, he trained me for seven years and taught me a lot."

"But you are a perfect son," Makoto pointed out and tousled him.

"Me, too," Shun added.

"Yeah. It was a good idea of Himiko's to 'adopt' you."

"I always wanted children," Himiko said wistfully. "Lots of them. But I never found a fitting father so far..."

"Well, for starters you have two children without father..."

"But I want some more *with*!"

"Hey, I feel severely neglected," Milo let himself be heard. "I admit, I'm not so keen on being another 'child' here, but what about a slightly different position?" He gave Makoto a winning smile.

"And what exactly do you mean by this?"

"Well, Himiko has Camus (okay, not yet), so I thought I might have *you*..."

"You *thought*..."

"Sure! I'm the perfect choice, you see? Handsome, strong and everything."

"That's *your* opinion."

"Hey, what is there *not* to like about me?"

"We don't fit together."

"Not? You're a Cappy girl, I'm a Scorpio man -- that's a *perfect* match."

"Not at all!"

"But he's right," Himiko said. "You look so nice together. Why don't we celebrate a double wedding?"

"You can't be serious!"

"Of course I am," Himiko contradicted.

"Never!"

"Milo, if you help me convince Camus then I will help you convince Makoto," Himiko offered.

"You are a fine friend," Makoto complained. "How could you help Milo!"

"But don't you think he is cute, too? Not as cute as Camus, of course, but he's certainly second best."

Milo grumbled something unintelligible. When he hated something then it was to be second best. There should be no doubt that he was *the* best!

"Sure he's cute-looking, but other guys are, too," Makoto thought aloud.

"Who else?" Himiko asked curiously.

"Well, about all from our list -- you know who!"

"Ah yes, those. But *no one* there is a match for my beloved Camus-sama."

"Yes, yes. But you don't see anyone else but your Camus-sama anyway!"

"Well, my kawaii little adoptive son certainly will become a handsome man, too." Himiko tousled Hyoga's hair and the boy smiled at her.

"Indeed. He's already very cute," Makoto nodded.

"And what about me?" Shun asked and put on his best sweet smile.

"You, too, of course." Makoto tousled the green-haired boy.

"It's really unfair," Milo complained. "I'm handsome and manly -- and no one notices me..."

He was ignored, as ever so often.

"Hyoga, Shun, don't you two have to go to school tomorrow morning?" Himiko asked.

"School? Admittedly, Saori-san hired some private teachers for us," Hyoga grimaced. He preferred training to boring school work.

"That's good. Then you should go to bed now so that you are fresh and awake in the morning."

"Now?" Hyoga squealed. "It's only 10 o'clock!"

"Yes, that's time for my boys to go to bed."

"Exactly," Makoto helped her. "After all, you certainly want to train a little before breakfast, don't you?"

"Do I?" Shun asked perplexed. He preferred to sleep late.

"Sure," Himiko nodded. "Don't neglect your fitness!"

Shun sulked.

"Go now," Makoto threatened, "Or I'll help you get into your bed!"

"But I'm a year older than Shun so I can stay up later," Hyoga pointed out.

"It's only 4 months, not a year. You will go to sleep, too!" Himiko said sternly.

"Okay, okay..." Hyoga followed his half-brother.

"Hey, I thought Hyoga would continue to translate for me," Milo nagged.

"I suggest you learn Japanese yourself," Makoto grinned sadistically.

"You're mean!"

"Exactly!"

As Milo didn't understand anything on the TV set now (actually one could switch to the original versions of the movies instead of watching the Japanese dub -- but he couldn't speak English either), he sulked and retired to his room, too.

The women followed suit.

* * *

Wednesday, 1987/08/19 -- 6 a.m.

In the next morning, Makoto wasn't awakened by her alarm-clock, but by a loud noise from the garden.

"What's up now," she grumbled and looked after the source of the noise.

Shun (clad in the Andromeda Cloth) stood in the garden and his chain was wrapped around a large stone that now lay some metres away from its original position.

"Good shot!" Hyoga called.

"Thanks. After all, it's difficult to train in such a limited space without destroying

anything."

"Why do you cause such noise?" Makoto complained when she stepped onto the verandah.

"Nothing," Hyoga assured her. "Just a little training."

Now Himiko leaned out of the window of her room. "Ohayou!! -- Hey, don't startle my pretty kois!"

"Don't panic, the fish are still alive," Shun assured her. Just to be sure he looked into the pond, but the large carps swam around like before.

"God. I wouldn't want anything happen to my Camus-chan..." Himiko looked at a colourful koi with large red and black spots.

"I still don't understand why you called this fish 'Camus'. I can't see any similarities," Makoto wondered.

"He looks just as haughty as my Camus-sama," Himiko explained.

Shun knelt down at the border of the small pond and looked curiously into the water. "How many fish are in there?"

"Four," Himiko answered. "Camus-chan and Aphrodite-chan are mine. Isn't Aphro beautiful, too?"

"Which of them is Aphrodite?"

"The beautiful red-golden one."

"Pretty!" Shun put his finger into the water to touch the fish. Camus-chan swam towards him and gave him a really cold glare.

"This one looks pretty icy..."

"Exactly like my Camus-sama, nee?"

Hyoga laughed. "And how are your kois called?" he asked Makoto.

"Well, so far they are fish 1 and fish 2. I haven't found any fitting names yet..."

"What about calling them Makoto and Himiko?" Shun suggested.

"If you like," Makoto shrugged.

"Sure! -- Okay, you are Himiko," he pointed at the smallest and mainly white koi, "and you are Makoto." This time he indicated the remaining red koi with a couple of black spots.

"Look -- even here Himiko chases Camus!" Hyoga almost doubled over when he watched the carps.

"Has anyone already seen Milo around?" Makoto wanted to know.

"He's still asleep," Himiko called from the window. "I can hear him snore."

"Such a lazy slob! Ah well, as long as he sleeps he won't get on my nerves."

"When do we get breakfast?" Shun asked. "I'm hungry!"

"Oh, just a moment, I'll prepare something for you." Himiko disappeared from her window.

About twenty minutes later, Himiko called everybody to join the breakfast table. "O-agari kudasai!"

"Hey, wait for me!" Milo came down the stairs, only clad in blue boxer shorts and white tennis socks and looking hopelessly disheveled.

"What happened to *you*?" Makoto asked amused.

"Oh, I just woke up and heard it's breakfast time..." He knelt down at the table next to Shun. This was really uncomfortable, especially that early in the morning. "Hey, where's the coffee? And the rolls and jam?" Milo eyed the miso soup and rice.

"You are free to cook some for yourself," Makoto told him. "The kitchen is over there, and coffee and stuff should be in the cupboard."

"Fine." Milo rummaged through the kitchen and was glad that he found the ingredients for a western style breakfast. Some minutes later he returned with a tray. "Tada! -- Finally some *real* food! Anyone else coffee and rolls?"

"No, thanks, I'm stuffed," Makoto said. Himiko politely declined, too. Hyoga and Shun took a second course provided by Milo, though.

"I'm finished now," Himiko put down her tea cup, a lonely, tiny heart floating idly above her head.

"It starts again," Makoto sighed.

Hyoga followed Makoto's gaze. "Oh, that! I think it's there for at least five minutes now."

"It seems I learn to ignore them..."

"Why don't *you* produce some hearts for me?" Milo asked Makoto.

"You are kidding!"

"Too bad..." He sighed. Why did *he* never get the girls? Maybe it was something about his approach. But then, which healthy girl in her good senses would *not* want to be together with a handsome, powerful guy like him? He grimaced. Well, Makoto didn't. "I don't understand what makes you reject me!"

"Have you looked into a mirror lately?"

"Sure! I'm tall, handsome, athletic..."

"But unfortunately not my type," Makoto told him.

Milo sulked. "And who *is* your type? Don't say you also moon after the quiet, cold and reserved type..."

"Certainly not!"

"Good." Milo breathed in relief.

"So what *is* your type?" Shun asked curiously.

"That's none of your concern. Didn't you have to go to your lessons now?"

"Oh yes, we don't want to make Kinoshita-sensei wait," Shun nodded. "That's the teacher who comes into Kido mansion to teach us Bronze Saints. Except for Ikki, who refuses to participate..."

"Does Ikki think he already knows everything?" Makoto wondered.

"Good question... Although I'm not even sure he ever learned to read and write properly," Shun said sadly. "I'm sure he just doesn't want anyone to notice it."

"Oh." Makoto looked at her wristwatch. "Dear me, we have to hurry, too, or we will come late to our lab."

"Indeed. I'll call a taxi for Hyoga and Shun -- I'm sure Athena will pay -- and we try to catch the next train."

"And what about me?" Milo asked. "Am I supposed to stay here and keep the house?"

"What else?" Makoto said joyfully.

"I'm a *Gold Saint*, not a house man!"

"You have a lot of time, so you can do something useful."

"Pah. I will accompany you to your working place."

"You will be in our way all the time."

"I won't. And I will protect you from all the bad guys you have to examine," Milo promised. Maybe then Makoto would see his worth and fall for him.

"We get along fine on our own."

"Even if you have to examine DeathMask?"

Makoto grimaced. "I'd prefer not to meet him again at all."

"I will protect you even from him," Milo declared theatrically.

"And who shall protect me from *you*? -- Ah well, I can't hinder you to accompany us anyway. So maybe you could do something useful and teleport us to the lab. But first you should dress in a way that we don't have to get embarrassed because of you..."

"Why --" Milo looked down on himself and grinned sheepishly. "Oops." He teleported to his room and returned seconds later in the Scorpio Cloth (carrying his boots in his hands).

"And now you two will go to your lessons!" Himiko gave each of them a bentou box.

"Yes, Mom," they said, both grinning and left the house. It was cool to have a mama again.

"I hope you did the right thing 'adopting' them," Makoto wondered.

"Sure. Aren't they just cute?" Himiko looked proudly after her two 'sons'.

And now they let Milo teleport them to their laboratory, first Himiko, then Makoto.