

The Red Revolution

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The Red Revolution

by [SanShine](#)

Summary

What if probably the most revolutionary kind of man is sent to Halgekania? A man that fought his whole life for two things. Justice and Revolution. What if this man is no other than Comandante "Che" Guevara. Revolution it is.

Chapter 1: Chapter 1

The Red Revolution

AN: My first english fanfic: What if it not an insecure Japanese boy, failed American geek or the boy from next door is sent to Halgekania, but probably the most revolutionary kind of man? A man who fought his whole life for two things. Justice and Revolution. Lets see.

"There was no person more feared by the CIA than Che Guevara because he had the capacity and charisma necessary to direct the struggle against the political repression of the traditional hierarchies in power in the World." CIA Agent Philip Agee

Bolivia 1967

„Fire from the front!“, shouted Che as his fellow comrade Simeon ducked from the fire. Che did not. He fired a few rounds from his AK-47 before he charged for the next cover. He knew that they were cornered by at least thousand Bolivian soldiers and CIA agents that were encircling them in the jungle in this very moment. *Not my first time to be cornered like that, but it seems to be my last time*, he thought.

"Simeon! You okay?!", he shouted for his friend and fellow revolutionary, while gun shots flew over their heads.

"Si! More or less, Comandante!", his friend replied when he rose to shoot back. As he shot his last

round he ducked too late. A bullet hit his shoulder followed by a brief scream.

"That was my last ammo, Comandante!", he shouted as he was never hit.

Che aimed for the enemy and killed him with a AK-47 salvo. As he ducked again for cover he tossed his secondary pistol to Simeon.

"Make good use of it."

He did. Two enemy soldiers were killed by Simeon and one more by Ches' AK-47. The battle was nowhere to be won. In fact Che knew that this would be his last stand. Simeon fought bravely, as he always had. As everyone had that followed him over the years. Many of them were killed and left Che with even more eagerness to destroy the corruptness in this world. He shouldered hundreds and thousands of hopes, wishes and lives. Not one of them he would forget. Guatemala, Mexico, Cuba, Algeria, Congo and now Bolivia. He had seen the world – and fought it. His life wasn't only his anymore. If he would die he would do so willingly and with the most impact – till the last round, like any other revolutionary that fought under his command.

He reloaded and charged with the last rounds in the AK-47 out of his cover. As Simeon saw that he did the same. Che charged as he fired single shots. Almost all of them hit their target. As Che was fired upon, his red-star beret was hit and fell to the ground. The next one hit him in the stomach and rendered his gun unable. With both hands he held his wound and noted that he did not feel any pain, but the blood was gushing out like there was no end. His vision began to blur. *Damn it. Not yet.*

Simeon ran through Ches' body and held his hands up in the air as he stood between Che and the soldiers.

"This is Comandante Guevara. Show him respect!"

Simeon...

The soldiers did not stop. Simeon was hit by several bullets as he fell next to Che. He was lying next to Che as he coughed up blood. Blood was flowing out of his mouth now. As a physician Che knew that Simeon would not survive his wounds. Neither would he. Simeon's fierce eyes met Ches'. The former mineworker smiled as he never did before in his life.

"I am... proud to die next to Che."

"...And I am proud to have lived alongside Simeon Cuba Sarabia."

In the next second Simeon's life was gone. However his dead eyes were still filled with hope and pride. Che took his remaining pistol and tried to aim at the nearing soldiers, but as he did his vision began to darken again. The last thing he saw was a green light. *That's it.*

Halgekani a, Tristain

Louise would do it. She would summon a powerful and noble familiar. At least she hoped so. The school ground was filled with strange animals and creatures. Today was the Springtime Summoning Familiar Day and she was next in row.

"She will fail as ever.", a full-busted Kirche made fun of her.

"I feel an explosion in the air.", someone else said and the air was filled with laughter.

Louise tried to remain calm, but she was angry. About them and foremost about herself. Why couldn't she do something right for the change. She would be happy with any familiar. Even a mouse or something similar to it would make her the happiest magician in the school. Just anything. Just not to fail another time.

"Come forth my familiar..."

Somewhere entirely else

"Ernesto..."

It's been along time since he was called by his first name. He didn't know where he was or what happened to him afterward. It was a wonder he was still alive. The Comandante was lying on the ground and there was no pain in his sides where the bullet hit him. There was only one explanation, for he saw no reason to believe in any kind of after life: He made it out alive somehow and now he was in an interrogation. He looked up and saw only darkness. He saw nothing, but felt a presence in front of him thanks to his instincts forged by jungle warfare

"Shoot, you are only going to kill a man."

"We are not here to kill you, Ernesto. In fact we saved you."

Now he realized how full and vibrating the voice was. As if the full darkness around him was filled with it.

"Why would you save me?"

"We saved you, so you could save us."

"Show yourself, or this conversation is over." Che was already standing in the dark room. At least he thought it was a room. Could have been a kilometer wide underground bunker. The darkness never revealed anything to him.

"Very well."

The Comandante was greeted by light and some kind of stage he was standing on revealed beneath him. Below the stage was an endless seeming abyss. Behind the stage was only darkness. But there was another presence on the platform. In fact two. There were an old man with long beard standing in front of him and a young girl. She seemed to be about 14 years old. Che could not say for sure for he was no expert in kids. He shifted his look to the man. *Is this some kind of after life?*

"Ernesto Guevara. Most call me Comandante. And you are?"

"I have been given many names. Your kind would refer to me as a god. This next to me is my daughter."

"My *kind*? My kind does not have any gods. You will have to look elsewhere for a servant." The last word Che almost spitted. The Comandante narrowed his eyes.

"I may be a god, but not yours, Comandante. What I look for is not a servant, but a savior." The old man began to smile as he spoke the words. The celestial being has never seen one

so strong and defiant. Eyes that were piercing and strong. A man who would not even kneel before a god. He was a born savior to His people.

"Send me back to my world, so I can fight on." Che demanded. He did not need a self-proclaimed god to tell him what to do. He knew very well what he had to do.

"That is impossible. A moment before you died we brought you here so we could save you. You would have died in your world without my fathers action. My father may be an immortal being with godlike power, but he is also bound by laws he cannot break." For the first time the girl next to the "god" was speaking to Che. Her voice was light and her attitude almost shy. A light tunica was hung over her shoulders. Her golden hair was silk and beautiful. The eyes were black, but honest. Similiar to Ches eyes.

"And you are?" He asked the girl next to the beard man.

"My name is Brimir... young savior." Her shy attitude irritated Che.

"Me Young? You seem much younger than me, girl."

"Dont be mistaken, Comandante. Despite her appearance she is over 5000 years old.", her father enlightened Che, while Brimir shoved herself a bit behind her father.

"Father..!", the girl pouted to her father.

Che sighed to Brimirs reaction. *Whatever.*

"Then you should have let me die.", he said as he focused on her father again.

"There is another world that needs someone like you more than ever before. They are the one, who refer me as their god.", the bearded man said.

"Why not change it yourself? *You* refer yourself as a god, afterall.", Che asked.

"Because I am bound by laws. I cannot take action in this regard by myself. My actions in mortal world are limited to subtle messages and ...well proxys."

"You saved me from inevitable death. I would not call that subtle."

"Yes. But for your world you died... youre gone. It didnt make a difference for your world for I do not possess the power to send you back. However I can send you in my world as a proxy. The world I want to send you is full of injustice and false beliefs. Only you can change it."

"And if I choose not to help you. Would you grant me my death?" At that Brimir shrieked, however her old man remained still.

"No please not, savior. You are the only one... to right my wrongs.", Brimir said. The last part under her breath. She buried her hands in her clothes. The pleading eyes where also full of guilt. Che narrowed his eyes.

"What do you mean? *Right your wrongs?*", Che asked.

"You will soon understand if you choose this path. And if not... I will grant you your right to die.", Brimirs father said.

Brimir looked at the ground before Che and remained in this stand. *I am offered a chance to bring my battle for justice to another world full of injustice. The answer should be simple.*

"A world full of injustice, you said?", Che rhetorically asked.

The bearded man smiled and acknowledged Ches' decision. Brimir let out a relieved sigh.

"Thank you so much, young savior.", she thanked him.

"Ernesto will be enough.", he offered her.

"Ok... Ernesto. You can call me Brimir for it is my only name.", followed by an honest smile.

"Very well, Brimir.", after he said that Che looked to the bearded man again.

"I am ready."

"Not by far I fear. We have to equip you. First this rifle. It is the same kind that was damaged in your previous fight. 120 Bullets. 2 Pistols with each 30 bullets. And this. A new uniform similar to the one you wear at the moment."

"A scoped AK-47 and two Makarovs. Seems good. That uniform, too.", as he said that he had already changed into his new military uniform. Finishing with his green beret with the red star.

"One more thing. When you arrive your body will be 20 years younger than now. So you will be about 20. But mentally you will be the same as now.", the bearded man said.

"Very well. This is acceptable."

"Good luck, Ernesto.", now Brimir said to Che. Che could see a little sadness in her look. But a revolutionary has only for one thing eyes for. He took a cigar out of his front pocket and lighted it on. He buffed out.

"Hasta la victoria siempre."

"Che was the most complete human being of our age."

Jean-Paul Sartre

Hope you like it. English is not my first language (german is), but I do hope it is acceptable ;)

Chapter 2: Chapter 2

„If you tremble with indignation at every injustice, then you are a comrade of mine." Che Guevara

Tristain

*„Just dont screw it up this time Zero."*The over busted Kirche taunted Louise in her attempt to summon a familiar.

„Would you just shut up for a moment so I can concentrate!" An angry Louise growled back. She took a deep breath and begun her brief incarnation.

"My servant who resides somewhere in this vast universe! Answer my call and come forth! My beautiful familiar!"

For a moment nothing happened. Nevertheless the pupils put their hands in front of their heads. The silence was followed by a great explosion as everyone covered from the blast. That was definitely the biggest explosion Louise ever caused. Nothing she was very proud of.

Please. Not again.

The group of teens behind her coughed, because of the upcoming smoke the explosion had caused. The students stared at the cloud of smoke. They all waited for the cloud to lighten.

A mouse. Let it be at least a mouse. At least anything. Just Anything. Louise prayed.

In the next moment the wind begun to pick up, blowing away the smoke to reveal a crouched figure. One hand rested on the earth, while the other hand held some sort of weapon in it. Looking up the man shifted his look to the group of teens in front of him. The piercing eyes mustering them as they were object to study. Next he noted a little pink haired girl right in front of him. Louise red-pinky eyes met black. The figure tossed his pistol in his shelter and inhaled his cigar that he hold in his other hand.

A human? I summoned a human?

Che stepped in the green orb as he was absorbed by it completely. The next moment he fell a few meter going into a crouch as he felt his feet hit the ground. The hand with the cigar going forward on the ground to balance himself. The other hand grabbing his Makarov pistol. The air around him was filled with smoke. Nonetheless his battle instincts told him there were a couple of presences in front of him. As the vision cleared he saw a group of teens standing a good pace away from him. He also noted the strange animals and creature next to the humans. Noting the same uniform they wore he concluded that he must have landed in some kind of school. Too bad he did not get too many information out of Brimir about this world. Not that it would matter.

The next thing he mustered thoroughly was the little girl right in front of him. Pink hair and red eyes. *She must be something about 10 or so. And whats with that hair. Also the others. Red, blue and green hairs. Indeed another world.* He thought. Louise was just standing there not knowing what to do next. For Che it was just fine. Would give him more time to ponder about the very situation he was in.

As he finished mustering his environment he realized that he felt indeed 20 years younger. His battle-hardened skin was smooth and the color fair again. And all the pain in his body gone. However he was relieved when he felt his trademark beard in his hand – even if it was thinner and smaller now. A grin escaped his mouth. He was 20 again.

The small girl stepped in front of him.

"Qui tu-vousae?"

So they speak French. Well some kind of French. It seems to be a mix of French and Latin. Good thing that Che spoke both languages fluently. His mother always told him that languages were the doors to the world, so she educated him in French and Latin. Later in his life he learned to some amount English, Chuechua and even Swahili. However his mother tongue Spanish always

remained his favourite language.

"Ernesto Guevara, but most call me Comandante. And you are?" He spoke to imitate that strange French. *His Tristian in strange but understandable.* Lousie thought. At first she made a puzzled expression, but then she wanted to proceed but was interrupted by the crowd behind her.

"Well, who would have expected something else from Louise the Zero." Someone shouted.

"A peasant summoning a peasant. Oh the irony!" Her most hated class member Kirche declared. "Though it seems you have not summoned an ugly one so to say. He is quite acceptable."

"Every man is *acceptable* for you, prostitute." Louise spitted now.

"Maybe she just paid him." Someone else shouted and all pupils began to laugh. Except Louise. She was near to tears.

Did I really summon a peasant? My mother will disown and the school expel me without my mothers influence. Her thought were interrupted by the man who stepped one step forward not minding the laughing crowd.

"I told you my name and now tell me yours." He almost demanded. However there was also some kindness in his words. Also his way of speaking Tristain was alien to her.

"Your Tristain is strange, but I can understand it. For myself, I am Louise de Valliere." She said to Che. Then she looked over to her teacher.

"Mr. Colbert this must be some kind of mistake. Please let me try again." She pleaded to her teacher.

"Miss Valliere you know very well that this ritual is sacred and can not be repeated until the death of the familiar." He told Louise what she already knew.

"Please complete the ritual now, Miss Valliere."

If I remember correctly Brimir told me of some kind of ritual that will bound me to my summoner so I can stay in this world permanently. And also that a kiss is part of it. Too bad I did not understand all of it. Brimir was very vague about that ritual.

Louise stepped in front of him and motioned him to kneel so she could grab his cheek.

So it was a kiss. I wonder why she is waiting so long.

I really have to kiss this stranger? Moreover a peasant? As she looked him for the first time in the eyes she realized that he was quite handsome. He reminded her of her fiance Wardes. She had no alternative if she wanted to stay in this school. She kissed him briefly on the lips.

As Louise broke up the kiss Che stood up and felt something strange happening. His body was filled with warmth. The next moment all warmth seemed to concentrate in his right palm. The warm feeling increased and soon Che felt the heat in hand. As the pain was at its pike it stopped and Che relaxed again. He looked upon his wrist and noted some kind of lettering.

CONVERSIOLIBERATOR

"Interesting." Che muttered to himself.

Colbert walked beside him and gestured him if he could show him the markings.

"It is the Old Language. It will need some time to decipher that." Colbert muttered to himself.

"Revolution. Savior" Che said to Colbert.

"What do you mean?" Colbert asked with a puzzled expression.

"The meaning of this runes. It is Revolution Savior. In other words: Revolutionary."

"So you can read the Old Language. Interesting?"

"People call me Comandante."

"Right...Comandante. My name is Colbert." The Comandante nodded. Colbert was a soldier like him that much Che could say about this man. Also that Colbert had strong eyes.

"Very well. Now that everyone has summoned his familiar you are free to go. Rest of the day is free-time to get to know your familiars better." At that the crowd triumphed. Most of them left. By flying as Che witnessed. He was sent by a self proclaimed god to a foreign world. Nothing would surprise him here. Not even floating children with fancy wands. Only a handful of them stayed.

"Why arent you going with the others?" Louise spitted at them. Kirche grinned.

"You sure you did not pay him?" She said and tried to sound as serious as possible. She failed as she busted out in laughter. Her boobs jiggling like crazy.

Disgraceful. The Comandante thought.

Louise did not answer as she always did. She knew she had failed miserably. This was her last chance to be regarded as a competent magician, but she failed. A Plebeian would not help her regain her pride, quite the contrary. Her family would most likely disown her.

"I wonder how much it was, commoner." Another pupil named Malicorne said in Guevaras direction. Ches eyes narrowed on the fat boy.

"What? What... is it? You.. are... just a commoner." Now Malicorne stuttered in front of the group as he saw Ches stern eyes focusing on him. One hand resting on his pistol shelter. Who knew what power these kids could posses with that magical wands. He inhaled his cigar and released the smoke. His eyes never leaving Malicorne. Louise gulped. What an aura.

"If you have nothing to say. *Say nothing.*" Che frightened the group, but especially Malicorne.

"Who do you think to speak like that to nobles, commoner. Apologize." Now Guiche stepped in and made an angry stand. Kirche blushed at Ches statement. Ches grip on his pistol hardened.

Commoner. Nobles. So a feudal system it is.

"There will be no apologize." Che stated. Louise paled. She grabbed Ches sleeve and pleaded him to apologize. His eyes told her he would never apologize to Guiche. Why should he.

"I dont want to lose my familiar the second I summoned one." She pleaded again, so only Che could hear her.

"Listen, girl. I am no ones familiar. And neither will I apologize for something there was no wrong on my side." Guiche grinned to himself. He would show that commoner his rightful place: Below him.

"A duel it is then. Here and now!" Guiche called out. Louise paled further at this statement.

"Guiche. Arent duels forbidden?" Montmorency asked Guiche worriful.

"No, my love. Only between nobles."

"Very well." Che finally pulled his battle knife out of his holster. He would not begin the battle with his Makarov pistol or the AK-47 that he had shouldered. It was essential to know the battle capacity of a magician. That would be the perfect opportunity.

"A knife? I will crush you in seconds." Guiche already triumphed. As he readied his battlestand the others formed a half circle around them.

"Familiar! You will not fight! You stand no chance against a noble!" Louise shouted now. Che ignored her. And stepped into the circle that the group had formed around the two.

"My name is Guiche the Bronze. Therefore the Bronze Valkyrie shall be your opponent." He yelled out as two rose petals fell to the ground where two female bronze golems took shape.

"Ernesto Guevara. My whole existence shall be your opponent." He tried to imitate Guiches fancy speech to mock him. That brought him a few laughters from the crowd, which was increasing by every second. He grabbed his battle knife and waited for the attack.

The two golems stormed forward and iron steel met bronze. Che had carved a big line in the stomach of one golem, while avoiding the attacks of the other.

"A scratch will not be enough to stop my golems." Guiche yelled and the girls in the crowd yelled his name. He hit the slow golem another few times with the battle knife. After 2 minutes intense battle Guiches golems were rendered unmovable. Che was breathing hard. This was quite the feat he praised himself. For a 40 year old man at least. He forgot. He was 20 now. *Still the feat.*

"Do you really think this was all to come. Raise Bronze Valkyries. You will die now." Now 6 golems raised. This time everyone of them was armed with swords and spears. Guiche was angry for no one was cheering for him anymore. Instead they praised the commoner to be able standing and defeating two Valkyries with nothing but a knife. However Louise knew that his familiar could never win against 6 of them. He would die in this.

"Please stop, Guiche. He will die." Louise now pleaded to Guiche. However, the noble ignored her pleas. He would destroy this man.

No way I can fight 6 at the same time. I think I have seen enough of his capabilities. Time to finish this quickly.

Che holstered his battle knife. Instead of his battle knife he took one of his Makarov and reloaded. Before anyone could see what happened a loud bang was heard followed by Guiches screams of agony. Everything else went still. The golems shattered as Guiche was no longer able to sustain them with magic. Che had aimed for Guiches right thigh. The crowd witnessed the outcome of the duel in utter disbelief. Guiche was laying on the ground and the commoner still standing. With the pistol still aimed at him he moved up to the still screaming boy. Blood already painted the floor beneath Guiche.

Guiches eyes widened in shock.

"Please... Have mercy. I wield..." He pleaded to the Comandante. Che shot again, but missed on purpose. Guiche was rendered unconscious.

One has to grow hard but without ever losing tenderness.

"The beginnings will not be easy; they shall be extremely difficult. All the oligarchies' powers of repression, all their capacity for brutality and demagoguery will be placed at the service of their cause. Our mission, in the first hour, shall be to survive; later, we shall follow the perennial example of the guerrilla, carrying out armed propaganda ... the great lesson of the invincibility of the guerrillas taking root in the dispossessed masses; the galvanizing of the national spirit, the preparation for harder tasks, for resisting even more violent repressions. Hatred as an element of the struggle; a relentless hatred of the enemy, impelling us over and beyond the natural limitations that man is heir to and transforming him into an effective, violent, selective and cold killing machine. Our soldiers must be thus; a people without hatred cannot vanquish a brutal enemy."
Che Guevara

Chapter 3: Chapter 3

We'll still have to wait many years for history to deliver a definite judgement on Che, when the passions of both sides have passed.

Uva de Aragon, American-Cuban, 2007

„In fact, if Christ himself stood in my way, I, like Nietzsche, would not hesitate to squish him like a worm." Che Guevara

„He will live." Che uttered to the girl that was crouching next to Guiches unconscious body. Her eyes were filled with tears.

„You almost killed him, commoner!" Montmorency confronted him as she was tending to her lover.

„If I wouldnt have shot him he would have killed me, so stop you prattle and call for a doctor if you want to save him." Che stated. He was a doctor himself, but had no intention to tend to that arrogant boy.

„What did you do to Guiche? It was so fast." Now Louise followed Che who moved out of the crowd that circled Guiches bloody body.

„Do you know of the concept of rifles?"

„Well yes, but they take several minutes to reload and I saw you shooting in such a brief interval without reloading. Is that some kind of magic?" Louise face brightened, because of the possibility that her familiar could be some kind of a magician after all.

"No magic. That I can assure you." Guevara shattered Louises hopes and stopped in his motion as they were a good pace away from the crowd.

"I need to rest, Louise. That little show over there exhausted me. Can you take me to my room." Louise did not like the casual way he spoke to her, but she saw first hand of what he was capable

of. Even without his rifle he could defeat her in seconds like he defeat that two golems with just his knife. Another thing was that she actually summoned him, a powerful familiar that defeated Guiche with ease. She would oversee his lack of respect.

"You will live in my room, familiar. There will be more than enough place." Che nodded.

"Well lets go." He said and Louise led the way.

"And Louise... it is, Ernesto. Never call me familiar again." He added. Louise gulped. What did she summon?

„Did you see that?" Colbert asked the head of school Osmond in disbelief.

„Revolutionary...hmm." Osmond muttered to himself as he remembered what Colbert told him about the familiars runes.

Miss Longueville, the secretary, listened up as she heard the two of them speaking.

"Will you contact the Church?" Colbert asked Osmond.

"The Old Language is the language of our founder. Of Brimir himself. Why would it state 'revolution' on a familiars wrist? A humans nonetheless." He tried to argument with himself as his fingers moved through his long beard.

"The church would declare him a heretic on the spot. Along Louise. They will accuse her of writing it herself on a commoners wrist." Osmond concluded.

"You are probably right."

"We will do nothing about it. For now." The old school head ended the discussion and sat back in his chair with a loud sigh. Colbert nodded and left the room. He would still ask the familiar a few questions.

"Oh. Shiny whiteness it is today." The perverted head triumphed as his mouse familiar Chuchu whispered in his ears.

Miss Longueville rolled her eyes.

"Could you please refrain from peeping and focus on the paper work. There is much do be done." She said in slight annoyance.

"No fun."

"This is my room fam... Ernesto." Louise corrected herself. It was a little single-bed room, but Che was never accustomed to luxury. A life on the battlefield was not a life of luxury or comfort. His half life he lived on battlefields. May it be the moist and never forgiving jungles of Latin America or the hot and dry deserts of Africa. Though the single bed was pretty big.

"Seems comfortable, Louise." It would do him no harm to address her so causally by her name. Louise sat down on her bed and waited for Che to say something.

"Can you tell me something about this world." Che asked her.

"This World? What do you mean by that?"

"It means that I am not from this world. I was summoned by you fro another world, so I am

unfamiliar with everything happening around me." Louise sighed. *A commoner. And from another world.*

"This is the Tristain Academy for nobles. As the name suggests we are in a country named Tristain. We have borders with two greater countries named Gallia and Germania. There are also other countries as Albion, a floating island, and Romalia, the residence of the Holy Pope. Together they form the continent Halgekania."

Che nodded.

"What about this noble-commoner thing?"

Louise rolled her eyes in the face of the complete lack of common knowledge shown by her familiar.

"Nobles can use magic and commoners not. So we the nobles inherited the natural right to rule by Brimir who gave us magic thousands of years ago." Che remembered now what Brimir muttered back then. *"Right my wrongs."* So that was what she meant.

"So Brimir gave this power to the people? And commoners cannot use it and therefore are considered as second class human."

"Brimir gave us his power, because we are destined to rule. Commoners are to follow. It has been like that for 5000 years." Che narrowed at Louise's statement, but let it go. It would make no sense in debating a 5000 year old system with a 10 year old girl. Something else was on his mind. Did Louise say *"his power"*?

"So Brimir was a man?" Che asked her.

"Of Course. So I learned. And so does the Holy Church." *So they did not even know Brimir was a 14-years old looking girl.* He would process the information he got very carefully. *Who knows what everything else was altered by this Holy Church in the several thousand years since Brimir's actions. Lets change the subject.* He thought. He would learn later about the general political situation.

"So you are a pupil of this school. In which class are you if I may ask."

"I am 16 so obviously I am in Class 4." Che was taken aback by the girl's words. *16? Well I am no expert in dating child ages after all.* Remembering the conversation with Brimir.

"So first class is attended in the age of 12, right?" He asked further.

"Of course. What do you think? Well as a commoner that never visited any school you may not know that." Louise tried to make fun of Che. Che lightened his face muscles.

"In fact I attended 18 years in school and college, till I got my doctor degree as a physician. In my country and almost everywhere in my world all children begin with school in the age of 6." Louise was taken aback by Che's statement.

"All? Even commoners?" She said in disbelief.

"Most if not all countries do not longer have any nobility. Commoners fought and won. And now the power resides in the people's hands." *Or money* as the Comandante added bitterly in his mind. Though a capitalistic society was still better than feudalism. Some amount of money can be obtained even by the poorest through hard work, but nobility never.

„Madness! How does that even work?“

„More or less it does." Che knew that earth was not as homogeneously as it may have sounded to Louise. There were different belief systems and still light feudal structures here and there. However the great threat of equality in *his* world was another: Capitalism. In *this* world it was: Feudalism. However the first step of the solution to both was the same: Revolution.

"I am tired. I will go to bed." Louise stated and stepped out of her clothes.

"And where shall I sleep." He asked. Louise was slightly taken aback. *Oh right. I completely forgot about that.* She thought to herself. *I cannot really expect him to sleep on the ground as he will probably just throw me out of my own bed.*

Che sighed.

"Fine I will sleep on the ground. Just this night. Tomorrow I expect a bed for myself." For someone who had spent years in jungle and desert the ground in a room was almost luxury. Despite that he would not encourage her in her superior attitude.

Louise was relieved to Che's offer.

"Before I sleep I would like to explore this school a little bit. Do you need anything else?" Che asked as he already opened the door to the hallway.

"Could...you take my clothes to a maid. If it is acceptable." Louise gulped at her words.

"Very well. After all you provide me a roof and a place to sleep." He took her clothes and closed the door behind him.

As he moved along the hallway he heard a few students talking about the incident a few hours ago.

„Guiche's ass got kicked hard I heard..."

„Serves him right. He double-timed Katie."

„Really? That girl in our class?"

„Right. She's the one. After Montmorency tended to Guiche Katie got the side and it was revealed that Guiche double-timed them. Best thing was: Guiche was still unconscious when both slapped him." Both eloped in loud laughter, but stopped as Che stepped in.

"You know where to find a maid at this time?" He asked calmly one of them.

"Ehm...right...there Mister." One stuttered. Che thanked him and followed his instructions as both let out a relieving sigh.

"He is scary as hell."

"Intimidating, indeed."

As he opened the room to the staff room another one had the same idea on the other side. Che collided with a girl in maid costume.

"Excuse me. I should have paid more attention." The maid girl apologized fast bowing.

"I am also at fault, young lady. May you be free. I need clothes to be cleaned." The Comandante

asked her friendly. As she looked up to the man standing before her she blushed hard. She had never seen a man handsome like the one standing before her. He looked familiar.

"Yes I am free at the moment, my Lord."

"Ernesto it is." He offered her.

"Siesta." Che noted the Spanish sounding name. Now that he looked more attentive he realized that her black hair, eyes and slightly tanned skin were slightly different from the others he had met. *Lets try something. Should not harm.*

"A beautiful name, Siesta. Where I come from it is also a term for a nap in the early afternoon." Siesta paled. He knew the meaning behind her name that her grandfather gave her, before he died. Now that she viewed him more thoroughly she recognized his green uniform. It was similar to the one her grandfather wore.

"Something the matter, Siesta?" He asked playing dumb to her expression of shock.

"Do... do you know of a place called Cuba?" Siesta asked Che with hopeful eyes now. Che was surprised. *So it is as I thought. She is not from this world either.*

"Si. Cuba is one of the places I label as home." Siesta smile widened and tears of joy run sown her eyes. After brief hesitation she hugged Che.

"No estaba loco. (He was not mad after all)" Siesta uttered in Spanish.

"Que, joven? (Who, young one)" He asked in his mother tongue.

"My grandfather Maximo Gomez. He said that he came from a place called Cuba and also taught us his language."

"Maximo Gomez? If I remember correctly he was involved in the colonial independence struggle, but went missing after they succeeded."

„He never told us that."

„Let us talk about that on our way to the wash sides. I would also like to keep that a secret for now." Siesta nodded.

„I am just glad to meet someone from my fathers homeland."

„Me too, young girl. Lets wash this clothes together."

Meanwhile Louise had a strange dream.

A man was standing on a stage and facing the crowd before him. There were thousands of people. Louise had never seen so many people in her life. They were cheering for him. Flowers raining down on him. He began to silence the crowd with just a hand that was balled to a fist. Louise could not see his face. The shadow of the green beret covered his face. He began to speak to the people gathered before him.

„The victory of the Cuban Revolution will be a tangible demonstration before all the world that peoples are capable of rising up, that they can rise up by themselves right under the very fangs of the monster. Today Cuba. Tomorrow the world."

The crowd cheered even louder then it had before. They shouted his name over and over. Louise

tried to concentrate on the name.

„C...C...Ch...Che...Che..." Now the figure took his beret off his head and waved it to the people. Louise could clearly see his face now. It was her familiar.

The scene changed.

Louise was in a jungle. She heard some kind of dumb bangs in the distant. The very next second everything turned hell. Men run through her as she was invisible. One of them was her familiar.

„Take the front! Luca, Zula take the left!"

The next cry he shouted in some kind of device.

„Fidel! They got us! Leave the jungles! The revolution must go on!" Che was only answered by static.

„Comandante! Sara was hit in the shoulder!" Someone to his right shouted.

He stormed forth to Sara. The light brown eyes of the 15-year old farmer girl were filled with pain.

„Comandante. Sorry..."

He examined her shoulder. Two bullets hit almost the same spot. As a physician he knew that he had to take both of them out of her.

„Sara. It is me, listen!" He grabbed her by the cheeks. Sara calmed down.

„Sara! This will hurt, but you have to endure it." Sara nodded while tears run down her cheeks.

He took his battle knife and a scalpel. With both he tried to remove both bullets. As the first was out he went for the next.

„Damn. She is losing too much blood." He muttered under his breath.

The next moment everything escalated.

As Che was operating Sara's shoulder she saw an enemy soldier crouching out of his cover aiming at Che. In a swift move she grabbed Che and throw him with every strength she had left next to him on the ground to take him out of the line of fire. The enemy shot. The bullet never hit Che. But Sara did not survive this revolution.

Louise awakened as she heard Che's long screams in her dream. It would not be her last dream this night.

"He taught me to think — he taught me the most beautiful thing which is to be human." Urbano, fellow Revolutionary

Chapter 4: Chapter 4

Special thanks go to *ChaosxPaladin* for beta-reading this chapter. He did a marvelous job. Lot of feedback and input. Thanks for that ;) I want to begin the chapter with a very fitting quote

of Che.

"We should not go to the people and say, "Here we are. We come to give you the charity of our presence, to teach you our science, to show you your errors, your lack of culture, your ignorance of elementary things." We should go instead with an inquiring mind and a humble spirit to learn at that great source of wisdom that is the people."

Che Guevara

As it was nearly midnight the Comandante saw the sky and its two moons for the first time. That was the final proof he needed to acknowledge this was not his world.

So it is really another world and another planet. He concluded considering all the things he learned from Siesta and witnessed today as he lighted his Cuban cigar. Every fiber of his body relaxed as he savored the taste and sadness was filling his guts again. Ernesto Guevara was no machine. From time to time he would remember his fallen comrades and friends that he lost in battle. Some of them giving their lives so that he could live on. So that he could carry on the fire of the revolution. *And so I did.*

"So I still do." He whispered to himself. As he did he sensed a presence next to him. Che was alerted for a second, but relaxed in the same moment when he recognized the familiar face.

"Care if I join you, Ernesto?"

"Who am I to refuse a *god* to sit next to me?" He mocked her playfully. She smiled and sat next to him on the ground her back leaning on the stone wall.

"Why are you smoking that strange thing?" She asked him observing the strange smelling smoke. Her voice was soft and could be almost considered as shy. Che noted she was a timid character. At least in his presence. Inhaling the smoke again he just laid back against the stone of the building, taking pleasure of the cigar.

"A smoke in times of rest is a great companion to the solitary soldier."

"And the taste." He added a few seconds later after taking the cigar out of his mouth. His eyes were focusing on the cigar he hold in his hand. Brimir noticed a sad smile on Ches face.

"So you feel lonely, Ernesto?" She asked quietly.

"A soldier is always kind of lonely. Especially the revolutionary soldier." He noticed that that Brimir did not really follow his explanation. He tried again.

"It is the loss of friends and comrades that makes a soldier... a revolutionary... lonely. One will always have new people to join your cause, but those who are lost will never sit next to you again. They will never speak to you again. You will never witness their companionship again." A sad feeling creeping in his inside again.

"I see..." Brimir said quietly.

"Can I try?" She added as she rested her eyes on the glimmering cigar. Che was baffled for a moment.

"I don't think your father would approve that." He said with a grin on his face.

"You already forgot I am over 5000 years old?" She countered.

"However, you look 14."

"To be precise I have the body of a 17 years old girl. Not that you would have any experience about these things, right." She replied with a triumphant smile. Che found himself in a funny conversation with the daughter of a god. Grinning he couldn't help but chuckle at the ridiculousness of his situation. *What would Fidel say if I could tell him about this? Knowing him he would probably put me in a psychiatry.* He smirked to Brimir.

"In fact I spent the whole afternoon with a hot maid. A 17-years old maid that is." Brimir pouted at that.

"Buuuuh..."

"To be serious again. I wanted to ask you about her. Her grandfather seems to hail from my world. Do you know something about that?" Brimir also got serious again.

"Yes, we are aware to that. But my father told me that he did not have a hand in this. There are quite a few incidents where people were sent from other worlds to this one. Even more often just equipment was sent through dimensional distortions. The weapon you hold is one of these equipment." Che remembered the AK-47 he left in Louises room. It was a new model. Not the old one he used back then.

"Do you know how many people from my world are stranded here?"

"From *your* world. A dozen at most. Impossible to name an exact number." Brimir told him. Che nodded to her explanation.

"So they were not sent by you or your father, but by mere accident."

"...Yes. One of them stranded only two years ago near this academy. However he died, because of the injuries he got back in your world. His corpse is kept in the schools catacombs." Che nodded again. That was something he would investigate tomorrow. There was another thing he wanted to know.

"You said "worlds" before. Does this mean there are also people from other worlds than mine stranded here?"

"Yes...recently a group of seven from a different world stranded on Albion." She answered his question, but Che wanted to know more about this group.

"With Albion you are referring to the floating island, right?" Brimir nodded.

"Tell me more about them."

"Well... They are seven female warriors and quite powerful ones. I do not know much about their world, but they seem to be some kind of hybrids. They are not completely... human." Brimir hesitated to speak out the last sentence. Ches eyebrows narrowed.

"So they are enemies?" He asked inquiringly.

"No. Quite the contrary. I think they would be good allies in your struggle for justice and equality." Ches expression relaxed.

"That is good to hear."

"Still you should be cautious when facing them." She added.

He would investigate about them further tomorrow, too. Now was time to relax a little bit. The Comandante stared up at the sky and its two moons. He realized how beautiful the view actually was. The two moons had different colors. While the bigger one was crimson, the smaller one shimmered in a green light.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" She asked him as she too looked above into the sky.

"It is. Oh before I forget you wanted to try it, right?" He said as he offered her the cigar. She smiled and accepted his offer.

"Keep the smoke in your mouth. Don't inhale." Hesitantly she put the cigar between her lips and breathed the smoke into her mouth.

"The taste is quite... antique." Brimir said as she exhaled the smoke.

"Antique... That's an interesting way to describe the taste." He laughed. Brimir took another round, then gave the cigar back to Che.

"I can understand why you refer to it as a great companion. Especially for a lonely soldier." The girl told him honestly.

"Still it's unhealthy." She added playfully.

"So is a revolution." The Comandante countered with a smile.

"But I have a feeling you are not here, because of the good companionship." He got a little bit serious again.

"I really really enjoy your company, but you are right. There is something else I wanted to give you."

"What may that be, young one?"

"A new power you will need in order to achieve your goals." These words had drawn Ches attention.

...

...

"So I just need to put my fingers on the forehead and speak that spell formula." He asked her to clarify what she told him minutes ago.

"Well yes." Ches eyes narrowed on her.

"And... About that spell. Is that really necessary? Sound fancy."

"I fear it is." Brimir smirked to herself. Che sighed in response.

Despite that this power will come in handy in my fight for equality. Che acknowledged in his mind.

"Thanks for that. I think I will go to sleep for tonight. I have a feeling that tomorrow will be an

exhausting day."

"You probably should. And something else. Try to be patient with Louise. She will be crucial in the coming events." Brimir said not without concern for him in her voice.

"I won't be too patient. If she stands in my way she will be the first victim of this new power of mine." He clarified. Brimir nodded.

"I trust you. You will do what is necessary."

"Good Night, Brimir. It was nice to speak about these things and thanks for the intel."

"Please be careful, Ernesto... and good night." She said concerned. Che nodded to her in response and closed his eyes as he relaxed his back on the building's wall. It was a warm and clear night. It would not harm him to sleep in the open. As he closed his eyes and drifted into sleep, Brimir considered his sleeping figure. A blush formed around her cheeks followed by an honest smile.

"Sleep well, my solitary soldier."

While Che drifted into a dreamless slumber, someone else was agonized by another nightmare.

The crowds were filling the streets. Unbelievable buildings stood high into the sky. Touching the clouds themselves. Louise found herself in the middle of this strange street. She knew it was a dream, but it felt so real that she felt the breeze on her skin and the yelling crowd around her.

Buildings like that could never be built by anyone. Must be a dream. She thought to herself.

"As...Assassino...Assassino...Murderer...Murderer" The crowd shouted louder and louder. She wondered whom they would address like that. Then she saw some kind of strange carriages along the street that were coming nearer and nearer. However, there were no horses dragging them forward. The crowd was getting louder.

Now she realized something else. While one side of the crowd shouted "Murderer...Murderer" again and again, the other side of the crowd shouted something else. They clearly cheered for someone. Probably the same person. The magical carriages stopped right in front of the building.

Someone exited the strange construct. She paled as she saw Che again. One side of the crowd was cheering to him as he went into the building without giving attention to the crowds. Regarding him as a hero. Others shouted "Murderer...Murderer..." louder and louder.

Moments later she found herself in an audience hall. Hundreds were sitting around a podium.

"The Assembly of the United Nations proceeds with the Cuban Secretary of State Ernesto Guevara." A moderating voice declared to the audience. The audience was clapping.

Her familiar went up to the podium and began his speech.

...

With trembling legs she witnessed Che's speech, however the last words of that speech Louise will never forget.

"PATRIA O MUERTE!"

With a widened expression she stood there in the middle of the room. Surrounded by the rulers of empires and countries, far more powerful and bigger than her whole known world named

Halgekania. And there was he. Declaring war to them. Declaring war on kings and ruler.

Who...What did I summon?

"MOTHERLAND OR DEATH"

Che Guevara, Speech at the assembled UN Security Council 1964

Not to much action, but things are going to change in the next chapters. New allies, old foes.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5

Review if you like it and want me to know. Or if you want to criticize it.

"The feeling of revolt will grow stronger every day among the peoples subjected to various degrees of exploitation, and they will take up arms to gain by force the rights which reason alone has not won them." Che Guevara

„What... did I sum..." she mumbled half awake half asleep lying more or less comfortable in her bed. The sun was already shining through the window and filling the room with warmth and light. It would be a sunny day that much was clear.

„You awake, or not?" A male voice finally startled her out of her slumber. In a swift motion she stood up recognizing the man in her room. He was sitting on one of the chairs near her bed, reading some lecture.

„Yes, it seems." He said without looking away from the book, seemingly ignoring her.

„You...It's you." She said as dumb as humanly possible. And it was not lost to her. *I sound like a dumb potato. Pull yourself together Louise de Valliere!*

„Right my familiar I summoned yesterday. Are my clothes ready?" She said more commanding than she intended to.

„Oho... Quite the self-confident today." He grinned mischievously and put the book back on the table. Now looking straight into her eyes. She gulped.

„It was a bad night, okay." She apologized somehow under his stare.

„Tell me about it."

„Nightmares."

„About?"

„You." She said sharp and looked almost angry as if she found him guilty of appearing in her dreams. She knew how idiotic this was.

„No wonder you look like Fidel after a bath. What were they about?"

„In the first you spoke to a crowd. Something about Cuba and the world. Cannot remember every

detail of my dreams, can I?" She lied. Of course she remembered what he said. It was heresy in her view of point. No point in repeating those words. They belong in a dream and nowhere else. So she thought.

The more she was shocked by Ches next words.

„Ohh... I remember well. Quite a few years in the past. It was a victory to be remembered." Louise paled.

„*Today Cuba. Tomorrow the world.*" He quoted himself in a comical yet proud way putting his hands up in the air.

What? That cant be true? This actually happened? Wait that means the other dreams I had about him are true too?

„How can you be so sure I dreamt about your life?" She said carefully fearing the answer she would be provided with.

„Well. Thats simple. I dreamt about yours. So I thought you would dream about mine, too." Her face paled.

„Wha..What...What exactly did you dream about me?" She cried out. Che grinned only wider. He liked to play with her like that.

„Hmm. Lets think. About your family. Your „friends"? Well I would not call them like that. Your magical „abilities"? Things like that. Oh and... well just know I know where your birthmark is." Louise looked down and brushed red as a tomato. Che could not hold a chuckle.

„How dare you!" She shouted out in embarrassment.

Somewhere else

The Headmasters office was located on the highest floor of the single tower of the academy. Osmond, Headmaster of Tristain Magic Academy, was sitting with his elbows propped on his wooden desk, looking rather unhappy. With him was an old friend.

"Colbert. This is getting out of control." Osmond muttered to the younger man in front of him. Colbert and the old man were in the Headmaster room discussing the recent incidents that happened yesterday after the Springtime Summouning.

"Did you see that strange weapon he shot that Gramont brat with yesterday. He didnt even reloaded." Colbert mused loudly.

"So you are more concerned about the weapon right now he possesses than the near death of one of your students, Professor Colbert?" The Headmasters eyes narrowed on the sitting Colbert.

"It was legitimated. It was a duel between noble and commoners. No such thing is prohibited by law. And it was that de Gramont brat that challenged the familiar. And the familiar accepted." He said in a calm way without changing his attitude. The Headmaster sighed to that comment.

"Old friend. You know why there is no law forbidding such an act, because there is no commoner who would accept a duel against a noble. They would plead for mercy on their knees." The Headmaster argued with Colbert.

"Does not change the fact it is not forbidden, old friend. And yesterday one commoner did not."

Colbert grinned.

"I know your dislike for nobles and brats, but try to hide such resentments outside this door, right."

"As if you are a friend of nobles." Colbert smirked to his old friend and fellow.

"I am not a friend or foe to any side. I am just doing my job. This world is lost to me, so I see no reason to change it. Rather I am working on keeping it as it is. And that includes warning you of repeating such statements outside this door. This world would devour like nothing." The Headmaster warned him while smoking his pipe.

"I wont accept that for ever, old friend."

"Then we will be enemies that day." Both said in a dead serious tone.

Only an instant later they laughed at their stand-off.

However unknown to both on the other side of the door one figure had listened to the conversation.

"Well, that was unexpected." A green haired woman muttered in thoughts to herself. *Lets head to breakfast. Dont want to grow anymore suspicion.* A smirked escaped her mouth. Maybe I can gain some advantage from that information one day.

In the hall way

"Dont tell anyone about... what you dreamed... About me... Please..." Louise resigned and asked Che in a pleading voice while they going up the hall way.

"I wont." Brief and accurate was the answer.

"Thanks...I guess." She muttered under her breath.

"No problem. Where are we heading by the way?" Both of them were heading for 5 minutes by now. Che witnessed many pupils heading to the same direction.

"Dinning hall." She answered his question. Brief as Che would answer. His stomache was growling on cammand. He was hungry, he had not eaten since he arrived in this world after all.

"Here we are."

"Good Morning Louise." Someone greeted her from behind. A green haired woman stepped forward and acknowledged both with a nod.

"Pleased to meet you. I am Ernesto." The Commandante greeted the young woman.

"Ohh... You are the man Louise summoned yesterday, arent you?" She asked playing ingenuous, but was greeted by Ches grin that seemed to say something like: *I see your play. You are trying too hard.*

"You are absolutely right, Milady." He played along. Miss Longueville expression escaped an honest grin.

"Oh no reason to try honorifics. I am no noble myself. Just a humble staff member of this school." She reassured him.

"Oh. Yes I am sure of that." He countered with a fake smile.

"Care to eat with me in the dinning hall, so we can discuss a little bit about your bureaucratic aspects of your residence here." She was very interested in that familiar that was able to defeat a noble in mere seconds. And especially in that weapon he used to do so.

Che looked to his right where Louise was standing. Asking only with his eyes if she would not be disturbed when he would eat with Miss Longueville.

"You can go. Commoners are not even allowed on the same tables as us nobles."

"Such a shame, Louise." Che smiled at her and went with the green-haired woman to the desk on the other side of the room, while Louise headed to the other nobles.

"So Miss Loungeville what do you wanted to speak about?" Che asked friendly as he sat down. There already was food on the table. It was a simple piece of wood, no comparison to the decorated table of the nobles. T food was... well... acceptable. But also here it was no comparison to the food the nobles got.

"You dont like the fact they get better food than us commoners." It was less a question more an observation. However her calm and friendly attitude never changed as she spoke these words.

"Yes. You are right. I loathe it. What about you? You okay with it?" He answered calm, yet friendly.

"I probably hate it as much you do. Maybe more." She put on a sad face that let Che realize she had seen injustice and poverty. To herself and to people dear to her.

"I did not ask if you *liked* it, but if you are *okay* with it." He asked her while dipping the hard bread into the soup.

"What other choice do I have? If I say something against them I will lose this job and with that the means to feed myself." She did not know why she was discussing this with him. She was here to know more about his weapon, not about herself. However this man was radiating greatness. She could not find another word. *Greatness.*

"The day will come when things will change. And I think it will come sooner than most think. That is without question. The question is where one will stand when that day comes."

"I will stand by you." She answered faster than her head could actually comprehend what she actually said. *Damn. Damn. Why did I say that? I did not want to say that... Or did I?*

"Keep up your mask Miss Loungeville for this day is yet to come." He smiled to her before putting the bread into his mouth. His eyes never leaving hers. Her expression remained unchanged, but deep within she was in turmoil.

He knows. He knows...something...

"The desire to sacrifice an entire lifetime to the noblest of ideals serves no purpose if one works alone." Che Guevara

Review if you like it and want me to know. Or if you want to criticize it.

Chapter 6: Political Statement (skipping)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!