

Shukumei no Duelist

Duelists of Fate

Von Yamato_

Kapitel 2: Ka Yuugo no Chikara – Minotaurus, Kentaurus, Minokentaurus

...but mathematics was real boring today because I know all this stuff already, and in literature we had to memorize some writers of the Meiji era, but I can only remember Natsume Soseki who went to England to study English.

When I want to study English I'll go to America. They've got hamburgers and great music, and you're allowed to drive cars, even though you're just a kid.

You promised me, we would go to America, didn't you, Nii-sama? We would go to America and build another Kaibaland. A real big one with games and rollercoasters and a Haunted House, and all the children who don't have parents to buy them a ticket are allowed to go in for free. You promised! Have you forgotten your promise?

Have you forgotten our big dream?

Please, please come back to me, Nii-sama. I miss you so much.

Don't leave me.

Please don't leave me.

Shukumei no Duelist

Duelists of Fate
(Schicksalsduellanten)

Author's Note and Thanks: Another thanks goes to Lace Kyoko, Barrie18, Selena12, Halowing, Tawariell, Frank Dark, Vaness1, and Alaiya for their feedback. And an extra cookie goes to Bastet_Cat, who provided me with wonderful information concerning Ancient Egypt. As for my review answers, I will answer all English reviews in English

and all German reviews in German, so hopefully none of you will get confused. Review answers will be at the end of the chapter.

Arc I: Duat no Juuni no Tobira (The Twelve Gates of the Underworld)

Chapter 2: Ka Yuugo no Chikara – Minotaurus, Kentaurus, Minokentaurus (Strength of the Ka Fusion – Minotaurus, Kentaurus, Minokentaurus)

*A mouth I have, but never speak
My arms stretch far and wide
A bed I own, yet never sleep,
I travel day and night.
Without legs to carry me,
So, answer now, who may I be?*

A mouth, arms, and a bed. These hints clearly referred to a river.

Many riddles employed the use of ambiguous words to spread confusion. Besides, this solution would match perfectly with all that river talk that first guardian had bored him with. The only thing bothering him about this answer was the fact that this riddle had been so much simpler than the last. It had trap written all over it in friendly yellow letters.

Yet, on the other hand, wasn't Taweret a much simpler goddess than Horus, let alone Set?

'A river,' he repeated aloud, and soft ripples broke through the crystal clear surface of the door. From its center, the tiny waves traveled in all directions, finally spreading over the entire exterior. Only in the place they had emerged from, they left a small slot untouched.

He wasn't surprised to see that said slot had the shape of a Duel Monsters card. There was no doubt what he had to do to get this damn thing open and finally move on.

* * *

Before he could see anything in the darkness, he had to suppress an urge to sneeze. Dust tickled his nose and the smell of old parchment was so overwhelming that his mind's eye pictured a library even before the darkness dissolved and revealed to him that this was exactly where he was.

The library in his mind had a carpet in the color of fresh blood and bookshelves so high that they seemed to reach the very sky above him. The library around him didn't hold any books at all; books were probably not even invented yet. Instead, the room was filled with stone tablets and baskets of papyrus rolls.

Even the walls themselves were covered in hieroglyphic writing. Strangely enough, he could read most of it; there were many different tales about Thoth, the ibis-headed patron of knowledge, wisdom, and the sciences: Thoth's birth from the seed of Horus and the head of Set, Thoth inventing the hieroglyphic alphabet, and finally Thoth acting as the scribe of Osiris during the judgment of a dead pharaoh. None of these stories seemed particularly new to him, he had known them since he was little.

Or had he? Were the memories of that young boy Set truly his own? They surely felt real to him, but if they were, what about those other fragments in his mind? The books, for example? Set couldn't know about books. Or that poem about the frog and the pond? None of this made any sense.

And the company. There definitely was a company, he was sure of it. If he only could remember what it was called.

"None of this makes any sense."

It was him, all right. It was the same young boy sitting cross-legged on a carpet, his head bent over a scroll. He looked a little older now; this was probably due to the fact that he had cut off his youth-lock and grown his hair.

A soft giggle made Set raise his head. He truly was a few years older than during the last – only a fool would call it vision – and a frown crossed his face as he searched for the cause of his disturbance. Two little girls were hiding behind one of the stone tablets, watching him curiously. While both of them were clothed in simple linen dresses, the exquisite jewelry the older one wore, marked her clearly as a person of high rank.

Although her presence obviously annoyed him, he couldn't simply tell her to go away. Instead, he must have remembered the polite way to get rid of her. He sank into a low bow onto the floor: "Are you lost, Royal Highness? Shall I help you find your escort?"

"No, you shall not," the girl ordered in a commanding voice. "We're glad that we finally managed to get away from those boring people, aren't we, Mana?" She nudged her friend, who burst into another giggle: "Oh, I know him. He's the student who always makes such a serious face. All the other boys smile sometimes, but he doesn't. Not ever."

"Not ever?" the older girl repeated incredulously. "Fine, then." She turned to Set: "Smile. By order of the princess."

Set didn't reply, but didn't look impressed either. He lifted his chin and gazed at her sternly, and for the moment he didn't seem to care that he was being impolite. For a

few seconds everything was quiet, except for the rustle of parchment and the soft tingling sound of the bracelets the girls wore.

Suddenly a pout appeared on the well-painted lips of the princess, disfiguring her otherwise pretty face. She scowled and beckoned to her friend. "He's boring. Come on, Mana, let's go play somewhere else." Both girls turned to leave.

"My sister and future queen gave you an order, temple boy!"

It was a voice used to issuing commands and being obeyed, although it belonged to a boy even younger than Set. As Set got to his feet to face him, the other boy stood motionless, locking gazes with Set in an unfathomable battle of wills. Dark eyes seemed to bore into him, like predators lying in wait for the slightest sign of weakness.

Set didn't avert his gaze, feeling his temper rise with every passing moment. White hot anger blazed through his body. He certainly wasn't going to follow such a ridiculous order and he wasn't going to be a plaything for a spoilt little brat.

Even if that brat was – and there could be no doubt about that fact – the crown prince of Egypt.

"I will smile if you give me a reason for it, Horus in the Nest." His voice was still soft, but his tone hard and clear.

"I'll have my servant punish you for your insolence," the prince replied with cold fury. He spun on his heels, marching away without a single glance backwards. As Set watched him leave, tiny fires of triumph were sparkling in his eyes, for his opponent had been the first to turn away. It wasn't important what would happen now; the only thing that mattered was that he had once again been victorious.

Yes, he did have me punished...

And afterwards he must have regretted it because he sent me calendula balm for my back.

But I was too proud to use it.

He blinked, trying to banish these strange images and emotions from his mind, but they didn't disappear, although the figures of the children did. He was once again alone in this strange place, surrounded by the remains of a past he couldn't claim to be his own.

Everything was quiet again, save for the rustle of parchment.

It was then he realized that the rustle didn't come from any parchment at all. The sound was simply too symmetric, too harmonious, like the soft beat of a musical instrument. It was not the rhythm that changed, only the intensity. And this was

because the rustle didn't remain in one place, but moved around the room.

When the noise seemed to be straight above his head, he looked up to see a strange creature hovering above him. A miniature being that looked like a cross-breed between a bird and a girl flapped her tiny wings, watching him with bright beady eyes. Her head was tilted slightly to one side as birds have a habit of doing when they want to examine something very closely.

"A fair welcome to the humble seeker entering these sacred halls of knowledge," she greeted him in a high chirping voice. "I am Nebt-Meket, handmaiden to His Majesty Thoth, and the keeper of the second gate of *Duat*. How may I be of service to you?"

"How about a fly swatter," he snapped back.

* * *

Some silly voice in the back of his mind had warned him about being so disrespectful, but he dismissed it without a second thought. No, all these self-proclaimed gods and goddesses wouldn't get any respect from him. Respect was something that had to be earned. You didn't get it for wearing a hippo's head upon your neck and you certainly didn't get it for fluttering around a library.

He had to fight for it as well. The other boys at the temple school all came from noble families. He on the other hand, had no family at all. He had only his quick mind and his burning ambition to rely on and he used them to their full extent. Used them to best the others over and over again...

No, for the last time, those were not his memories. Still, they were the only clues he could work with, at least for now.

"It certainly isn't knowledge your soul lacks," The tiny creature buzzed around his head, finally landing on one of the stone tablets. "It is wisdom. You are stubborn, arrogant, impatient, and quick to anger; those are well-known properties of people who lack wisdom."

"Wrong," he interrupted her. "What I lack is knowledge, the knowledge about who I am and how I ended up here, but I don't suppose your oh-so-sacred halls of knowledge can provide me with that information, can they? Therefore, if you own a piece of my heart and if you have a test to throw at me, let's just get it over with."

"Yes, that's true." She took off as quickly as a flash of light, hovering in front of his face again. "Your soul also lacks a heart."

"Think about it," she suddenly chirped into his left ear, "what good is a heart without wisdom? I know you will have to rebuild it eventually, but if I were you, I would take this excellent opportunity to halt in my journey and obtain..."

"But since I'm not an annoying little buzz ball, I'll do nothing of the sort," he interrupted her again. "Now, do you have a piece of my heart, or don't you?"

"Actually, I don't have one..."

"Then stop bothering me."

"I have two." Circling a basket, she opened one of her claws to allow him a glimpse of a crystalline object she was carrying. "One test will not be enough to teach you all the qualities you still lack, but I, too, have to keep to the words that Master Thoth wrote down so long ago. Therefore, if you do not fail, I shall give you the pieces and lead you to the next gate. If you do fail, however, you must agree to remain here and continue your studies. That's my only condition."

"Agreed." For a moment, he wondered what the hippopotamus woman would have done to him if he had failed her task. Probably something even less pleasant than boring lectures about wisdom. But he hadn't failed her task, and he had no intention of failing this one either.

"Follow me," the bird girl said and she fluttered over to the carpet little Set had sat upon while studying his scroll. The scroll still lay there, spread-out on the dark fabric, so the girl tried to lift it up to make some space. Slightly amused, he watched her tiny claws struggle with the heavy papyrus. She answered with an angry glance in his direction as she seemed to realize that he had no intention whatsoever to help her.

Finally she gave up her futile attempts to pull or drag the scroll and rolled it from the carpet instead. This method performed the job, but it was still a lot of work. He could see tiny droplets of sweat on her forehead as she settled down on the rug again.

He couldn't suppress a smirk. For the next couple of minutes she would be in no condition to annoy him with her pointless fluttering around.

The gatekeeper raised her wings, letting out a shrill chirp and suddenly, a bundle of wooden sticks appeared between her claws. If that was supposed to be some sort of spell, why hadn't she used one to move the scroll away in the first place? But there was no point in wondering why anybody in this strange place did any of the things they did, so he just waited for her to continue.

"You know that you are here because a part of your soul was destroyed, don't you?" she asked him. "I am now going to use these sticks to create a diagram of your soul. My master Thoth adores diagrams; you should see the one he created for the Tabula Smaragdina... absolutely magnificent! Well, maybe some other time."

She put down four sticks and arranged them into a square. "The first square represents your *ba*.

For a split second that word sounded completely unfamiliar, but then he suddenly remembered what it stood for. A *ba* was the part of the soul that made a person unique. It contained your thoughts and ideas, most of your personality. The *ba* was

usually depicted as a person's head upon a bird's body, in fact, the tiny gatekeeper looked like she might well be someone's *ba* herself. As she put down the forth stick, they all glowed for a moment and the faint image of an eagle appeared in the square. The human head upon its shoulders was his own, and he was glad as it vanished and he didn't have to look into his own eyes anymore.

She put down another four sticks. "The second square represents your *ka*."

The image of a white dragon appeared on the square and he stared at it, mesmerized by its beauty. The *ka* was the divine life force inside the human soul, a sort of guardian spirit that protected and guided you. But different *ka* could also live in trees, rivers or mountains and an angry *ka* could lead the soul to... no, wait, that couldn't be right! His own *ka* was Duos. The white dragon had been the *ka* that had appeared on the day the slavers had destroyed his village. What was going on here?

She put down another four sticks. "The third square represents your *ren*."

The *ren* was a person's true name. As long as your name wasn't forgotten, you continued to exist, so it was important to carve your name in stone or have it written on a *shenu*, a cartouche that you could wear around your neck.. As the four sticks glowed, he could see the hieroglyphs that spelled his name, but then they changed from hieroglyphs to a different writing... those were kanji. In kanji, it was spelled a little different, *Seto*, instead of *Set*, but it still remained the same name and suddenly he remembered that he ought to have a last name as well, but it couldn't a part of his soul anymore because he deliberately chose to forget it and cross it out of his life.

She put down another four sticks. "The fourth square represents your *sheut*."

He could see it manifest on the square for a few seconds, a shadowy silhouette of himself. The *sheut* was the shadow, it always followed you wherever you went, stuck to you like the ghost version of a living person. You couldn't exist without it, but it could exist without you...

"I don't have any sticks left," she said, "but your soul is still incomplete."

"Well, we already figured out that I don't have a heart," he said, suddenly feeling incredibly tired. "Or *ib* if you prefer that expression. Without it, I shouldn't be able to tell good from evil, so that gives me a real good excuse to simply grab you and squash you in my fist. However, without it, I shouldn't be able to feel any emotions, so I shouldn't even feel the need to grab you and squash you in my fist, which I do feel, and this proves that this entire thing is utterly pointless."

"Your task is to repair your soul," she explained, completely unmoved by his outburst, "but for now, you will simply repair the diagram of it. Add a fifth square to represent your *ib*. I have only two pieces of it, so you are only allowed to move two of the sticks."

"Hmm." He bent over the diagram. There were four squares, the first and third in the upper row, and the second and fourth in the lower row. All four were forming a kind of zigzag pattern, only touching at the corners.

Two sticks, she had said. But if he only moved one stick, he would destroy one of the squares. So he actually had to create not one, but two new squares to receive five of them in the end.

However, while you needed four sticks for one square, you didn't need an entire eight for two. Seven would do just fine, if they were next to each other and shared a wall. The space between the first and the third square was already surrounded by three sticks and so was the space between the second and fourth square. He only needed two sticks to turn them into two full squares.

"Heureka." He took the top stick from the third square to close the gap between the first and third and then the right stick of the third square to close the gap between the second and the fourth, thus eliminating the third square, but creating two new ones. "There are two solutions to be exact. I also could have taken the bottom stick and the left stick from the second square to receive the same result."

"Brilliant!" The gatekeeper gave a little skip, fluffing up her feathers. "Are you sure I can't convince you to stay?" she asked with big shiny eyes.

"Positively sure," he snapped back at her. "Now hand me the pieces."

"This door," she buzzed along the wall, forming the shape of a door in front of him, "leads out from the library into the courtyard of the temple. You'll find everything you need there. One hint for the road, though: Only one of the three statements is true. The other two are false."

* * *

Voices sounded from the outside, as he stepped through the door that had suddenly appeared in the wall as if it had always been there. He even remembered it, having walked through it many times. No, not exactly, but little Set had walked through it, while he had been a student at this temple. They often had lessons out in the courtyard, especially fighting lessons. There was one boy, Ramesse, who had even managed to beat him a few times in combat. He was quick and strong, wielding his khopesh like a deadly lightning bolt.

The only other student he considered a rival, was Mahaad. Being a personal friend of the prince, Mahaad studied at the palace most of the time, but returned to the temple once in a while to use the library or to do certain assignments for the priests. He was quite skilled in the arts of magic and had an immensely powerful *ka*, the Magician of Illusions.

After taking another step, he could see them, all three of them. Ramesse had already drawn his khopesh and assumed a fighting stance. Mahaad was talking in low soothing tones to someone or something hidden from his sight. Set stood a little to one side; he obviously hadn't decided yet what the best course of action would be.

On a balcony overhanging the courtyard a small group of priests was observing the entire scene. They were talking in low voices, watching the three students intensely.

The three of them were facing a horse.

The animal paced back and forth, nervously pawing the ground with its hooves. Its eyes bulged out in fright, its ears were drawn backwards, and layers of white foam covered its open mouth, as a whimpering sound escaped from trembling lips. "Put away your sword, Ramesse," Mahaad commanded. "There's no need to harm the poor creature."

"You have no right to order...," Ramesse began, but another sound interrupted the beginning conflict. The golden Dia-Diankh on Set's arm had suddenly snapped into action. "Diaha! Come forth, Duos!"

"Set is right, it must be an evil *ka*! That's what is paining this mare." The golden plates of Mahaad's Dia-Diankh fanned out as well. "Diaha! I summon you, my Magician of Illusions!"

"Diaha! I call upon you, Angel Knight Perseus!" Hastily, Ramesse stored his khopesh away and changed his own Dia-Diankh into fighting position.

A blue flame burst from Set's chest, almost throwing him backwards with its force. Duos was a mighty warrior, his shining wings reflecting the sunlight, the armor covering his body sparkling like blue crystal. The magician made a less spectacular entrance, simply stepping out from behind Mahaad, shadowy purple robes billowing around him. The very next moment, however, they were all bathed in feathers, as Perseus emerged from the bright white light surrounding Ramesse.

The horse took one last step and then sank to the ground unconscious, surrounded by a strange aura of red and green mist.

"Here it comes," shouted Ramesse.

A creature galloped towards the three boys. Its lower body looked exactly like the horse it had inhabited only moments before, four hooves stamping the ground and a long tail swishing through the air. But the *ka*'s upper body was that of a human man with wild fiery eyes. He was swinging a scythe at Set, who stood closest to him, but Set dodged the blow and Duos jumped in to interfere, blocking the next attack with his sword.

"Aura Sword!" Set ordered. The centaur jumped aside as the attack came and ran at the magician who had started mumbling a spell.

"Protect me!" Mahaad called to the others. "I need only a few minutes!"

"No!" Ramesse protested and Set added: "Everybody fights on his own. Winner takes it all."

"You are fools, both of you." Mahaad could only shake his head in silence as the centaur tried to grab the magician. The magician disappeared, only to reappear a few seconds later, but his spell had certainly been interrupted.

Angel Knight Perseus stepped forward to engage the centaur in combat. As they were trading blows, Ramesse, caught in the fever of battle, imitated his *ka's* movements. "Get him, Perseus. I know you can do it!"

"No, he can't." Set sneered. "His arms are growing tired already."

"Yes, he can." Ramesse pressed his hands to his chest. "I will support him with energy from my *ba*."

"Don't use too much. It's dangerous," Mahaad warned him, but Ramesse seemed not to have heard him. Golden light flowed from his chest, was channeled through the plates of his Dia-Diankh and engulfed Perseus in power. For a few moments it seemed to work, Perseus gained in strength and drove the centaur backwards, but then after a particularly vicious blow from the scythe, Perseus dropped to his knees and so did Ramesse.

"Stop! Ramesse, your *ba* will be torn out!" Mahaad ran over to the other boy, steadying him, while his magician created a shield to protect them both. "Breathe. Just breathe. Try to withdraw your power. It helps when you think of water seeping into the ground. Withdraw it drop by drop. Yes, just like that. Everything will be all right."

"It's time that I end this!" Set raised his Dia-Diankh. "I summon Minotaurus from the temple of *weiju*."

"Two *ka* at the same time, I hope that guy knows what he's doing," Ramesse mumbled as a bright beam of light crossed the sky. Minotaurus manifested next to Duos and now both of them started attacking the centaur together.

"I know your name." Set's eyes never left the battle. "You are Kentaurus."

The centaur's weapon dropped to the ground. He turned away from Duos and Minotaurus, facing Set instead.

"That's right, I call you by your name," Set shouted. "Obey me, Kentaurus! Come to your master!"

Kentaurus struggled. He took one step into Set's direction, then suddenly reared on his hind legs, whinnying loudly. Minotaurus raised his battle axe again, but Set commanded him to hold the attack, while Kentaurus pranced around. Duos stood to the other side, watching, but not interfering.

Suddenly Kentaurus let out a high-pitched battle cry and swung his scythe at Minotaurus, who blocked the blow with his axe. But then something strange

happened. Instead of continuing the fight, both *ka* stood motionless, as if they weren't able to break free from each other. A shimmering aura of light engulfed them both, so bright that everybody had to close their eyes.

As the light dissolved, both *ka* were gone. In their place stood a third *ka* with the lower body of a horse and the upper body of a minotaur. Standing taller than the other two had been, the creature was covered in mighty red and blue armor, while black smoke emerged from its bull's nostrils. Even the weapons had merged; what the new *ka* was carrying seemed to be a mixture of axe and scythe.

"Minokentaurus." Set spoke the name as coldly as if it didn't refer to a huge monster stomping into his direction. "Get down, Minokentaurus! Obey my command!"

The monster stood right in front of him now, towering over him. Puffs of smoke protruded from his nostrils...

And then it dropped to ground at his feet. One of the priests on the balcony used a beam of power from his own Dia-Diankh to separate the creatures again and banish them back into stone tablets.

Set gave a huge sigh of relief and felt a surge of triumph fill his heart. Once again, he had won his battle. It had been him who had defeated that new *ka*. Kentaurus' stone tablet would be set up next to Minotaurus' tablet in the temple of *weiju* – his own temple of *weiju*. He now had two powerful *ka* besides his own, and they could even fuse. It was amazing. He had kept his word, he had truly become the best student at the temple.

"Wow, that was some fight." Ramesse struggled back on his feet, helped by Mahaad. "Listen, I owe you, man..."

"Think nothing of it." Mahaad smiled. "I'm going to bring the horse back to the stables now. She'll need rest after the fright that *ka* gave her."

"She probably could use some food and water, too. And she's all sweaty. We should rub her fur with straw, so she doesn't catch a cold."

"You're good with horses?"

"I learned to ride before I could walk, man. We really should go riding sometimes, how about tomorrow after lessons?"

"Yes, that's a great idea, Ramesse. Not trying to brag, but I'm not too bad a rider myself."

"Let's see how good you are when I race you around the palace..."

Set watched them leave and couldn't understand why his victory suddenly didn't feel like a victory anymore. It was as if Mahaad and Ramesse had gained something else today, something that was worth more than all the victories in the world.

Nonsense. He brushed away these strange thoughts. Those two were only looking for something to do so they didn't have think about their defeat all the time. They were losers, both of them. Not worthy of his attention.

I'm doing it again. I'm getting all caught up in these visions.

One of the priests on the balcony was looking directly at him. Not at little Set – at him. It was ridiculous, really, the people in the visions couldn't see him. They just acted the way they had acted back then. They couldn't know about his existence, but...

The priest was still looking at him.

But the very next moment he was sure that he had imagined it because all the priests turned their attention to Set, congratulating him on his victory. He couldn't hear what they were speaking, but he didn't feel any particularly strong desire to come any closer. A few minutes later, the vision faded away entirely and he was left standing alone in an empty courtyard.

Everything was the same except for two cards lying side by side in the dust. He picked up the first one and read it:

MINOTAURUS
(Minotaur)
Battle Ox

* * * * Earth (Chi)

[Beast-Warrior]

*A monster with tremendous
power, it destroys enemies with
a swing of its axe..*

[ATK/1700] [DEF/1000]

Then he turned around, picking up the second card as well. He wasn't particularly surprised to read:

KENTAURUS

(Centaur)
Mystic Horseman

* * * * Earth (Chi)

[Beast]

*Half man and half horse,
this monster is known for its
extreme speed..*

[ATK/1300] [DEF/1550]

Two more pieces of his heart meant two new cards for his deck. It was starting to get pretty crowded in his shirt pocket, so he would have to find a new mode of transportation soon if he didn't want to get any frayed edges. Why couldn't this world have protective card sleeves as well? It would save loads of trouble.

Back in the ancient times, the door at the end of the courtyard had only lead into the large room where the priests, novices and students ate their meals together. But for some reason he was sure that this door and none other was the exit he needed. It looked like a simple wooden door, save for two crude carvings showing a centaur and a minotaur. Below each carving there was a small slot to place the card in.

No riddle this time? It seemed almost too easy. There had to be a catch.

And there was one. As soon as he had placed the cards in their respective slots, a third picture appeared on the door. It was the Minokentaurus, the fusion monster of the two. He had to be placed in the door, too. But, as of now, there was no card.

He looked around. Maybe the third card lay somewhere on the ground as well, perhaps covered by sand.

That was when he saw the three boxes. They were all different colors, and each of them had a statement written on top.

Orange Box

Minokentaurus is in this box.

Purple Box

Minokentaurus is not in this box.

Yellow Box

Minokentaurus is not in the orange box

Tsuzuku (...to be continued)

* * *

Author's note: I'm real excited if someone finds out in which box Minokentaurus is hidden. Anyone as smart as Seto? *g*

Review Answers:

@Lace Kyoko (ffnet): Your answer is the right one *cheers*

@Barrie 18 (ffnet): Your answer is correct as well. As for Set & Atum, or Seto & Yami, I can't give you much of an answer yet. But we'll see how much of the story takes place in Ancient Egypt and how much of it in modern times.

@Selena (ffnet): Sagen wir mal so, in gewisser Weise hatten Kaiba und Yami ihre erste Begegnung schon in diesem Kapitel. Falls du aber eine Begegnung in moderner Zeit meinst, da wird es wirklich noch etwas dauern. Was nun die ägyptischen Erinnerungen angeht, so hat Kaiba sie ja in der Serie nicht, auch dafür wird es einen Grund geben. Auch die modernen Erinnerungen werden natürlich noch eine Rolle spielen.

@Tawariell: (ffnet) Yep, that answer is correct.

@FrankDark: (eTCG): Das Problem mit der Spannung ist, dass jeder, der die Serie kennt, auch irgendwo weiß wie die Geschichte endet. Ich hoffe aber trotzdem, dass es in den nächsten Folgen spannender wird, da ich einige Plots habe, die so in der Serie nicht vorkommen sind. Wichtig ist ja nur, dass es alles am Ende wieder zusammenpasst. :-)