Chapter 16

Inside the training room, two teams hustled restlessly. The Weirdos: Capry, Kyousk and Celphae, were facing up against the Gens: Straw, Geol and Malla. The game was Synchronize. Though the Stars and the Forefronts were the best at the game, every team liked to play it. Even Gia, who hated physical activity, found herself playing a lot of the game. Most teams when playing, left the lights on and the window open. The only time it was closed were when teams were really daring or Ryan and Big O were going at it. This mentality made it easier for spectators to enjoy the show. Outside the room, Zordo and Savvi were doing just that.

“This is incredible.” Savvi said with wide eyes. “The technology in this room is miles above anything we’ve known or discovered about sync technology.”

“It’s the same principles that we’ve already discovered.” Zordo said. “The real difference is in the algorithm of programming. Just goes to show you the geniuses the Firsts were.”

“Wait, the Firsts invented this?”

“One First, specifically. Naral.”

“History doesn’t give him enough credit.” Savvi said, pondering aloud. “I mean, I know all the Firsts were geniuses, but Verde and Amar are always talked about as the smart ones. Naral seemed like more of a fighter than anything else.”

“The Firsts were all fighters as well. Broad history only seems to bring out what made them different from each other. It’s when you read through lost files. Speaking of which…”

Zordo pulled out his Display and pressed a couple of buttons on it. Savvi’s reached for his own Display as the screen lit up.

“Wow, that’s a pretty big file. What is this?”

“Eve found this a while ago and figured I’d want use of it. I told her it’d be better in your hands, but she said she couldn’t be bothered to send someone back down here to give it to you. These are the breakdowns of the schematics and algorithms of the training rooms.”

“Really?!” A smile grew across Savvi’s face.

“Written by Naral himself. That’s how I found out who designed it. I can’t do much with it here, but I’m betting your department could.”

“You bet we could! Zordo, this could pave the way for all new inventions.” Savvi began to walk out of the halway rapidly. Zordo didn’t know if he was doing it subconsciously or not, but he knew why; Savvi’s feet were moving him to a place he could brainstorm.

“I’ve also added another file in there.” Even though Savvi’s eyes were locked onto his Display screen, Zordo knew from experience that Savvi was still paying attention… mostly. “It’s an algorithm I’ve been working with for multiple points rapidly changing the contact while maintaining a consistent adhesion technology found in Magne-Boots. I’m pretty sure it works, but there’s no harm in getting a second opinion.”

“Yeah, yeah… sure.”

The two had reached the entrance to the rooms of the teachers. Savvi stopped, his hands too busy to try and open the door. Zordo, taking the hit, reached for the handle and unlocked the door.

“Typical Savvi, always caught up in the most exciting piece of technology in front of him.”

The two entered the empty hallway, Savvi’s eyes still glued to his screen.

“…which is interesting because you seemed highly fascinated by a lot of technology that happened during the recruits’ presentations, yet the only one you kept on your person was the one that failed.”

Savvi stopped walking. His eyes dimmed as he slowly put the Display down to his side.

“You noticed that, huh? I should’ve known you would. Nothing ever gets passed you.”

“You sabotaged team 6’s project. Why?”

Savvi hesitated, not sure if he was willing to answer.

“Savvi!” Zordo said fiercely. Being the youngest of the Seconds, Savvi was yelled at often. But it was Zordo’s yells that always stung the most.

“I… I wasn’t targeting Henry’s team specifically. When Discrete D told us you’d be training the new recruits, I thought it was a perfect idea. You’re the best in all of Green, maybe even better than D. I was overjoyed to hear our future soldiers would learn from your personally. But when I came here and saw them for myself, I did not expect what I saw. The students here… they’re so happy and joyful and… and…”

“…everything I wasn’t when I was their age.” Zordo finished.

“It didn’t make any sense. You said their training was almost done, yet I couldn’t see any difference from them than I could from any other teenager. I couldn’t accept that they were ready for the war their about to face, not without proof. So, I came up with a secret test. When Chrsanthamum and I were filling the boxes with equipment, I made sure that one box had only enough material to make a Handheld. Then, I tampered with the microchip programming.”

“That’s why you made the first part of the test the way you did. To make sure everyone knew how to build what you wanted them to.”

“And to implant the suggestion in their head.”

“What did you do to the mircrochip?”

Savvi hesitated again before answering. “It was a minor programming swap. Minor, but deadly. The level of sync energy released became stuck on ten.”

Zordo felt anger rising up in him. His eyes widened a little, but other than that he stayed firm. Discrete D had taught him better than that. Acting on anger would solve nothing nor help him to understand. He waited, forcing his pulse to slow down.

“Do you realize the dangers that you’ve put everyone in by doing that?” Zordo had managed to keep his tone calm, sounding as though he were only asking the question out of curiosity.

“Yes.” Savvi said. “Someone could’ve been injured, or even killed if they had tested their gun on a person and not noticed the problem. But that was exactly the point. Technology in here may have safeguards, but working with this stuff is dangerous outside of these walls. This is something that could easily be overlooked by an idiot who isn’t paying attention. The next thing you know, people are dead.”

Zordo was silent for a moment.

“This isn’t just about the recruits, is it? You’re talking about the incident with the Golds.”

Savvi forced his eyes closed, insisting the tears that were forming stay in.

“It was my fault, Zordo. I left those grenades out for anyone to find, and someone did. Barkon told that story over and over of how Greens secretly killed his entire troupe. But it wasn’t Greens. It was me. Decson keeps trying to tell me that it isn’t my fault, but that doesn’t help at all.”

Zordo let a loud sigh come out from his mouth.

“Decson’s still trying to play mom I see. Savvi, she’s wrong. The deaths of those Golds were your fault. It’s something you have to live with for the rest of your life.”

Zordo’s words hurt. He always did this to Savvi, he did this to everyone. There was no biased to his words, he simply said what was. However, Savvi also felt a sense of relief. This was something he knew was true, he just needed someone else to confirm it. He looked at his childhool friend, wiping away the tears from his eyes.

“Okay.”

Zordo nodded.

“And as for your stunt with team 6, you’ve done nothing wrong.”

That was something Savvi hadn’t expected to hear.

“Nothing wrong? But I put the recruits’ lives in danger.”

“Their lives have been in danger since their parents made the decision not to send them to the Center. Everything you said about technology being dangerous and the outside world being different from in here is true. I asked you to test my students to see if they’re ready for your department. You simply did what I asked. My only question is, did they pass?”

Savvi blew air from his mouth.

“I just wanted to see if they were cautious enough to notice. It turns out that the reason the gun didn’t fire isn’t because of what I did, but because they were trying so hard to fix what I had broken at the last minute.”

“I noticed Portia entered the room after everyone else had been finished. She’s known for being skilled in technology and hates being late. It was that moment that I first began suspecting something.”

“I guess she was the one in her group who caught on.”

“Better for one to realize, than none at all. Then again, had I made every recruit exactly alike, the chances of one noticing your flaw would be all or nothing.”

Savvi nodded. Even as a general, Zordo was still teaching him lessons.

“Okay, Zordo. They pass… as a group.”

Chapter 16 end