Chapter 109

“Agh!” Zordo screamed.

“Hold still.” Decson fussed.

“I am holding still.”

“If you were, I wouldn’t have to tell you to hold still.”

“Not unless you only thought I wasn’t holding still simply because I made a noise.”

Decson just shook her head as she continued to wrap Zordo’s arm in a bandage. She knew arguing with him was pointless

“There.” She said finishing. “That’ll protect it some until we get back.”

“Can we go now?” Savvi complained. “I’d love to get out of the Discretes playground efore they, you know, FIND US!”

After the defeat of Discrete B, the group had continued its way through the caves. Decsond, however, insisted on stopping until she could treat Zordo’s arm. By now, Vatti had waken up. Decson took the time to explain the situation to her, but the Blue hadn’t said a word since she had waken up.

“Are we close to the cliffs?” Henry asked.

“We’re not going back to the cliffs.” Savvi said. “The Discretes have full control over everything on the surface.”

Before Henry could ask where they were going, they came to a lit room. The room was just like any other cave room, but there was a door… made of metal! Next to it was a light. Henry didn’t understand how it worked, but it shone without fire. Towards the center of it was a square made of metal.

“See, Decson?” Eve said. “Not even a minute away.”

“We still have a while to go after the door.”

Diablo went up to the metal square. He open it, pressed some things that made a noises, and turned around.

“Now then, while we wait, you all can explain something to me.” Diablo tone had suddenly shifted. He was angry. “What are you all doing here?”

The group did not want to answer. They all knew why Diablo was angry. They all knew he would be angry before they had come.

“Zordo.” Diablo walked up to the man. Standing in front of him, it was apparent that Zordo was much taller than Diablo. “I know you’re not an idiot. None of you are. You must know what your presence here means. What it would do to our mission. So why did you do it? Why did you jeopardize everything we worked hard to do?”

Henry whispered to Savvi. “What does he mean?”

“We’re a secret.” Savvi said. “For a while now, we’ve been plotting to overthrow the Discretes and rescue Wig-Or-Log from this war. We’ve been pretty good at it, but we needed more time before we could expose ourselves. We were supposed to remain a secret for as long as possible but by rescuing D, it’s almost definite that the Discretes find us and take the fight to us.”

“But you killed Discrete B. He can’t possibly tell...”

“The Discretes are smarter than that.” Diablo interrupted. “That explosion is enough to give a hint that I’m not working alone. Given the direction I went, it’s only a matter of time before they find this place. And knowing my intentions, they will most likely conclude all of my plans.” Diablo turned back to Zordo. “So I’ll ask you again, Zordo. Why did you put everything we worked for at risk?”

Zordo did not want to show disrespect by looking Diablo directly in his mask, but with how close Diablo was, that was difficult. The man let out a swallowed, a sigh, and then words.

“A informed us of your order, but... she also told us of your plan. We couldn’t sit by and let you die. Once we all got back to base, we decided to come and rescue you... no matter the cost.”

“We didn’t disobey any orders...” Decson started, but before she could finish, Diablo spoke again.

“Don’t insult me with excuses. This may be the biggest form of EC I’ve ever seen. You all put lives, the entire plan, and even the fate of Wig-Or-Log at risk for one person. I am not worth all of that. I trained you better than this!”

The room once again grew quiet. Zordo looked down before finding the courage to look back at Diablo.

“It’s true we knew the risk. And we predicted you’d be angry. But this is what we believed to be right.”

Diablo continued to stare into Zordo who stared right back. The moment continued until Diablo finally turned away. A sigh came through his nose as he rubbed his neck.

“This is what A meant. I put what I felt was right over what I felt was practical... and look where it lead.” He looked at the group. “You all really are my students.”

Diablo put his hands on his hips.

“For now, getting upset with you would be too hypocritical. But don’t think insubordination will be forgivable in the future. Despite my actions, I knew the consequences and I was ready to pay for them. I hope you all are too.”

A silence once again filled the room.

“Did you all at least do what I said upon ending your missions?”

“Yes.” Zordo said. “The world will think we’ve perished.”

“Explain, in order.”

“I was in a massive battle with the Oranges and Golds. Amidst all the chaos, I was able to sneak away undetected.”

“Almost undetected.” Decson smirked.

“Gold will think I perished in that fight.” Zordo said, ignoring his friend.

Diablo nodded and turned his head towards Decson.

“This ship I was serving on... Vatti’s ship, sunk while I was on it.” Decson hesitated. She felt guilty having to explain this in front of her former captain. “When that happens, Blues are supposed to make their way back to Blue base or the nearest ship, but I was tired so I took the long way back. I was almost there when A got to me. No other Blue has seen me since the sinking. They will have thought I died in the accident.”

Diablo’s gaze turned to Eve.

The blonde shook her head to straighten her hair. “I pretended to mourn for my dead boyfriend. Some months ago he turned black band and the Discretes killed him. When I received A’s message, I left a suicide not saying I couldn’t live without him and blah blah blah.”

“What was his name?” Decson asked.

“I don’t know. I didn’t actually care about him. He just made it interesting when he fought with the locals. It was so boring being around those people, but it was hilarious how much he hated colored bands and didn’t know his girlfriend actually was one.”

“And you, Savvi?” Diablo asked.

“The people at black base believed me incapable of protecting myself. Now that I’ve stepped out of the base, they’ll think I just died somewhere.”

“No they won’t.” Vatti said. She solemnly looked at the group, then at Henry. Before she could explain herself, the metal door opened. Emerging from it were a male and a female. The man came out slowly to make sure the people were who they were supposed to be. When he saw Henry, his eyes widened.

Henry looked at the man. Before he knew what he was doing, the boy ran up and hugged him.

“Brothamo!”

“Henry?” Brothamo held his arms up. His eyes searched for Savvi.

“What’s he doing here?”

“You know those people he went to save in Gold base? That was Baas’ group.”

“No.” Brothamo took Henry off him and rushed to Savvi. “No no no no no. He can NOT be here. If he’s here, black base will be destroyed. We gotta get him back!”

“It’s too late.” Vatti said, still looking grim. “We’ve been to black base. Everyone there’s dead.”

Brothamo looked directly at her. His eyes were filled with fear, sadness and confusion.

“Brothamo, is it true?” Henry said. “Is the story about mom fake? Are we really not brothers?”

Brothamo looked at Diablo. “You told him?”

“I did not. Upon following Baas, he met his mother. She revealed everything to him.”

Brothamo slowly looked towards the ground.

“It is true... isn’t it.” Henry said walking towards his brother.

Brothamo brushed his hand across his face. He couldn’t lose his grip, not in front of Henry. He got on Henry’s level and grabbed his shoulders.

“Yes, its true, Henry.”

Henry felt tears building up.

“Listen to me Henry. The story that dad told you about how you were saved, it wasn’t you. Dad and mom risked their lives to save mine. Ten years ago, mom sacrificed herself so dad could rescue me. But when Dad and I ran away from the site there was a woman Discrete who intercepted us. You were a baby then, and you were with her. She promised dad that if he would protect you from the war, he could be free to create a safe haven for Black bands.”

“But Discretes killed dad.”

“Yes they did.” Brothamo reached into his pocket and pulled out a brown-ish, redish jewel. “You remember Dad’s treasure?”

Henry pulled the chain out of his pocked. Brothamo took it and began manipulating the two objects.

“When we first found you, you were wearing this as a necklace. Discrete A told us that the necklace would be our proof of you. It was a sign that one was connected to you and a Discrete could not touch them. Dad figured the necklace didn’t have to be whole, so he broke it up. He gave me the jewel and kept the chain for his self. But when you were old enough, dad needed to know you were safe as well. He gave you the chain. He was killed because he didn’t have these with him. That’s why the Discretes attacked our home. When they came to check, there was no one there to show proof that you were still safe.”

Brothamo handed Henry the now assembled necklace.

“Without us, black base was doomed.”

Henry took the necklace and stared at it. “If you knew this, then why didn’t you stay?”

“…what do you...”

“You left and everyone died!”

“Hey, don’t go blaming this on me…”

“If you had stayed, everyone would be safe we’d be fine!”

“You little… If you had just done what I said... if you had just stayed safe...”

“Bro...” Savvi said stepping in. “Take a break.”

“Just let me...”

“I said, take a break.”

Brothamo sighed hard through his nose. He went back towards the door and faced away, leaving Savvi with Henry.

“Henry, I told your brother who I was long ago. We made plans to leave black base in order to protect all of Wig-Or-Log, not just black base. But... when I heard D was in trouble, I insisted on leaving right then. Brothamo didn’t want to leave without you in the base, but he had to make a choice. He couldn’t have predicted the Discretes would return before you would.”

Henry walked away from Savvi. He didn’t care about these excuses. Brothamo left and the base was dead.

“This is your choice for a new recruit?” Diablo asked.

“Brothamo has lead black base for years.” Savvi answered. “He’s everything we’re looking for. If he wasn’t born a blackband, I’m sure he would’ve made his way to Green… you know... if it was still in the war.”

“And this is yours.” Diablo said turning to Zordo and the fancily dressed female. When she came in the room, she immediately went to inspect Zordo’s arm.

“Not so much.” The woman said. “You’ve trained him a bit too well. Apparently no one was good enough for Zordo, as he was planning on coming here alone.”

“And... you followed him.”

“It was difficult, but I have practice following sir Zordo around…”

“This is Magatha.” Zordo interrupted. He snatched his bandaged arm away from her. “One of the top fighters in Gold. She’s level headed and a skilled fighter. Despite the things that come out of her mouth, Green can use her.”

Decson raised an eyebrow. “Did Zordo just call someone… skilled?”

“Well, I’m convinced.” Savvi joked. “If Zordo says that anyone is good, the end of the world must be happening soon.”

“I see your... personality wasn’t just a farce. You’re just as charming down here with your friends as you are with Golds.”

“Did the rest of you find any new recruits?” Diablo asked.

“I found some of interest.” Eve said. “A spirited family of fighters. However, one was too old. He would’ve had trouble adapting and obeying. His youngest daughter had the opposite problem. She was too young. No fighting skill. No understanding. The best choice was the oldest daughter. She had a passion for justice and some skill, not to mention a longing for adventure, but just like Savvi, A’s messages came at the worst time. For the first time in her life the girl decided to leave town. I saw her returning as I was departing, but didn’t have time to explain to her the severity, so I just decided not to invite her. I probably would’ve changed my mind anyway.”

The attention turned to Decson.

“I didn’t really find anyone. Blues are a little locked up in their individual moments to care about fighting. It’s not really much of a wonder they’re losing the war.”

Vatti thought of saying something, but she was too upset to make a big deal of an insult.

“And are you two ready?” Diablo asked Magatha and Brothamo. “The road of responsibility...”

“…is not a fun one. At times we will wish we chose the road of happiness. And the rest of the grand speech.” Magatha said smug. “I can see where Zordo gets his charm from.”

“We’ve been through this.” Brothamo said. “We know the stakes. I’ve already lost too much to turn back. Besides, I’m a wanted man anyway. Atleast now I know I’m fighting for open freedom, instead of just the right to live another day.”

“Well someone’s got some loosening up to do.” Eve grinned at Brothamo.

“You couldn’t choose anyone else, Zordo?” Decson asked.

“If you’ll recall, I didn’t choose this one.”

“And what about you two?” Diablo asked.

“Us two?” Henry repeated. He and Vatti turned towards the group.

“If you go back to the surface, you’ll be black banded. Hunted down and killed. We have ways to make that easier for you. If you’re careful, you might even grow old without worrying about the Discretes. If you so choose, we’ll send you back to the surface. But if you want to truly be free, we stand a chance of making that happen together.”

“Who exactly is ‘we.’” Vatti glared. “No more of this secret stuff, what exactly are we signing up for?”

“You know of the world of Wig-Or-Log and the ever lasting war between the four countries. I told you how it started, but nothing else.”

“I hear that happens a lot with you.” Vatti said.

“D, lets not make this long and complicated.” Decson said. “Long story short, we represent Green and their opinions of this war. Our goal is not to end the war by defeating the other countries, but by going to the root.”

“The Discretes.” Zordo said.

“But taking down the Discretes isn’t something any country can do without proper planning.” Savvi added. “Thanks to D, Green’s been able to prepare our fight with weapons and intellect.”

“But we still aren’t ready.” Eve said, juggling her one of bombs with one hand as she spoke. “Our numbers and skill aren’t enough to ensure us a victory. So we’ve been recruiting people and training ourselves all while keeping our heads down.”

“That’s where you come in.” Discrete D finished. “If you choose to, you can go back to your lives. You may also turn around and confront the Discretes, or you can dedicate yourself to our causes. Just be sure it’s what you really want.”

Vatti and Henry stood still and silent. Both were angry. They looked at each other. Then, Vatti spoke up.

“If you’re saying you’re gonna take out the Discretes, than you don’t have to worry about me. My best friend was murdered by those so called body-guards so trust me, my motivation is high enough. Teach me whatever it is I need to know. I wanna make sure the Discretes pay for what they did. Every single one of them.”

Henry looked at the necklace Brothamo had given him. He grasped it firmly and prepared to throw it.

“Before you do that.” Diablo said. “You should know that even though that trinket was used to keep tabs on you by your mother, it was a gift from your father. Does that really mean so little to you?”

Henry hand shivered as it prepared to throw the necklace, and then it stopped. He took the necklace and stared at it. His eyebrows narrowed as he came to a decision.

“Both of my fathers were killed by Discretes.” Henry placed the necklace on himself. “Not to mention my entire base. I’d be the worst son ever if I didn’t return the favor.” He stared at the group of people in front of him, then smirked.

“Yeah, I guess I can get behind killing some Discretes.”

“Can we go now?” Decson complained. “Need I remind you the Discretes will be on our trail any moment?”

“Oh, this coming from the girl who wanted to stop and treat Zordo.”

“If you ever get hurt while we’re fleeing Eve, I’m not stopping to treat you.”

“Yes you will.” Savvi smiled.

“Where are we going?” Henry asked. “How can there be anywhere safe on the surface?”

“We’re not going to the surface.” Savvi said. “I told you, The Discretes have complete control over everything and everyone up there.”

“Then... where are we going.”

“The best place to hide from your enemy is right under their nose. This leads to the old Discrete base. The place they used to use as their headquarters before they gained control. I’m still surprised that it’s even standing. The Discretes may be control freaks, but they knew their technology.”

“Tech...nology?”

“Henry, you’ve got a lot to learn.”

Diablo, the last one in, closed the door behind him with Zordo waiting for him. Magatha noticed Zordo’s sudden disappearance and began to retreat with him until she felt a tug on her arm. It was Decson who had grabbed onto her arm.

“They need to catch up.”

Magatha looked back at Zordo. Then she slowly turned and continued walking as Decson continued speaking.

“So, how was being Zordo’s partner on the surface?”

“No one was good enough unless they were as good as him, which was impossible.”

“So, he was basically the same as he was down here.”

Those were the last words Zordo heard before he turned his attention back to Diablo.

“That’s gonna be trouble for you.” Diablo said.

“Nothing I can’t handle.” Zordo said.

The two began to walk as they talked.

“You’ve grown bigger since I last saw you.”

“You mean ‘since we last spoke.’ You’ve been spying on me for years. I assume you’ve been keeping tabs on the others as well.”

“Didn’t realize you noticed.”

“You were just hoping I wouldn’t say anything.”

Diablo shrugged as Zordo began to speak again.

“You’ve been following Baas since he left the Center. Were you in the Gold base when he escaped?”

“Yes. His friend, Vatti, had Verde’s knife. I had to rescue her in order to get it.”

“I noticed that knife. I was shocked when Atsuma suddenly pulled it out. Figured you had something to do with it. Did you retrieve it?”

Diablo pulled out the blade, and slightly tossed it before catching it with the same hand.

“Hard to believe you let that get away from you. I remember how you reacted when I tried to take it.”

“I wanted to test Baas. I knew he’d eventually wind up in a situation where he would need it, but would he think to use it?”

“Not a very good test. Any decent fighter will know to use a knife when desperate.”

There was a slight silence before Zordo began speaking again.

“We really messed up, didn’t we?”

“So much EC, I can’t even begin to start.”

“How far back have we set ourselves?”

“The plan was to build up and train soldiers for another ten years. Thanks to our actions, according to my calculations, I’d be surprised if everyone in Green wasn’t annihilated within a year. We’ve not only lost time, but our element of surprise. The Discretes will figure out what we’re doing. And even if they don’t, a search party will discover everything.”

“So everything’s as horrible as it could be.”

“Well... not everything.”

“Let me guess, you’ve been keeping something from us?”

“As horrible as it is to say these words, Baas’ death was not the worst outcome. Had he taken Arttior’s offer and joined the Discretes, we would be in even more trouble.”

“Indeed, another Discrete to their arsenal.”

“It’s not only that, his body was developing faster than I realized. At full capacity, Baas shouldn’t have ranked higher than an M in regards to talent, but at the rate he was going it far exceeded that.”

“How far?”

“In a few years and with the right training, he’d be strong enough to easily defeat Discrete B, perhaps even Discrete A.”

“That’s... a mighty big leap.”

“In all my years of studying the Discrete gene, I’ve never known of one to change so dramatically after the infancy years. Either I made a serious miscalculation in my earlier years, or something happened to Baas during his lifetime that made him more powerful. Sadly, he didn’t choose a path that allowed me to fully examine him but denying Arttior was better than accepting her. They had no idea of his potential. Had he joined them, it would only be a matter of time before the secrets of his body were unlocked to them. Not only that, but the Discretes would have basically another Discrete A. Facing one is going to be tough enough.”

“I get most of your actions, D. You hid Baas’ results from the rest of the Discretes to allow him to grow up away from their influence. With this, you could more easily persuade him to join us. After failing to persuade him, your guilt caused you to take responsibility for your actions.”

“I’m still waiting for the question.”

“What I don’t understand is, when we found you, you were retreating with the girl and the boy in hand. Why? What made you change your mind?”

Diablo was silent for a moment. Anyone else, he would’ve ignored the question or led away from the answer. But this wasn’t anyone else.

“I went with Baas in order to atone for what I had done. I was determined to do so as well. In no way would I compromise the rest of Green by escaping back to here. But when the arrow entered his body, and I saw his life leaving, the guilt became overwhelming. I ruined that boy’s life. I failed to deliver him to the proper path. He was dying because of me. It was at that moment, I didn’t think dying with him would atone for my deeds. I waited to hear him ask to be saved. Had he, I would’ve done everything in my power to do so despite how impossible it was. With all that adrenaline, even if a Discrete hadn’t caught us, he would’ve bled to death. Even so, I would’ve done it… but his attention... all of his concern was with the girl. He cared for that girl more than he did his own life. His last request was for me to save her. EC, irrationality, and everything else I’ve trained my whole life to avoid all filled my mind at that moment. I believed I owed it to Baas to fulfill his last wish. And so I took the girl and brought her here. Henry simply followed his instincts and came with me.”

“Any regrets about leaving the rest of them?”

“I couldn’t save all of them. Baas’ wound wasn’t lethal but without proper treatment, he’ll be dead soon. The others wouldn’t have followed me anyway. They were so angered about Baas dying, reason had completely left them. And the grief on Vatti… I had to knock her out just to get her here.”

“So it all boils down to what it always boils down to. You weighed the options and did what you felt was right.”

“Something has influenced you in the time you’ve been gone. I’ve never known you to simplify.”

“It pains me at how true that is. I could also say ‘you let your feelings get the better of you and sacrificed every instinct you were trained to have,’ but that makes me look hypocritical. Though... what I did wasn’t solely out of emotion.”

Diablo could tell that statement held more meaning than it let on.

“Before we came here, the Seconds reported back to the Officials. It’s decided. They want to make you and A the Supreme Generals over Green.” Zordo explained.

“Supreme?”

“Everything. You and A will have total authority.”

Diablo looked to the side.

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” Zordo said. “This means they trust you. They trust all of us.”

“Trust is certainly something we need if we’re going to win this fight. And I’d be lying if I said I thought anyone would be more capable of leading this country than us. But so much power. Atleast it was given to two people.”

“There is some bad news, actually. A left.”

“Left?”

“Yes. She took the road of happiness. The discovery that Baas was choosing to die hit her pretty hard. But when she discovered you were choosing to die as well, she couldn’t handle it. There was a massive list of complaints given to me along with the order that I was to return to base. She… as she put it, ‘couldn’t deal with your honor any longer.’ Even if we were to relay the news that you were alive, I doubt she’d be willing to return.”

Again, Diablo grew silent. This time he stopped walking.

“Secret armies… The most powerful person in command… overthrowing the powers that are… We’re starting to look a lot like the Discretes.”

He looked at Zordo.

“This is too much power for one man.”

“That’s why they’re giving it to you. You’re not just a man.”

“Discretes are not better. They’re different.”

Zordo got closer to D.

“And yet you’ve trained me to believe otherwise. Discretes have a natural talent for tactic, fighting skills, and analysis. Whether you like it or not, sir, you are better at any of those things than anyone else in Green. It’s only logical to put you in charge when we’re preparing for battle with other Discretes. But you’ve seen these people. Should you stop putting Green as your best interest, they will succeed in shutting you down and replacing you. And if they don’t stop you, you can believe the Seconds will. After all, we were trained to kill Discretes, and we’ll do our job.”

Another moment of silence.

“But I don’t think it’ll come to that. Because the man that was willing to give his life for that boy… The man who risked everything to save the life of that girl… I think that man would quit before the power went to his head.”

Discrete D tilted his head. Once again he began walking beside Zordo.

“With that speech, you’d think the Seconds would actually stand a chance against fighting me.”

“I was just saying that to make you feel better, you’d defeat us in seconds.”

“There’s no better group suited to fight in a group. That method is more effective against me than anyone else.”

“That’s okay. We won’t have to use it on you.”

“The surface has softened you up. There was a time where the only thing you wanted to do was fight me. Hopefully you haven’t gotten used to it.”

“Ten years up there… their strategies are mediocre, their fighting even worse, almost no technology and everyone only sees what’s in front of them… certainly not where I belong. I don’t think any of the Seconds will miss the color wars. And if we ever do, we’ll deal with it. That’s in the past now. It’s time for the real war of Wig-Or-Log.

Chapter 109

Epilogue

The cave was filled with an interesting silence. Each Discrete walked with minimum noise. Arttior looked around examined the bodies that lay there. Baas, Vanessa, Koroko, Pandora, and Atsuma. They all lay unconscious. None dead, but that would change soon. Arttior kept her eyes on Atsuma. She had already had to break his heart once because of her duties to Wig-Or-Log. But this time, she had to watch him die while hating her. And it was all thanks to...

Discrete C suddenly appeared in front of her. A had heard him. He and other Discretes had gone to assist Discrete B in his pursuit of Discrete D. Apparently B had decided to come back alone.

“Report.” Arttior said breathing hard.

“Mam” B spoke. “We explored the corridors and found a cave-in.”

“Cave-in?”

“Indeed. It took us a while, but we cleared it and... Discrete B was discovered underneath.”

“And D? Was he with him?”

“I’ve sent the other Discretes to further...”

“Do you know where Discrete D is or not!” Arttior yelled. Somehow, she had made her hand had made her way to Discrete C throat. He was currently the second most powerful Discrete, and he was nowhere near her speed.

“Yes or no. Answer the question.”

Discrete C hesitated slightly before answering.

“No.”

He felt as Arttior’s hand shake. She had bloodlust in her eyes, but was resisting the urge to take it out on him Suddenly, the female lifted her leg and kicked the wall closest to her. The result left a foot in the rocky terrain. It was the substitute ventilation for the now free Discrete C.

“Unacceptable.” She spoke with a calm, but fierce tone. “All this devastation… all of it was his doing. And in the end, the coward couldn’t even face death himself. Now he’s out there, along with the old A causing even more damage.”

“And you!” Her tone got louder as she turned to Discrete C. “Why didn’t you follow B? Discrete D is powerless when outnumbered, you know this!”

“Discrete B insisted on going alone. With his rank, he was sure he could defeat D alone.”

“Well the EC-ed fool is dead now, isn’t he?”

“Yes mam.”

Arttior shook her head, knowing she wouldn’t get a more satisfying answer.

“Where is he headed now? Did he go back to the surface?”

“No mam. He headed towards the Source.”

“That’s even worse, an entire underground city at his disposal.”

“It will be almost impossible to track him there.”

“Even difficult for me. The Source is just as big as the surface of Wig. D will make use of the skyscrapers. He could travel for weeks, stay in one place or go to the surface immediately, and we’d know entirely too late. And to make matters worse, spent his last days here studying that area. He’s the only one that knows it.”

“We attempted to track Vatti and Henry through the database, but they’ve disappeared.”

“He’s reprogrammed their bands.”

“The strangest thing, though, is what we found at B’s death scene. Markings showed a sign of eight different people involved in a struggle.”

“Eight?”

“Further more, we’ve found signs of both gun-powder and Syntic weapons.”

“Syntic weapons.”

Arttior put her finger to her chin and thought to herself. Slowly, a smirk appeared on her face.

“Clean up here, C, and meet me near the information center. We need to prepare. We’ve found our long lost Green country, and we’re about to make them stay lost.”

Discrete C made his way over to the body of Baas. The poor kid. None of this was his fault, he was simply caught in a dispute by a traitor. If he had been born another time, he wouldn’t have had to… wait a minute.

“Discrete A!” C called out. Arttior turned upon hearing her name back to Discrete C. “You might want to come see at this.”

Epilogue End

Other Epilogue

The teenager suddenly woke up. Darkness came first, but slowly blurs became shapes which became a room. The room was dark, but the teenager could still make it out. He looked around. It hurt to move his neck. His entire body hurt. He looked at himself. His skin was a light color. On his chest, some fluff was covering what he assumed was a wound. If he thought about that part of his body, it hurt more than the rest. That was all that was on his torso. White pants covered his legs and white shoes his feet… what was with all the white?

Suddenly, information came rushing in. The measurements of his shoes. The possibility of hair on his legs. How tall he was. The number of stitches in his pants. This and more began to calculate in his head at a painful pace. The longer his eyes stared at something, the more info continued to rush into his brain. The only solution seemed to be to close his eyes, and the teenager did. The information stopped. Would it start again if he opened his eyes? He didn’t know, but he wasn’t about to experiment and find out.

A whooshing noise was made. Footsteps were being echoed throughout the room. Someone had just entered. The teenager turned his head but did not open his eyes. Doing so made him realize he had things attached to his head.

“The human brain is an amazing thing.” A female voice spoke. It got closer to him along with the sound of footsteps. “It has the ability to remember so many things through our senses. However, our sense of sight is strong. So strong, that the brain has actually put limitations on itself to prevent it from taking in too much. Because of these limitations, a normal person must look at something several times before they can easily access it as a memory and manipulate it as data.”

The teenager could tell the female was standing next too him now.

“You, on the other hand, are a Discrete.” She continued. “Such limitations do not exist on your brain which is why pain shoots through you every time you open your eyes. Do you understand me?”

The boy opened his mouth. He didn’t know if his throat would work, but he tried anyway.

“I understand your language. As far as what you’re talking about, I’ll need a minute to process it all.”

“Do you know where you are?”

“My best guess is an empty room. That was all I was able to perceive before the pain came.”

“Do you know **who** you are?”

There was a moment of silence before the teenager answered.

“No.”

The teenager heard a slow sigh come from the woman as though she were relieved. Suddenly, he felt a sensation around his ears.

“These are Purge Visors. They have many functions, but you should simply be concerned with vision.” The sensation came over his nose. The teenager knew there was something covering his eyes.

“The visors will read your eyes and adjust themselves accordingly. If your eyes are taking in too much data, they will darken. Too little, and they will brighten. These will help you can better control your information intake.”

The teenager slowly opened his eyes, anticipating to close them again in case the woman was mistaken. His eyes were open, but the room was still dark. Slowly, the visors on his face began to brighten the room. It was difficult to make out shapes, but the teenager could see. And the pain didn’t exist. The woman was standing next to the bed he was laying in, looking down at him. He looked at her. As though reading his thoughts, a circle came on the lens of the visor he was wearing emphasizing the woman’s face. Her head, and only her head, became more visible. She was nice looking, with dark brown hair. Atleast he though it was brown. The visors put a green tint around everything, so he was unsure.

“Who are you?” he asked her.

The woman smirked at the teenager. “I’m Discrete A. And you? You’re Discrete B.”

Discrete B didn’t know what to say. He still didn’t remember anything. Before he could think of something else to ask, the woman began to depart.

“Now rest up, B. Once your body is recovered, we can start your training.”

“Training?” Discrete B asked. “Training for what.”

Discrete A reached the door to the room which opened as she came to it. That’s what the whooshing noise had been earlier. Before she departed, Discrete A looked back at her second in command. “You’re training as a Discrete. We’ve got a new war to fight.”

Epilogue End