Trizendar History

Breaking Away

Part: 3

The three men got in the vehicle, Kreft and Parker in the front with Lenny in the back as they began their journey. Parker was trying to clean up his ear with a handkerchief as he sat making disgusted faces in his sun-visor's mirror. Kreft, who was on the driver's side, tried not to pay attention as he headed for the eastern entrance up north, along the outside of the habitat.

"I thought we were headed south..?" Lenny asked from the back seat.

"We are, but we'll need a canteen or two of water if we want to get out to the city on foot." Kreft answered.

"We still gotta walk?!?" Parker nearly groaned, his hand with the bloody handkerchief falling to his side in dismay. "I thought you said there was a highway between the cities."

"The Registered Guard maintains a highway between the 4 cities that the Trustees approve of." Kreft could almost feel a bit of pride as he began to describe his people so that his guest might understand a bit of what was happening. "We natives of Zandor, the Trizendar, now are keeping our places of living kind of off-road so as to skew the Trustees knowledge of our exact whereabouts. You may need to walk a bit, but then you'll have a rest within one of our grandest of cities, in the palace of my brother King Way.

"Anyway, as long as we're already gonna stop at the way-station, they'll probably have a bandage or something we could get for your ear. At least stop its bleeding."

Parker grunted as acceptance of the situation. Lenny, however, was more confused than ever.

Finally the confounded ex-prisoner spoke up, "OK, I'll be the first one to admit I've been a bit out of it for a while, but why the heck are we going to go south from the West? What are you talking about walking? I may have lived in

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the North, but I've been south down the dirt road to Midway a time or two. Figured there was one of those roads from the West too. As one who was born on Zandor (who yet somehow *isn't* considered a native) perhaps I'm missing something here, but last I heard; isn't the largest Joined group of Trizendar living *down the road* under King and Queen Way down at Midway? What difference does it make if the 'Trustees *disapprove* of a city?"

Kreft studied his 'prisoner'/passenger through the mirror; letting his car come nearly to a complete stop. "You really have been out of it a while. Whatever, you have my trust now because you can't be Darrow. Sorry man, I realized that you didn't look like him, and all; but when they just called you just Lineal, that's who I figured you might be somehow. I can at least continue trusting their word that they executed that villain. May be about the only thing the RGT has ever gotten right."

The look on Lenny's face went nearly dead with fear again, so much so that it took a moment or so for his driver to understand the horror-stricken, quiet gasp of a questions as they escaped the little man's throat; throwing just the slightest bit of doubt into Kreft's mind over all he had just said. "How do you know of Lin Darrow? What in the world is he said to have done? What does *any of it* have to do with Midway?"

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