Zecora trailed behind her Scottish mentor as he led them to a closed off area, filled with dozens of targets. “Aye, you’re so silent, are ya sure you should be learning the art of demolition instead of Spying?” Zecora regarded him with a smile. “Trained I am in stealth that is true, but do not mock the power of my deadly brews.” He nodded. “Ok lassie, I was just wondering is all.” He picked up a grenade launcher and smiled. “Now this is a grenade launcher, and you use it to blow up the stuff that is in your team’s way, like those sentries that the RED Engineer is always building.” Zecora nodded. A bit unnerved by the Zebra’s eerie silence, he continued. “You can bounce the grenades off the walls to get a surprise too.” Zecora nodded, taking in the information and memorizing it for later. The Demoman could not take it anymore. “Why are ya so silent, huh?” Zecora looked away. “Forgive me if I speak little to your face, for long I have been scorned and feared for my race…” The man’s one eye widened in understanding. “I know what you mean lassie, many dislike me for my own race, and my Scottish heritage ta boot.” They sat in silence for a while, before he continued. “Aye then, on with the lesson, you also have a sticky bomb launcher, which lets you place these lovely little bombs around the base as traps.” Zecora nodded, but asked, “And how do you prevent your own team from triggering these mines, however clever in their design?” “A sensor of some sort, no one on your team can trigger them, but the other team is not so lucky, however, a spy disguised as one of your team may go on by to.” Zecora pondered this but wondered aloud, “And how do we see a spy disguised in the crowd, for stealth is something in which they are most proud?” The Demoman laughed, “I don’t think you will be having much of a hard time with him, as long as you have a moment to double check them. Not only is the Spy more used to acting like one of us instead of you, your preference ta walking with all your legs will be a good thing to watch for as well.” Zecora accepted this and asked what she should use if melee combat was required. “You use a good bottle; I can lend you ah… one if you need it.” Zecora laughed quietly at the spectacle of the one eyed man distressed at the notion of losing one of his bottles. “Do not fear for your liquid belly’s fire, I have created my own brew of which I desire.” He let out an exaggerated sigh of relief. “Thank you lass, now how about we practice with these weapons for a wee bit eh?” Zecora nodded and they practiced in the use of her new weapons for the remainder of the day. At sunset, bowed and said “Forgive but I fear I must leave, there are several herbs that I require, and may only be found in twilight’s eve.” The Demoman nodded and replied “If you ever need to practice or just come by for a chat, I will be here…” He looked over at the now empty training room, and then back at the zebra, only to find she was already gone, having left the old creaky warehouse without a sound…

Author’s note: Again sorry for how short this is compared to some of the other training chapters, but Zecora is kind of hard to write dialogue for. ☹ Don’t worry though, she will be featured in upcoming chapters soon.