The Conquest (Part Trhee - END)

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He saw his hand still holding the sword but his arm was no longer attached to his body. I saw the masts were spears stuck in his chest and abdomen. His breathing became heavy bubbling impossible. Out of his mouth was bleeding with increasing abundance. I knew I was having a terrible agony but that was what galled him what little life was left but the inability to stand up and keep killing those who had defeated him for good. They came and went from his hand, even over his body, until sometimes I stepped or kicked by subtracting all importance. Sometimes some soldiers spent her sly smiles and derogatory comments. They returned to despise, died in failure, could not make them swallow their pride, their arrogance with his blood. But what really drove him crazy was to ignore what had happened, he had failed. It had everything perfectly planned, adjusted and tested. That thought was with him slowly and painfully to death.

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While Shuala was a sick murderer what he lacked was not intelligence, and possessed in great quantities. Did not take much to understand how it worked the rod of fire. Whether you want to burn a mountain like an ant just had to want it, think about it ... and stick it incinerated. Clear that the practice of this instrument took the lives of hundreds of individuals but Shuala did not stop until he was absolutely sure it was a full operator of the rod and, incidentally, had fun as ever in his life. He spent days, weeks, burning everything that crossed his path and made heavy use, abuse, of the rod. Only when he got bored of killing harmless people stopped to plan the next steps and these were oriented across the range. I knew a few thousand soldiers and the staff could defeat tens of thousands and with a little planning in a few days savoring the liquor would be true of the West Valley. Anxiety and tortured him in a week brought together some two thousand men and with his staff rushed to the mountains. I knew the journey would be long and painful and would lose most of his legionaries but that did not care, with seven hundred had plenty. And a rod, of course. So, leaning on a rock at the edge of a precipice, with the night in the making, arrived with five hundred men to deal with the ten thousand legionaries of the West Valley that alerted his imminent arrival, waited perfectly formed one hundred meters below, at the beginning of the valley. Shuala drew a feline smile on his face deformed and horrible, stood up, took the rod and pointed it down ...

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The rod ... The rod. Why had not worked?. The Legionnaires enemies scaled the cliff and caught up. It was useless to Shuala ordered the leak, a second army, hidden in the thicket, they waylaid and cut off their retreat. Shuala fought like a demon and killed dozens of soldiers but they were too. His own troops were killed cowardly in full flight ... No one was left. The rod ... In a last glimpse of her eyes that went out to see her run up to their knees. Why had not worked?. ¿Would die in ignorance?.
And just with him the bodies of his men as the enemy had taken themselves, which were very few. Only then the silver figure appeared before her and limited field of vision. He smiled contemplatively, perhaps with some indulgence. He raised his wand and set fire to his face, a faint red light flickered wanly. The silver God pointed his index finger. Shuala could see a series of incomprehensible recorded under the little red light. It was then he died, knowing that God wanted to tell. But even if the god would have explained, could not understand Shuala meant the phrase "BATTERY EXHAUSTED".

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