

# THE POWER FORCE

## High School Adventures

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### 1: First Day is Always A Bad Day.

#### Contents

It has been a few years since the death of Vegeta and Destiny, and the heroes have lived peacefully during this time. Margarita finally knows what it means to have peace – living day by day without having to worry about death. But what happens in the household is anything but peaceful. She expects her kids to be strong, yet she overprotects them – a contradiction that makes everyone frustrated. Terry continues to train, and he prefers to do it alone.

The super kids – **Tyson**, and his adopted Nebulan brother **Nebula**, have grown up a little bit and reached adolescence. But to their parents, they're still just kids. Through their childhood, they have faced many dangers and life-threatening situations, but now they will face their most challenging challenge yet...high school.

"Boys," Margrit said. "Don't forget your lunches." She was wearing an apron, holding a two bags of lunch. Terry was sitting on the kitchen table, drinking coffee and reading a newspaper.

"Right." **Nebula** answered, grabbing the lunch bag as he ran out the door.

"Don't they have lunches in schools?" **Tyson** asked.

Margrit: "The food they have is not healthy."

Terry, putting down the newspaper, said: "Don't they inspect the food before they serve it?"

Tyson: "Oh we gotta go! We're gonna be late!"

Margrit: "It's your very first day, so make a good impression to your teachers!"

"Yes mom!" Tyson said, running after his brother.

As they were gone, Margrit sighed. "My boys are growing up so fast. It's their first day of high school already."

Terry: "They make me so proud. I never even had an education. They're going to have a bright future some day."

Nebula, running, checked his watch. Tyson just caught up. "I think it's time to fly."

"Let's go! I'll race you."

"Bring it!"

Nebula took flight, and so did Tyson, and they flew at about the same speed. Froooooom.

Through the battles with Vegeta and Dark Destiny, the boys have learned many things. They decided that their powers were too dangerous (actually, their parents decided) so they would not use it in school, knowing that if the wrong person finds out, things can be bad. Really bad. The illegal aliens act is still in effect. (By aliens, we mean people from another planet, not from another country, although that's another issue). The populace has suffered time after time from alien attacks, and the government decided not to let any more aliens in. If any were discovered, they'd be sent to prison or exterminated.

As for Lisa, she had nothing to worry about. Like her older sister Julian, she was honest and hard working.

These kids are basically good kids with good hearts, but within Nebula old feelings still lingered. He never really forgot his old friend Jack's death. Inside of him, hidden deep, was a feeling of hatred and vengeance, and none of his family members really knew about it.

That was the difference between him and his brother. Tyson never had an experience quite like Nebula's, and did not completely understand what it feels to have lost some one that was so close. Well, Tyson wish he could say that. Their good friend/babysitter Julian died in an explosion while studying in college. Everybody cried and mourned over her death. Her grave was decorated with flowers. They say that time heals all wounds.

Ding dong ding dong. The bell rang and the super kids rushed into the school yard. The sign on the entrance said: "Welcome to **West City High School**. Education is our priority."

"Phew. Made it just in time." Neb said.

"What class do we got first?"

"Math."

"Darn."

Yep, darn indeed. They have to learn **algebra** in the morning.

They entered the classroom and sat on their assigned seats. The other students did not pay any attention to them. The girls were talking to other girls, a guy with his feet on the table threw a paper airplane across the room, another guy was chewing bubble gum and drawing some graffiti on his desk, a guy in glasses was writing something, etc.

The teacher, **Mrs. Polygons**, came in and the room became silenced. She said: "Ah hem." and began. "Welcome back class. This year proves to be very useful. You will be learning basic algebra. Algebra will provide the fundamentals, which will be useful when you learn calculus next year. Oh and one more thing - today we have two new students joining us. Will you please stand up?"

They stood up.

"Class, please welcome Tyson Spade and Nebula Spade. This is their first day around here, so it'd be appreciated if you can show them around some time, so they can become acquainted to this school. So, boys, do you have any problems traveling here?"

Tyson: "Nope. Not at all."

Teacher: "Good to hear. You can sit. We'll begin the lesson shortly."

They sat.

This girl sitting next to Neb was looking at him. She had long, black hair, blue eyes, and her lips were thin, with red lipstick, but Neb thought they looked fine. She was wearing a red dress and red shoes. "Nebula, huh? I think that's a cool name." she said with admiration.

"Oh, gee, thanks." he replied.

"How did your parents come up with that name?"

"Well...uhhh, my parents were fascinated with outer space, so they gave me this name."

"Oh really? I'm **Angelina**."

"Nice to meet you."

"You're new around here? Oh that's stupid question, the teacher just said you were. Where are you from?"

"District 30."

"Really? That's very far from here."

"Yeah, it is. But no sweat, it's no problem for me and my bro."

"Ah-ah hem." the teacher said, and they stopped.

Then Angelina whispered to him, "Meet me at lunch."

"Sure." he whispered back.

At lunch time, Tyke and Neb sat across from each other. They didn't say a word to each other as they ate. Lisa joined them.

"Hey guys. So it's your first day, huh?"

Tyke: "Yep."

Lisa: "This is gonna be a fun year. So, how are your classes?"

Neb: "Terrible. We both have math first period."

Lisa: "Oh, bummer."

Angelina came and waved to Neb. "Hi Nebula."

Neb: "Hi." He waved back and went to join her.

Lisa: "He knows Angelina?"

Tyke: "Yeah."

"But it's only the first day...and he has a girlfriend already!"

"Shhh. Lisa, don't say such things. They just met. They're just friends."

"Yeah, sure. Uh huh."

A while later, Lisa said she would be right back. She had to go to the bathroom. Tyson was left alone so he finished his lunch and threw out his tray.

These gangsters chilling by the wall were staring at him and he didn't notice.

**Ric:** "I wonder if he's rich."

**Spark:** "Nah, not by the way he dresses."

Ric: "Maybe he's got some cash on 'im."

**Ray:** "Him? He's the new kid. It's his first day here. He's in my math class."

Spark: "A new kid, huh? Let's go scare him a bit."

"Good idea."

Tyson walked down the hall and noticed the three guys by the lockers looking at him. He decided to just walk past them. But Ray stopped him. "Going somewhere, kid?"

Tyke: "I have to go to class."

Ric: "You're new here, aren't you?"

Tyke: "Yes."

Ric: "Oh, so you don't know anything."

Tyke: "What do you want?"

Ray: "Got any cash on you?"

Spark: "We really need some dough right now. Would you be so kind as to lend us a few bucks?"

"Yeah..." He knew they were gangsters. He did not want any trouble. So he emptied his pockets, taking out five bucks. He handed it to Spark.

Spark: "Thanks. We appreciate it."

"Yeah. Whenever we need cash we'll know who to turn to." Ray said, smiling.

The gangsters left.

Lisa came to join Tyke. "What were you just doing with them?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"Tyson, they're bad news."

"Really?"

She whispered in his ear: "They're in the Red Scarf gang. The most dangerous gang in this community. Don't get mixed up with them. The result is never good."

"Looks like they decided to get mixed up with me. I was minding my own business."

"Look, whatever you do, don't get one of them mad. Otherwise, you're screwed."

"If they do anything that's wrong, I will not hesitate to stop them."

"Oh whatever. Look, don't say I didn't warn you." Lisa said.

Man, the day first and already so much confusions.

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## 2: Intergalactic Trouble.

### Contents

Weeks have passed by since their first day of school. Tyson has gotten used to high school...except for one minor thing. His run-ins with the Red Scarf Gang.

Besides that, there was good news and bad news. The good news was that Tyson and Nebula both passed their first math test. Congratulations! In fact, Tyson scored 90 and Nebula got an 85. Their mother was so proud of them. The bad news was that a group of bad kids set Tyson as their next target.

Margrit was so happy she almost crushed Tyson's test. "A ninety!! That's my son!"

Tyson rubbed his head. "Oh it was nothing."

She gave him a hug and a kiss.

He pushed her and turned his head when she kissed. "Ewww, mom. I'm not a kid no more. I don't like that."

Terry: "Well, Neb, you're only five points behind. Try harder next time."

Tyson slapped Neb on the back. "Yeah, next time."

"Shut up Mr. Ninety." he said, pissed off. He went to his room.

Margrit: "Tyke? What happened to the five bucks I gave you the day before?"

"Ummm...I used it."

"For what?"

"Ummm...snacks."

"Five bucks of snacks? That's no good. From now on, if you want to buy something, ask me for it."

"But mom!!"

"No buts."

Tyson sighed and went to his room. He was pissed off. Pissed at the Red Scarf Gang. Those three guys took his money twice, both times it was five dollars, and that makes it ten dollars total. And it's only the first two weeks of school.

But he promised he would not fight anybody for any reason. Otherwise... detention... suspension...and other bad words will appear. Those were the words his parents did not want to hear.

It was the morning of the next day...

"Ahhh!! I'm late!! Why didn't you wake me up?" Tyson yelled.

Neb: "I did. But you kept on sleeping. Oh look at the time, it's time to go." He grabbed his lunch and left.

"Wait for me, you ungrateful brother." He ran down the stairs, and jumped to the table.

Margrit: "Here's your lunch, dear."

"Thanks mom." He took it and ran out the door. "You idiot! Wait for me!" he yelled at his brother.

The mayor of West City was being questioned by many curious reporters.

"**Mr. Ayaki**, is it true you are doing budget cuts? How do you think the city will respond?" asked reporter A.

"Mr. Ayaki, what do you think of the latest threats by Bosnia? Do you think they will poison our water supplies?" said reporter B.

"Mr. Ayaki, will you be running next term?" said reporter C.

He didn't answer any of the questions. The flashing camera lights gave him a headache. "Get away from me you people! I am very busy. I won't answer anything today." He walked up the steps into the building called the "Mayor's House." (The Mayor's House is where the Mayor and other state officials go to work.

His security guards blocked the reporters. "Sorry folks, Mr. Ayaki does not want to be disturbed."

Ayaki sat down on his desk and banged it. "Goddam sons of bitches. Fucking paparazzi. So annoying. God, I have a headache."

The two security guards entered the room.

Ayaki: "Cancel all appointments. I have a friggin headache. If anyone wants to see me, tell them I'm busy."

"Yes sir." They left.

The mayor sighed. Being a mayor is such hard work. It's a real pain in the ass.

"What's the matter, mayor? Too much pressure?"

He was startled. "Who's there?"

"Don't be alarmed." The alien revealed himself.

He was a Draconian. Their features include long, egg-shaped heads, green eyes, and purple skin. Some of them have green poka-dots all over their bodies, or part of their bodies. Like sayans, they use scouter technology, and they have a thirst for blood. They also have greed like humans do. They would sell their souls to the devil.

**Zenebato** was holding a gun, and he had a malicious smile on his face.

"What do you want?" the mayor asked nervously.

"Oh, I want a great many things. But mainly...I want to know, do you control the **planetary quota system**?"

"Well, kind of..."

The planetary quota system was established after the discovery of aliens many years ago. It was designed for aliens coming to earth, and it was created during a time when people still doubted the existence of life on other planets. Seeing is believing.

Earth is such a beautiful planet that it is often called the "Land of Paradise." Any alien would want to make it its home, and so, the leaders of earth, in cooperation with the **Galactic Police**, set up this system. It was to control the number of aliens that could immigrate to earth from each planet. (and the numbers are really small, and many are unsatisfied with this)

"But you know that I'm only a mayor. The president controls it."

"But the mayors from each city take a vote, right? And if there are enough votes, any law can be changed."

"So this is what this is about?"

"Yes. Do you realize that the quota for planet Draconia is the lowest compared to the other planets. I do not think it is not fair."

"So you are unhappy with it, and plan to threaten me for my vote?"

"Very good. You catch on quickly. After I get your vote, I will force all the other mayors to do the same."

Ayaki was sweating. "That's insane. Do you know the consequences of this crime?"

He pointed the gun to the mayor's head. "Of course I know. That is my problem to worry about. Your problem is this; you do what I say or you die."

"But...but...if I change my vote...that will make me unpopular, and I will not get re-elected."

"Tell someone who gives a damn!"

The security guards came in. "Something wrong, sir?" They pulled out their handguns. "Hands up, bub."

Bang! The gun from Zenebato's hand was shot off. "Annoyances..." He gathered energy and fired a beam at them. Blam! The mayor was knocked to the side from the force. The guards were blown away and killed.

Zenebato approached the mayor. He was so scared he could piss his pants. "Now do you see my power? I will not hesitate to kill you if you do not cooperate."

It was lunch time in West City High School, and the hallways were practically empty. Nebula was with his new friend Angelina again, and Lisa was with her girl friends, and Tyson walked the hallway alone. He was planning to go to the library to do some studying. Good old studying.

They're in the Red Scarf gang. The most dangerous gang in this community. Don't get mixed up with them. The result is never good. Lisa word's came up in his mind. I really don't give a damn, Tyson thought. I just wish they'd leave me alone. If there was no such thing as getting in trouble, I'll teach them a lesson.

Ric was leaning on the lockers. "Sup Tyson. How you doing man?"

Tyson stopped, but did not look at him. Ric was acting friendly towards him, and that pissed him off. He was **not** his friend. "What is it?"

"You got any spare change, bro?"

"Sorry, I got nothing." He emptied his pockets to prove it. (Bro? Who's your bro?)

"Oh come on, man. You had money before."

"Yeah. And you took all of it." (Why are they always bugging me? Is it because I'm the new kid?) He walked away.

"Hold on." Ric put his hand on Tyson's shoulder. That really upset him. "Let me see your book bag?"

"Why?"

"Duh. So I can see what's inside."



"I said I don't got no money. I don't lie." Tyson said, holding his anger. He's kept quiet about this "problem" since the first day of school. And his tempter is about to run out.

"Give it to me."

"Make me."

"What was that?"

"Leave me alone."

"Are you giving me an attitude?" Ric said.

"Yes."

"Why you..." Ric said angrily. "You better show some respect, punk!"

"Why?"

"Cuz I'll get my buddies to pulverize you. No one talks to the Red Scarf Gang like that!"

"Whatever." Tyson walked away.

Margrit and Terry were bored, so they watched the news. Boy, there was news alright. Big news. The reporter announced that the mayor had been taken hostage, and the entire Mayor's House had been taken over by alien terrorists. The police are outside and they have the place surrounded, but they have no way to get in. Currently, there are no negotiations taking place.

Margrit: "Those aliens..."

Terry: "They are..."

"Draconians."

"I see."

"We must do something about it."

"Then let's go."

They decided that Margrit went first and Terry stayed behind for backup. (Actually, Margrit insisted on it being this way, and Terry couldn't win the argument so he agreed.)

She arrived, but the police were gone. There were only police cars flipped over. "What a mess." She walked towards the stairs.

Two Draconians were guarding the entrance, and when they saw her, they pointed their guns at her. "Holt! Who goes there?"

"Just a passer-by."

#1: "Leave this place now, or you will be shot."

"Ooh, are you going to shoot a helpless, ordinary woman like me?" Margrit said sarcastically.

#2: "This is your last warning, lady. Leave now."

Bam. #1 was hit in the face with energy. He fell. #2 was startled, and he was nervous. "Wha-what did you do?"

"Nothing, I only killed him. And now it's your turn."

#2: "Noooo!" He fired. Bang.

Margrit blocked with her palm. Her palm had smoke after blocking. "Ouch." she said sarcastically. "That left a mark. You shouldn't have done that."

The alien ran for his life. Blam. He had no chance. He collapsed and the backside of his suit was smoking, and broken.

She went inside. There was a whole bunch of Draconians, and they were surprised to see her. "Who's your leader?" she asked.

"Who wants to know?" asked one of the Dracos.

"Margarita Spade wants to know."

#3: "This woman wants to die, doesn't she? Don't you know we are taking the mayor hostage?"

"Yes, and you are causing trouble here. I don't like that."

#4: "Wait a minute...that name sounds familiar. And she looks familiar. Could she be...?" Suddenly, he gasped. "She's Margarita Spade...that sayan from the colony! She's Jerrell's sister!"

"You mean...**that** rebel sayan?"

Margrit: "Oh, so you guys know me. I didn't know I was so famous on your planet."

Now they were all scared. "This can't be. Why is she here?" one of them said in disbelief. "Is this bad luck?"

"Don't be cowards, you idiots. She's just a sayan. She can't do much." another said.

"Want to try me?" Margrit said, getting energy. #5 charged at her. She blasted him, and he was gone. Blam.

The other aliens now believed it was true. They panicked and didn't do anything.

Margrit looked at the door with the golden sign ahead - it said "Mayor Ayaki." "Is your leader in there?"

Nobody answered. She walked in between them, and they just trembled in fear.

"It's Margarita...it's really her. We're doomed!"

"Oh no...it's really her."

Margrit smiled as she walked. So many aliens fear her because she is powerful and very famous. To be able to bring such fear among people, ahh, this is sayan pride. She opened the door.

Zenebato was still holding his gun to the mayor's head. "What the heck are you doing here?"

"To rescue the mayor, I guess?" Margrit answered.

"What? Where are my guards?"

Margrit chuckled. "They are frozen in fear. I guess they know who I am."

Zenebato: "How dare you make a fool out of me!" He jumped at her. "You will get it!"

Margrit jumped and punched his face. Whack.

"Arrrgh. I will get you!" He fired the gun. Bang.

Margrit dodged.

He pulled the trigger again. Bang. Margrit kicked the desk at him. He punched it, smashing it to pieces. The mayor hid in the corner and panicked.

Margrit charged and punched Zenebato's face. Pow. He was slammed against the wall. "Why you...damned sayan."

"Here's the deal. Give it up, or I kill you."

Terry was standing on the rooftop, where the Mayor's House was visible. "Hmmm. Sure is taking her longer than usual."

Zenebato: "You...you have a lot of nerve."

Margrit: "Mayor, you're safe now."

He got up. "Th-thank you. I will be sure to repay you."

"Ok Draconian, call off your forces outside. I will spare you some humiliation."

Zenebato: "Thanks for the offer, but I have other plans." He took out a remote control and pressed the red button.



Suddenly, the entire wall collapsed along with the door. A giant robot stepped in. It stepped on the desk, crushing it. It made mechanical sounds with each movement. It was about as tall as three people, and had the strength of ten. It was composed basically with its mechanical and electrical parts as a skeleton, covered by green armor. It had no face, but one eye, which was a rectangular red glass. Its arms were smashing devices, it had fingers, but they were hidden in the arm, unless it's needed.

Margrit: "What the hell is that crap?!"

Zenebato: "My secret weapon. The **GXP 6765!**"

"Great..."

"GXP 6765, I order you to kill this sayan!"

**GXP** threw his arm forward. Margrit jumped away. Zenebato screamed as he watched the giant arm went at him. "AHHHHHHH!" Slam! A hole was made on the wall.

The GXP searched for Margrit, and she was on one knee, waiting for the robot's next move. It slammed its arm at her. Wham! She rolled between its legs, and went for the mayor. "Come on mayor, now's not the time to panic!"

She grabbed him and jumped through the window. Crash. Splatter. She landed on the street. She put down the mayor. "You can thank me later."

The GXP broke the wall and jumped onto the street. Margrit ran away and it chased her. The robot was smart enough to know that it couldn't chase her by foot, so its legs revealed rockets, and it blasted forward. Zoom!

She ran across the street, jumped onto cars, and flew. The drivers yelled at her for stepping on their vehicles. Then the GXP flew by, and all the cars were flipped.

Margrit: "Gotta get it away from these people."

Zoom! It was catching up to her. Zoom! Its shoulders and chest opened and fired missiles. Margrit dodged. Boom!! They exploded on buildings and the street.

Terry entered the building. "Ummm..." The aliens were staring at him. "I'm looking for someone...have you seen her by chance?"

"Get him!!" They surrounded Terry.

"Now, now, I don't want any trouble." Terry said, waving his hands nervously.

They charged. He flew up. They jumped and grabbed him.

"Ahhh, stop!"

A bunch of Dracos grabbed him, and Terry fell. Wham! They all fell. He powered up, and blasted them away. Boom! The others attacked him. He punched – pow! One of them fell. Terry jumped and landed on a safe distance. The aliens charged wildly. He fought them off with his martial arts.

Suddenly, Margrit and the chasing GXP could be seen. "Get away!" she yelled to Terry. She flew inside and then up. Terry flew away to the side. The GXP flew in, and its wind blew the aliens away.

Terry and Margrit rejoined in the sky. "Where the heck did you get that thing?"

"It's their secret weapon."

"Great." he said sarcastically.

The robot flew up to their height.

Terry: "Let's do this!"

He and Margrit gathered energy simultaneously. Bam! They fired the beams. The robot's left hand retracted, and it turned into a cannon. Bang. It shot a red laser and blasted the beam.

"Damn! What else can it do?"

"It has to have a weakness."

Margrit: "I think it wants to kill us."

GXP charged and swing its arm. Margrit flew away, Terry grabbed the arm, and it pushed him down. It was too heavy for even him to handle, and the robot took one mighty swing, and Terry went crashing onto the roof of the Mayor's House. Wham.

The GXP landed, and the whole place shuddered. Terry dodged its arm. Wham! He jumped and punched its chest, and made a bent on the metal where it was hit.

Margrit kicked its back. Clunk. The robot turned around and struck her. She dodged. It fired the laser. Zap! She flew away, and it turned its arm to make the laser follow her. Zap! She was hit! Terry flew and caught her.

"You alright, Margrit?"

She moaned unconsciously.

The GXP pointed its cannon at them. Its firing hole was glowing as it charged energy. Terry winced from the light.

Terry turned around and flew away. GXP chased him, firing missiles. He dodged the best he could. **Boom, boom, boom!**

He put Margrit on the floor, so that she could lean against a wall, and he flew up higher, so the GXP would be away from her.

"Alright, it's just you and me."

It shot its lasers. Zap! Zap! Terry flew to the side, and then charged at its head and punched. Clunk! It made a small puncture. He kicked its chest. Clunk! Another puncture. Its arms went for him. He went up just in time, and the fingers smashed into each other. He landed, and fired the Ultra Blast. Kabam! It destroyed some of its armor, and the GXP collapsed.

Terry jumped onto its body. "Ha. This should take care of you."

Suddenly, its arms moved. Apparently our hero celebrated too early. The hands grabbed him, and he struggled. "Ahh! Ahh!"

GXP stood up, and held little Terry in front of its eye. "Ahhh, ahhh!" His strength didn't help.

One of its hands turned to the cannon, and it pointed at Terry. It planned to blast him along with its hand. It gathered energy.

Suddenly, Margrit was here and she pushed the giant's arm, so that the cannon was pointing at its face. Bam! It fired and blew off its head.

It dropped Terry. "Phew. Thank God you came."

"Serves it right."

GXP was still functioning and moving.

Margrit: "Damn. Even without its head it still moves!"

It walked towards her. She jumped and its arm smacked her away. Whack!

"That's it!" she yelled. "You're really pissing me off!"

GXP fired the laser, and she was hit. Zap!

"Margrit!"

The robot then looked at Terry. It pointed its cannon at him.

"You will pay. I will make you into scrap metal! Piece of junk!" He fired the Energy Blast. It pushed the robot back. Then it moved forward. Terry realized that it wasn't going to work, and he flew up, knowing it will follow him.

"Looks like I have no choice but to use this power." He gathered energy and formed the Death Star. "I hate to use this, it is too dangerous, but in a case like this, I have no other choice." The energy ball was dark and full of immense energy, and in the center of it were shiny sparkles, like stars. Terry felt as if he was holding a galaxy in his hands. "Here it goes."

The GXP, though a highly intelligent killing machine, did not know what that was. It only knew that energy cancels energy, and never did calculate the chance that it might lose.

Terry threw the ball, and the robot shot the laser. Bam! The Death Star pushed the laser like it was nothing, and its speed did not even slow a bit. It hit the robot, making a hole in it, and it blew up, and it was destroyed completely.

Margrit woke up. "Uhhh...is it over already?"

Terry was bending down, watching her. "Yep. We did a big job today. Let's go home."

The school bell rang. School is over for today. Tyson and Nebula, along with Lisa went home together.

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### 3: The Red Scarf Gang.

#### Contents

It was already the second week of school, and there was a test. Nebula thought Ms. Polygons, their math teacher, must be insane. She said it was a "warm up test" to prepare them for the future. This was just to see how smart the students were, and probably predict what they will get in future tests. Anyways, Tyson got a 90 (hurray) and Nebula got an 85. Their parents were so happy to hear the news.

Margarita gave Tyson a big hug, and he wished she wouldn't hug so hard. "Here's my 90 student. I'm so proud of you, son!"

"Yeah. You did a great job." Terry said.

Nebula looked away from them. Terry touched his shoulder. "Don't feel so down. You only missed your brother by five points." He went up to his room.

Later, Tyson went to his room. His parents were still in the kitchen, and Margrit was holding the 90 test like it was gold. "My son's first test and it's a 90. My boys are growing up so fast!"

Terry: "Look, honey, I know it's a great thing, but aren't you overreacting a little?"

"Don't be ridiculous. In high school, grades are everything. This will determine their future."

"Aren't you thinking a little too much ahead?" Terry said.

"I never had an education. But my boys will succeed."

"Neither did I. But isn't high school more about making friends and having fun?"

Tyson sat on his bed, which was parallel to Nebula's. The door was in the gap in between, and the window was on Tyson's side. There was desk and a lamp in the middle, and the half of the desk was where they drew the line of territory. Tyson gets the left side, and Nebula the right side, and they agreed not to leave things in each other's side.

Tyke: "Yo. Are you unhappy or something?"

"Unhappy? Why shouldn't I be? My brother is Mr. 90 and I'm just Mr. 85."

"Are you jealous?"

"What? Me, jealous? Hell no."

"Good. I want you to know that test got me by surprise too. I had no idea I'd get a 90."

"Whatever." Nebula said, putting his hands behind his head and laying back on his bed.

Things in school went fine for Tyson, educationally. But the Red Scarf Gang was still on his tail. Each time he brought money to school, they took it from him. (or more accurately, they “borrowed” the money from him, by asking in a way that suggests if he doesn’t give them money, trouble will arise.) Already, they had taken ten dollars from him. He actually kept a count of it.

His mother asked him what he spent the money on, and he didn’t answer. So she stopped giving him money. He had no money of his own, not even a goddam cent. Tyson wondered what he’s going to do? What if they ask again? What will he do? You know what, he thought to himself, screw this. I don’t have money so I won’t give it to them.

Tyson walked by the hallway, and to his bad luck, one of the ‘three stooges’ were there. Ric was leaning by the lockers.

“Hey, it’s that new kid.” one of them said.

Tyson hoped that he would leave him alone, and he’d walk right past him, and nothing will happen. No contact at all.

Ric: “Hey punk, where ya going to?”

“The library.” he answered, not looking at him.

“Ooh, a dedicated student. Say, you got any dough on you? I’m flat broke.”

“Sorry. I don’t have any money.”

“What was that?”

“I said I don’t have any money.” Tyson knew that he repeated his question on purpose, so he repeated his answer.

“Are you sure? I really need that money.”

“Look, check my stuff if ya want, but I really don’t have any money.”

“You dare come to school without any money?”

Now Tyson was pissed. So he’s supposed to give them money when they want it? “And what are you going to do about it? I bring what I feel like.”

“What?!”

Tyson walked away.

“How dare you give me that attitude? I’ll make sure the other Red Scarf Gang members know about this.”

Tyson heard him, but did not listen.

“Here, **Mr. Aaron.**” one of the gangsters said, lightning a cigarette for Aaron.

Aaron and four of his gangsters were staying at an empty classroom. He was sitting on a desk while they stood. He took a puff of the cigarette and blew smoke.

“Alright guys, it’s time to show me the cash. How much have you guys made this week?”

Ric, Ray, Spark, and Leo took out cash from their pockets. Aaron took it and added them up. “Only one hundred and forty bucks? That’s ten less than last week.”

Spark: “We’re sorry, boss.”

“I don’t want to hear sorry! I want money! Ric, isn’t there two new kids here this month?”

“Yeah. I’m watching over this kid named Tyson Spade. But earlier he gave me this nasty attitude.”

Aaron: “Gave you an attitude? Well, this new kid doesn’t know how dangerous we are, does he?”

Spark: “He needs to be taught a good lesson.”

Leo: “Heh. Tyson, you say? He’s in my phys-ed class. I’ll handle him.”

Aaron: “Alright, Leo, I’ll leave this one up to you.”

Angelina came out of the principal's office. Lisa saw her and said hi. "What's up, Angelina?"

She did not answer.

"I said what's up."

"Oh," she said, looking up. "Nothing."

"What's the matter? You look so pale."

"Nothing. It's nothing," Angelina answered.

"What happened? Did you get in trouble?"

"No. I'm sorry...I have to go." She walked away.

Lisa wondered what that was about? Was Angelina avoiding her? Then again, Angelina has always been kind of shy and introverted. Maybe one day they'll be able to talk for more than an hour.

In gym class, all the students had to wear gym clothes to play. The requirements were a T-shirt with short sleeves and shorts, and sneakers. Tyson dressed in dark blue shorts and a red tank top. He and some other classmates waited on the side for their turn as they watched the students play volleyball.

Leo and his friends walked by. He was staring at Tyson, and Tyson didn't notice. The coach told him to get into the game, and he did.

Tyson began his warm up exercise, which was leg stretching and reaching his fingers to the floor.

Student: "You getting warmed up?"

Tyson: "Yeah. It'll be my turn soon."

"Good luck bro. The opposing team is tough. The score's hard to catch up."

"Thanks."

The coach went towards Tyson. "You're up."

"Alright!" Tyke said excitedly. He went to his spot on the court.

"Are you new?" one of the team members asked.

"No way. I know this game like I know my room."

"Okay. Good. We want to win this one."

"Okay." Tyke said.

The opposing team got ready. The referee was keeping the score on the side of the court. There was red team and blue team, and Tyson was on the blue team.

Leo noticed that Tyke had just entered the court. (So, he's here. The kid who gave Ric an attitude.) He had a malicious grin.

"Let's do this, Leo." one of his teammates said.

"Sure thing." Leo was the server, and he planned to serve it to Tyson. He wondered how good (or bad) his target was. He got ready, bending his knees. "14 serving 10!" he shouted. He threw the ball up, then smacked it with his right hand. Ban! It went for Tyson high speed.

Tyson wasn't expecting it to come to him, and he hit the ball almost too high. It nearly touched the ceiling. He quickly got out of the way as his teammate ran to the spot and hit the ball to the other side. Ban! The other team hit it back to this side. Ban! Back to the opponent side. This time Leo ran up to the front and spiked it. Ban! Two people on the blue team jumped to block, but he hit it too hard and it hit the floor. Bounce.

Referee: "Another point for the red team. The score is now 15 to 10."

Tyke: (Damn he's good. I swear he aimed it at me when he served.)

The red team praised Leo for his performance. Leo looked at Tyson and smiled. Tyson could swear that Leo had something against him.

Everybody got back into position to continue the game. Leo served the ball to Tyke again. This time, Tyke was ready. Ban! He hit the ball up perfectly, allowing his teammate to spike it. Wham! One point for the blue team.

Tyson gave Leo a look, and Leo knew his meaning. Tyson's eyes said 'How did you like that, you punk?'

Later on, it was time to play basketball in the gym. Again, there was a red team and blue team. Since only ten players were allowed on each team at a time, other students had to sit or stand by the side while they wait their turn.

The coach called up Tyson, and he got into the court with confidence. Unfortunately, Leo was on the opposing team again, and he was a good basketball player as well as a good volleyball player.

It was two minutes into the game, and Tyson had only touched the ball once, and passed it to his teammate. He couldn't wait for the chance to score. He'd like to do it at least once this game. Blue #1 passed the ball to blue #2. Red players tried to block. Blue #2 ran, dribbling, and looking in all directions for openings. The other players followed. Everybody was now in the red court.

"Here! Here!" they shouted.

"I'm over here!" Tyson said.

Blue #2 passed the ball to Tyson."

(Alright! It's finally my turn to show off.) He dribbled further into the court. Red #2 blocked his way, and he ran around him. Then Leo was in his way, and he was smiling. Tyson held the ball left and right, keeping it to his side so Leo can't get his filthy hands on it. He couldn't pass it to anybody.

In a flash, Leo hits the ball, and it bounced on the floor, and he stole it. Tyson lost the ball. Leo ran towards the blue court. Everybody ran after him. Tyson was really upset. He couldn't believe that Leo just stole it from him. So, it's competition ya want, he thought.

It was five minutes into the game. Leo had the ball and he ran into the blue court. Tyson got in his way, and he was determined to steal it from him. Come on, he thought. Leo ran to the side and hit Tyson's hip, making him fall, then kept running and jumped and made a slam dunk. Ban!

Beep. Two more points for the red team. Tyson got up and rubbed his hip. It was still hurting.

Leo walked towards him. "Oh, I'm sorry about that. It was an **accident**." Then he walked away.

That son of a bitch, he thought. That was no accident. Leo hit his hip on purpose. And by the way he said his apology, Tyson **knew** that it was no accident. His words were fake. While he was saying it, Leo's eyes were saying: 'I did it on purpose, so what?' As Tyson's hip got better, he wondered why this asshole Leo was messing with him. Why? Why the hell? What did he do to him, right? Wait a minute, he's one of those kids who hangs out with Ric. Now it all makes sense. He's in the Red Scarf Gang.

The game continued, and Tyson now tried to stay away from Leo. He wanted as little contact as possible. But in a basketball game with twenty people, it's easy to run into him whether it's by chance or what not.

Blue #3 passed the ball to Tyson. He dribbled and ran forward. Leo was next to him, trying to steal it. He pushed Tyson, and he fell. The ball bounced on the floor.

"Arrrrgh!!" Tyson said as he got up.

"Are you alright?" one blue player asked.

"Oh I'm sorry about that, Tyson. It was an accident." Leo said innocently.



Tyson was now pissed off. He had about all the crap he could take from this shit. "You did that on purpose!!!" he said, pointing.

"Now, now, let's not get upset. Accidents happen."

"Shut up!" He punched Leo in the face. Pow. Everyone got surprised. Leo fought back, and they grabbed each other and fell on the floor, and they kept grabbing each other. The other players surrounded them and watched the fight. The coach blew the whistle and grabbed their shirts.

Coach: "Stop it right now!" He was in between the two rival students, putting his hands on their chest so they don't get near each other. "What's wrong with you?"

The other students walked away. Fights are exciting, but a teacher always ruins everything.

"I will see the both of you after class." The coach left.

Tyson and Leo gave each other one last glance, and then exited the gym.

Nebula walked by the hallway. The gangsters were watching him, and Neb knew, but he did not cast a glance at them.

"Hey look, it's the new kid."

"I hear he's not so smart."

"Oh? He's failing his classes? He must be dumb."

They laughed. Neb walked past them, pretending they were not there.

A piece of paper hit his head and fell on the floor. He looked behind, and saw Ric, Spark, and Ray laughing. Neb was very pissed, but he held it inside and kept walking.

That night, the two brothers did their homework, ate dinner, and slept. They did all of it without saying a word to each other.

At lunch time, the two brothers ate at the same table as usual.

"God, I can't take this anymore." Nebula said out of the blue.

"Huh?" Tyson asked clueless. But then he figured out what his brother meant.

"We have no choice, bro."

"Don't tell me that! I'm your bigger brother, did you forget? I don't need you to tell me that we have no choice."

"What else can we do? Telling on them is a sure no-no. Even if we do get them in trouble, it'll be even worse for us."

Nebula crushed his carton of milk. "Son of a bitch. I swear I can't hold my anger anymore."

"Listen, if you get into a fight, you'll get in trouble. And you know mom and dad. Suspension is forbidden."

"Then what the hell are we supposed to do? Just let them do this crap to us?"

Tyson looked at his lunch. "I don't know."

"They're picking on us cuz we're new." Nebula picked up his tray and left.

Just then, the speaker played a tune, and a female voice said: "Angelina Miab, please come to the principal's office."

Angelina was sitting across from Lisa in the cafeteria. "Sorry, I have to go." she said.

"Are you in trouble?" Lisa asked.

"Oh, no. Of course not." She left.

Of course not, Lisa thought. She's a straight A student. No way could Angelina get in trouble. But why won't Angelina tell me what's this about? And what about yesterday?



Angelina went into the principal's office, and she sat down. She was nervous and scared.

**Principal Victor** folded his hands on the desk. "Ahh, Angelina, welcome back." "What...what do you want?" she asked.

"Oh, what do you mean by that?" he asked, a little disappointed. "I thought we were really familiar with each other. Don't you like visiting your dear ol' principal?"

"Look, I did what you asked me to. Just leave me alone." She got up and began to leave.

"Tsk, ts, ts. Angelina Miab. Straight A student." he said. She stopped walking. "The type that's really dedicated to her schoolwork. She can't afford to fail, oh no. Grades are everything. It would be a shame if she failed because of an error in the grades."

She turned around angrily and hopelessly, and knew that she could never win. He was right. He was the principal and he had complete control over her grades, regardless of what the teachers give. He had complete access to the computer systems and grading system.

She sat down.

"Now that's a good girl." Victor said. He smiled. "So, how was your day? How have you been doing?"

"Just fine." she answered, looking to the side.

"I'm having a lot of stress in my work." he said, getting up and walking over to her. "But I'm glad to see you. When you're here things are completely different. Maybe you can help me relieve my stress." He touched her face. She turned away. He put his hand on her thigh.

"Stop it..." she pleaded.

His hand went up her skirt and she moaned. She got up and pushed him away. "I'm s-sorry, I have to go now."

"Hold it. Get back here."

"Please leave me alone!" she yelled. "I...I won't take this from you anymore!"

"Well, let me put it this way. You take one step out that door, and you're finished. You will fail and lose everything! Fail!!"

She suddenly froze. Victor was right, and she knew it. She just couldn't afford to fail. Her parents were very strict, and they like to see A's in report cards. F was forbidden. It would mean the end of the world. She just could not fail, she just couldn't.

"That's right, that's what I thought. Now, you better obey me or else."

"What do you want?" she asked.

Ahh, now that's more like it. Victor liked this girl very much, oh yes. She's the dedicated student who has barely any friends, and spends all her time studying. She's the perfect type of victim. Angelina would not tell anybody, and thus he could do what he want and get away with it. "I want you to strip." he said.

She did not move, only looked at the floor.

"Well, come on. Hurry up."

Angelina started to take off her jacket. Victor watched enjoyably. She let it drop on the floor. She took off her shoes, which were high heels, and her socks. Then she unbuttoned her blue blouse and it dropped on the floor. Then she unhooked her bra, then took off her skirt and her panties. Now she was standing in front of him naked.

He grabbed her and kissed her lips. He kissed her shoulders and her head turned to the side and she groaned painfully.

He pushed her on the floor and he took off his shirt and laughed. He kissed her lips, and her fingers grabbed the carpet. He kissed her neck, her shoulder, and her

breasts. She moaned and screamed, and closed her eyes and let the tears flow. He slapped her face. Smack!

He grabbed her thigh and touched it all over. He grabbed her thigh and put it on his shoulder. He kissed it all over. He stroked her again and again, and Angelina cried silently.

Angelina came out of the office, looking on the floor.

"What happened?" Lisa asked.

"Nothing," she said.

"You don't look so well."

"I'm fine." She left.

Tyson, by unlucky chance, saw Leo on the roof. He was about to walk away when Leo called his name.

"How do you know my name?" Tyson asked.

"Oh, most of us in the Red Scarf Gang know who you are."

"What do you want from me?"

"Nothing. Just your cooperation."

"My cooperation?"

"Think about it, new kid. You're nothing compared to us. Everybody here is afraid of our gang. Even the teachers. Besides, I'm in your class. If you want to peacefully live through these four years, I suggest you succumb to our wishes. I'll give you a day to think about it."

Tyson walked away.

What will he and his brother do? Will they fight and use their powers, and risk the government's attention?

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#### 4: Fight or No Fight?

##### Contents

So far, this much has happened. Tyson and his brother Nebula just went to a new school called West City High. Lisa was already a student there, and Nebula made a new friend his first day of class. Things were looking great until the brothers find out that a gang secretly runs the place, and everybody knows about it, but nobody talks about it. Not knowing about their children's struggles, Margarita and Terry Spade fight Draconian terrorists after they take the mayor hostage. Their leader, Zenebato, would not admit to defeat and called his secret weapon, the GXP 6765. The sayans destroyed the robot and saved the mayor.

So now, what's the problem? Coping with the hardships and struggles of high school, of course. They thought being kids was easy, but now they're grown up, and they have to face their greatest challenge yet. If they use their powers, then people will see them and call them freaks, make them outcasts, and possibly get the attention of the government. The government would see them as a threat to society because of their superhuman powers and who knows what they will do? If they fight without using their powers, they will surely lose because the gang always outnumbers them. This was their predicament. How will they get out of this one?

It was lunch time, and again, the brothers across from each other. Nebula had his usual lunch: skim milk, an orange, and meat loaf. Tyson ordered something different everyday, but they were mostly hamburgers and ravioli, with regular milk.

"I haven't seen that cute girl around lately." Tyson said.

"Angelina? I dunno what happened to her."

"Awww, did you break up with your girlfriend already?"

"Shut up. She's not my girlfriend!"

"Don't be mad."

"I'll tell ya why! Cuz she's avoiding me. She knows I'm the gang's target."

Nebula said.

"Oh please."

He banged his fist on the table. "Tell me this, Tyson. Why haven't we made any friends, hmm? I'll tell ya why. Cuz everybody knows that we're the gang's target."

"It's your imagination. Listen, I know it's hard, but we have to live with it."

"Goddam it. Sometimes I get so pissed I'd just kill them without even thinking."

"You remember what mom and dad say about fighting. We can't afford to get in trouble. Mom will kill us. And we can't use our powers. We can't afford to."

"So what the hell are you saying we should do? Just let them keep doing this to us?"

Tyson was stirring his milk endlessly. "I know it's hard...but we have to live through this."

"Listen Tyson, would our parents be proud of us, us warriors being picked on by idiots like them?"

That was a good point, Tyson thought. Pride or shame was the choice. "Please, brother. Just try to not get into a fight. Just stand it a little longer. I will think of a solution." A paper ball hit his head. He looked behind, and saw a guy laughing. A member of the gang, no doubt. He just threw the paper ball away.

Nebula picked up his tray and went towards the trash can. Ric walked by him and "accidentally" pushed the tray into him, and the food went on his shirt. Nebula gritted his teeth angrily. Then he looked at Tyson, and his eyes were saying 'please remain calm.' He threw out the tray, then went back to his seat. And he kept on thinking 'he didn't just do that. He didn't do it. I must remain calm.'

Tyson: "You okay, man?"

Nebula got a napkin and wiped his shirt. His **favorite** shirt. Suddenly, a paper ball hit him on the head. Now he was pissed off. They had crossed the line. He got up without saying a word, and then walked towards the gang member.

Tyson: "Wait, man! Don't do it."

Nebula ignored him. He went towards the gang members, who were laughing. From the distance, Tyke saw them walk outside to the hallway. He followed them.

Tyke hid behind the locker as he watched. Nebula stood on one side while the three gangsters stood on the other.

Neb: "Alright, let's settle the score here."

Ric: "You want to challenge us? You have got to be kidding, punk."

Ray: "You can't lay a finger on us. Do you know what we'll do if you touch any one of us members?"

Ric: "Here's a hint. You'll be lying on the street with bruises all over ya before ya know it."

"I'm so scared." he said sarcastically.

Spark: "What was that, you punk?" He grabbed Neb's collar. A big mistake.

"I'll give you five seconds to let go." Neb said calmly.

"What was that? You sure talk tough for a little punk." Spark said. His second and last mistake.

Pow! Nebula punched his chin. His jaw was broken for sure. Ric attacked. Whoosh! Neb ducked his punch, and he punched Ric's stomach. Thud. He fell. Ray punched, Nebula blocked and kicked him in the guts. Thud.

Ric and Spark got up. They attacked. Tyson stepped in and punched Spark, and he was slammed against a locker. Bam. Nebula punched Ric and he was slammed on the floor. Leo just happened to walk by and he saw them fighting. "Hey you!" he shouted.

Tyson punched Leo's face. Pow! They kept on fighting. A teacher came by. "You kids stop!" Tyson and Nebula ran down the hallway, and they split.

In the library, Tyson and Nebula had their faces hidden behind books. "Pssst, you think the teacher saw us?" Tyke asked.

"No way. She was too far away to see our faces."

"I hope so."

The speaker played a tune and made an announcement. "Nebula Spade and Tyson Spade, please report to the dean's office immediately. Repeat, Nebula Spade and Tyson Spade, please report to the dean's office."

Tyke: "Oh crap."

Neb: "Great. Just great. I knew it."

The brothers went to the office and entered nervously. The four gangsters were already inside. The dean, **Mrs. Spatula** was sitting on the desk.

"So, you must be Tyson and Nebula Spade." she said.

"Yeah." Tyson said shamefully.

"Okay, I want to know the story. You go first." Mrs. Spatula said, pointing at Ric.

Ric: "Well, you see, we were just walking through the hallways during lunchtime, minding our own business, when suddenly these two kids bumped into us. They were like 'hey you pushed me what did you do that for?' And they started to yell at us and say bad things, and they started hitting us, so we fought back."

Neb: "That is such a lie!"

Mrs. Spatula: "Quiet. I will ask for your story after his."

Ray: "Honest, Miss, we didn't want any trouble."

The principal's voice sounded in the intercom. "Leave this to me."

"But Mr. Victor..."

"It's okay. I will take care of this."

So the six students in trouble went to the principal's office. Tyson and Nebula waited outside while the four gangsters spoke to the principal.

Victor: "What a mess this is. I told you to stay out of trouble."

Ric: "I'm sorry about that, Mr. Victor. But those guys are giving us some trouble."

"What you do to other students is not of my concern. But you do realize that it is very difficult for me in this situation."

Ray walked up to his desk and put his elbow on it. "C'mon pops, loosen up. Remember that my pops is givin' ya huge amounts of money each month."

Victor: "Ah-hem. Yes, well...as long as your father keeps giving me money, it is my responsibility to keep kids like you out of trouble. You will be off. However, I hope you don't make any more trouble within school premises."

Ray: "Gee thanks, principal. I knew we could come to a conclusion."

Victor: "However, since I let you four go, I must let those two go as well. Otherwise, they'll start talking about my unfairness."

Leo: "But of course. If you'll excuse us, we will be off now."

It was Tyson and Nebula's turn to enter, and they were very nervous. Their parents would kill them if they get detention or worse...suspended. They were so surprised to find out that they're not in trouble! They're off the hook!

Nebula closed the door as they came out. "Thank God. We are lucky this time."

"Yeah man. It was a close one."

"Too bad those guys didn't get in trouble either. It'd be nice to see them pay."

Tyson sighed. "Now things are going to look dark for us. You just had to fight, didn't you? They're gonna be after us. I don't think we'll get a day of peace in this school anymore."

The brothers went to the roof, one of the best places in the school to relax. They could just lie back on the seat and stare at the sky. They laid next each other, arms folded behind their heads.

"I feel so much better after kicking their asses." Nebula said.

"Yeah, me too. And I'm glad we didn't get in trouble."

Lisa showed up. "Hey guys."

They sat up. "Hey Lisa."

"Well, I'm here to introduce someone who's a victim of the gang. Ok?"

They looked at the student standing next to her. He had bandages on his forehead and left arm. The bandage on his forehead covered one of his eyes.

"This is Hector. Hector, this is Tyson and this is Nebula."

Tyke: "Hi. How's it going?"

Hector: "You guys, don't mess with the gang. Look what they did to me."

Neb: "What happened?"

"Well, they kept asking me for money. Eventually, I got tired of them taking my money, so I started a fight with one of them. But before I knew it, I was beaten by five or six guys. I had to spend a week in the hospital."

"I'm sorry."

Hector: "So I'm here to give you some advice. Don't mess with them. Keep your distance."

Neb: "I'm afraid that's already too late. We just had a fight with four of them."

"You what?!" Hector said, freaking out.

"Yep. And we beat them good, too. They deserved it." Tyson said.

"You guys...you're gonna be so doomed! If anyone asks, I never spoke to you!!" He ran away.

Tyke: "What was up with him?"

"I guess he's just paranoid after he got beat up. Can't blame him." She sighed.

"Guys, I know you're 'warriors' and stuff, but this is one gang you don't want to mess with." She saw Angelina from the fence. Angelina was walking by herself through the field. "Well guys, good luck. I have to go."

Angelina was walking on the road, planning to go home. Lisa ran up to her and waved. "Hey, what's up? Why didn't you answer me?"

"Oh, hey Lisa." she said dully.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Home? But you'll miss your classes."

"Leave me alone."

A car passed by.

"The Angelina I know will never miss a class for anything. Something is definitely wrong. You've been acting strange."

"I'm going home." She kept walking.

"Can I at least come with you?"

"Do what you want."

Aaron banged his fist on the table. "They did what?"

Ric: "Yeah boss, look what they did to us."

The four gangsters had band aids on their faces and arms, and they were pissed.

"They will **not** get away with this. These new kids have gone too far. Boys, teach them a lesson."

Ray: "Sure thing, boss."

Aaron dropped his cigarette on the floor and stepped on it.

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## 5: Suspended! Nebula in Big Trouble.

### Contents

Angelina was taking a shower in her apartment. The bathroom was within the bedroom, and Lisa was sitting on her friend's bed.

Poor Angelina, she thought. She just wished there was something she could do. Bored, her eyes scanned the room. There were posters of a rock band all over the walls, Barbie dolls on the shelves, and other things that a typical teenager has. Lisa noticed that Angelina Miab was just as normal as herself. The only difference was that Angelina was lonely and had no friends.

She found a photo album of Angelina under the bed, and figured it wouldn't hurt to look, and Angelina probably won't mind.

Angelina came out in a bathrobe and sat down next to her friend.

"You feeling better?"

"Yeah."

"Listen, if there's anything wrong, you can tell me. I can help you. You can't keep everything to yourself, you know."

Angelina sighed. "Lisa, you promise not to tell a soul about this?"

"Yes, I swear. Cross my heart and hope to die."

Angelina told her everything, and cried while she told the painful truth. Lisa was shocked to hear this. The principal...a pervert? He's been using this poor student and harassing her...using her grades as blackmail? This all sounded too unbelievable, but her friend was pouring her heart out to say this. So Lisa believed her.

Angelina hid her face in Lisa's chest and cried. Lisa hugged her tightly. "I'm so sorry." she said. "I had no idea."

"I don't know what to do." Angelina sobbed. "I feel so helpless."

"You can't go on like this. We have to call the police."

Angelina removed her face from her chest. "No, you can't! I'll be finished!"

"But Angelina!!"

"No. The principal will fail me and kick me out of school!"

"Listen, if the police can convict him, he will have no power over you anymore. He will no longer be principal, and..."

"But what if he gets away with it? He knows the principals of other schools as well! My career will be finished! I'll be ruined! My parents won't accept that!"

"But Angelina!"

"No, we can't call the police. Ever. My parents can't find out about this. You promised that you won't tell anybody about this. Just remember that."

The Spade brothers were chilling on the rooftop of the school.

"I feel so much better now. You think the gang will come after us?" Nebula asked.

"Oh yeah. Definitely."

"Mmm hmmm. I agree. The only question is when."

"How about...right now?"

"Huh?" Nebula asked clueless.

Tyson sat up already, and Nebula sat up. They saw the four gangsters in front of them, and they were laughing. They still had the injuries from the previous fight.

Ray: "Hehehehehe, it's time for revenge."

Leo: "You two didn't get in trouble and got off the hook, but did you think we'd let you go just like that? After what you did?"

Ric: "Hehehehe. You're gonna end up in the hospital like the other kid who messed with us.."

They were holding knives. Leo was holding a bat behind his shoulder.

Nebula: "Crap. They are serious. They've got knives and weapons!"

Tyson: "It's too bad a teacher isn't around when you really need it."

"Yeah." Nebula said, shrugging his shoulders.

"How unfortunate for you." Ric said.

"No. You are the unfortunate ones." Tyson said, smiling.

The four gangsters charged. Nebula instantly drew his sword. They stopped and backed up.

Ray: "Holy shit! Is that...a sword?"

Leo: "That thing's gotta be fake. It's fake, I'm telling ya."

"Wanna bet?" Nebula said, and he swings it. It made a whoosh sound against the air. Whoosh, whoosh. He was showing off and doing moves. "Hyah! Hyah!"

Tyson just crossed his arms and watched the show. The gangsters were now scared.

Ric: "Grrr. Idiots! Don't be afraid of that sword! Get him!"

Nebula jumped in front of them and took a swing. Slash! The tip of their knives fell off. Cling. Leo swung his bat. Chop! Nebula cut it in half like cheap wood. Leo held the half-bat in front of him, and he stared at it in disbelief. The gangsters looked at each other, and then ran for their lives.

The brothers laughed. "Look at them. We sure showed them."

"Yep. And it's all thanks to my sword." He put it back in its case. "This has never let me down before. And it probably will continue to help me."

Ric and Ray went to Nebula's locker. Ric took out a screwdriver and started prying at the side of the lock, pulling as hard as he could to rip the damn thing out. Ray was on the lookout for any people passing by.

"Hurry up." Ray rushed.

"Shush. This takes time."

"You'll never open it this way. Use this." He gave him a crowbar.



Ric took it and stuck the bent part between the metal and the side of the locker door. He gave two or three hard pulls. Clink. The door bust open. They went through Nebula's stuff and found what they were looking for: his sword.

It was math class time again, and it was the least favorite part of the brothers' day. In fact, nobody liked math in this school, not even the smart guys.

Angelina came in the classroom and sat down in her seat. Nebula was happy to see her since he rarely saw her. "Hey, what's up? How's it going?"

"I'm okay..."

"I haven't seen you in a while." he said.

"Oh, well...I have some issues."

"What kind of issues? Oh, silly me, it's none of my business. But it's not too bad, right?"

"Not really."

"Oh, here are the notes for the classes you missed." He took out the notes from his backpack.

"Thanks, you're very considerate."

"Your welcome." Nebula said, blushing.

Ms. Polygons opened her book. "Ah hem class. We will begin now." The students stopped talking, and some of them said 'awww' and made other sounds to show disinterest. The teacher was used to it. Even she admitted that algebraic math wasn't the most exciting course in high school.

Tyson was taking notes as Ms. Polygons was writing, while Nebula stared with his chins on his hands, half asleep. Angelina was tapping her pencil on her binder, and her mind was somewhere else. Tap tap tap....

Nebula finally could not hold it and let out a yawn. "This sucks."

Angelina: "Well, you have to pay attention to do well."

"But this is crap..."

The loudspeaker played the usual tune. "Nebula Spade, please report to the principal's office. Repeat, Nebula Spade, report to the principal's office." Click.

Nebula became nervous. "Oh crap! What did I do?"

"Yeah, what **did** you do?" Angelina asked.

Ms. Polygons: "Well Mr. Spade, I suggest you go now. If you are innocent and didn't do whatever they will say you did, I'm sure it will be resolved."

"Alright." Nebula got up and left the classroom.

Tyson got up. "Miss, I ask your permission to go with him."

"Why?"

"Because he's my brother."

The teacher said: "Very well."

"Thank you." Tyson left.

In another classroom, Lisa heard the same announcement and also requested to leave the classroom. Her teacher wouldn't have let her go because her friend was in trouble, so she said she was going to the bathroom. Oh well, she thought, I couldn't think of anything else. She decided that if she gets in trouble, she can worry about it later. Right now, her friend was in trouble. Whether it was caring for him or just curiosity, she had to find out what it was about.

Ran down the hallway. Up the stairs. Down to the middle, and she was there. The principal's office. Tyson was on the other side, going to the same place as her.

They entered together without saying a word.

Nebula was standing nervously in front of the principal. "And who are you two?" Victor asked.

"I'm his brother."

"I'm his friend."

"Very well, come in and close the door." Victor said.

Lisa and Tyke saw the sword inside its case on the principal's desk. They both wanted to say something, but didn't.

The principal began with a sigh. "Nebula Spade...a new student, am I correct? Only four weeks new in this school." He folded his hands. "I am terribly disappointed in you."

"I'm sorry sir! I can explain..." Nebula said.

"Sorry? You think an apology can let you off? I understand that you're new, and it takes some time adjusting to a new environment. That's why we have teachers and counselors here who can help you. But it is too late, I'm afraid. Bringing a weapon into school is against school policies and against the law as well." He held the sword in his hand, examining it. He took it out of its case. "Tsk tsk tsk. What would incline you to do such a thing, young man?"

"It's for self-protection. I keep it with me all the time. It's been with me since I was little!" Neb said, desperate.

"Well, did you know that it's against the rules?"

"Uhhh..."

"Yes or no?"

"Yes." Neb said, his head hanging down.

Lisa: "But listen Mr. Victor...Nebula is a very good student! He wouldn't intentionally hurt anybody!"

Tyke: "I can vow that my brother never starts a fight! His grades are...well, passing."

Victor: "I know, I know. But that does not change the fact he brought a weapon to school."

Neb: "Wait a minute...how did you get it?"

Principal: "That is not important."

Lisa: "I saw his locker. It's been broken into. Someone broke into it."

Tyke: "So that's it. Who did it?" He hit his own palm. "I know, it must be them, the gang members. Who else would do this?"

Victor: "Children, settle down. The one at fault here is Nebula."

Lisa: "But they broke into his locker. That's against the rules as well!!"

Tyke: "They used an illegal means to get that sword. This is not fair to Nebula! The sword shouldn't be counted as evidence!!"

Lisa: "Yeah! They should get in trouble too."

"Silence!" Victor said. "Whatever happens to them is not of concern here. The owner of this sword is Nebula. I am sorry, young man, but I will have to go by the rules. You are now **suspended**."

It was the end of the world. The end of his life. Nebula silently accepted his fate.

Lisa: "But that's not fair!"

"I said silence!" Victor said, slapping his hand on the table.

Neb: "Guys, it's okay. I accept my suspension."

Tyke: "Nebula..."

Aaron: "So what have you got to report?"

Ric smiled. "Nebula Spade, that new kid, he's suspended." He laughed.

"Yep. And it's all thanks to his sword." Ray said.

Aaron: "Good job, boys. But it's still not over yet. They still need a beating." He took another puff of the cigarette.

Obviously, Nebula got suspended, and it went on his **permanent record**. His sword was confiscated as evidence, and it might be used against him in a court of law. Whether or not he will be charged depends on the staff's decision.

Nebula walked out of the office with a gloomy look on his face. Lisa and Tyke were talking loudly and noisily behind him.

"Crap! I can't believe that damned principal. The guys who broke in the locker should get suspended, not Nebula." Lisa said.

"Yeah. Sometimes I think the principal is helping the gang." Tyson replied.

Lisa thought so too. Never had she thought Principal Victor was such a corrupt...and perverted man. It was bad enough that Angelina was a victim, but now Nebula too. "The principal is clearly against Nebula. Did you see his attitude?"

"Yeah, I know."

Nebula: "Guys, shut up for a minute, will ya? I'm going home."

Tyke: "I'll go with him."

Lisa: "Alright."

"Yo, wait up!" Tyke said, running after his bro.

Nebula walked, and Tyson followed behind, and they didn't say a word as they walked to the school yard. Nebula stuffed his hands in his pockets.

"Listen, it ain't that bad...brother..." Tyson said, trying to cheer him up.

"Yes it is. You know how our parents are. I don't know what I'm going to do. How do I even explain it?"

"You don't have to. I think our parents are already notified."

"That's even worse. I'm so dead."

"Oh come on. It's not the end of the world."

"Oh yes it is."

Suddenly, a bunch of people appeared in front of them. There were about fifteen to twenty guys. They had weapons of all kinds, and they approached.

Neb: "We have guests."

Tyke: "Oh shit..."

Ric: "Hehehehehee! Did you think you can get away that easily?"

Leo: "This time, you're finished. You're gonna end up in the hospital."

Neb: "Your timing couldn't be more perfect. I'm pissed off, and I want to kick your asses!"

Ray: "Get them!"

"Hyaaaah!!!" The gangsters charged.

The brothers charged into them and fought. **Pow! Pak, Pak...** Bam! Wham! Pak! Whack!

"Oof!" "Ugh!" "Aah!" "Ugh!"

Nebula punched a guy in the face, and ducked a bat, and kicked another guy in the guts. A guy was holding a knife, and he charged. Nebula grabbed his wrist and squeezed it, and he dropped the knife. Nebula punched his chest, then this chin. Wham! He fell.

Tyson raised his leg high and kicked a guy in the cheek. Bam! He sure felt that one. A guy was running at him with a bat. He blocked it with his bare arm, and the bat broke, and he punched him away. His arm was hurting bad, and more guys were coming.

Nebula was surrounded by gangsters, and he was very careful. All of them jumped at him at once and he was buried on the bottom. They kicked him and hit him with bats.

"Nebula!" his brother shouted. He ignored the guys behind him and ran forward. A guy was holding a chain, and he threw it like a cowboy and caught Tyson's leg. Whoop. He pulled, and Tyson fell. "Oof." He pulled Tyson into him. Wham. Tyson kicked his leg. Another guy hit Tyson's back with a bat. Wham. That one hurt like hell. He hit him with his elbow. Whack. His nose was bleeding as he fell. The gangster with the chain was still pulling him, and tied him up. Tyson struggled.

Was not using their powers a bad idea?

Suddenly, a stick hit the chain man's head, and he fell. Tyson was free. It was Hector who helped him. Even though one of his arms was bandaged, he was willing to help. They stood back to back.

"Hey, it's you man." Tyson said excitedly.

"Yeah. Who else?"

"I thought you don't want anything to do with the gang anymore?"

"I can't just let them keep picking on students. It's wrong."

"Thanks man. I appreciate the help."

"Anytime." Hector said.

The gangsters went for them. They fought their way through. Tyson ran and punched any body he saw. Pow! Pak! Bam! He grabbed a guy on top of Nebula and threw him away.

"C'mon!" The gangsters left Nebula and went for Tyson.

Nebula got up and fought.

Eventually, it was over. The gangsters saw how powerful their martial arts skills were, and got scared. The ones that were still standing escaped some carrying injured gangsters. The ones on the ground that were still conscious moaned and screamed for their mommies.

The students were hurt as well. Hector didn't get any extra wounds. Nebula's face was all bruised, and his chest was aching, and his stomach had a few bruises, and his knuckles were red. There was dirt all over him and Tyson. Tyson's face was bruised, his forehead had a bleeding scar that's dried by now, and a piece of his shirt was torn, and his arms were bruised.

"That will teach them a lesson."

"Yeah."

Hector: "I am so dead for doing this. You guys owe me a big one. I think I'll avoid going to school for a while."

The super kids felt a little better now that they beat up many members of the gang. They beat them up without even using their sixth sense. They were hurt, but the pain was worth it. But it sure wasn't worth getting suspended.

As they walked home, Nebula was still dreading over what happened at school. "Man, I'm so dead." He kicked a rock. "I got suspended, and then we got into a fight. Our faces have all these bruises."

"Listen, I can help you explain." Tyson said.

"It's no use." Nebula replied gloomily.

They finally saw the house. Margrit and Terry were outside, waiting for their children to come back.

The brothers stopped walking. Margarita walked to Nebula. "I heard about the news. Is it true? Are you suspended?"

"Yes." Neb said. "I'm sorry mother." He looked on the ground. He was almost crying.

Terry: "Guys, have you been fighting?"

Tyson: "Yeah...but...it was the guys who broke into Nebula's locker. We didn't do anything wrong, honest!"

Nebula: "Mother...father...I'm sorry."

Margarita: "It's alright, son."

Nebula looked up, a little shocked.

"You always take your sword with you. Everywhere you go. It's more than just a sword. It's a warrior's item and it has emotional value to you. You never go anywhere without it. I'm sure this whole thing is just a big misunderstanding. Why, back in my home planet, we were **encouraged** to bring weapons to school. After all, our education system was run entirely by the military forces. These rules on earth are stupid. It's not your fault."

Nebula's eyes lighted up, listening to her talk.

"A friend of yours came over and told us everything. These gangsters were picking on you, huh? I said I didn't want you to get into any trouble, but you two are warriors as well. Don't ever forget that. Nobody picks on my boys. You boys did the right thing."

Terry: "I second that. Don't ever let anyone boss you around. Except for us, your parents, of course."

Nebula was shocked. Not only did his parents not yell at him, but they completely understood him. Finally, he could no longer hold back and cried. His mother hugged him. There's no place like home, and no people like family.

Tyson smiled, knowing that he was right being positive all along.

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## 6: Payback Time.

### Contents

Nebula got suspended because he brought a weapon to school, but his parents forgive him.

"Don't worry." his mother said. "I'll convince the principal to let you off."

Nebula stayed in his room with Tyson. Since he was suspended, he didn't have to go to school. And Tyson didn't want to go either.

Margarita planned on having a "talk" with the principal, so that she could "convince" him to release the suspension.

Terry: "I'll come with you."

"Uhhh, I think I'm better off going alone. You got things to do, right?"

"Going alone? Fine. I'm guessing you're gonna use brute force, right?"

"Of course not! What kind of person do you see me? I'll reserve to brute force only if he doesn't comply."

"Okay. Just what I expected. I kinda feel bad."

"Yeah. Nebula doesn't deserve this."

"I feel bad for the principal. But he deserves it."

Margarita traveled to the school. She had never actually been there before, she only knew the address. Being able to run fast really helped, and she got there in about half an hour.

Not bad, she thought. The outside of the school was certainly good. The building was furnished good, and the structure looked new and stable. The field was full of grass, not too tall, but just right for walking on. A few trees offered shade in the summer. She didn't see the school yard, so she assumed it was on the other side of the school. She went in the front entrance.

Passed the hallway of lockers. Which one was Nebula's? Tyson's? Lisa's? Oh well. She went into the gym.

The students were playing volleyball, and one guy noticed her. "Hey look. She's hot, isn't she?"

"Yeah." said another student. "But I don't think she's a student."

"Well, she doesn't look like a teacher either. Maybe a guest?"

"You're not gonna try it, are you?"

"Watch the pro." He stopped playing and went towards her. He was in front of her, and in the way. His elbow was leaning on the wooden counter on the wall. "Hey baby, what's up?"

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"I haven't seen you around? You new here? Need a guide?"

"I have no time to mess around. What I need is for you to get out of my way."

The guy's friends laughed, trying not to be heard.

"Well, somebody needs to learn manners."

"Well, somebody needs to get the hell outta my way." She lifted him by the shirt and threw him on the floor. Wham.

"Ouch."

She left the gym. The guy's friends went towards him. "You okay dude?"

"Uhhhh..."

"She hit you bad."

The principal was doing some paper work when there was a knock at the door. Knock knock. He put all his papers away. "Come in, he said."

She opened the door and sat down.

He quickly went through his papers to identify her. "Ah, Mrs. Spade, am I right?"

"Yes."

"Umm, you must be here....regarding your son's suspension."

"Yes. Well, regarding his situation..."

"Mrs. Spade, I am afraid that your son Nebula is in a very difficult situation. Clearly, he brought a weapon to school, mind I say, **a sword**. And he did it knowing the rules of our school and the law. And he admitted it himself." Victor said analytically, trying to be empathetic.

Margarita was prepared for what to say. Other than being a fighter, she was also a good talker, at least that's what she thought. "Yes, Principal Victor, I can see that. But you only see your side of the story. I want you to reconsider your decision after I tell my flip side of the coin." Ooh, now that sounded intelligent, didn't it?

"I understand if your son may have problems adjusting to school life..."

"It is that, that object you call a weapon, is not just a weapon. It is an object of affection to him. It has sentimental value. It's just like, oh say...my wedding ring. I value it so much I don't even bring it with me when I go outside. I keep it in a safe place." She noticed he had a watch. A golden one. "Is that a Rolex?"

"Why, yes."

"Did someone buy it for you?"

"It was a present from a friend."

"And you would never go anywhere without it. And never let anyone take it, right?" Margrit asked.

"Yes. I see where you're trying to get to, but this case is different. It is not merely a piece of jewelry. It is a weapon. A weapon to kill."

"But he had no intention of using it to kill." Margrit replied.

"But several students reported him using it to threaten them."

"And you believed them? How do you know they didn't lie?"

Victor was about to say something, but Margrit kept on talking.

"And speaking of them, were they not the very same students who broke into Nebula's locker and took his stuff?"

"They did not take his stuff. They found the sword and-"

"And should they not be suspended as well? They are in the Red Scarf Gang. And breaking into a locker is a violation as well. Even I know that."

Now this woman was going to be difficult, he thought. "Ma'am, first of all, I have no evidence as to whether they are in a gang or not. That is irreverent to your son's case. Being in a gang is not a crime itself, but that's beside the point. They found the sword and reported it immediately. They actually helped the school. They could've prevented someone from being hurt." Victor said.

Margrit stood up and slammed her fist on the desk. "My son won't hurt people for no reason!!"

"Calm down, ma'am."

(No violence, no violence.) She sat down. "Those kids are in a gang! How could you, as principle of this school, not be informed about these things? What kind of principal are you? Shouldn't they be suspended as well?"

"Whether or not the other students get suspended is another iss-"

"They committed the wrongs first! Two wrongs don't make a right. The evidence they found was using an illegal method. That's illegal evidence."

"In a court of law, that may be the case." Victor said. "But in a school it is different. That weapon is in clear violation of school code."

"Fine. What about the sword? Can I get it back?"

"I am sorry. It is confiscated as evidence."

"What the fuck? Are you kidding me?"

"Ma'am, please calm down."

"I am calm, damn it!!"

"I am sorry. Our committee will review your son's case and make a decision soon."

"Is that anything I can do?"

"Hope for the best result." He leaned forward. "Well, there is something you can do. I, being the principal for this school, has the most control over the decision. You're good at convincing. Maybe if you do the right kind of convincing..." He touched her hand. "I may change my decision."

She removed her hand, then got up and punched him. Pow. He fell off the chair. "Pervert!"

"Oww..."

Margrit slammed both her fists on the desk, and it broke it. Crack. "That's it. No more being nice." She lifted him by his collar, and his back was against the window. "Now you listen to me. You undo that suspension right now, or else you're gonna get it."

"Wait, wait! Please calm down!" he said nervously.

"No!" She said, pushing him higher. He moaned. "Well, what will it be?"

"Alright, I will. Anything you say!!"



"Good." Margrit dropped him. She went towards the door. "It was nice meeting you, Mr. Principal." she said nicely, but in a sarcastic way. Slam.

Victor gathered himself together. "That was scary."

Aaron was waiting for news in the city dump. He sat on top of a huge pile of junk and trash. He was wearing jeans with ripped holes, a red jacket with a skull picture on the back. His eyes were black, he had an earring on one ear. His hair was red and black, and a clump of hair was hanging down, giving him a punk look.

Aaron checked his watch. "Hmmm, they are late." Several others of his closer gangsters were waiting as well.

"Maybe they ran into some trouble."

"What trouble?" Aaron said. "They have two guys. How long does it take to beat up two guys?"

Leo and Ric came to report.

Aaron: "Finally. What the hell happened?"

Leo: "Those g-guys...they beat us..."

"What the hell do you mean? You're kidding me, right?"

Ric: "No...they're trained in some sort of martial arts. They're very skilled!"

Aaron: "Bullshit. I don't give a damn if they are trained. You had so many people! You had to fight only two!!"

Leo: "They were too good. We lost."

"So, we're not dealing with ordinary people." Aaron said, taking a puff of his cigarette. "Looks like I will have to take extreme measures." He threw the cigarette on the floor and stepped on it.

Nebula, at home, waited for the news. His mother was coming home, and his heart was beating. Did she do it, she wondered?

To his surprise, it was good news! Not only was the suspension lifted, but it would **not** go into his permanent record. Also, he could get his sword back, under the condition that he never brings it to school again, of course.

The very next day, the brothers went back to school. They told the good news to Lisa. She was so happy for him that she cheered. And they cheered and yelled happily. Lisa thought of it as a miracle. The brothers didn't want to tell her that their mother did some "convincing" to the principal so that he'd lift the suspension.

Angelina was sitting on her desk, and saw them cheering. She was happy for Nebula. She really wanted to congratulate him, but held back.

Meanwhile, Hector walked into an empty classroom because he forgot to bring his stuff. He went to his desk and picked up his pencil case.

A Red Scarf gangster entered, leaning by the door. "So, you're Hector, aren't you?"

"What do you want?"

"You still haven't learned, even after what we did to you?" he said, addressing Hector's bandages. "Hehehehehe. Where do you want to be injured this time?" He took out a knife and advanced.

Hector grunted angrily. Suddenly, a big guy from behind grabbed the gangster's shoulder's, lifting him up, and threw him on the floor.

"Uhhh, what the?"

**Ramos:** "Get the hell out of here, weakling."

The gangster ran out of the classroom.

Hector: "Thanks, cousin."

"No problem. Anytime." Ramos said, smiling.

Victor, sitting in front of his new desk, pondered about his decision. He cancelled all meetings today. He was very upset and unhappy. Never in his life had he been so threatened. By a woman, to top it off. He just couldn't believe that she made him do all that. He had to erase the suspension from Nebula's record for good, and let that kid go free, **and** return the weapon to him. He even had to give an explanation to the committee about his decision. What crap.

(I can't let her do this to me. That woman must pay.)

A gangster knocked on the door.

"Come in." Victor said.

He entered.

"Close the door." Victor instructed.

He did, and then walked towards the desk. "So, what's up, pops?"

"I hate it when people call me pops. Anyways, here's your job. There's a woman that needs to be taught a lesson. A good lesson."

"I understand."

Victor took out some papers. "Her name is Margarita Spade. This is her address."

"Oh, I see."

"Teach her a lesson. But don't kill anyone."

"I gotcha."

The six gangsters arrived at District 30, in the front yard of Terry's house. They were prepared to beat someone, and each of them was carrying a bat.

"Here it is, boys."

"This will be an easy job."

They walked to the back entrance. There were glass walls, and they could see the stuff inside.

One of them broke the glass on the door, and broke the knob, and he kicked the door open with his foot. "Let's go."

Margrit entered the living room, and was shocked that they were here. "Who the hell are you?"

The gangsters laughed. "Little missy, someone has paid us good money to teach you a lesson. I don't know what you did, but you're unlucky today."

"If you offer no resistance, we'll be easy on you."

Margrit closed her eyes for a second, and laughed. "You're kidding me?"

"This ain't some prank, lady. We're serious."

Margrit: "Rule number one about attacking anybody: know your opponent. You're making the biggest mistake of your life."

"You sure talk big!" He swings the bat at her.

She blocked with her arm, and the bat broke. Crack. The gangster shrieked with fear.

"What the? How the hell did she do that?" another gangster said.

"Let's get her!"

The gangsters yelled and charged at her at the same time.

**Slam! Pow! Crack! Crackle! Bam! Wham!**

Before they knew it, most of the gangsters were lying in the lawn. The ones still inside the house ran outside to the lawn and ran for their lives. The ones lying got up and ran. One of them was running and he tripped and fell.

Margrit approached him. He crawled nervously, fearing for his life.

"Who paid you to do this? Tell me!"

"I...I don't know!!"

"I will say this once. Who told you to do this?" She took a bat and broke it in half.

"It was Emanuel Victor!"

"Victor? The principal of West City High?"

"Yeah! He told us to teach you a good lesson, and he paid us good money, too!" He ran for his life.

"So, it was him." Margrit said to herself.

"What?" Victor said, slamming his fist on the desk. He was talking on the phone with one of his hit men. "What the hell do you mean they were all beaten up?" He slammed the phone back in its place. He groaned, grabbed his forehead. "Idiots! Can't anybody do anything right?"

"Well, sir, it seems that you are not dealing with an ordinary person here." said the guy standing behind Victor. He was dressed in business attire clothing, with sunglasses.

"What do you mean?"

"Is it not apparent that a single woman beat up six men with weapons? You might be dealing with a **sayan**."

"So you're saying there's no way I can have control over her?"

"Well, not exactly." he said, adjusting his glasses. "Brute force and threats work on ordinary people. But it will not work for this kind of case. However, there is a way to deal with this kind of person." His glasses shined.

The new arrivals came, and Aaron was expecting them. The other gangsters saw how big and muscular these guys were, and they became nervous.

"Ahh, the guys from **Emeralds High** are here. You guys came just in time." Aaron said. "I've got a job for you. And I guaranteed you will be well paid."

"Anything, boss."

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## 7: Meet the Boss.

### Contents

The brothers rested on the rooftop at the usual time, which was after lunch. There they can relax and digest the food they just ate.

"You feelin' better?" Tyson asked. They were looking up at the blue sky. Not a single cloud was in sight today. The sunlight was hurting their eyes.

"Yeah. It's like all my worries are gone."

"I knew it'd end well. Hey, you think the gang is still on to us."

"Of course. Would they let us get away with what we did? They're punks. That's how they think."

"So there's still gonna be trouble."

Everyday when the brothers go home, they have to pass a construction site. A building was currently being built, and for now it was only metal bars. That was the place where they fought the gang.

Today, the new arrivals were waiting in this area.

The brothers were telling each other jokes, and laughed. But their laughter stopped instantly when they saw the people in front of them.

"Lookie here, it's them." said one of the gangsters.

"Yeah. So these are the guys that's been messing around with the Red Scarf Gang. They must be incredibly stupid or have a death wish."

Nebula: "It's you guys who have the death wish."

Tyson: "I guess your boss hasn't learned that we are just not the type of people to mess around with."

"You sure talk big, small fries!"

The gangsters attacked. Whack! Kapow! Pak!

By evening, the fight was over. All the gangsters were on the ground, injured and beaten up. They were all moaning and groaning. Tyson and Nebula got some injuries too, but they could still stand and walk.

Nebula: "This will teach you guys."

Tyson: "Oh man. I can't take anymore of this."

"Go tell your boss not to mess with us anymore." Nebula said.

Margarita went to her room, and got dressed in her sayan suit. No one dares attack me, she thought. Tonight, she was going to teach him a lesson, one that he'll never forget.

It was night time, and the principal was getting ready to leave. He packed his things into his suitcase and got up.

There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" he asked. "I'm busy."

Bam! Margrit kicked the door down.

"It's you!!" Victor said in shock.

"No kidding. Why did you send those guys to my house?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you play dumb!" She walked towards him. "You're gonna pay for that!"

Victor threw a binder at her, and she blocked. He took the chance and ran for it. She grabbed him and threw him on the floor.

"Nice try." she said.

"Okay, okay, I give up!" Victor said in fear. "You win."

"That's what I thought." She was about to grab him, but he threw sand in her eyes. "Aaaahh! You bastard!"

Victor ran out the door, and ran for his life.

"Get back here!" Margrit screamed. Boom! The office door blew off, and so did half of the room.

Victor ran on the street, panting for breath. He looked behind, and Margrit was chasing him and catching up.

"You won't get away!" she said.

**Zan** was hiding in one of the alleys, and saw Victor pass by. He looked behind, and saw Margarita going after him. He was ready to make the strike. When she passed him, he ran behind her and whacked her with a piece of wood. Whack!

She was taken by surprise and fell. "Uhhh..." She looked behind, and Zan hit her chest with the wood. Whack! Then he took out a tazor and zapped her. Then he took the wood and took one more hit, and the last thing she saw was the wood in her eyes, and then everything went black.

"What?" Aaron yelled in surprise. He grabbed the gangster by the collar.

The gangster was sweating nervously.

They were in an abandoned building, in a dark room. The only entrance was a crack on the wall. Aaron was sitting on a pile of metal, while the others were standing up and smoking some weed.

"What did you say? They were all beaten up?"

"Y-yes boss. All of them."

Aaron let go of the guy, and he fell on the floor. Then he got up, fixed his collar nervously, and stood back, with the other gangsters.

Aaron: "So, it seems that our 'little friends' are causing more trouble than I expected."

"Boss, what are we gonna do?"

"I'll tell you one thing, I will not let these two runts be the end of the Red Scarf Gang. I worked hard to make this gang I can make money!! They made me lose a lot of money. Everybody is useless! If you want something done, do it yourself."

"Yeah, boss. They will be no match for you."

Victor entered the living room.

Zan: "Back home already, sir?"

"Yeah."

"I got a surprise for you."

"I don't like surprises."

"Oh, but I'm sure you'll like this one." Zan said, leaving the house.

Victor walked towards the door to his room. He took out a cigarette and took a puff. He didn't like surprises. What does Zan have for him? It better not be a practical joke, he thought. He opened the door and went in. To his surprise, Margarita was on his bed. He was shocked and remained still.

Margarita was naked, covered by a white blanket. She was unconscious, and her eyes were closed, and they moved painfully as she moaned. Her legs and arms and shoulder were revealed.

He got on top of her. "Finally, you're mine." He touched her face and kissed her lips. He touched her leg and she moaned. His hand remained on her thigh, and went into the blanket. He pulled the blanket up higher, revealing more of her legs.

Suddenly, her eyes opened. "Uhhh...no...please..."

He kissed her lips. She pushed him away and he fell off the bed. She got up, pulling the blanket with her, wrapping it around her body. She was trapped by the wall-sized window. There was no where to run.

Victor approached her, and she stood there scared and frozen. "Come on, baby. There's no escape from me."

"Stay away from me! Please!"

He slapped her face. He grabbed her shoulder and kissed her lips.

Margrit pushed him away and ran, but he grabbed her and slammed her against the window.

"Ugh!" she moaned.

He sniffed her hair and sighed with enjoyment. He slammed her forehead on the glass. Bon! Bon!

"Ugh! Uuh! Uuh!"

He took the lit cigarette and put the end of it on her shoulder, and she moaned in pain. He slammed her against the drawers.

"Please, no!" she pleaded.

Victor laughed.

She punched, and he blocked it. He squeezed her fist. "Not so tough now, are you?" He let go, and slammed her against the drawers again.

"Please stop!!"

He took out a tazor. "Say hello to Mr. Tazor!" He put it on her breast, and it shocked her. Zap! She screamed in pain.

He pushed her on the desk, and got on top of her. Her feet were still on the floor, but the top half of her body was on the desk. He kissed her lips and touched her thigh. He put the tazor on her thigh, and she screamed. He laughed as he kept on putting the tazor on her breasts. Margrit screamed helplessly.

He slammed her against the wall.

"No, please!"

Victor was a man who liked to have control over people. Being a principal was a job that can fulfill his desires. He hated it when someone had control over him, and made him do things he didn't like. He did not like people that he couldn't control. And now, Margrit was under his control. She was helpless. He liked women who were helpless. Just like Angelina was.

He approached her, laughing.

"No, please!!"

He pulled the blanket off her, and she was naked. Tears dripped from her eyes. He grabbed her and kissed her lips. He kissed her shoulders while she groaned in agony.

He pushed her on the bed. He kissed her lips, and her hands grabbed the bed sheet tightly. Victor grabbed her leg and lifted it up. He kissed her lower thigh, and all the way to her knee. He touched her leg all over, and kissed her thigh. Margrit moaned helplessly.

Victor put the tazor on her breasts, and she screamed.

Margrit was lying face down, and Victor was completely on top of her. His face was in her hair, and he enjoyed the sound of her screams and pleads. He put the tazor on her back and she screamed.

He stroked her countless times. Her screams echoed throughout the house. Her tears dripped on the pillow.

Victor was enjoying every bit of it, and he was having the time of his life.

It was morning, and the people were chatting in the hallway as usual. Lisa and Angelina were standing together, but neither of them was talking. Angelina did not feel like talking, and Lisa did not know what to say. Tyson and Nebula walked towards their lockers.

Nebula saw Angelina, but he sighed and looked away. Something was up with her. He didn't know whether she had personal problems or whatever, but she avoided him recently.

Aaron showed up and some of the students had a reaction. Some of them were surprised, talking about how he never shows up to class. Some of them were scared that he's here.

Nebula: "So, that's Aaron? The boss of the Red Scarf Gang?"

Tyson: "Looks like it. He's the one causing all our trouble."

Aaron walked past them, and he gave the brothers one second of eye contact. Then he continued walking. The students were still talking as he left.

Tyson and Nebula knew that he looked at them, and he knew who they were. Trouble was about to happen soon. They didn't need the sixth sense to know that.

The brothers went to the same spot on the rooftop they always went to.

Neb: "Hey Angelina, what's up?"

Angelina: "Oh, what's up, Nebula."

"I haven't seen you around lately. What have you been up to?"

She was thinking of an answer, but Lisa answered for her. "She's got some projects and stuff, ya know? She's an A student."

"Of course." Nebula said.

Aaron, and his four notorious gangsters, Leo, Ric, Ray, and Spark showed up. The girls quickly moved away and watched from a safe distance.

"It's them." Tyson told his brother quietly.

"Yep. The gang has arrived."

Aaron smiled maliciously. "Hmmm? So, you two are the ones givin' me so much problems, eh?"

Nebula: "Yep, that's us. You still want to mess with us, don't you? Are you the leader of the Red Scarf Gang?"

"Indeed I am. The name's Aaron. And I'm gonna teach you a lesson that you'll never forget! You can't come to a school and screw things up."

Tyson: "You deserved what you got. You can send your guys here, but we can take them."

"Damn new kids. The Red Scarf Gang is not to be taken lightly!" Aaron charged and punched. His fist almost touched Nebula's nose, when a teacher walked by. The gang quickly ran away. "You're lucky this time. But not next time."

Angelina: "Are you guys alright?"

Tyson: "Yeah. For now."

Ramos was by himself in the locker room. Being on the football team sure was great. He was gonna join the team later and practice for tomorrow's game. He closed his locker and went on his way.

He bumped into some guy. "Excuse me."

"Excuse yourself, buddy." He leaned against the lockers. "So, you think you can mess with us and get away with it, do you?"

"Just who are you?" Ramos said, getting cautious.

"You have a lot of nerve showing your face here as if nothing has happened."

Ramos guessed that he's in the Red Scarf Gang. Four more gangsters showed up. Ramos was surrounded.

He had no choice. He made a surprise attack to the gangster's face. The gangster gaped in pain, and the others ambushed Ramos. Pow! Pow!

He was beaten up badly.

After the gangsters left, Hector came into the locker room, and he was shocked to find his cousin on the floor. "Oh my God! Ramos!" He bent down and lifted Ramos's head. "Speak to me!"

He opened his eyes. There was blood on the corner of his mouth. His face was bloody and bruised. "Hector...that you?"

"Yeah buddy. I'm sorry. This is all my fault."

"Nonsense. We help each other out, right?" He coughed.

Hector went to Nebula and Tyson. "What a bummer." he said.

"What's wrong?" Nebula asked.

"It's Ramos, my cousin. He got attacked by four or five guys from the gang."

"Shit. Is he alright?" Tyson asked.

"He's in the hospital. I hope he's okay."



"The world is an unfair place." Tyson opened his locket, and an envelope fell off. "Huh? What's this?" he said. He picked it up and examined it. He didn't remember bringing an envelope to school. Someone must have slipped it in while he was away. The Red Scarf Gang?

He opened it, and there was a short letter. It said:

Meet at school tonight at 7 P.M. where we first met. I will be waiting for you there.

Nebula: "Meet at school tonight at 7 P.M. where we first met. I will be waiting for you there."

Tyson: "It's gotta be from Aaron. The leader of the Red Scarf Gang."

Nebula: "So, he wants to challenge us. Then we will accept."

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## 8: All's Well Ends Well.

### Contents

Going from junior high school to high school, the Spade brothers were sure they'd be good students and stay out of trouble. They certainly are good students, but staying out of trouble was impossible in a school where corruption is law, the principal is on the side of gangsters, and gangsters have the final say. Tyson and Nebula are not to be messed around with. Never mess with a sayan...and nebulan.

It was dark outside. The gangsters were hanging out on the street.

"Boss, you sure they'll show up?"

"Oh yes. They've got the letter. They'll show up alright." Aaron said, puffing a cigarette.

Victor was filing some papers on the desk, and then there was a knock on the door. Knock, knock.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"It's me." Angelina said, coming in.

He was quiet surprised. She'd never come in by herself, on her own free will. Is something up? "Oh, it's you Angelina." he said happily. "Is there something you have on your mind?"

"Well, yes." She was nervous. She and Lisa had been planning this in careful detail, and she was afraid she'd mess up. Her heart was beating faster than usual, and it felt like as if her chest was going to pop out. She walked in, holding her book bag nervously to her chest.

"Sit down." he said, opening his palm to show her the chair.

She sat down. "Ummm, it's about my grades..."

"Oh, your grades are fine. There is nothing to worry about. We had a mutual agreement, remember?"

She could feel the tape recorder inside ticking. Tick, tick, tick.

"So, did you miss me?"

She didn't answer.

"Oh, don't be like that. You know I don't like you like that." he said. Then there was a silence. "I'll schedule an appointment so we can meet later."

"For what?" Angelina asked.

"Don't be silly. It's not like it's the first time. We know each other **really well**. What's the matter?" he asked.

"W-What do you mean?"

"Oh come on now. Don't pretend you don't remember about **last time**. You were such a good girl. You did as you were told. When I said strip, you did. And you didn't resist while we were making love. So you saved your grades. Is something wrong?"

"N-Nothing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

He noticed that she was clutching her bag nervously. "What have you got in the bag?"

"Nothing." She held it even tighter.

"What are you hiding?"

"Nothing!"

"Give me the bag."

"No."

He got up and extended his hand. "Give me the bag."

"No!" She got up and backed away.

He snatched it from her and searched into it. He took out the tape recorder. "So this is what you're planning, huh? Who gave you this idea?"

"Nobody..." she said, looking at the floor.

"You think this is funny, don't you? How dare you try something like this!"

Suddenly, Lisa charged in, grabbed the recorder, and ran behind his desk.

"Hahah! You're through now, principal!"

Victor: "What? Who the heck are you?"

"It doesn't matter, but I know the horrible wrongs you've done. You're a disgrace as a principal."

"How dare you, you brat." He approached the desk. "Give me the recorder now or else you will be kicked out of school!"

"Ha, that won't work on me. You're busted for sure!"

"Grrr!" He rushed at her.

Lisa threw the recorder to Angelina. "Run!" she yelled.

Victor went towards Angelina. "Give it to me."

Angelina was scared, and she backed away. "N-no..."

"You know this little thing can't put me away. Give it to me. Or else...you know what happens."

"N-no!!"

Lisa: "Don't listen to him. He's been using your grades all along. Angelina, don't fall for it."

"Give it to me, you fucking bitch!!"

Angelina ran out the door. Victor chased her, but she was too far away already. Then she turned to Lisa.

"You little brat. This is all your fault." He tried to grab her, and unfortunately, little did he know that Terry taught a few karate moves. Whack! She kicked his stomach, and he fell on his knees and groaned in pain, and she escaped.

The girls breathed hard as they rested. "(huff) I was (huff) so scared." Angelina said.

"Me too. (huff huff)" Lisa said. "But we did!" She held up the recorder.

"You think that will be enough?"

"It's more than enough."

Later that evening, Tyson and Nebula went back to the school. They told nobody about it. They were going to enter this fight and clear their problems once and for all.

"We're here."

"Yep. This is it." They looked up. The gangsters were probably waiting for them on the roof.

Aaron flipped a coin. "Ahhh, our special guests have arrived. Why don't you boys greet them?"

Gangster: "Sure thing, boss."

The gangsters were prepared with bats and pipes. Nebula and Tyson arrived, and they were attacked instantly. Bam! Pow! Whack! Bong!

Aaron lit a cigarette and took a puff as they fought. But it was already over.

Neb: "Ha. You're up next, Aaron."

"Yes indeed."

Tyke: "How do you feel now? You're going to pay for all the trouble you've caused us!"

Nebula charged. Aaron put his hand on the floor, and suddenly three fireballs emerged, and blasted on the floor, leaving a trail. Nebula jumped up, avoiding the explosion. "AH!"

"I knew you were no ordinary person." Tyke said. "I knew it from the first time I saw you."

Neb: "I had a feeling too. You have the **sixth sense** just like us."

Aaron: "So, now you know what you're up against. Powers such as these is exactly why I control my gang so easily. People work out of fear!"

"You just pick on new kids like us. Well, guess what pal, you messed with the wrong person!"

"It can't be a mere coincidence that we meet." Aaron said, and fire formed on his palms. "It must be fate that warriors like us meet. It's too bad that you're just freshman. I'll enjoy beating you up!!" He threw fireballs at them.

The brothers dodged. Boom, boom! They charged at him. Aaron jumped onto the edge. He was confident that he wouldn't fall.

"You can't beat me!"

"Wanna bet?" Tyson charged.

Aaron jumped away from the punch, and Tyson turned around and punched. Aaron blocked it. Nebula ran from the side, and Aaron just raised his right arm and blocked his punch. The brothers attacked together, and Aaron was able to block all their hits. Whack! Bam! Wham!

The brothers stood side by side. "This guy is tough."

"Yeah. We gotta try some more!"

"Go ahead!" Aaron said arrogantly. He put his hand on the floor, and fireballs charged at them. Nebula and Tyson jumped away. Boom!

Tyson rushed forward. Aaron jumped and landed behind him, and he turned around and punched. Aaron blocked. Thud! Tyson made a high kick, Aaron ducked, pushed his leg away, and punched his chest. Pow! Then in the face. Pow! Aaron slammed his elbow into Tyson's chest – wham! He fell and slid on the floor.

Neb: "You alright?"

"I'm fine!" Tyke said, getting on one knee.

"I'll handle this, brother." Neb said, and he meant it. He drew his sword and stepped forward.

"Wait! He's too tough!"

"Hey, you got the last one. This one's mine."

"Bring it on!" Aaron said, motioning his fingers, telling his enemies to come. He was cockier than ever. "I don't mind if both of you fight at the same time. It doesn't matter to me."

"It's you and me!!"

"That's the sword that got you in trouble, right? You still dare to bring it with you?"

"You're gonna pay for getting me suspended!" Nebula charged.

Aaron shot a fireball, and Nebula used the sword and slashed it away. He kept on running and slashed, Aaron dodged the attacks. Whoosh! Whoosh! The gangster jumped away.

Tyson watched with a hand over his chest.

Nebula charged and raised his sword up with both hands, preparing to chop. Aaron drew a knife from his back pocket. He dodged the blade, and then stabbed. Whoosh! Nebula barely dodged it, and the knife cut off a few pieces of his hair. He swings the sword sideways. Slash! Aaron jumped away. His shoulder was cut, and he put his hand over the blood.

"Not bad." said the gangster. "I haven't had this much fun in a while."

Neb: "You call this fun?"

Aaron charged and slashed. Nebula blocked with his blade. Clang! The knife was knocked away. Aaron punched Neb's stomach. Thud.

"Oof!" Nebula was bleeding from the side of his mouth.

Tyson stood up and powered up. "Let me do this!"

"No!!" his brother yelled. "I said I will do it."

Aaron shot a fireball. It hit Nebula's sword, and the entire sword became heated since it was metal. He dropped it and his hand was hurt from the burn.

"Oops. No more weapon." Aaron teased.

"I can do without that. Toughness is what I'm good at!"

"Well," Aaron said, smiling. "We'll just have to see who's tougher."

"You have no idea who you're dealing with!" Neb said.

"My words exactly."

Nebula powered up with spirit energy. Aaron charged and punched. Nebula blurred, and Aaron was surprised.

"Huh?"

Nebula was in the air, and he shot an energy ball. Aaron ran away from it, and shot a fireball. Nebula dodged. Boom! They were shooting crazily and energy balls were thrown all over the place. Tyson put his arm over his head when an explosion was near him.

Aaron jumped up and punched. Nebula disappeared, and reappeared behind him. Aaron was shocked that his opponent was so fast. Wham! Nebula kicked his back. He fell on the floor and cracked it.

Nebula picked up his sword and approached the gangster. Tyson approached as well.

"How can I lose?! It's impossible!" Aaron said in denial.

Neb: "It's no wonder you feel that way. You've been picking on new kids and weaker kids all the time."

Tyke: "You have wasted your special powers. The only way to get stronger is to fight those at your level or above your level. I guess all you care about is money."

Neb: "Unlike you, we are hesitant on using our powers. We use them only if it's really necessary."

"Wait a minute!!" Aaron said desperately. "What are you doing?"

Nebula held the sword in front of him. He pointed the tip of the blade at Aaron's neck.

"Stop! You're not gonna kill me are you? It's against the law!!" Tyson said.

"You think I care about that?" Neb shouted.

"No! Please don't kill me!"

"Why shouldn't I?"

Tyke grabbed Neb's hand. "Wait. We're warriors, not killers. Think about the long term consequences. I don't want you to be a fugitive."

Nebula sighed. "I guess you're right." He turned to Aaron. "I'll spare your life on one condition. You never, ever set foot in this school again. And I don't ever want to see you again. Got it?"

"Y-yes. You got it!"

Finally, it was over. Now that the big boss has submitted, the brothers knew that they never have to fear the Red Scarf gang again.

Victor took a puff of his cigarette and put it on the tray. The telephone rang. He picked it up nervously. Could it be the police?

"What's that? Aaron and his gang were beaten up? And he's left the school?" He talked some more, and put the phone down. Victor sighed in relief that it wasn't the police. So, the Red Scarf Gang has been damaged. At least he was still okay.

There was a knock on the door.

"Come in."

To his surprise, it was three police officers. "Mr. Emanuel Victor, I presume. You are under arrest for harassment, rape, and student abuse."

"What the hell? There must be a mistake." He saw Lisa and Angelina with the cops, and Lisa was smiling.

Officer: "Mistake? We will find out in court." He cuffed Victor's hands. "You have the right to remain silent, and the right to have an attorney at the time of questioning. Anything you say can and **will** be used against you in a court of law."

The officers took him away.

"Thank you so much, Lisa!!" Angelina said gratefully. "You are a great friend."

"Anytime." Lisa replied.

Angelina gave her a tight hug, and Lisa hugged back.

Neb: "I'm just glad it's all over."

Tyke: "Yep. But one thing is still missing."

"You sure are right. Look at today's newspaper." He showed the paper to them.

On the front page, it had a subtitle that read: "Principal arrested for student abuse..."

Nebula turned to page 6 where the story was.

"...Emanuel Victor, age 35, has been prosecuted by the police three days ago regarding his conduct as the principal of West City High. He had been principal of the alleged high school for several years now, and there were no problems up until now. He has been charged with three accounts: student abuse, student harassment, and tampering with the school grading systems. The victims wish to remain anonymous..."

Lisa: "You see, Angelina? Bad guys **do** get punished in the end."

Neb: "Yes. Everything always ends well."

Ah, so bad guys do get punished, even if he happens to be the principal, the one who has all the power. After hearing about Emanuel Victor's tough luck, Aaron

disappeared from West City High for good. Some of his gangsters went with him, others stayed behind.

Those who stayed behind were unlucky. Ric, Leo, Ray, and Spark had to turn away every time they run into either Tyson or Nebula, or their friend Lisa. Talk about irony. At first, Tyson had to avoid them. Now it's the opposite. Rumors of the Spades crushing the school hierarchy spread like wildfire. They were always respected now, as they warriors they are.

Ramos wakes up in the hospital and smiles as he reads the front page of the newspaper. His injuries caused him to remain in the hospital, but at least it's nothing life-threatening.

Lisa, Tyson, Nebula, and Ramos (after getting out of the hospital), Hector, and Angelina hang out continuously. School is now a pleasant place to go to everyday, instead of something to dread over. Nebula and Angelina started talking more to each other, and it makes class tolerable.

It's a change for the good, as the brothers started school with no friends, and now they have tons of friends, and some good close friends. But will they survive as they move on to Calculus?

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High School		
Name	Role	Personality
Protagonists	Protagonists	-
Angelina Miab	Friend of Nebula and Lisa, a good student	R
Ric	gang member	S
Ray	A blonde student, gang member	A
Spark	Student with a golden necklace, gang member	A
Leo	An athlete, gang member	A
Aaron	Red Scarf Gang leader	A
Ms. Polygons	Math teacher	T
Principal Victor	Principal of West City High	S
Zan	The principal's right hand man	S
Hector	Student, injured by Red Scarf Gang	T
Ramos	Student, Hector's cousin	A
Mayor Ayaki	Mayor of West City	T
Zenebato	Draconian terrorist	A
GXP 6765	Zenebato's secret weapon	-