Juki: The Coming of The Thunder Cloud

 Bowing before his Honorable Master Rand, Rebly went over to his brothers who were wiping the sweat from off their faces. “Honorable Brothers you inspire me,” said Rebly gazing up with admiration at his brothers.

At once, Rebly became aware of two huge and firm paws on his shoulders. It was Master Rand. “The admiration of youth. How sweet it can be. As with anything must be tempered. Still fraternal affection something to be valued.”

“Thank you, Most Honorable Master,” replied Fyt making an appreciative bow. Master Rand bowed his head slightly and walked away.

“Honorable fellow novice Rebly,” said a rather energetic young warrior who bounded over to the four warrior brothers. “Honorable Brothers of Rebly my admiration for your skills.” The three older brothers gave the young novice a bow.

“Juki my most honorable friend,” answered Rebly. He put his two paws on his friend’s shoulder. “You are really progressing. I’m honored to have such a one call me his friend.”

“Rebly it is I that is honored to have you call me his friend.”

KyKay putting a paw on each of the young novice’s head, turned them around to face him. “My young sprouts easy with the complements otherwise my paws won’t be able fit on your expanded heads.” Rebly and Juki made shy faces as their fluffy gray and black tails swung nervously back and forth.

Scurrying out from under Juki’s brown tunic was his servant. It quickly ran up the expanse of Juki’s tunic and up to the top of his head. Juki giggled. Standing up on Juki’s head his servant hung on to the side of his master’s pointed black and grayish left ear. “Master Juki, you need your feet to be service?” asked his servant.

“No Vyra I’m all set.”

“Very good my Honorable Master,” replied Vyra wrapping his long mouse like tail around Juki’s ear.

“Greetings Honorable Juki’s servant,” said Rebly warmly

Making a profound bow, Vyra answered, “Greetings Most Honorable Rebly. Friend of my Honorable Master.” Rebly could see the deep love he had for his Master Juki. Rebly had three of these mouse-like servants except his were larger. Toddlers in comparison to himself.

When Juki went to scratch affectionately Vyr’s head, Rebly could see the scare on the top of his honorable friend’s paw. Touching the scare reverently with a digit, Rebly said sincerely,”The mark of a warrior.”

“Oh, Honorable Friend and brother warrior Rebly, you do me undue honor.”

Giving his close friend and fellow trainee a hug. “I don’t think so Honorable Juki.” The two friends held each other in respectful and fraternal embrace.

“Isn’t that cute,” remarked Kykay.

Qohan crossed his arms and giving Kykay a frown said, “Cute? Cute?”

“Well, it is.”

“Their warriors. Not cute. I don’t know about you Honorable Warrior Brother.”

Turning to Qohan, Kykay said pointedly, “Your nuts you know that.”

“What did you say Honorable Brother?” asked Qohan putting a paw on his brother’s shoulder.”

“You heard me,” answered Kykay grabbing Qohan’s wrist tightly and removing his hand from his shoulder.

The two warrior brothers stared intently at each other. Their tails making whooshing sounds as they whipped back and forth.

“Ok, ok Honorable Brothers Qohan and Kykay. We had enough sparing for one day,” said Fyt. The two brothers backed away from each other. Both with a slight grin.

“Honorable Friend Rebly are your brothers in contention of each other?”

Rebly made a huge smile and shook his head. “No. My two Honorable Brothers just like to test each other. Believe me they are tighter than the vines found on the Grera Trees.”

“My Honorable Friend Rebly. I must go now.” The two friends hugged.

About to leave Juki stopped and studied the scare on his left paw. Juki looked up. His thoughts lost in another time. Seeing his friend with his mind somewhere else after studying his scare, Rebly knew what he was thinking. Stepping up to Juki, Rebly told him, “You were a thunder cloud.” Rebly’s three brothers came and made a circle around Juki and Rebly.

It was a year past on a bright spring day. Juki had met up with Rebly who with his brothers were on business. As they went off, Juki went and made his way for a wooded area outside of the village. On his way enjoying the feeling of the smooth cobble stone beneath his socked feet, Juki heard a commotion. He went to investigate. “I told you! Give me your bag of provisions!” Screamed this boy to a younger boy.

“No-no my family needs it,” replied the young boy starting to cry.”

Juki saw as he drew nearer it was one of the Wolfen boys that was giving this younger boy a hard time. “Those bullies are always causing problems.” Juki thought the element of surprise would be the best method to this matter. Moving stealthily around behinds some shrub and trees, Juki made a silent approach.

Lifting the boy up off the ground with one paw, the older boy began to slap the younger with his free hand. “O-o-ok. You can take the provisions. “

“Wise of you,” responded the Wolfen boy as he dropped the young scared boy to the ground. As he bent over to pick up the bag of provisions, he felt a breeze from behind him. And a voice that said, “Unwise to steal from one so defenseless and with food for his family.”

Turning quickly around, the Wolfen boy saw another young boy dressed in a warrior’s outfit. “Trudge boy. Better trudge before I make you regret bothering me.” Turning back around to pick up the bag, the Wolfen boy could feel the rush of air current moving above his head. The next thing the bully saw was a flash of brown that struck him hard in the snout. The Wolfen boy fell over with a hard thud onto the ground. “Oooff,” moaned the brute when Juki landed on his chest.

“Had enough. Or do you need more,” said Juki putting himself in attack posture.

Replying weakly the Wolfen boy told Juki, “Enough, enough.”

Jumping off the disgraced Wolfen boy, Juki saw another Wolfen brother approach. “What’s going on?” asked the other brother.

“Will I need to teach you a lesson too,” replied Juki tapping his right foot.

Observing the way his brother looked and how Juki was dress. The Wolfen brother said, “No, please let us leave.” The Wolfen brother knew by the way the young warrior was dressed he was trained in the Hurricane of Feet.