Chapter 13

“Time’s up.” Savvi said. “Line up and get ready to present your weapons.”

The teenagers scurried to one side of the room. As they did so, Portia entered. It took no time at all for her to realize what was happening and she quickly found her place. Zordo taught them long ago how to line up and what order. It was practically instinct and took an average of four and a half seconds to do. It took them eight seconds to do it this time. Savvi nodded as he looked around. It was impressive at how disciplined these kids were. They had all been so focused on what they were doing, but one command and they immediately switched to be more attentive.

“Now that you’ve had time, let’s see what you came up with.”

“Team one.” Zordo commanded. “Begin.”

The first three students stepped out of line to the center of the room. Henry rolled his eyes as they came forward. Team One was always first to do anything. When the training had first started, Zordo used to have to call each team individually to present things, but everyone began to realize he always started at the beginning with the Generics. As the name Henry had given them implied, there was nothing really interesting about them, which team one themselves liked. Geol, the pale skinned male of the group, didn’t even like fighting. When he had first met Henry, he told of how he felt it was his responsibility to do so. For some reason, Malla, a female with the same skin tone as Portia, and Straw, the orange-ish male whose eyes were smaller than everyone else’s, thought that was perfect for them.

Despite their contentment at life, the Gens weren’t always boring; Group 2 on the other hand was a different story. The Sticks were usually upset about something, if not everything. Coor seemed to lead the negativity of the group. Henry would often joke about him, blaming his anger on his hair. Coor had light skin with hair that he kept at an almost bald length. Ritch, the other pale-skinned male with hair similar to Ryan’s, could lighten up sometimes and Extre, the blonde female of their group, was actually happy most of the time, but Coor hated life as much as Vatti hated Discretes.

“Team 3.” Zordo said. Henry snapped out of his daze. Team one and two were always boring, but no matter what was going on, if team three was doing something, it was time to pay attention. Tsudo had decided to call the team the Forefront. Henry had picked out most of the names for the teams, but Tsudo didn’t like the one he had given her team for some reason. Whatever the teachers had planned for them, Tsudo was always anxious to participate. Her lackies, Napp and Carol did pretty much anything she told them to, making their team always in the lead. The way Henry saw it, the teams weren’t split into eight groups, they were split into two. People who thought Tsudo was the best, and people who thought Ryan was. Because they both were the best, that somehow automatically made them rivals, which somehow automatically made their teams rivals. Despite all that, Tsudo seemed to only have it out for Henry. He didn’t mind, he was used to people hating him. But as evil as Tsudo was, she was really good at what she did, not that Henry would ever say that.

Tsudo and her group walked to the center of the room with their weapon. It looked like a sniper class weapon, with a Display connected to it. It was clunky, with all sorts of inner parts sticking out. Napp was the one holding it and he did so as though he were afraid of the thing.

Tsudo let out a proud smirk. She was ready for this.

“General Zordo, General Savvi, miss Chrysanthemum… we present to you the Deceptor.”

Napp held out the weapon for all to examine. His face kept the fearful look it had. Tsudo continued her proud presentation.

“To properly present it, we will need a volunteer.”

As quiet as the room was, it seemed to grow quieter after Tsudo said that.

“You’ve got three people.” Henry said. “That’s more than enough. What do you need one of us for?”

Tsudo puckered her lips to one side and rolled her eyes.

“To properly demonstrate the weapons potential, we need someone who is unfamiliar with it. All three of us know what it does.”

“I’ll do it.” Ryan said.

Tsudo smirked for a split second, but it quickly turned into a smile.

“Perfect.”

Ryan grabbed the weapon from Napp who shook his hands upon release. The weapon was a little heavy, as all sniper classes were.

“Now.” Tsudo said. “Aim for a spot on that wall over there and fire the weapon.”

Ryan raised an eyebrow, but did what he was told. He checked to make sure sync energy level was set to one.

“Okay. Here we go.” He announced. He took aim. The Display attached to the side made the gun feel clunky, but not unusable. “Firing in three… two… onAGH!”

As soon as Ryan pulled the trigger, he felt an intense pain on every part of his body that was touching the weapon. Instinctively, he dropped it. Before he could react, Tsudo jetted to grab the weapon. Once in her position, she flipped it and had it pointed back at Ryan.

Before Ryan knew what happened, he was starring down the barrel of the weapon he had just been holding.

“Congratulations Ryan.” Tsudo said. “You’ve just been…”

“DECEPTED!” Thomas screamed. He, Zayle and Ralph were at the end of the line to the far right of the room. Team 8, the Clowns, loved to make jokes and were great at them. Henry burst out laughing, along with most of the other students. Even Tsudo found herself smiling and snickering.

“Must you make a joke of everything?” Gia said, pouting her lips. She and the other members of team seven were among the minority who weren’t laughing. The Clowns and the Techs never got along. Or rather, the Techs never got along with the Clowns. Ralph Zayle and Thomas seemed to like interacting with team seven more than any other.

“What happened to you, Ryan?” Cynthia said, hoping to change the subject.

“I don’t know, it felt like I was burned.”

“That’s because you were.” Tsudo exclaimed. “The Deceptor is meant to use the enemy’s supposed superiority against them. It lets out a small charge of Sync energy to whoever’s holding it whenever the trigger is pulled.”

“Doesn’t that mean the person using it will get burned to?” Ritch asked. “Never heard of a gun that attacks the user.”

“That’s because you don’t do enough research, Ritch.” Tsudo said smug. “Back when gunpowder was used, most weapons had kickback. Like those weapons, the user just has to know what’s coming and prepare themselves. But the purpose here is to surprise the enemy, not to actually use the weapon. As I said, this weapon is most effective when someone who has no idea what it does is using it.”

“Hmm…” Savvi wondered staring at the weapon. “What is the purpose of the Display?”

“The Display contains the opening for the Sync to escape through. We used it as a catalyst.”

“Why not just modify the gun itself, ignore the middle man?”

“Time.” Tsudo said, as though she were fully prepared for that question. “Also, we haven’t been taught vile technology. The wrong move and Ryan, could’ve been burnt to a crisp.”

“Not that you’d ever wish that.” Ryan joked.

Savvi nodded as though aloof, although he was clearly interested in Tsudo’s weapon. Tsudo smirked as she and her team headed back to their position in line. She had done exactly what she wanted.

“Team 4, you are next.”

Tsudo’s turn was over and once again Henry’s attention began to fade. Team four, the Family, was up next. Terri, Torri and Terra were all siblings, so coming up a with a name for their team wasn’t hard at all. Terri was the oldest. He was light skinned, and stood just under Ryan’s height. He had an un-kept beard and kept his long hair down. Torri, the youngest of the three, looked like a smaller version of his brother, only without the facial hair. Terra definitely stood out among the three. Not only was she the only girl, but her black hair was cut at the exact same length all around her head, except for the area over her eyes.

After the Family came team Five, the Weirdos. Capry was bigger than the rest of the males in the class. He had light skin and was bald. Kyousk was much shorter with black spiky hair and the same orange skin and small eyes as Straw. While Capry could be a little clumsy and Kyousk was nervous about everything, truth be told, they hadn’t really earned the name their team was carrying. That honor belonged to Celphae. She had nice tan skin, with black hair that she liked to keep in a ponytail. Celphae had gotten into trouble almost as many times as Henry had. As she liked to put it, her curiosity is her strongest feature, even greater than her will to obey rules.

And then there was…

“Team 6.” Zordo said, snapping Henry out of his thoughts. “Present your weapon.”

Henry, Ryan and and Portia stepped forward. Henry looked at Ryan who looked back at him. Ryan nodded and Henry… let out a smirk. He may not have liked technology, but even that couldn’t stop a good presentation. Whenever they presented, Henry was always the primary one to speak. He had to make sure that he made the team look good. They were, after all, the Stars.

“Ladies. Gentlemen. And whatever Big O is.” Henry couldn’t help but smirk at Tsudo as he said that. “We’ve been informed that the Discretes have every advantage possible. Whatever we do, they can do faster. However smart we are, they can be smarter. However good we are, they can be better. But there is something, my fellow Greens, we have that they don’t.”

“Pants?” Zayle asked.

“That… and this.” Henry gestured to Portia who stood in between him and Ryan. Making sure her eyes made no contact with anyone else’s, Portia held up the weapon.

“With this, we will revolutionize the sync-weapon industry. Port, tell them the fancy science mumbo jumbo.”

Portia hated this part. Henry was good at presentations, but he had to refer to her or Ryan when he had to talk about specifics.

“The… the handheld is normally dependent upon the trigger finger speed of the user. Even if the finger speed is at Discrete level, the shots can… can only fire so fast. However, through some modifications, we’ve made it so that our weapons fires multiple shots until the trigger is released, creating a single line of sync energy.”

“In other words, it’s automatic.” Ryan said.

“Which, if I recall, is something that has never happened in the history of sync weapons?” Henry nodded.

“Hmm.” Savvi said. “Now that I think about it, he right. It’s not even hard to do but no one’s ever thought to make sync weapons automatic.”

“And now, my lovely assistant Ryan will demonstrate on the target across the room.”

“Hold on a minute.” Savvi said. “Let’s try this on a real target.”

The dark skinned man stepped from his position next to Zordo and blocked the target Ryan was aiming at.

Portia felt like all the color from her face was falling off of her.

“With technology like this, we can pinpoint shots on a person before actually shooting. Aiming your weapon at an actual body can fully show what this weapon is capable of. Set the weapon to level one and fire.”

Ryan hesitated, but only for a second. He was always weary when firing a weapon at a person. If the sync energy was level five or higher it could do some serious damage. But his mind rested as he remembered a shot at level one, automatic or not, wasn’t even noticeable.

He readied his aim once again.

“WAIT!” Portia screamed. She grabbed Ryan’s arm before he could reach the trigger.

“I’m sorry. I just… we can’t. We can’t fire the weapon at a person. It’s not ready yet.”

“Not ready yet?” Henry repeated. He laughed nervously and began to lower his voice. “We tested it out in the other room, it works fine.”

“Wait… guys… when I was in the other room by myself, I shot the gun and it worked but…”

“So yeah, it worked.”

“Yes, but not like it should have…”

“It wasn’t automatic?”

“Well, yes, but…”

“Then I don’t see what the problem is!” Henry suddenly got loud. He grabbed the gun from Ryan’s hand and before the other two could react he aimed the gun at Savvi and pulled down the trigger.

“No!” Ryan screamed.

Portia put her hands over her eyes, fear the results of what just occurred.

The room was silent. Nothing had happened. Henry let go of the trigger and pulled it again.

His face grew angry.

“It was working before, Port what did you do?!”

Portia put her hand over her heart and let out a breath. She held back the tears that desperately wanted to fall out.

“It didn’t work. Thank goodness.”

“You **did** do something.” Henry got real close to Portia. “Are you getting back at me for what happened earlier? Why do you have to be so…”

“Enough, Henry!” Ryan said sternly. “Port wanted this to succeed more than anyone. Whatever happened, I’m pretty sure it wasn’t sabotage.”

Henry folded his arms and stared angrily away from his teammates. This wasn’t fair. After all their work, they failed in the end because Portia had done something stupid.

“Okay, I think I’ve seen enough. You guys can go back.” Savvi grabbed the gun Henry had and waved them back to the empty positions in line.

Chapter 13 End

Chapter 14

“This is the anti-gravitational disk.” Gia said, holding out her right hand. Strapped to it, was the familiar metal circular container of a elec-shield. Gia brought the device back to her torso and stood as though she held a shield. Her palm closed on the strap, pressing the button located on it. A bright blue circle much bigger than the one she held emerged from the device.

“Behold.” Cynthia said plainly.

The room was quiet for a moment before Henry spoke up.

“Is that it? Just another elec-shield?” Henry sucked in his lips as soon as the words escaped them. Of course that wasn’t it. The Techs were too proud to simply replicate a shield.

“Henry is apparently displeased with our invention.” Gia said, with zero implication that she was being serious. “Perhaps it is best if we return to our spots in line, girls.”

Cynthia, Gia and Samantha all began to walk back to the end of the line next to the Clowns. However, left floating in the middle of the air, was the shield Gia summoned from her gadget. Savvi’s eyes grew wide. A shield was not meant to do that. It was supposed to always stay within inches of the person using it. What was happening right now was… impossible.

“How?” Was all Savvi could manage to say.

Gia couldn’t help but smirk as she answered his question.

“In one of the old history files on technology, there was a device known as the Protector. Originally, the Discretes of old designed it to be a type of protection from other sync powered weapons. The purpose of the device was to absorb any form of sync energy that and store it. The devices was flawed, however, as it could not absorb the energy without first knowing was frequency it was. An opponent need only adjust the setting on their handheld, and the Protector no long did its job. The Discretes decided to focus their efforts on the elec-shield which would block incoming attacks instead of absorbing them, however the Protector was not simply thrown away. The property that allows an elec-shield to reabsorb the energy it produces derives from this invention. The Protector was reworked to also allow the energy from an elec-shield to stay with the glove. We turn off that device and we have our creation here.”

“This is incredibly dangerous.” Savvi said. “Do you still have the Protector? Elec shields produce level ten sync energy. Even with the repel sync, it’s still possible to injure yourself.”

Gia glanced slightly at her teammates she continued. “Of course, we would not be so foolish as to create such a weapon without a means of controlling it. By simply reactivating the Protector via a Display…”

Gia paused while Cynthia pressed the screen on her Display. After which, she held up her hand back to the shield. Moving it around, the blue circle of energy followed Gia hand, as an elec shield was supposed to. She twirled it around abit before pressing down on her palm once more. Everyone watched as the shield was absorbed back into the device.

“And that, fellow soldiers, is the anti-gravitational disk.”

“Incredible.” Savvi gawked. “With your adjustments, you’ve turned one of the most notorious defensive weapons into something with limitless capabilities.”

“And that was what we did with just a few hours and a box of junk. Imagine if we had access to all the technology Green had to offer.”

And with that, Gia and her team took their positions in line. They had done it. Savvi was impressed and their’s was clearly the best weapon. There was no way they wouldn’t get into the Department of Technology.

“Team 8.” Zordo commanded. “Present your weapon.”

Zayle, Thomas and Ralph all rushed to the center.

“This.” Thomas practically screamed. “This right here is our grand master piece.”

He held up the device… or rather, devices. In Thomas’s hand were several components to different weapons, fastened together. They coiled, making curves all the way to the floor.

“Before you, what seems like ordinary pieces of junk thrown together in random ways to make sure we don’t fail this, is in fact, maybe, not that at all. It is, the Distractor!”

Giggling could be heard among the audience of teenagers. Savvi snickered as well.

“This device, when used appropriately, can confuse the enemy in all matter of speaking. It’s very design was constructed by a team of trusted engineers to administer confusion.”

“You!” Zayle said suddenly, pointing at Cynthia. “What do **you** think this device does?”

Cynthia was thrown off. She didn’t like being the center of attention and had no idea she was about to be called on.

“And there you have it folks!” Ralph finished off. “Even the mighty Techs are stumped as to the function of this device.”

The laughter among the teens grew. Thomas smiled. Everything was going exactly as he planned… had he planned anything.

“But enough mystery, lets see this weapon in action. One mighty flicked of the wrist and BAM!”

Thomas whipped the device toward the spot in front of him. Upon impact, every piece that was connected together separated and scattered. Some flew into the air, some fell immediately to the ground. Zayle, Thomas and Ralph looked down with blank faces; they looked at each other; and then looked at their audience.

“I bet you weren’t expecting that!” Thomas shouted. “The Discractor!”

The room filled with applause as Thomas and the others took bows.

“Thank you.”

“You’re beautiful.”

“Coming soon, to a Green near you.”

The Clowns retook their positions back in line. Thomas, noticing that the Techs weren’t clapping, felt the urge to speak with them.

“Pretty good reaction, ay girls?”

“Humans react in different ways to different things.” Gia spoke plainly. “They are applauding the performance, not that pathetic excuse for a weapon.”

“Hey, don’t insult the Distractor.” Ralph said. He reached down and pet one of the pieces. “Shh, it’s okay. The cranky lady didn’t mean it.”

“The Discretes would eat you alive if you approached them with such a device.” Gia continued.

Ralph gasped. “It’s worse than we thought. General Zordo, the Discretes have turned to cannibalism!”

Gia ignored Ralph and continued herself. “The point of the exercise was to prove what a reliability you’d be to the Department of Technology and Weaponry.”

“Is that what it was?” Thomas’s tone showed he clearly was not taking the conversation seriously. “There must be something wrong with my ears. I heard General Savvi say, ‘build a weapon.’”

Thomas turned to his right. “Is that what you heard, Zayle.”

“That’s what I heard, Thomas. How about you, Ralph?”

“Indeed that is what I heard. How about you, Thomas?”

“I believe we’ve made it clear that I’ve heard the same thing Zayle heard. Isn’t that right Zayle?”

“I heard what you heard indeed. And you, Ralph?”

“I heard what Zayle agrees he heard which is what Thomas heard. Is that correct, Thomas?”

“I LIKE FOOD!”

“…”

“…”

“Excellent point Thomas, wouldn’t you agree, Ralph?”

“Indeed, Thomas you’ve got my vote for leader because of such a brilliant statement declaration.”

Thomas turned back to the side the Techs stood on. “So as you can see, we don’t recall hearing such thing. Our weapon was built, so we are happy.”

Gia sucked her teeth. “You can call that a weapon all you want, but that doesn’t change the fact that you’d lose if you went up against a Discrete. They have access to the best technology in all of Wig-Or-Log’s history. There’s no way your… little distraction would keep you alive.”

“Is that so?” Zordo said. He walked over to the group having the conversation that could be heard throughout the room.

Gia looked up, her eyes widened for a brief moment. She was good at hiding it, but not good enough. Zordo had seen. She was afraid of what was about to happen. Good.

“Gia, would you be willing to accept a challenge based on what you just said?”

Gia focused her gaze on the man in front of her. She had spoken her words. She believed them. She was about to confuse her fear of Zordo with doubt.

“Yes. I accept.”

Chapter 14 End