

Chronicles of Beauty and the Neo Brigade

Written by Stephen Egert

A Minor Cold (that leads to a colossal failure)

(Beauty talks about being alone in Minor City, looking at her Character Manual and flipping to the back to the picture of her and Couch Potato. As she feels all alone, she hears an explosion and runs to it. She sees Fourize shoot a heat beam in an alley. She then sees Race lying on the ground, relaxing. She then sees Fourize look at him and raise his glasses.)

“Got you now.” The guy with the glasses declared as another beam shot out his eyes to the guy in the costume.

“Hey! Look out!” I called to the kid lying down.

(Race darts out of the way, stopping right in front of Fourize who fires another beam. Race dodges it and then charges into Fourize.)

“Fourize, you really need to keep your eyes open a little more.” The speedy kid remarked. Suddenly, that guy he was fighting shot another beam that went through his glasses this time. All the fast kid had to do was take a super-fast step to the left as the beam wound up hitting a street light, encasing it in ice like it had been flash frozen. “Okay, how many more shots do you want before I take you to jail?”

“If you stop moving and thinking you're so big, just one!” The fighter with the glasses affirmed, shooting one more beam, which the fast guy dodged again by moving his head to the side.

“Just give up, Fourize. You should know how awesome I am by now.”

(Race starts walking forward as the ground suddenly turns to ice. Race slips and falls as Beauty is bewildered.)

"Whoa! What did you do?" The speedster questioned his opponent.

"Oh, I wish I could take credit for this, Race. But hey, you're the awesome one. I'm sure you can figure it out." The glasses guy mocked his opponent as he stood up. He then pressed a button on his shoes, turning them into ice skates. "As for me, I'll just take these new shoes my pal Cyhack made and bid you, see ya, sucker."

(Fourize skates away.)

"Hey! Stop!" The speedster barked, getting up.

(Race tries to run after him, but he slips and falls forward. Fourize blasts him back near Beauty as he laughs. Race looks up at Beauty who has her mouth open slightly in awe.)

"Okay. I know. I screwed up. You can move along now." The speedy hero sighed to me.

"That . . . was . . . AWESOME!" I exclaimed like a fat comedic actor.

"Excuse me?" The runner uttered in confusion.

"That speed! That fight! That . . . coolness! You're like a real superhero!"

"Uh, are you not from here?"

"Hey, Race!" A voice hollered from the distance.

(Nator flies in on his jet boots. Beauty describes him.)

"You take care of Fourize?" The robotic looking individual inquired the hero.

"No. He got away." The speedster answered, ashamed.

"Fourize beat you? That's impossible. His ocular heat vision only travels at a fifteenth of your average high speed. How could he have hit you?"

"Well, Nator, if you . . ."

(Pyra appears out of the air.)

"Hey, Race, did you get Fourize out of our hair?" The fiery girl queried the one called Race.

"No, Pyra. He got away." Race repeated.

"Fourize . . . got away from YOU, Race. So, what? Does that make him our leader now?" The girl remarked with sarcasm and disbelief.

"He didn't outrun me. In case you haven't noticed, the sudden ice on the ground can slow a guy down."

"For you, maybe." The girl mumbled with her arms crossed, rolling her eyes.

"Yo, Race!" Another voice hollered from a distance.

(Bendy slides on the ice with his foot enlarged to form a snowboard. He then turns it back to normal.)

"I missed the action. Did Fourize get caught already?" The lanky fella presumed.

"No, Bendy. He got away." Race replied in frustration from the question. As he answered, an odd looking girl appeared to levitate down to the group.

(Beauty describes Tel-E)

"Race . . ." The blue-skinned girl began.

"HE GOT AWAY!" Race barked at the girl.

"I was just going to ask if you were okay."

"Oh . . . Sorry, Tel-E. Sorry." Race apologized, defensive.

"Well, forget Fourize. Does anyone know where all this ice came from?" The robotic kid called Nator queried the group. After that, the girl with the scars projected dark fire from her hands to melt the ice, but the flames did not do the job.

"Huh. No good. It's like the earth is frozen from the inside or something." The fire girl noted, bewildered.

"Interesting. Race, do you have any idea what could've caused this?" The blue girl asked the team's leader.

"Okay, just let me think about this. Uh . . ." Race said, somewhat anxious.

(The Brigade sees Beauty with her hands over her mouth as she's containing her excitement.)

"Uh, can we help you?" The girl who answered to the name "Pyra" inquired, unsure of what I was doing there. Instead of answering right away, I just stayed frozen and continued staring

at them like an idiot. As I did, the stretchy guy extended his neck out just a few inches from me.

"I think she means you, girl." The stretcher informed me.

(Beauty shrieks and freaks out in front of them.)

"Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! You! All of you! Five of you! An actual superhero team! You're . . . you're . . . you're . . ." I incoherently rambled.

"We're the Neo Brigade." The robotic kid mentioned.

"Oh! You have a name too! Oh, I feel like I'm gonna explode! This is so cool!"

"Pff. Tourists." The fire girl mumbled to herself.

"I'm sorry, but . . . I have NEVER seen a real life superhero before."

"Wait. Hold on. Is that a Charevo Emblem on your hand?" The blue girl asked me.

"A what?" I uttered, looking at the tattoo on my hand.

"You know, the mark that represents the Behavior, Mentality, and Identification Elements of your Charevo Gene, which results in the super abilities you get."

"Yeah right." The cyborg muttered with his arms crossed.

"By the look of it, your elements are . . . Fiction, Imagination, and Femininity." The British alien acknowledged, examining my hand. "Do you know what your powers are?"

"You guys wanna know about ME? Well, sure. Check this out." I told them.

(Beauty shows off her shapeshifting and hair powers, impressing the Brigade.)

"Wow. Impressive." The alien girl complimented me and my powers.

"You're telling me. Guys, we gotta let her join the team." Race suggested as I squealed with giddiness at the idea.

"Whoa whoa. Back up. We're not letting some blonde in the Brigade just because she has a slew of power." The fire girl objected.

"She's right, Race. We don't even know what kind of experience she's had." The cyborg added.

"Well, actually, I did just beat a villain called the Gamer about an hour ago." I mentioned.

"You . . . beat the Gamer. You." The cyborg incredulously said. "Now, that's impossible. No one escape her tricks."

"Yeah, she's lying. Let's go, Neo." The fire girl told the team as she prepared to leave.

"She's not lying." The alien informed the team leader. "I've analyzed her thoughts, and she really did defeat the Gamer."

"You're a mind reader? Whoa!" I cried as I then spelled the word "Awesome" with my hair. "So? Am I in?"

"Absolutely!" Race replied. "Come on, guys. Whaddaya say? Nator?"

"Race, we just met this girl. You don't just invite someone like that to work with you just because she has some skill. Haven't you ever heard of background checks following a job interview? It doesn't make sense." The robotic Nator argued against me.

"Yeah, but she can really help us out. Bendy?"

"Hey, man, she looks powerful, but unfamiliar power can lead to danger, which can only mean someone can get hurt. On the other hand, getting hurt is my thing, so I can go either way on this." The rubber skinned fella answered.

"Okay. Pyra?"

"No. We don't need someone like her with us." The fiery Pyra stated with cynicism.

"Tel-E?"

"Well, I do agree with Nator that it may be early for having her join us. But if you believe this is right, Race, I'll support your decision." The alien known as Tel-E told the team leader.

"Alright. That's good enough. The girl's in." Race concluded as I jumped for joy at this opportunity. However, I could hear some grumbling from that team once he said that. "Look, let's just give her a try, and if she's no good, she's gone. Sound good?"

(The team sounds a little more okay with this. Beauty talks about how excited she was, but notes how some of the heroes weren't crazy about her being brought on and how Race was a little too interested in her.)

"Alright, I guess we've been told you're with us now. Come on. We'll show you the team HQ." Nator reluctantly told me.

(Nator's feet rocket himself into the air as Pyra ignites herself, Tel-E levitates, and Bendy's foot turns into a snowboard while Beauty morphs into Hawkette (Hawk Girl) to travel with them. Race tries to run with them, but he slips on the ice.)

"Wait! Guys? Little help?" Race called to the group as Tel-E then levitated him up with her.

(The team brings her to the HQ as she talks about how cool it was to be there, though it did look a little small compared to what she's seen on TV. Tel-E leads Beauty down a hall)

"This corridor contains all of our rooms. We have one more down at the end you can take." Tel-E informed me.

"Thanks. I'm Ellie, by the way. Ellie Bellavitz." I said, formally introducing myself as we shook hands.

"I'm Tel-E Vega from the planet Knowlgia. I could tell from your thoughts that you're quite perplexed by the blue skin and tail."

"Oh . . . well, I don't see that many aliens, you know."

(Beauty says that while Tel-E was nice enough, she then ran into Pyra)

"Well, since Race says you're gonna be hanging out with us, he says you have to go down to the computer room so Nator can give you a quick tour. Also, Race says I have to introduce myself, so my real name's Bonnie, but everyone calls me Pyra." Pyra mumbled, not pleased to see me for some reason.

"Oh . . . uh . . . thank you. I'm . . . I'm Ellie." I introduced myself, not making much eye contact.

"What?"

"Huh?"

"I'm not on the floor. My face is up here." Pyra reminded me, not happy with how I wasn't looking at her. "What? You have a problem with the scars? They don't make my skin look as good as yours?"

"Uh, what scars?" I stupidly asked, trying to change the subject.

"Yeah, I'm sure that's just what you thought." Pyra muttered as she then ignited her body in her dark fire before disappearing into the air like a match that went out.

(Beauty talks about how Bendy and Nator were only slightly friendlier than Pyra. She then talks about how excited she was to be in a superhero team HQ, even though it was a little smaller than she's seen on TV. She later talks with Race)

"So, Ellie, how you likin' this place?" The team leader inquired.

"Oh, don't get me wrong. It's awesome. But I don't think everyone is too thrilled with me being here." I admitted.

"Hey, don't worry. They're just skeptical of you in action. I'm sure you'll win them over soon. Then they'll want you to stay."

"Yeah, I hope so. I mean, it's been my dream to be a superhero since I was a little kid. And just look at you. You've probably got so much experience, nothing ever makes you nervous."

"Yeah, well . . ." Race muttered with modesty.

"So, anyway, when's our first big team battle? Do you guys have, like, sparring matches between each other? How did you get to live in this place? How did you ever get to run this team?" I questioned Race, getting ahead of myself.

"Yeah, Ellie, uh, there's something you should know first."

(The Chief comes inside, not looking happy)

"Okay, Neo Brigade! Time for inspection! Everyone report! No loafing around now! Your Chief of police is here!" The man yelled as he approached the room me and Race were in before lightening up as he saw Race. "Ah, Ace, how are you, my boy? Everything going well? You leading your team nicely? Keeping everyone out of trouble? Yes?"

"Uh, yes, Chief." Race answered.

"That's a good boy." The man happily uttered, putting his hand on Race's shoulder. After that, he went back to his cranky and impatient mood as he shouted to the whole Neo Brigade. "Okay, everyone get down here! Don't make me turn the alarms on!"

(Bendy stretches himself over to the Chief.)

"What up, Chief?" Bendy casually said, startling the Chief who backed away as Pyra then appeared in front of him, surprising the man again before Tel-E and Nator came in.

"I should point out our team's boss is the Minor City Police Chief, Lou Trotter. He kinda let us form the team." Race mentioned.

"Alright, everyone, line up for roll call!" The Chief hollered to the group.

"Chief, we're all here." Nator acknowledged.

"I said line up!"

(The team lines up as Beauty is in line too. The Chief reads from a clipboard.)

"Okay, let's see. Nator? Good. Tel-E? She's here. Okay. Bendy? Good. Uh, Pyra? Here. Race? That's you. Okay, you're all present. Very good . . . Wait a minute. One, two, three, four, five, six . . ." The Chief mumbled to himself during roll call before becoming outraged. "What? Who is this!? Who brought an unauthorized guest into this headquarters?"

(Everyone but Race steps back. Bendy then stretches his arm and pushes Race forward)

"Uh, heh . . . Chief, this is Ellie. She's here to help us out for a little while. See? A Charevo Emblem." Race meekly introduced me, holding my hand out as I gave the Chief a smile.

"I don't care what she has. I need you to focus less on your female socializing and more on the Intel I've received. It seems Cold Miner and his gang have escaped from prison and are supposedly concocting some scheme to do something to the ground." The Chief explained.

"Uh, you mean freezing it?" Nator suggested, pointing to the ice outside.

(The ice expands all the way to the HQ.)

"Whoa! It's getting stronger. Cool! Uh, I mean, does this happen in your city a lot?" I asked.

"Unfortunately, our town has a history of being besieged by those who wield the Charevo Gene." Tel-E informed me.

"Geez. It looks like the ice has already covered about half the city at this point." Nator acknowledged.

"This is an outrage. I can't drive home with the roads like this. Pyra! Melt the ice so I can get out of here!" The Chief ordered.

"Yeah. Here's the thing. It's not that easy." Pyra informed him with a bit of attitude.

"I said melt it! That's an order!"

"Hey, Race seems to think Ellie's powers are good enough to have her here. Why not make her do it?"

(The Chief tells Beauty to melt the ice. Beauty extends her hair out the window over the ice and forms a flamethrower with no effect. Cold Miner appears on television.)

"Hello, Minor City." The guy greeted his viewers.

"Cold Miner!" Race exclaimed.

"I just thought I'd inform you all that no one will be driving home safely today."

"What!? Now see here, you!" The Chief barked at the TV.

". . . If you wanna go somewhere, you're all gonna have to walk just like my family has had to. Since we've had to work non-stop in endless heat, I've had to watch everyone live in luxury with their fans and air conditioning. I've had to live with constant heat, so Minor City lives in the cold." The villain known as Cold Miner ranted to the city.

(Cold Miner swings his pickaxe onto the ground as more ice forms all around the city.)

"Enjoy the inconvenience, folks. Though, I do encourage you to try driving in my ice. You know, anything you can do to evacuate while my Chill-dren have their fun." Cold Miner laughed as his message cut off.

"Cold Miner wasn't kidding about his men, guys. Look!" Tel-E alerted us, looking out the window.

(The Brigade looks out to find the Chill-dren driving snow mobiles and shooting ice pistols at several buildings, freezing them.)

“What? They got the new Snow Speeders? No fair!” Bendy complained.

“Let's go, Neo!” Race announced.

(The team starts heading out the building.)

“Time to show everyone what you're made of, newbie.”

Race told me as we headed out.

“We're actually going into team action? Awesome!” I cried with high anticipation, running out with Race.

“Wait! One of you still needs to help me with my car!” The Chief called to the team as we all left.

(Beauty talks about how excited she was to be fighting alongside the Brigade. The team confronts a large group of Chill-dren minions in a bank. Pyra shoots her fire to bust through the doors)

“Tell your boss he's still uncool!” Race announced to the Chill-dren.

“Really. That's what you're going with.” Pyra criticized Race's line.

(A Chill-dren minion shoots an ice pistol at the team as Beauty morphs into Dark Sorceress (Dark Magician Girl) to conjure a portal that the beam goes through. Another portal opens as the beam comes back out, freezing a minion.)

“Go Neo!” Race cries, pointing forward.

(The team rushes forward as the Chill-dren freeze the floor with their ice pistols and run on their cleats. Race tries to run, but slips.)

“Oh, this is not my day.” Race mentioned as he became a sitting duck for several Chill-dren who pointed their ice pistols at him.

(Race is about to get frozen, but Tel-E levitates the Chill-dren's weapons away. Bendy slides forward with his feet forming a sled as he stretches his arms out to form two large shovels, knocking them down. While Nator hits a minion away and shoots an extendable claw at a minion, electrocuting him, Beauty zaps another group away before flying to Pyra who shoots a wave of

fire at some minions as Bendy hits others away. She then flies into one minion as another is about to shoot them from behind.)

"Heads up!" I hollered, jumping in front of Pyra, morphing back to normal.

(Beauty turns part of her hair into a water cannon that she shoots at the minion as he uses his gun, which freezes him as the water freezes.)

"Whoa! Nice one." Bendy complimented me as I grew my hair out to smack some more enemies around.

(Race tries to charge for a minion, but he slips again and goes into a wall. Beauty hits the minion's legs, knocking him down as she grows her hair over him and forms chains over him.)

"Oh man. Thanks, Ellie. That was close." Race said in relief as Bendy slid over to him.

"Race, if you wanna get in on the action, you can always let Ellie use you to hit someone." Bendy laughed.

(After Tel-E and Nator shoot energy at a minion, Beauty pulls them all together with her hair and traps them in a tube.)

"Wow! My first henchmen take-down! Pyra! Get a shot of me with these guys!" I told the fire girl, extending my hair to her and forming a camera in her hands. I proceeded to pose in front of the Chill-dren, but Pyra just tossed the camera and rolled her eyes.

"Okay. We took care of them here, but . . ." Race began, trying to keep his balance on the frozen floor.

"We? Just how did you evaluate your contribution, Mr. Lack-of-Traction?" Nator remarked.

"Alright. You guys took care of them here, but Cold Miner is still out there."

"Oh! Are we gonna storm a supervillain's hideout?" I eagerly asked.

"Uh, well, that's kind of a problem. None of us know where that is."

"So we have to find Cold Miner's place? And that will be done how exactly? I mean, it's not like he leaves a trail wherever he goes." Nator acknowledged.

"Hey, why don't we try following some o' them Chill-dren to their hideout? I mean, they gotta go home some time." Bendy suggested.

"Hello? We can just interrogate his men right here. Race, you agree with me, right?" Pyra argued.

"Uh . . . uh . . ." Race stammered, sweating a little as we all looked to him.

"I'll tell you how we should catch Cold Miner. We gotta draw him out somehow, like saying we captured his wife again." Nator noted. "What do you think, Race?"

"Well . . . uh . . ."

"Go on, Race. What do you think we should do?" Tel-E asked the team leader. However, when I asked her why she couldn't just read his mind for the answer to that, it turns out Race just didn't know what to do at that point.

(Race's team communicator rings and he answers it, showing a guy in a silhouette.)

"Hello? Neo Brigade?" The mysterious figure inquired.

"Uh, speaking. Who's this?" Race asked.

"I can't give my name, but I've been working for Cold Miner, and I think I can help you."

"You're one of the Chill-dren? How did YOU get on this frequency?" Nator queried.

"I have one of your Neo communicators. One of you must have left it behind during one of our last encounters."

"Oh yeah. I was wondering where that went." Bendy mentioned, looking guilty.

"In any case, yes, I am a member of the Chill-dren. I've been in this to make some good cash, but I don't wanna be a part of Cold Miner's crazy schemes no more. Now, I wish to help you defeat him."

"You wanna do what?" Pyra questioned, incredulous.

"I can't keep this life of crime up any further. I just wanted to do some theft, but I didn't sign up for this whole city in ice thing. I think I can help you put a stop to this."

"Really? You wanna help us? Okay, we're listening." Race told him, sounding optimistic.

"Time out. Just why should we trust you, anyway?" Nator inquired the figure. "You haven't even identified yourself."

"I can't give my name. Cold Miner still thinks I'm working for him. If my identity ever got out, my life could be in jeopardy. My family too." The anonymous caller explained.

"Yeah, Nator. He has to protect his life. Come on." Race told the cyborg before addressing the renegade Chill-dren minion again.

"For the sake of conversation, you can just call me Don Crimel."

"Okay, Don Crimel, where can we find Cold Miner?"

"His hideout is underground. You'll have to go to the old Miner City subway. Let me know when you get there and I'll guide you further."

(Cold Miner hangs up)

"Alright! What luck! We've got some more help! Okay, team, let's go to the subway." Race ordered the group, about to leave. However, Nator stepped in the speedster's way.

"Whoa! Wait a minute! Some stranger tells you he works for Cold Miner and suddenly you're taking directions from him? Are you crazy?" Nator scolded the team leader, not finding any logic in his plan.

"No. He'd be crazy if this was the only instance of him accepting irrational assistance." Pyra mentioned, glaring at me at the end.

"Yeah, Race. How do we know this guy isn't just gonna freeze us as soon as we set foot on his doorstep?" Bendy added. "I mean, sure, it'd be fine if this was some crank call. But this guy's got my old communicator."

"Guys, come on. We can't just pass on this. We actually have an ace in the hole here." Race reasoned.

"If you go along with this, that's just what you'll be: an ace in the hole. And by that, I mean you, Ace, will be six feet in the ground." Nator argued.

"Look, I know this isn't my place since I'm the new girl here, but, Race, they kinda have a point. I mean, don't you think this is a little risky?"

"Guys, we'll never find him if we don't try this. Now, let's go." Race concluded, walking to the bank exit.

"Ugh. You're not gonna talk him out of this?" Pyra sighed, addressing Tel-E.

"I trust him." Tel-E answered firmly as Pyra rolled her eyes.

(Beauty talks about how Race had kind of a reckless behavior in deciding what to do, comparing him to Captain Kirk and Anakin Skywalker. She says she was a little unsure of what would happen, but, like Tel-E, she would have to trust Race since she was still new to the city. The team goes down to the city subway. It is dark, so Beauty uses her hair to create lights to make it brighter. Race's communicator rings. He answers it, and Cold Miner, still in silhouette is on the screen)

"Are you in the subway?" Don Crimel asked.

"Yep. So how do we find the hideout?" Race inquired.

"You'll have to look for the big blue stone on the wall across from the north side of the platform. Press it, and it should reveal the entrance."

(Cold Miner hangs up. The team sees the blue stone on a wall.)

"The blue stone? Alright. Let's go." Race told everyone.

"It's a trap. I'm telling you." Nator warned the team leader sort of musically.

"Look, I'm sure it's fine. Bendy, press the stone."

"No way, man. What if that thing's rigged to explode? Do you even know what you're getting me into? I'm not liking this." Bendy objected.

"What's your problem? You're a daredevil. Isn't danger your thing?" Race queried.

"It is when I know what's coming. When I jump over a pit of fire, I expect I might get burned, not sucked into a black hole."

"Why not make Ellie open it?" Pyra suggested. I was a little concerned that I would get thrown into immediate peril for being

the new girl, but I knew I wasn't gonna get anywhere in this city being nervous.

"Well, I guess I've always wanted to see a black hole up close." I remarked.

(Beauty grows her hair to the stone, pressing it. The wall opens as fog emerges with lights in a tunnel. There are stairs leading down.)

"Hmm. Looks like an entrance to me." Race commented, pleased to see our informant was correct.

"This changes nothing." Pyra mumbled.

(The Brigade walks through the entrance and down the stairs and go through a hall.)

"This is so exciting! I've never been in a real supervillain hideout before." I uttered in enthusiasm.

"Well, none of us have ever been in here. So we'd best remain undetected while no one knows we're here." Tel-E cautioned me as we continued down a hall. And, as if on cue, we heard foot steps coming from a hall going perpendicular to the one we were in.

(Several Chill-dren pass by an intersecting hall as everyone hides. Race dashes for cover, Tel-E levitates herself to the ceiling, Pyra disappears in the air, and Bendy, Nator, and Beauty hide behind a few crates. Beauty looks through a crack in the crates and sees the minion looking around, having heard something. He then continues down the hall as everyone then goes back to where they were)

"That was close. Man, I feel like we're in a stealth video game." I commented, relieved, then excited.

"This is NOT a game." Pyra affirmed.

"I know. The enemies in real life don't have such a limited range of view."

"Let's keep moving. Pyra, you can move through the air without being seen. You'll have to scout the path ahead before we move on." Race explained.

"Oh! I can help too!" I added, morphing into a character called Camille Wonder and showed off her invisibility powers.

(Pyra is reluctant to go along with Beauty, so Beauty goes through the hall invisible. She looks for anyone coming and waves to the team when it's clear. When she sees some people coming, she signals for them to hide. As they continue, there is a rumbling as the ground becomes more frozen as Race slips again. Cold Miner calls on his communicator)

"Uh, Don? What was that?" Race inquired.

"Cold Miner's used his pickaxe to freeze everything again. You'll have to hurry if you wanna stop him from making things worse." Don Crimel warned us.

"Oh man. I don't like the idea of 'worse'. Especially if that means no friction." Race mentioned, struggling to stand up with the ice on the floor.

"Well, what'd you expect? You came into Cold Miner's hideout wearing sneakers." Nator acknowledged.

"Hey, you try running all the time wearing boots or cleats."

(The big door starts to open. The team hides behind some barrels as two Chill-dren minions walk out. Cold Miner is still on the communicator.)

"I can see you all from the security station. That door is a shortcut to Cold Miner's location." Don Crimel informed us.

(The team runs to the door as soon as the Chill-dren leave. It closes before Tel-E can go through)

"Tel-E!" Race cried as the door closed.

". . . It won't open." Tel-E told us as we heard her trying to get in.

"Then let's make it open." I suggested, growing my hair to form some dynamite.

"No! If we break it, someone will know we're here." Race warned me as his communicator was still on.

"You can only open that door using a key card. I'm afraid the girl's stuck out there." Crimel informed us.

"It's okay, everyone. I'll just go the long way around and meet you later." Tel-E told the team.

"Just be careful." Race called to the alien. "Okay, team, let's keep moving."

“Look, Race, as much as I'd love to go along with your ingenious plan of wandering through an enemy lair based on what one of his henchmen tells you, I really think we should at least find a map of the area.” Nator proposed following his sarcasm.

“You can download a map from a computer at the south corridor, but I can assure you it's well-guarded. I can still see you from the security cameras. You'd better let me guide you to Cold Miner so you can find him quicker.” Crimel advised the team.

“Sorry, Nator, but I gotta go with finding him quicker.” Race concluded.

“Okay, now continue down to the end of that hall and make a right. And don't worry. There are no guards currently in the vicinity.”

“Down the hall and to the right. No problem.”

(Race walks down the hall, not even trying to be stealthy anymore, even though Crimel was right and there really weren't any guards)

“Man, it's like he's blind and can run by just listening. He's crazier than me.” Bendy commented in disbelief.

“Well, I'm sure you guys must admire Race's skills and instincts if you made him your leader.” I inferred.

“Hmph. Yeah, sure, it was a unanimous vote.” Pyra sarcastically replied.

“Oh yeah. He inspired us, alright.” Nator laughed.

“What do you mean?”

“Let's just say the position of leader was open at the time and no one but Race could fill it.”

(They continue down a hall as Race leads with confidence.)

“Where to next, Don?” Race asked our informant.

“Continue down to your left. But be careful. Two Chill-dren are heading your way.” Crimel warned us as we heard footsteps behind us.

(The team takes cover, hiding in a closet as two Chill-dren walk by.)

“Are you sure we should be down here?” One of the Chill-dren asked his cohort.

"You heard the boss' orders. Anyone not outside has to be either on the lower floor or in the lounge. And there's no way I'm makin' the extra walk." The second Chill-dren minion explained.

"I just can't wait 'til we finish this operation so we don't have to look out for any more trouble."

(The two Chill-dren walk further away)

"Hey, Crimel, what's this operation they're talking about?" Nator questioned our anonymous assistant.

"That's not important. Just keep moving so you can find the elevator to the lower floor, and to Cold Miner." Crimel answered.

"Hey, Don, is the area mostly clear around here?" I inquired.

"Right now, besides those two Chill-dren, there's no one too close."

"Alright! We can take 'em out!" I suggested.

"What? No! . . . I mean . . . I'd rather you didn't. I mean, I still work with these people."

"Aw, come on. Stealth isn't fun without a sneak attack." I argued, forming my hair into a blaster to aim at the two Chill-dren as I inched my way out of the closet.

"Ellie, no!" Race cried, pulling me back as I took a shot and missed.

"What was that?" One of the Chill-dren asked, bewildered. I could tell they were ready to start checking the area for the source of that attack. Instinctively, the whole team just kept quiet like we would die if we even breathed.

"I think it came from down there." The other minion acknowledged as I heard one of them approach the closet.

"Let's check it out."

"No! You know the orders. Let's keep moving."

(The Chill-dren walk away as the team goes back out in the hall.)

"That was too close." Race sighed. "Ellie, next time someone says we shouldn't fight, can you maybe show some more restraint?"

"Sorry. I was just gonna stun them." I apologized.

"Yeah, well, just save that 'til after Crimel leads us to Cold Miner."

(Race goes back to talking to Crimel as everyone follows him again)

"Crimel, Crimel, Crimel. You had the right idea, Hair Piece." Bendy informed me.

"At least someone had their own initiative." Nator added with a sigh.

(The Brigade continues down a hall as Race is looking down at his communicator like someone looking at their phone and eventually get to one last door.)

"Okay, so we're down corridor H, and where next?" Race inquired our helper.

"Right through that door." Crimel said.

"Through the door. Got it."

"And yet he couldn't be further from getting it." Pyra mumbled, rolling her eyes.

(Race opens the door as there is nothing but a big square pedestal in the middle of the room.)

"Cold Miner is on the floor directly below you. Take the elevator down and you'll have him." Crimel briefed us.

"And this room is supposed to have an elevator, you say?" I questioned, looking around to find nothing.

"There should be a square lift in the middle of the room. That's the elevator. Now, do you see the five floor panels on it?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, with the exception of the person monitoring security, that's me, the Chill-dren are required to stay in groups of at least five in case we have to go into battle. And to assure these groups stay together, this hideout doesn't have any stairs. Instead, we have the elevator here that requires five people to stand on it in order to work."

"Hmm. Seems like nice organization if at time inconvenient." Nator commented.

(Tel-E walks in.)

“Guys! You're here! Thank goodness.” Tel-E said, happy to see us.

“Hey, Tel-E, you're just in time. Come over here. We all need to stand on this elevator to get to Cold Miner.” Race told her as she walked towards the team.

“So this is the elevator?” Tel-E inquired as she stepped on the elevator with the rest of us. I was about to get on, but Pyra pushed me off, getting on in my place. At that moment, we all heard a beeping noise, so something was about to happen.

“Yeah, that Don Crimel says it requires five people to stand on it. Cool, huh? Just like co-op video games where both players have to hit something simultaneously to advance in the level.” I excitedly noted.

“Yeah, 'cause that's what everyone was thinking.” Pyra sarcastically remarked.

“Apparently, there aren't any stairs here because Cold Miner wants at least five Chill-dren together at all times, so they have this elevator to keep people from going through floors by themselves. Neat, huh?” Race explained.

“Wait! Not neat! Guys, I just remembered. On our way here, we passed by only two Chill-dren, and when we first came in, there were two Chill-dren too.” Nator recalled.

“Dude's got a super powered memory. Just sayin'.” Bendy whispered, stretching his neck to me.

“How could there be required groups of five if those guys were in pairs?”

“Uh, I don't know. Maybe they just weren't following the protocol and didn't need to move between floors. The point is Don Crimel said the elevators require five people, so what's there to wonder?” Race argued.

“Actually, there is one other peculiar thing I noticed. You mentioned there being no stairs, but on my way here, I passed by several elevators with signs that said 'All elevators out of order until further notice. Please take the stairs.'” Tel-E recalled.

“Wait? So there ARE stairs?” Bendy asked. “Race, I thought Crimel said there weren't any of those here.”

"This doesn't make any sense. Why would Crimel lie about that?" Race wondered.

"Well, one thing's for sure. The elevators I passed didn't look anything like this one." Tel-E noted, looking down at the elevator we were on. "It looked like anyone could go in on their own."

"But were there at least Chill-dren in big groups when you saw them?"

"No, but that's another interesting thing. I analyzed their thoughts to see what I could learn about Cold Miner, and it turns out they've all been ordered to stay in groups of at most four, meaning there can't be five or more people together."

(Beauty talks about how strange this was.)

"If there can't be groups of five or more, why would this elevator require five people?" Bendy questioned.

"More importantly, why would Don Crimel tell us the elevator needs five people standing on it?" Pyra queried with suspicion.

"I think the real question is if no one should be in fives, and all the elevators are out of order, then what is it we're standing on?" Nator inquired as the "elevator" beeped again.

(Tel-E senses something big and pushes Race off the floor panel as a large tube traps the other four of the team inside.)

"Whoa, it's a trap!" I cried, stepping back as the tube came down.

(The tube lowers down to the bottom floor as Race and Beauty get on top. It lowers all the way down as Race and Beauty jump off when it hits the floor.)

"Guys! Oh man! Are you okay?" Race anxiously queried the Brigade, putting his hands on the tube.

"We're fine, but I wouldn't be calm just yet." Tel-E replied, trying to blast her way out of the tube with her energy, but with no effect.

"Race! This doesn't count as an elevator!" Pyra affirmed, failing to break out with her fire.

"Yeah! Are you sure Crimel was right about this?" Bendy added.

"I told you we should've gotten a map!" Nator reminded the speedster who instantly took out his communicator after everyone failed to shatter the glass prison surrounding the four teens.

"Uh . . . Crimel? Don? You there?" Race said into his communicator.

"Oh, I'm here." A voice said from the back of the room.

(Race and Beauty turn to find Cold Miner with Chill-dren pointing ice pistols at them.)

"And you're right where I want you." Cold Miner concluded with a grin.

"Cold Miner?" Race cried.

"Heh heh heh. Race, you gullible idiot, I knew you'd let me lead you fools into my grasp."

"Lead us? Wait . . . Don Crimel was . . ."

"I can see you all from the security station. That door is a shortcut to Cold Miner's location." Cold Miner said in Don Crimel's voice. He then held up the missing Neo Brigade communicator. "Heh! Race, you make it all too easy to deceive you."

"Oh man, how could this happen?"

"Don't act so surprised. I knew you'd want the easy shortcut. You'd trust anyone who says they can help you even when you know nothing about them."

(Race looks at Beauty as she realizes he's talking about her too.)

"Okay, so you wanted to lead us to you to get us in this tube? Is that it?" Nator asked the villain.

"Well, I was hoping to get all five of you, but at least I'll have four of Race's suckers in my trap. And once my machine here finishes charging up, you four will be flash frozen with nothing being strong enough to thaw you out." Cold Miner explained.

"Say what? No one puts the Neo Brigade in permanent cryo-sleep while I'm around! Pyra, seep outta here and get 'em!" Bendy commanded the team's fiery fighter, pointing forward.

(Pyra disappears, but reappears)

"Ugh! There aren't any openings in this thing! I'm stuck with you guys. Way to go, Race." Pyra groaned.

"Oh man, this is all my fault. Guys, I . . . I didn't . . ." Race uttered with regret, seeing his team imprisoned.

"Save it, Ace. You've told us things that landed us in here. We don't need you telling us anything else." Nator interrupted.

"Heh! Your final words from your friends. Now, Race, I wasn't expecting you to bring along some ringer to your team, but as long as you're both out of my prison, I think I'll just stick your bodies in my freezer right now." Cold Miner declared as his men prepared to fire on us with their ice weapons.

"I may be new here, but I know well enough not to surrender without a fight." I insisted, growing my hair out as the Chill-dren shot ice energy at Race and I.

(Beauty blocks the energy with her hair as it freezes. Beauty breaks off that part of her hair and picks it up with her hair, swinging it at many of the Chill-dren as Cold Miner ducks the attack.)

"So you wanna resist me, do you? So be it. Chill-dren! It's play time!" Cold Miner announced.

(Many Chill-dren come into the room from all different parts of the room.)

"Whoa. That's a lot of 'em." Race muttered, concerned.

"Well, then it's time to make fewer of 'em." I affirmed.

(Beauty transforms into Queen Fungoob (Princess Shroob) and creates a force field around her and Race, protecting them from the ice energy. She fires energy at the minions as many of them activate shields on their guns, protecting themselves. She then summons the character's Fungoob minions to help fight, but many of them get frozen as they shoot energy guns at the Chill-dren. Cold Miner tries firing his own ice energy at the force field to penetrate it, but Beauty keeps it going strong.)

"What's wrong, Race? You're just gonna hang back while the real heroes fight your battles?" Cold Miner taunted the speedster.

"Yeah! Who are you, the Chief?" Bendy added similarly.

"Bendy!" Tel-E scolded the stretcher.

"Just motivating him."

"I don't know. The Chief earned HIS job." Pyra noted.

However honest they were, the Brigade certainly drove Race into the battle as he looked directly out at Cold Miner like a determined traveler willing to survive a three-day journey on his own.

"I let you capture my friends. I'm not leaving without fixing this." Race affirmed before he dashed out of my barrier.

(Race darts into several Chill-dren, dodging their attacks and moving one minion's shot to freeze other Chill-dren. He then turns to Cold Miner who swings his pickaxe down, freezing the ground. As Race runs, he slips, slowing, but still staying on his feet. He slides to Cold Miner who punches Race as he slides down to the tube.)

"Gee, and I thought you were done with me manipulating you." Cold Miner laughed before shooting more ice energy at the runner.

(Cold Miner intentionally misses as Race slowly runs back and forth so Cold Miner can see him in trouble as he shoots at him. Cold Miner continues missing him on purpose)

"That's right, kid. Dance for your Uncle Sammy." Cold Miner chuckled.

(Race slips again, running into the force field. Cold Miner finally gets a good shot at Race. Beauty chucks a Fungoob minion at the ice so it can take the hit. Cold Miner runs forward, hitting Fungoob minions out of the way and hits the force field with his pickaxe. The force field vanishes as Beauty thinks it's cool. Beauty shoots more energy at the Chill-dren to protect herself. Cold Miner picks up Race by the shirt and throws him to the floor.)

"Come on, fearless leader! Show me your stuff!" Cold Miner demanded.

(Race tries to take a swipe at Cold Miner who grabs Race's fist and swinging him over to the floor again. Cold Miner picks him up again and slides him into the wall.)

"You're not impressing me." Cold Miner said, not satisfied.

(Race tries to run at Cold Miner again, but Cold Miner knocks him down again and throws him at the wall again. He then freezes his legs as Race is hanging upside down.)

"Well, I suppose I overestimated your resistance. Still, it's been fun." Cold Miner commented, holding his hand out, about to freeze the Brigade leader.

(Beauty morphs back to normal and punches Cold Miner away with her hair. She melts the ice on Race's legs using a welding torch from her hair.)

"This is SO not my day." Race anxiously moaned as he continued hanging upside down.

"So I'm assuming it gets better?" I inferred.

"Look out!"

(Beauty sees Cold Miner's pickaxe flying at her. She blocks it by forming a shield with her hair as it knocks her into the wall. The pickaxe flies back to Cold Miner as he catches it. Cold Miner shoots his ice energy at Beauty. She morphs into Jember to block the energy with her fire.)

"You may have the power, but science and RPGs agree. Fire always beats ice." I affirmed.

"Uh, Ellie?" Race uttered with less confidence than me.

(Beauty jumps to the side and shoots a large blast of fire at Cold Miner. Beauty can't see him so well through the fire, but Cold Miner runs through the fire and punches Beauty away.)

"Just a small note: Cold Miner is immune to heat." Tel-E informed me, still inside the tube.

"An ice villain that can withstand fire? Okay, that is just plain awesome." I eagerly stated.

(Cold Miner and the Chill-dren surround Race and Beauty as the room is full of minions. Cold Miner looks to his machine as it continues charging.)

"It seems I won't have much trouble having your friends permanently frozen after all. It's only a matter of time before they're nothing but ice sculptures for my living room."

"I won't let you hurt them." Race insisted as he slipped on the ice again and held onto me so he wouldn't fall. "Uh, Ellie, you got anything we can use right now? 'Cause that would be great."

"There's too many of them. I don't know how I can get them all at once." I answered with doubt.

"Race! Ellie! You have to get out of here! Save yourselves!" Tel-E hollered to us.

"Uh, you mean after they save us, right?" Bendy asked, not thrilled with what Tel-E said.

"I'm not leaving without you guys!" Race affirmed.

"Don't worry. I wasn't gonna let any o' you leave anyway." Cold Miner noted with a grin. "You can fire when ready, Chill-dren!"

(Cold Miner raises his pickaxe at Race and Beauty as the Chill-dren all point their ice pistols at them.)

"Race, I really think we should listen to Tel-E right now." I suggested.

"No! I . . . I can do this. Just let me think." Race muttered in anxiety. At that point, I could see our enemies' weapons glow with the energy they were about to fire at us.

"Race?" I uttered, feeling uneasy of what was coming.

(Cold Miner and the Chill-dren fire ice energy at Race and Beauty. Beauty morphs into Alex Specter to turn both her and Race intangible as they fly through the wall. As they fly, they hear Cold Miner)

"What? Gone?" Cold Miner barked in surprise and anger as I could hear him scream and hit what sounded like one of his henchmen.

"Yeah! Chew on that, Coldy! They got away!" Bendy celebrated.

"Yeah, if by that you mean they ditched us." Pyra said, not pleased.

"Oh, right. Race, come back!"

"You want we should go after them, boss?" One of the Chill-dren asked the ice villain.

"No. Let 'em go. The whole city should be frozen by now. They won't be doing much to us." Cold Miner explained before he shouted out to us. "You hear that, Race? All you can do is just slip and fall! You can hide, but you can't run!"

(Cold Miner laughs as Beauty flies Race to a corridor near the hideout's entrance.)

"That was too close." I muttered, catching my breath. "Okay, so now that we've made it past that, what would you normally do in this case? You know, just hypothetically."

(Race is looking away and says nothing.)

"Race?" I uttered as he still said nothing.

(Race angrily punches the wall.)

"Stupid! Stupid! STUPID!" Race growled, slamming the wall with each "stupid" like a kid throwing a tantrum before he simply leaned his head against the wall and collapsed on the floor as his eyes began to water. "What was I thinking? My team . . . my friends just got captured! All because of me!"

"Oh . . . well . . . to be fair, Cold Miner had a lot to do with it too." I stupidly attempted to cheer him up as I instantly did a face-palm soon after. "I mean . . . look, Race. I know we lost that one, but the team isn't gone yet. There's still a chance we can save them."

"No, there's not. It's hopeless. I tried to stop Cold Miner once and that cost me four friends." Race replied, still in tears. "I just let everyone down."

"Come on, Race. Pull yourself together. We can't quit now. The Brigade's depending on us."

"Depending on me was their biggest mistake. I should've known Don Crimel wasn't a real ally."

"Okay, so you made a mistake. That doesn't mean you can't fix it. Come on. You're the leader. Surely you must have a plan."

"I'm no leader."

"Whaddaya mean? Of course you're a leader?"

"I am NOT a leader. Never was before, never should've been."

"But you must be. Why would you be leading the Neo Brigade if you weren't good at this?"

"The Chief is my dad!"

(Beauty talks about how she didn't realize the Chief and Race were related.)

"He's your dad?" I asked.

"Yes! Look . . . when the five of us originally met, it was when we beat Cold Miner and his gang the first time. After that, we all kinda decided to work together in case there was any more trouble in Minor City. Well, to do that, we needed the Chief of police to give us proper authorization to let us work for the law. My dad took the responsibility of overseeing our activity and was basically in charge of what we all did. So when he decided which of us would be team leader, he insisted it be me." Race explained the team's origin as I sat down next to him.

"So it wasn't anyone in the Brigade, not even you, who decided it should be you as leader. It was all your dad." I inferred.

"Yeah, he just assigned me the job. I never even wanted to lead. Any of the other four guys would make way better leaders. I mean, Tel-E's the smartest girl in the world. She could think of anything for us. Nator's the other genius. He'd know what the team should do. Pyra, she's the sensible one. Anyone can follow her. Even Bendy, he's hardly afraid to run into danger. That has potential. Me? I have nothing!"

"Well, your dad must've seen something in you."

"No. I've always been one of the least significant. My whole life before I got these powers, I was always the slow one in school. In gym, whenever we had to see how many times we could run from one end of the gym to the other, everyone could do over thirty. I'd always get tired after eight and collapse after twelve. All the fast kids would just pick on me after that, stealing my lunch and books because they knew I was too slow to chase after them. It was just dumb luck I got these powers. You know, I used to come from school every day and watch Forewarned."

"You were a fan of the Forewarned TV series?"

"Oh, I loved all heroes with super speed. And when I'd see Forewarned just run and whoop all the bad guys and then everyone would love him as their defender, all I could think was, 'Someday, that'll be me.' And then I got my wish. Before I knew it, I was helping Tel-E fight off this alien psychopath when she got to Earth. I got my powers and my best friend on the same day." Race recalled, seeming to long for the better days.

"Well, that must've been awesome. You were slow and your powers became super speed? When does that ever happen?"

"Well, apparently, I'm the only one with this set of powers. The Charevo Gene lets you get powers based on who you are through how you act, think, and are seen by others. For me, my elements of Behavior, Mentality, and Identification became Determination, Improvement, and Speed." Race explained, pointing to the Charevo Emblem on his hand, which consisted of a mountain, a first aid kit, and a cheetah.

"Your Identification element is Speed? People saw you as speedy?" I asked, confused.

"I don't know. My Charevo Gene's probably just being sarcastic or something. Anyway, I was so excited to be able to run, I thought I could finally earn some respect and have people not think of me as weak and useless. But I never wanted the pressure of leading a team. Since I couldn't escape such a responsibility, my goal from that day was to just not screw up. And now it's all over."

"It wasn't your fault. Going from an average kid to a leader of superheroes is a lot of pressure for anyone. No one would expect you to be the best at it."

"Yeah, well, my dad expects an awful lot. So to do a good job, I kept trying to make this super hard thing easier whenever I could. As time went on, I just kept cutting more corners and taking shortcuts, not even giving any thought whatever could make my life easy."

"So that's why you were so quick to bring me onto your team."

"Yeah, I just saw your powers and I thought, 'Hey, she'll make me look good.' And then when Cold Miner called as a secret ally, I didn't question it all like everyone else did. I just saw it as this lucky opportunity that would only lead to harder work if I passed on it. Some decision that was. I tried to be a good leader, and I just led everyone right into a pit."

"Well, Race, I've never been a leader before, but being a good leader isn't just about telling people what to do. Good leaders help their teams to do anything, to make everyone better, and even learn from them. Of course, you can still make your own decisions. I mean, look at me. You brought me on board and I haven't self-destructed on you yet."

"Yeah, that's true. Why were you so quick to team up with us, anyway?"

"Are you kidding? After all the TV I've watched, to finally get superpowers, what girl wouldn't wanna be in a superhero team? That's why I came to Minor City."

"So you just seeked us out?"

"Well, I came here with someone else when I fought the Gamer, but it just didn't work out."

(Beauty and Race see a video screen showing Minor City covered in ice)

"Oh man, Cold Miner's done all that, and he's got my friends." Race moaned. "I'm going back."

"You think you can fight him in an area that looks like . . . that?" I asked, pointing to the frozen city on the screen.

". . . I honestly don't know."

(Race's Charevo Fairies emerge from his hands.)

"Whoa! What are those?" I asked, surprised by the creatures.

"The Charevo Fairies. The Charevo Emblem on our hands represents the elements of our Charevo Gene, and the fairies here represent them as well, or at least, that's what Tel-E says." Race explained as his fairies hovered around him before the one that looked like Race as a mountain, the Determination Fairy, floated in front of the speedster.

"To give up is to admit defeat. To not give up is to give what opposes you time to admit defeat." The Determination Fairy informed Race.

"When you feel at your worst, the only thing you can feel is better." The Improvement Fairy noted.

"Make yourself quicker, you run alone. Make others quicker, they go at your pace." The Speed Fairy quickly added.

"Helping others is what helps yourself." The Improvement Fairy concluded.

(The Charevo Fairies float back into Race's Charevo Emblem. Beauty believes each Charevo Fairy gives the person advice based on the element they represent.)

"So I'm guessing those things aren't gonna give us any backup, huh?" I inferred, having wanted some other form of assistance from those fairies.

"Well, we'd better go help our friends then." Race mentioned, feeling more hopeful this time.

"Are you sure you're up to it after last time?"

"I may not be able to fight Cold Miner directly, but I do have another ability that can help you."

(Race and Beauty go back to the room where Cold Miner has the Brigade. Cold Miner's machine is almost done charging as he is singing a song.)

"Oh, I been diggin' down the coal mine. I don't know how far it'll go. But if I need to see if I'll survive it anymore, I'll just throw four frozen birds down that hole." Cold Miner sang as he poured some coffee for himself and his henchmen.

"That doesn't make any sense." Nator argued from inside the tube. "If the birds are frozen, how can they go into the mine before you?"

"Gee, I don't know. How can you be the heroes of Minor City if you can't keep me from freezing your city?"

"We'll find a way." Tel-E affirmed.

"I sincerely doubt it. I've frozen the city from inside the earth. It would take years for it to melt. And judging by my machine, you only have a few minutes left."

“Just let us outta here and you’ll have no minutes left!” Pyra grumbled.

“Hmph. You sure know how to talk to a gentleman.” Cold Miner remarked as he then picked up two rocks, one brown and one black. “I’ll tell you what. If you can guess which hand the brown rock is in, I’ll let you go.”

“Uh . . . that one right there?” Bendy said, pointing to Cold Miner’s hand with the brown rock.

“Oh, so sorry. That’s just a clump of dirt.” Cold Miner laughed, crushing the brown rock into dirt. “Looks like I win, but thanks for playing.”

“Loser!” Race called from across the room.

“What? Who said that?”

(Beauty grows her hair out to slam most of the Chill-dren. Cold Miner turns to find Beauty and Race. When he sees them, Beauty points to Race.)

“Heh. So, Race, the one chance you have to run here and you don’t run away.” Cold Miner commented with a smirk on his face.

“I’m not running from my mistakes anymore, Cold Miner. In fact, I’m not gonna run at all to get you.” Race insisted, standing still at the doorway with his arms crossed.

“He’s not doing what?” Nator incredulously asked.

“Fine by me. Chill-dren! Attack!” Cold Miner ordered.

(The Chill-dren run to them, but Race uses his speed waves to make their legs move faster, causing them to slip on the ice. Beauty grows her hair out over the ones who slip and keeps them wrapped in chains.)

“I’m not just about making myself speedy.” Race insisted as my hair lifted the restrained Chill-dren.

(Race fires another speed wave at the chained Chill-dren as Beauty throws them and they fly into several Chill-dren at a high speed.)

“You okay if I just hang back?” Race asked me as I transformed back into Alex Specter.

“Don’t worry. You’re just here to make me look good.” I quipped.

(Beauty flies out and Race uses a speed wave on her, allowing her to dodge all the ice pistol shots. About half of the remaining Chill-dren gets frozen. She dodges Cold Miner’s ice energy and hits him away.)

“What’s the matter, Race? Afraid to get your hands dirty like everyone else?” Cold Miner groaned.

“My hands are doin’ just fine over here, thank you.” Race replied, firing his speed wave at me again.

(Cold Miner shoots his ice energy at Race. As Beauty fights, she knocks a frozen minion over to Race, protecting him from Cold Miner’s attack. Beauty knocks the other Chill-dren out with her speed as she morphs back to normal. Cold Miner freezes Beauty.)

“I am not letting any kids keep me from making everyone struggle in life like I did.” Cold Miner asserted, walking to me.

(Cold Miner raises his pickaxe in the air. Race fires his speed wave at Beauty, melting the ice. Beauty uses her hair to grab Cold Miner’s arms, stopping his swing and forcing him back. Cold Miner grabs her hair and swings her around. After throwing her into a wall, she’s dazed and he prepares to freeze her with his pickaxe.)

“Ellie, look out!” Tel-E alerted me.

“Hey, ugly!” Race shouted from across the room.

(Race throws a rock at Cold Miner, getting his attention.)

“You’d better know how to tunnel out of Minor City Penitentiary.” Race taunted the villain.

(Race throws another rock, this time increasing its speed with his speed wave. Cold Miner fires his ice energy, but Race hides behind the frozen Chill-dren. Beauty punches Cold Miner with her hair. Cold Miner throws his pickaxe at her, but she turns into Alex Specter to become intangible. The pickaxe goes through her and sticks to the wall behind her, but returns to Cold Miner. Cold Miner runs to her and she dodges him as he punches the wall, breaking part of it while she floated away from him.)

"Ellie, his strength comes from the pickaxe! You gotta keep it from him!" Race informed me.

(Beauty turns invisible. Cold Miner can't find her.)

"Grrr. Where are you?" Cold Miner growled as I floated next to him.

"Yoink." I said as I snatched the pickaxe from him.

(Beauty uses Alex Specter's energy to seal the pickaxe in a force field. Cold Miner tries freezing her again, but she flies down as he then forms two swords made of ice from his hands. He tries to hit Beauty, but Race speeds her up with his speed waves as she dodges Cold Miner)

"Gee, you lose a pickaxe and suddenly you go from Cold Miner to Samur-ice?" I quipped.

"Don't make me skewer you!" Cold Miner growled, taking another swing at me.

(Beauty flies through the air as Cold Miner shoots the icy floor, causing icy stalagmites to form and rise up to the ceiling. Beauty manages to dodge them all, and then fires her energy at Cold Miner. She tries firing at him again. He forms an icy shield around himself.)

"Look who's hiding now." I commented.

"Don't worry. You're gonna be as cold as a real ghost soon enough." Cold Miner said with confidence.

"Ellie, fly into him! And don't break the ice!" Race instructed me as I chose to do as he said.

"Heh. This should be good." Cold Miner laughed.

(Beauty isn't sure this will work, but she flies at Cold Miner. Race fires his waves at both Beauty and Cold Miner's ice shield. The shield melts as Beauty reaches him, punching him into a wall and nearly beating him.)

"You've been creamed, ice boy." I declared, standing over him.

"Don't celebrate yet. In about ten seconds, we're serving four fresh popsicles." Cold Miner assured me.

(The machine finishes charging as Beauty sees the Brigade about to be frozen.)

"Ellie, you gotta get 'em out!" Race told me.

(Race shoots his speed wave at Beauty, increasing her speed as she flies to the team, turning intangible, and getting them all out at once. The tube instantly turns to ice inside as it then opens up.)

"Woo! Way to go Neo!" Bendy celebrated, high fiving me.

"Alright! Not bad." Nator added.

"Well done, Ellie." Tel-E commended me.

"Eh, not terrible." Pyra mumbled as Race slowly made his way over to us.

"Yeah, way to pull through. You see, guys? And you all thought I was crazy to bring her on board." Race commented.

"I hate to break up the reunion." Cold Miner interrupted as we all turned to see him holding a bomb. It basically looked like a pack of dynamite with a clock on it. "But I'm not finished with you yet. Surely, you didn't think a guy who worked his whole life in the mines wouldn't use any dynamite. Say good night, kids."

"I don't think so." Race replied.

(Cold Miner turns the time bomb on as it's set for ten seconds. He's about to throw it at them, but Race fires his speed wave at the bomb, increasing its countdown, causing it to blow up on Cold Miner, leaving him dazed.)

"So who wants the last shot?" Race asked the team.

"Actually, I think you earned this one." I admitted as I grew my hair out to grab Race. "But first, I think we should take Bendy's advice."

(Beauty throws Race at Cold Miner as he knocks him down the room, knocking him out.)

"You can tell Don Crimel I said thanks." Race remarked, looking down at the villain.

"Way to go, Race. I knew you'd come back." Bendy told the speedster.

"No you didn't. You were crying on my shoulder the whole time saying they're not coming back and you'll never get to crash your motorcycle again." Pyra clarified.

"Alright, well, before we all celebrate, aren't we forgetting the thing that made us come down here." Nator reminded us, pointing to a video screen that showed the city still covered in ice.

"Relax. I'm sure Race can melt it pretty quickly." I suggested.

"You think so?" Race asked.

"Well, if Cold Miner's pickaxe froze everything when it hit the earth from down here, why couldn't you . . . you know."

(Race uses his speed waves on the earth to melt the ice as they see the ice in the city melt. Back in the Brigade HQ, the Chief puts a medal around Race's neck.)

"And for leading your team to capture a wanted villain and restoring the traffic in Minor City to its more bearable state, I am pleased to award you the medal of courage . . ." The Chief proudly stated as he gave his son the medal before he took a few other items out of a box. ". . . In addition to this new box of pens, this bus pass, this five dollar gift card to Barry Burger's, and finally, this baseball bat autographed by Extreme City slugger Roddy 'Runaway' Richards."

"Thanks, Dad. But . . . I don't deserve this." Race admitted, turning to his team who were standing behind him. "Listen, guys, I know I haven't made the best decisions. But I just want you to know I'm sorry. I should've listened to you more than that bogus informant. Is there any chance you can forgive me?"

"Of course, Race. You'll always be our leader." Tel-E answered.

"Yeah, I guess we're fine." Pyra mumbled.

"Sure. I mean, you did stop Cold Miner." Nator added.

"Yeah, it's all good. Dibs on the bat!" Bendy shouted, snatching the autographed bat from Race's hands.

"See, Race? People respect you." I acknowledged.

"Thanks, Ellie. Now . . . you know, we just got back Bendy's old communicator Cold Miner used to manipulate me. I trusted two people on faith today, and one of them tried to destroy me and my team with this thing. I think you should have it." Race offered as he handed me the communicator.

"You mean . . ."

"How would you like an official full-time position on the Neo Brigade?"

"Oh my God! You want me to stay with you guys? Oh yeah! Thank you!" I shrieked in excitement.

"Wait. Hold on. Lemme check with my team."

(The rest of the Brigade think about whether Beauty should join them. They whisper to each other.)

"Whaddaya think, guys?" Race asked.

"Well, some of us want to see if she can impress us further, but we think she'll fit in well." Tel-E replied.

"Just for the record, I still think having her here is a bad idea. But if everyone else wants her, then . . . she's in." Pyra reluctantly accepted with a sigh at the end.

"Sounds like you're in." Race concluded to me.

"Woo! I swear, you will not regret this!" I assured everyone.

"Tel-E, you can read minds. Is she lying?" Pyra inquired the telepath.

"Okay, hold the phone. Before I can allow you membership to this group, you need to follow the proper protocol just like everyone else." The Chief informed me as he took some papers out of his briefcase and put them on his clipboard and began writing. "Alright, name?"

"Dad, does this have to be right now?" Race questioned.

"Son, if you're instating people left and right into your squad without me having any file on him or her, you're only sabotaging the police and therefore aiding the enemy. Name?"

"Uh, Ellie Belinda Bellavitz." I answered.

"Eye color?"

"Blue."

"Height?"

"Five-seven."

"Powers?"

"Oh, well, I can control my hair to grow and form solid objects. I can transform into any female TV, movie, or video game

character. Oh! I can alter my clothes at will." I told the Chief, giving him a demonstration of the last one.

"Hero name?"

"Say that again?"

"Hero name. Your hero name! Your form of identification used specifically for serving the city so as not to conflict with your normal identity among those familiar with you prior to becoming an official super servant of Minor City." The Chief elaborated.

"Well, that sounds complicated." Pyra commented.

"Tell me about it. He didn't even let me have a name." Tel-E added.

"Uh, well . . . actually, you know, I've never really thought of having a superhero name." I admitted, believe it or not, not kidding.

"No name, then you'll have to be assigned one. Let's see. You have powers related to your hair, your clothes, and fictional women. Alright. Your name will be . . . Beauty." The Chief concluded.

"What?"

"Beauty. That's your name. That or 'Camera Girl'. Which do you prefer?"

"Of those two, Beauty, I guess. But . . ."

"Don't you argue with me! You will be addressed as Beauty and that's final!" The Chief insisted.

"Oh, but I hate that name. It's not me. Come on. Lemme have something else. Bendy called me Hair Piece earlier. Can I have that?" I requested.

"No! The decision's been made."

(Beauty talks about how much she hated her name. The Chief takes out a giant stack of paper.)

"Now, you'll also have to read and fill out this eighty-four page police obligation agreement. Make sure you sign every page by oh-five-hundred tomorrow when you report for your physical. And don't think you can get out of it. We're very observant during the urine tests." The Chief informed me as he then walked away.

“Wait. Why do I have to . . .” I uttered as I looked at everything I had to read.

“Welcome to Chief Trotter's Neo Brigade, Beauty.” Race said, putting his hand on my shoulder while I just sighed.

Knowledge is Power (and none is just funny)

(Beauty talks about how someone with talent can have trouble using it. Dinomight goes through an architecture museum to smash the place. The Brigade finds Dinomight destroying a small scale replica of the Brigade HQ and a large part of Minor City.)

“Haha! Dinomight crushes everything. No one withstands the might! Hahaha!” Dinomight boasted as he smashed the model of the Brigade HQ one more time.

(Tel-E levitates Dinomight in the air as he's holding on to a piece of a model building.)

“Well, Dinomight, I guess it's fortunate you're this small in real life, otherwise, we'd need a hotel.” Tel-E commented.

“Man, Dino, is this what you do at the beach? Just kick sandcastles to feel big?” Bendy joked.

“Yes.” Dinomight plainly answered.

(Dinomight throws the building piece at the team as they dodge it, scattering. Tel-E loses focus and releases her hold on Dinomight who charges at Beauty and Nator. Beauty forms a laser cannon from her hair and shoots at Dinomight who absorbs the shots. Nator then produces a cannon from his chest that uses energy to materialize a hard sphere. He shoots the sphere at Dinomight who catches it and throws it back at Nator, knocking him down. Pyra flies around Dinomight as he tries swatting at her. She tries to shoot her fire at him, but he blocks it with his arms. Bendy extends his arms and enlarges his fists to punch Dinomight, but he grabs his arms and hits Pyra out of the air. Race tries darting at him with no effect. Beauty turns into Maula (Pantha) to grapple with Dinomight. She forces him back, but he grabs a large model building and hits Race away.)

“You don't look so tough. Come here and I'll show you real combat.” I challenged the brute.

(Dinomight runs at Beauty as his arms glow. He punches her and creates an explosion, knocking her down on top of Pyra as she turns back to normal.)

“Wow! He's strong AND his fists can make explosions?” I asked in disbelief and enthusiasm before Pyra threw me off of her.

“Well, he's not called Dinomight just 'cause he can't spell.” Pyra remarked.

(Dinomight has his arms glow again and runs at the team. Tel-E shoots energy at him and levitates him onto a wall)

“What in the name o' chicken wire?” Dinomight exclaimed as Tel-E glared at him.

“I apologize for inciting further roughhousing from you, but we really have an event at school to attend soon.” Tel-E eloquently informed the brute.

“Haha. So I'm keepin' ya from yer learny castle, am I? Just as good. I can pummel you with my strength even more. I'll bet jus' stayin' away from them smart places is killin' you right now.” Dinomight laughed.

“You are aware that we're currently in a museum, yes? In any case, any area of intellect far surpasses barbarous mayhem.”

“Nuh-uh! Destruction ain't borin' like reading.”

“Be that as it may, mind will always triumph over muscle.”

“Mind don't get the chicks. And it don't do this either.”

(Dinomight overpowers the telekinesis slams his fist on the wall and causes part of the ceiling to cave in over Tel-E. Dinomight runs at Tel-E as she levitates out of the way. She shoots her energy from her mind, but Dinomight absorbs it again by punching it. Tel-E tries to levitate Dinomight away, but he is able to slowly walk to her.)

“Looks like your mind can't match my muscle.” Dinomight claimed, inching his way over to the alien.

(Tel-E levitates a piece of the destroyed model buildings to Dinomight)

“Look out! Behind you!” Tel-E alerted her opponent.

“Huh?” Dinomight uttered, turning his head.

(The piece strikes Dinomight's head as he falls down. Tel-E levitates him up to the ceiling and back down to the floor.)

“Go Tel-E!” I cheered.

“Tel-E, you’re the telepath! You can learn his battle strategy!” Nator reminded the Knowlgian.

(Dinomight recovers as Tel-E levitates back away from him.)

“As Aristotle once said, 'the energy of the mind is the essence of life.'” Tel-E affirmed, shooting energy from her mind at the bulky villain. However, Dinomight, once again, swung his fists at the attack, negating it.

“Your life ain't strong enough!” Dinomight remarked as he ran to the Brigade member.

(Dinomight punches Tel-E, knocking her to the ground. Before she can recover, Dinomight picks her up and punches her again, knocking her into a wall. Tel-E flies in the air.)

“Hey, I ain’t done with you yet!” Dinomight objected as he then leaped in the air.

(Dinomight jumps up grabbing Tel-E by the tail and slamming her to the floor. Dinomight slams her to the floor overhead multiple times.)

“So which did you say is better?” Dinomight gloated, attacking her again.

(He continues swinging her into things and then grabs her by the waist and slams her into a wall.)

“Did your mind withstand that?” Dinomight laughed like the bully he was. He then started wailing on my friend with his excessive strength while it proved even painful to see. It was like watching a wrecking ball demolish a school.

(Tel-E looks weakened as she tries to fire her energy from her mind, but fails. Dinomight keeps her in his grip as he holds her off the floor)

“You know, MY powers don’t go away when I get hurt.” The brute bragged while Tel-E still appeared weak.

“Physical . . . strength . . . will never . . . beat . . . mental strength.” Tel-E insisted, struggling to remain conscious.

(Dinomight throws Tel-E to the ground. His arms glow and is about to punch her. Beauty grows her hair around Dinomight's legs, causing him to fall as she pulls him away. He holds him in the air like a piñata. Nator puts on a heavy chunk of metal on his fists like a set of brass knuckles. Race uses his speed waves on Nator causing his fist to launch out of his arm on a cable at a high velocity. His fist knocks out Dinomight when he gets hit in the head.)

"Yeah! Smart guys win!" Nator celebrated as his hand returned to him.

(Pyra helps Tel-E up.)

"You okay, Tel-E?" Pyra asked as she put the alien's arm over her shoulder.

". . . More or less . . ." Tel-E weakly replied.

"Tel-E, can you name the three-hundred-twenty-seventh digit of pi?" Nator inquired to test how okay she was like someone asking how many fingers they were holding up.

"That's . . . not . . . something I would know."

"Hang on. You'll be alright." I assured the Knowlgian as I transformed into the character Crimson Sorceress.

(Beauty uses magic to heal Tel-E. A mysterious figure sucks Dinomight into a dark portal)

"Alright! The new guy!" Dinomight said in relief as the portal swallowed him up with the familiar looking figure.

(Dinomight and the figure disappear before anyone in the Brigade can catch them.)

"Whoa. They have someone else in their Gang now?" Race asked, surprised by what he saw.

"Who's they?" I queried the Brigade leader.

"Nothing. You'll find out soon."

(Beauty talks about how the Chief wasn't happy hearing that Dinomight got away, but they still had to go to the school. In the school yard, everyone is on the bleachers while there is a stage on the football field. Pyra is in the back corner of the bleachers with the rest of the Brigade while Tel-E is with several

kids in chairs on the stage as Principal George Chang goes up to the microphone.)

“Thank you, one and all for coming to our school's first annual summer quiz bowl.” Principal Chang welcomed everyone. “As you know, all the money we've made from ticket sales and entry fees will go to charity. So why don't we all give a warm welcome to the woman who came to us with this idea, Minor City's own celebrity, Christy Ferguson!”

(Christy Ferguson walks up to the podium as people cheer.)

“Christy who?” Bendy asked.

“You know, the comedian who claims to know everything. Apparently, she's a game show host too.” I mentioned.

“Thank you, George. Now, as you all know, we'll have several rounds of three students competing against each other to answer trivia questions. The person with the most points at the end of the game will be our winner.” Ferguson explained. “Now, I've decided there won't be buzzers or ringing in. I'll ask each contestant questions one at a time, and encourage everyone to make their best guesses, especially if you're completely clueless. So if you do well, good for you. If you stink, well, I guess you get expelled.”

(The audience laughs. They go through the game as Ferguson asks people questions one at a time as Tel-E does well. The principal has the scores for each contestant written on a chalkboard. Ferguson makes fun everyone who gives bad answers. They get to the final round with the last three contestants as Tel-E still does well)

“Alright, time for the final round. As you can see by the score as written by your principal's questionable handwriting, Tiffany Boole currently has three-hundred points. Very nice.” Ferguson announced.

“Boooooo!” Nator shouted.

“Tel-E Vega is tied for first with three-hundred points. Good work.” Ferguson continued as me and the team cheered for our friend. “And finally, we have Jordan who both currently and previously has ten points. Nice . . . try.”

"It's not my fault! You keep giving me the hard questions!" Jordan protested.

"Really? Your opponents seem to get them right when you're wrong. But, look, you can redeem yourself, 'cause it's your turn." Ferguson informed Jordan as she read the next question from a card. "Who was the thirty-fourth U.S. president?"

"Oh! Uh, I know this one."

"Don't lie to me." Ferguson joked.

"No wait. Uh . . . uh . . ."

"Okay, just to be nice, I'll give you a hint: He was president after Harry Truman."

"Okay. Okay . . ." Jordan mumbled, trying to think.

"Alright. New question: Jordan, what number president was Harry Truman?"

"I have no idea."

(The audience laughs.)

"That's all I needed to hear. Tiffany, thirty-fourth president?" Ferguson asked Tel-E's much smarter opponent.

"Dwight Eisenhower." Tiffany answered.

"Correct. Next question to Tel-E . . . actually, Jordan, I'll give you another try. Who wrote the Federalist papers?"

"Uh . . . uh . . . the Federalists?" Jordan guessed as everyone laughed.

"Never mind. Tel-E? Same question."

"Alexander Hamilton, James Madison, and John Jay." Tel-E answered.

"That is correct. Tel-E and Tiffany are tied again." Ferguson announced. "Tell me, Jordan, how is it Tel-E has only been on this planet for less than a year and she knows more American history than you?"

(The game continues to the final set of questions.)

"Okay, Jordan, here's an easy one. In terms of pi, what is the circumference of a circle with a radius of eight?" Ferguson queried.

"Oh! Uh, sixty-four pi?" Jordan guessed.

"No. Tiffany?"

"That would be sixteen pi." Tiffany answered.

"Correct. You know, Jordan, after hearing your answers, I think I know why teachers make so little money." Ferguson joked. "Anyway, it's all tied up again between Tel-E and Tiffany, and we have only one question left. And Tel-E, it is for you."

"Oh yeah. She's so got this." Race noted with confidence in his best friend.

"Here's your question: What is the three-hundred-twenty-seventh digit of pi?"

"Oh wow. What are the odds?" I said.

"One in infinity." Nator replied.

"Okay, no problem. She's got the advantage. I mean, she can just read the host's mind for the answer. That's why I bet so much money on her to win." Bendy noted.

"You actually bet money on this?" Race inquired.

"Don't worry. She can't lose."

(Tel-E thinks about the question and does not answer right away)

"Umm . . . is it four?" Tel-E asked.

"Sorry. It's not." Ferguson said.

"What!?" Bendy exclaimed, outraged.

"Jordan? Be honest. Do you know the answer?"

"No. But I have a guess. I know it's not four. So . . . is it five?" Jordan guessed with confidence.

"I like your logic, but no. Tiffany? Three-hundred-twenty-seventh digit of pi to win?"

"Is it zero?" Tiffany inquired.

"We have a winner!"

(The audience cheers as the principal brings a trophy up on stage while Bendy just has his face in his hands, upset.)

"Congratulations, Tiffany. You win this nice new trophy. Tel-E, great job. Jordan, I'd like the names of all your teachers if you don't mind." Ferguson concluded.

(Tel-E walks off the stage as the Brigade goes down to her.)

"Hey, uh . . . second place. Way to go." I congratulated Tel-E, trying to make something out of her losing.

"What happened? You coulda read Ferguson's mind and destroyed Tiffany! Why didn't you go for it?" Nator questioned Tel-E.

"I just didn't want to." Tel-E plainly admitted.

"Didn't wanna? I was sure you'd know all the answers that way. Now I lost thirty-nine dollars on this. You know what that means, right?" Bendy complained.

"Tel-E does not owe you money for not cheating." Pyra sighed.

(At the HQ, Beauty runs to the living room and jumps over the couch to watch TV.)

"Four o'clock show! Four o'clock show! Time for the four o'clock show! And that . . . show . . . is . . ." I rambled to myself as I landed on the couch to grab the remote. However, I was too slow, for Tel-E was sitting there and levitated the remote to her.

"A game show." Tel-E concluded as she changed the channel to a show called Host Conquer.

"Game shows? Not cartoons?" I moaned.

"Not while you're watching with me."

(Beauty describes Host Conquer being somewhat similar to how Ferguson asked the kids questions. She then explains the rules)

"Wait a minute. Host Conquer? Didn't Christy Ferguson used to host this show?" I asked Tel-E.

"I wouldn't know. I've only started watching a few months ago." Tel-E answered.

(Beauty says the host looks dull compared to Ferguson since he was a news reporter. Race and Nator come in as Nator has his laptop out.)

"Girls, we have a problem. My dad just sent us reports on some missing people that he wants us to investigate." Race informed Tel-E and I as Bendy and Pyra walked in. The Brigade leader then showed us a folder of the police report, which contained pictures of the people Race alluded to.

"Gee, there's gotta be like thirty people there." I commented, looking through the folder. "

"Did the Chief mention any leads on where they could be?" Tel-E inquired.

"Well, funny thing about that. He actually sent us a few videos of someone you might know." Nator told us as he opened his laptop.

(Nator played some videos of Christy Ferguson asking people questions.)

"For twenty dollars, can you name one of the three branches of government?" Ferguson asked the woman, holding a microphone to her.

"Uh, I don't know. Umm . . . the execution branch?" The woman guessed as the video then made a noticeable edit.

"Really? The execution branch, you say?"

"Isn't that the one with the president?"

"Well, for Lincoln, Kennedy, and James Garfield, maybe, but . . ." Ferguson quipped as the video cut to her asking another question. "For one-hundred dollars, who was Billy the Kid?"

"Billy the Kid? I don't know. He sounds like a child." The woman said as the video cut to another edit.

"You think he's a child?"

"Yes."

"So would you let your child play with Billy the Kid?"

"My son gets along well with others. Sure."

"You think they'd play Cowboys and Indians well together?" Ferguson joked as the woman still didn't get it.

"Wow. Looks like the Chief has a sense of humor after all." Bendy laughed as we watched.

"Actually, that woman's one of the missing people. Now, take a look at the date when she was reported missing and look at the date it was posted." Nator told us as both dates turned out to be August 20th.

"They're the same. So?" Pyra asked.

"Well, just look at the dates of all the missing people in the report. All of them are in Ferguson's videos and the dates of the respective reports and videos are all identical."

"You think Ferguson might know something about the missing people?" Tel-E asked.

"Hey, what if someone's been contacting her about where to find these people? There could be someone using her to get to them." I suggested.

"Well, whatever's going on, my dad thinks we should see what Ferguson knows." Race insisted.

"And how are we supposed to find her? Ask Principal Chang?" Pyra asked.

"No. We need to go to someone who would really know where she lives or where she would go."

"Hey, what about the people at the network where she hosted her old game show. It is in Minor City." I suggested.

"Whoa. I think it's a little early for a newbie like you to tell us what we should do." Bendy laughed, dismissing me.

"Have you an idea yourself?" Tel-E queried the stretcher.

". . . So, Beauty, the network of her show?" Bendy asked me, unable to come up with something.

"Yeah, who better to ask about her than someone she's worked for?" I argued.

"So that lady really had a TV show?" Pyra inquired.

"Yeah. In fact, I still have some old tapes of her show. Come here and I'll show you."

(Beauty goes to her room and digs through her disks of TV shows recorded and finds one of Host Conquer. She goes back down and plays it on the TV for everyone. Ferguson appears about eight years younger and has three contestants)

"Okay, next question goes to Officer Lou Trotter." Ferguson declared for her familiar contestant.

"I'll take the TV Cop category, please." Trotter requested.

"Ha! Race, your dad was on this show?" Bendy asked, both surprised and thrilled.

"I had no idea. He never told me he was on a non-news related show." Race admitted with a smile.

"Well, he must've had some reason for not telling you." Nator said as we all watched.

"Okay, Louie, you're way behind in last place, so here's an easy one: What deputy was Andy Taylor's sidekick?" Ferguson questioned on the show.

"Oh! Uh . . . I know it's Barney something." The Chief muttered as he began sweating.

"His last name is the same as a woodwind instrument."

"Barney . . . Barney Clarinet!" Trotter answered as the audience laughed. "What? No? Barney Rubble!"

"In . . . credibly wrong! That's twenty points to my score. But don't worry. I'm sure we've all confused Mayberry with Bedrock at some point."

"Well, there's his reason." Pyra acknowledged as we all laughed. It got even better when it became the Chief's turn again.

"Okay, Officer Trotter, from the Supreme Court category: What famous case held that statements made from interrogation may be used in a court of law if the defendant has been read his or her rights beforehand?" Ferguson queried, reading from her question card.

"Oh, the Miranda Rights case. I forget what it's called." The Chief admitted.

"Come on, Louie, you're a cop. Isn't law supposed to be your specialty? You must know this when you arrest people."

"To be honest, I haven't made that many arrests."

"Okay, the person on trial was a guy named Ernesto Miranda. He was arrested in Phoenix Arizona. The case was in 1966. Would it help if I told you the Chief Justice was Earl Warren?" Ferguson remarked, trying to help the Chief as she got some more laughs.

"Uh, Miranda v. . . . uh . . ."

"There's a state in the name that I may or may not have mentioned." Ferguson mentioned as she then looked to someone from behind a camera and smiled. "You'd better answer soon. My producer doesn't like me giving you so many hints."

(Ferguson talks to her producer)

"Yeah, I know I'm not supposed to give clues, but I'm helping people learn things." Ferguson comically argued with her

producer. "Hey, did you know Earl Warren was Chief Justice in 1966? You didn't? Oh, so you just have something against learning?"

"Wait! I got it now! Miranda v. Minnesota!" Trotter answered as the buzz sound for a wrong answer went off.

"Nope. That's twenty more points for me. But because I like you, Louie, I'll let you try again."

"Okay. Miranda v. Maryland?"

"Wrong. That's another twenty points to me. Wanna risk me getting more points again?"

"Miranda v. Boston?"

"Not a state."

(The Brigade laughs at his answers)

"I think I just found a few more reasons." I laughed.

(As they watch the show, a monitor descends from the ceiling as the Chief appears on it.)

"Trotter here! Have you . . ." The Chief began as he then found us watching him look stupid on TV. "Hey! What are you watching!? What's the meaning of this!?"

"Oh! Uh, hey, Dad." Race stammered as he turned the show off.

"Who gave you permission to watch me on that show?" The Chief roared.

"Well, technically, you did, 'cause I'm assuming you would've signed a release form that allows the network to broadcast your likeness on television for everyone to see you regardless of . . ." Nator answered before the Chief cut him off.

"Oh, shut up, you! Listen, there have been some unknown robberies in the city, and I need you to be on the lookout for any suspicious activity."

"What about those missing people?" Race reminded his father.

"Yeah, you should look into that too. And listen well: That Christy Ferguson is involved somehow."

"We're on it, Chief!" Bendy assured the team's boss.

“Well, make sure of it. That Christy Ferguson must know something, and I want her to talk. Nobody makes a fool out of Louis Quentin Trotter!”

(The Brigade goes to the network studio lot where Ferguson did her show. They find someone talking to a police officer as the police officer then walks away.)

“Oh, what am I gonna do? I haven’t even been vice president for a week, and already I have to decide how to deal with this? How could this happen?” The man anxiously muttered to himself as he paced back and forth before we approached him.

“Excuse me? Do you work here?” Race inquired.

“Oh! The Neo Brigade! Uh, yes, I am the vice president of this network. I’m sorry. I can’t talk now. I’m in a bit of a pickle right now. The network president and one of our show’s stars are missing.”

“Missing?” Race uttered as we all looked at each other.

“We’ve tried calling their families for hours, and nobody knows where they are. They’ve just disappeared somehow.”

“Well, we think Christy Ferguson may be able to help us find some other people who have disappeared. Could you tell us where we can find her?” Tel-E requested.

“Christy Ferguson? Hmm. Very few of my colleagues have heard from her since we replaced her on her show. We haven’t even used that old studio over there since we got rid of her.” The executive explained as he pointed to a studio with “caution” tape surrounding it as the tape covered the doors. “But if you need her contact information, I think I can find it for you.”

(The executive is about to go inside, but they see Ferguson walking down the street with her producer. They go after her.)

“Christy!” Tel-E called to the comedian as we approached them.

“Oh, look, it’s the smart alien and her friends.” Ferguson commented.

“We were wondering if you could answer a few questions about some of the people in those videos you’ve posted on the web?”

"Which are super funny, by the way." I clarified.

"Gee, I normally ask the questions. Also, I'm in a bit of a hurry, but sure. What do you wanna know?" Ferguson inquired.

"Well, a lot of those people you've been quizzing have gone missing. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

"Sorry, but after I've finished asking them questions to make fun of them, that's the last I hear of 'em."

"So you wouldn't know why people have been disappearing after being in your videos?" Nator questioned the game show host.

"Believe me, I'm as surprised as you are about all this."

"Has anyone even asked you about the people you talked to before they went missing? Like, has anybody wanted you to tell them where they live?" Race queried.

"Sorry. No one came to me about it at all."

"Fantastic. The one person we think would know something doesn't know anything." Pyra moaned.

(The Brigade is about to leave as Beauty recognizes the person with Ferguson as her old producer)

"Hey, aren't you that guy who used to be on Christy's show?" I queried the man.

"What? Oh! Yes. I'm Al. I, uh, still work with her, mostly on her videos." Al the producer sheepishly replied. "Christy, should we get going?"

"Not yet. You know, Neo Brigade, I'd hate to leave you empty-handed. How 'bout a little game? I can ask one of you a few questions." Ferguson suggested.

"Thanks. But we really must be going too." Tel-E informed the host as she's about to walk away.

(Ferguson zaps Tel-E in place with a card from her mind.)

"I insist we play. Maybe you'll win something good." Ferguson said.

"So she DOES have powers!" Tel-E mumbled.

"Guilty as charged." Ferguson confirmed, holding up her hands to reveal her Charevo Emblem. It turns out she had the

Charevo Elements of Presentation, Knowledge, and Competition. "Whenever I ask someone a question, I can give them anything if they get it right. Why don't you play to get some nice abilities?"

"Whoa! You can give people powers? Oh yeah! Go for it, Tel-E!" I encouraged the Knowlgian, elbowing her in the arm.

"Alright. If you'd like to assist." Tel-E told the comedian, going along with her game.

"Awesome. Okay, for the ability to teleport yourself and anyone else to wherever you want: In what war was the Battle of Sewell's Point?" Ferguson queried.

"Oh. I wasn't expecting a question like that. Um, was that the American Revolution?"

"Nope. Sorry. That was the American Civil War. Actually, just a month after the Battle of Fort Sumter."

(A wave of energy goes to Ferguson)

"Uh, wouldn't you wanna ask something a little easier if you wanted to help us?" I asked.

"Hey, I'm not here to give prizes away. Besides, I can only ask questions I know the answer to, so why not make it fun? Alright. Question two is for the powers of super strength and heat vision: What county borders the north of Somerset in England?"

"Oh! I've seen it on the map. Is it Wiltshire?" Tel-E guessed.

"Close. It's actually Gloucestershire."

(Another wave of energy goes to Ferguson)

"Uh, you realize not everyone with a British accent is from England." Pyra acknowledged.

"Yeah, have you ever seen Star Wars?" I added.

"Okay, well, I'm only giving you one more question. So pay attention." Ferguson informed Tel-E as the comedian summoned another card from her head. "For the power of energy projection . . ."

"Uh, sorry. But I already have that ability." Tel-E noted.

"Oh, this is a . . . different kind of energy power. Now, first off, yes, I have seen Star Wars. So your question is what species is Jedi Master Aayla Secura?"

"Ooh! I know! I know!" I shouted, putting my hand in the air like a know-it-all.

"Sorry. I don't know this." Tel-E replied as I was disappointed I wasn't the one playing.

"No answer? Okay. No power for you." Ferguson concluded as some more energy went to her body for some reason. "Well, I better get going. Good luck to you. Let's go, Al."

(Ferguson and Al leave.)

"Okay, guys. Let's go see what else we can find." Race told the team.

"Seriously, Tel-E? Losing a trophy is one thing, but not reading her mind to get new powers? You have officially lost me." Nator groaned.

"I'm sorry. I just didn't want to cheat." Tel-E clarified.

"That's fine. But Tel-E, just for the future, TWI'LEK!" I screamed at the end in Tel-E's face as I put my hands on the sides of her head.

(Beauty talks about Tel-E not wanting extra power. Later, Race gets a call on his communicator.)

"Trotter here. I've just received reports on three new missing civilians."

"Uh, by any chance are two of them a TV star and network president?" I asked.

"Yes. That would be Alex Barker and Leslie Diller. As for the third one, it's a kid named Jordan Reidman."

"Jordan? He's gone too?" Race asked in shock. "We just saw him this morning."

"Yeah, well, he's gone right now. In any case, have you learned any information on that Christy Ferguson?"

"No new leads I'm afraid. But we'll keep looking."

(The Chief hangs up.)

"Oh great. Now Jordan's gotten into this mess? I don't know how we'll ever learn anything on this." Race moaned as we heard someone holler from down the street.

"Win a game o' Three-card Monte! Who wants to play?" The man shouted.

(The Brigade sees a man at a table with a deck of cards. Beauty describes him.)

“Three-card Monte? Oh, I am awesome at this!” Bendy proclaimed as he ran over to the table and got out some money. “I’ll put fifty bucks down, please.”

“Oh no. Bendy, we discussed your gambling.” Race lectured the daredevil.

“Don’t worry. Old Eagle Eyes Bendy here’s done this a million times. It wasn’t for money, but if it was, I’d be leading this team.”

“I like your confidence, kid. I got three cards. Just pick the queen of hearts and you win.” The dealer assured Bendy.

(The dealer puts the queen down on a set of cards and puts them on the table as the queen is stuck behind the top card, meaning there are actually four cards. He shuffles them around.)

“Take your pick, sir.” The dealer said like an honest gentleman.

“Okay, I wanna go with the left one, but, Tel-E, can you confirm?” Bendy asked the telepath.

“I am not helping you cheat.” Tel-E affirmed.

“Fine. Show me the left one!”

(The dealer reveals the card to be a three.)

“Ohhhhh! I’m sorry. Wrong card.” The dealer sympathized, taking Bendy’s money off the table.

“Wait a minute.” Pyra intervened, picking up the card Bendy chose. She then exposed the extra thickness of the card by revealing it to really be two cards glued together with the back card being the queen Bendy was looking for. “Hey, Eagle Eyes, this guy cheated.”

“Say what? Oh sure, so HE’S allowed to cheat.” Bendy complained, addressing Tel-E’s refusal to assist him.

“Gotta go!” The dealer quickly said as he tried to run away.

(As the dealer tries to flee, Beauty grabs him with her hair.)

“Give him his money back.” I demanded.

"Hey, look, please, I don't want any trouble. I swear. I'm only trying to make the money back that was stolen from me." The hustler anxiously explained.

"Money was stolen?" Race asked.

"Didn't the Chief mention robberies earlier?" Nator reminded the team.

"So who robbed you?"

"It was that old game show host, Christy Ferguson." The man answered.

"Christy Ferguson?" Tel-E uttered, surprised to hear this.

"It was so strange. I had cash in my wallet one minute. Then she showed up and started asking me these questions. After I got a few wrong, she and her producer friend just took off. But the weird thing is she somehow generated cards right out of her head. And whenever I got a question wrong, some money instantly appeared in her hand. After she left, I noticed my wallet was empty."

"Oh boy. Guys, I think Ferguson neglected to tell us all of her abilities." Race mentioned.

"She's gotta be the one behind all that theft." Pyra agreed as I got a closer look at the guy.

"Wait a minute. I recognize you. Weren't you a contestant on her old show?" I asked.

"Oh yeah. He was on that one you showed us, Beauty." Nator noted.

"It's true. I came in second on her show, but I still did pretty bad. Christy said she wanted to see how well I would do today, which is why she came to me so I could be filmed for one of her videos. But then when she found that I got several questions right, she said she wasn't going to bother me again. After that, she told her producer it's time to see some more of her old dumb contestants. That's when I saw her producer's clipboard containing a list of names." The man recalled.

"Of course. Ferguson must be able to steal from people who answer her questions incorrectly. She's got to be going after everyone who participated on her show." Tel-E suggested.

"That means she must've kidnapped the people in her videos. We've gotta keep her from getting to anyone else." Race added.

"But how are we supposed to know who she'll go after next. I mean, we know it's only the dumb contestants she wants. But that could be anyone." I noted.

(Race's communicator rings as Trotter appears.)

"Help! HEEEEEEEEELP!" The Chief cried in distress.

"Dad, what's wrong?" Race asked.

"It's her!" The Chief yelled as the communication cut off.

(The Brigade senses trouble and runs to the police station. They find several officers unconscious. They go to the Chief's office and find Ferguson keeping the Chief restrained with her powers.)

"Please! Leave me be! I have much stupider people on my staff. Take them instead!" The Chief pleaded.

"Sorry, not buying it. Now, for the power of force field generation: What is the capital of Illinois?" Ferguson inquired.

"I don't know. I don't keep track of all the cities. Uh, is it . . . East St. Louis?"

"Wrong! Springfield."

(Ferguson's card creates another wave of energy that goes to her.)

"I know. I thought a city with record crime rates would be running the state too." Ferguson joked as she then showed off the ability that went to her, projecting a force field around. "Al, you want me to get you some powers too?"

"I really think we should just leave right away. We are in a police station after all." Al reminded the comedian.

"Oh, what? Am I going on too long again? Are we supposed to go to a commercial?" Ferguson remarked.

"I'd listen to him if I were you." Race interrupted from the door as the two turned to us.

"Oh, kids, thank goodness! Remove this witch from my office at once!" The Chief commanded the team, still afraid of Ferguson.

“Oh, hey, guys. You here to play my game again?” Ferguson casually inquired.

“Don’t play nice, Christy. We know you were the one behind those missing contestants of yours.” Tel-E informed the host.

“Oh, so NOW you guys know something. Well, did you know I can do this now?”

(Ferguson uses her new heat vision on the Brigade as Bendy gets hit out the room while everyone else dodges it. Pyra tries to shoot fire but can’t penetrate the force field. Beauty tries attacking too, but with no effect. Ferguson shoots her with her eyes.)

“If any of you are trying to keep me from meeting people, you’ll have to try harder.” Ferguson mocked us before Nator tried to attack with a set of missiles from his chest. However, before he could attack, the game show host produced a card from her mind and used it to freeze Nator in place. “Now for some real fun. For the power of levitation: What British general commanded the World War II Allied Invasion of Sicily along with Eisenhower?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know any British generals.” Nator replied, unsure of what to say.

“Sorry. We were looking for Harold Alexander.”

(Ferguson gets more power. Nator can finally move and fires his missiles as Ferguson who levitates them all around the room. Race dodges them, Beauty protects herself by forming a shield with her hair)

“Wow! Her powers are awesome!” I acknowledged with a little too much enthusiasm given the situation.

(As the missiles still fly, Pyra disappears in the air, and Tel-E levitates them in place as they explode. The Chief is on the floor cowering under his desk.)

“Please, while I insist you stop this menace, I don’t want anyone blowing things up in here.” The Chief affirmed as he hid under his desk again.

(Ferguson lowers her force field and picks up the Chief’s desk with her strength. She throws it at Nator and Race. Beauty

and Bendy are about to attack. She teleports away as she hits Bendy into Beauty. Beauty tries to grow her hair to Ferguson, but she brings up a force field again as Pyra appears inside it to attack. Before she can punch Ferguson, she uses another card to freeze her.)

“Quick! For the power of hydro-kinesis: What Greek king defeated the Persian army at the Battle of the Persian Gate?” Ferguson asked.

“Uh, Julius Caesar?” Pyra guessed.

“Alexander the Great!”

(Ferguson shoots Pyra with her new water power. Tel-E levitates her in the air.)

“Tell us where you’ve taken those people!” Tel-E demanded as she tried to attack with her mind energy. However, that ability appeared completely inactive as the Knowlgian gasped. “I can’t project my energy!”

“Nope. You lost that power to me on the Star Wars question.” Ferguson reminded Tel-E, using her power against her by instantly shooting a beam of energy at her from the host’s mind. After hitting her, Ferguson created yet another card from her head to target Tel-E with. “But if you want it back, then for the power of energy projection: How many people have I captured in total?”

“Tel-E, read her mind! You can get this one!” I told Tel-E.

“... Twenty-seven?” Tel-E answered, not sounding certain.

“Oh! Close. But no.” Ferguson replied.

(Ferguson gets stronger energy that she uses on the rest of the Brigade when they try to attack. Tel-E tries to levitate a chair at Ferguson, but she levitates it too and uses another card on Tel-E.)

“Alright, one more question. To get hit with a painful lightning blast if you’re wrong: Where am I hiding the people I kidnapped?” Ferguson inquired.

“Okay, there’s no way she can pass on this.” Nator commented as we all looked on, still weak from the comedian’s last attack.

(Tel-E takes a pause as everyone thinks she's reading Ferguson's mind.)

"I don't know." Tel-E answered, knowing what was coming.

"Well, I admire your choice to play fair. And . . . loser blast!" Ferguson declared with a grin as she pointed at Tel-E.

(Beauty says she and the team were speechless that she didn't cheat. Ferguson's card creates a lightning blast directed at Tel-E as she falls unconscious.)

"Tel-E!" Race and I cried, as I got up to attack the comedian. However, Ferguson levitated me in the air and brought me closer to her, allowing the game show host to punch me back to the end of the room with her super strength.

"Whoa. Slow down. I'll tell you when it's your turn. First, I have another contestant to deal with." Ferguson insisted.

(Ferguson looks around to find the Chief attempting to crawl out of the room. Ferguson levitates him to her.)

"Please, don't hurt me! I'm too important to die!" The Chief pleaded.

"Too late, Louie. It's time for you to return to where you caught my eye." Ferguson concluded.

(Ferguson shoots energy at the Chief, teleporting him away.)

"What have you done to him?" Race questioned the villain.

"He's with the others. I'd tell you where he is, but the host isn't supposed to give away the answers." Ferguson remarked.

"I'll make you give us the answers!"

(Race starts to charge for Ferguson, but she freezes him with another card.)

"Not so fast. For the loser getting a set of cuffs chained around his or her ankles: Who was the original inventor of the telephone?" Ferguson asked.

"Ha! Easy! Alexander Graham Bell!" Race answered with confidence, pointing at Ferguson who didn't look worried.

(Race is about to run at Ferguson, but trips, and is surprised to see cuffs chained around his ankles.)

“Elisha Gray.” Ferguson said with a smirk over Race. “Okay, Al, we can go now.”

(Ferguson teleports her and Al away. Later that day, the team tries to track down the Chief, but can't because he didn't have his communicator with him. Beauty talks about how difficult it is for your boss to be gone. Race finishes talking on the phone as he tries to get information as everyone is lying on the couches in the living room.)

“Well, no word on where the Chief or Ferguson is.” Race informed us, not feeling great.

“And therefore, no leads on Jordan and the other missing folks?” Nator assumed similarly.

“I'm guessing you're not used to having to look for the Chief.” I inferred.

“You kidding? We always think of plans to get away from old man Trotter.” Bendy informed me as he was lying on the couch upside down.

“Well, now we have to find him and stop Ferguson.” Race noted.

“What's the use? We don't have a chance at beating her?” Pyra mumbled with little hope.

“Oh yeah? And why's that?”

“Tel-E.” Pyra, Bendy, and Nator all said in unison.

“Me?” Tel-E exclaimed, not appreciating the accusations.

“Yeah, you coulda read her mind to get those questions right. Then you'd have those cooler powers she got.” Bendy told her, stretching his neck to her while his body still lied on the couch.

“Yeah, and she wouldn't have gotten away either.” Pyra added.

“Really, Tel-E! Ferguson's powers are based on what she knows versus what her opponent does not know. If you can know what she knows, you can beat her. You have telepathy! You are supposed to beat her every time!” Nator affirmed, moving his hands around and getting into Tel-E's face, slapping his hands at the end.

"Excuse me. I am not required to use my telepathy at every opportunity." Tel-E argued.

"Yeah, guys. Give her a break." I defended the Knowlgian. "Although, they do make a good point. Tel-E, why didn't you use your telepathy back there?"

"Ugh. Look, I just don't believe in using it to hurt someone or gain any kind of unfair advantage against others. It's deceptive, dishonest, and dishonorable."

"And you're . . . disappointing." Pyra added, putting Tel-E's hood over the alien's face.

"Well, I'm sorry for not obtaining tainted gains like the rest of you, but that's how I choose to use my abilities. You agree with me, right, Race?"

"Well, I mean, I respect your decision. But I really think you should've at least learned where my dad and all those people were taken." Race admitted, trying not to offend his best friend.

"I would have. But we were in battle, and I would've been tempted to learn her strategies and answers. And I don't like to gain anything that can be used against someone in any conflict." Tel-E asserted.

"Well I say Tel-E needs to read more minds. Then we'd have her stopping more people like Christy Ferguson." Nator suggested.

"Oh yeah! They trick you, you trick 'em back." Bendy added.

"But I don't like using my telepathy dishonestly." Tel-E reminded everyone.

"Well, then we'll have to make you want to." I insisted.

(The Brigade prepares to try a few things. Beauty challenges Tel-E to a game of darts by forming a dartboard and darts out of her hair. Beauty throws some darts and gets three-hundred points.)

"Okay, Tel-E, now let's see if you can beat my score." I told the Knowlgian girl.

"Excuse me. But how is a game of darts supposed to get her to use her telepathy?" Pyra asked.

"Because for Tel-E to win, she'll have to know what someone else is seeing."

(Beauty blindfolds Tel-E with her hair and spins her around. She even moves the dartboard.)

"Tel-E, can you see?" I inquired.

"No." Tel-E replied.

"Good. Now, take your best shot. I mean your BEST."

(Tel-E doesn't look where Beauty moved the dartboard. She throws a dart and ends up hitting Bendy. Tel-E removes her blindfold after Bendy shrieks.)

"Sorry, Bendy." Tel-E apologized.

"Yeah, and sorry, Beauty, but we're gonna have to make Tel-E wanna win more. I say we add some stakes." Bendy suggested.

(Bendy and Tel-E are later playing poker. Bendy is winning after they play a few hands.)

"Come on, Tel-E. What cards am I holding?" Bendy inquired, trying to get the alien to read his thoughts as he waved his cards back and forth.

"I'm not pulling any cheap shots." Tel-E asserted as she added to their pot. "In any case, I'll bet a nickel."

"I'll see your nickel." Bendy said, throwing some change into the pot before increasing it further. "And I'll raise you . . . ten dollars."

(Beauty says Bendy's hand wasn't that good.)

"Am I bluffing, or am I really this good? Gee, I wonder if you can tell." Bendy queried Tel-E, sounding like some evil villain.

". . . I fold." Tel-E sighed, laying her cards down. "I only have two-pair."

"Haha! Queen high! Bendy wins again!" Bendy exclaimed, showing his cards and growing his hand over the pot to pull it back into his pile of winnings.

"Bendy, I don't think this is working." I told the stretcher.

"Well, nothing we can do but try for a twelfth time. Alright, Tel-E, ante up."

“Actually, I think we should try something else.” Race suggested.

“Aw, come on! I still gotta make the money back I bet on Tel-E’s blunder at the school. What? No?”

(Race plays Tel-E in a game of Chess. They are even.)

“Okay, Tel-E, I know you wanna beat my Chess win record. I’m sure you wanna know my strategy.” Race tempted Tel-E as he made a move.

(Beauty notes how Tel-E is incredibly smart and Race is a great Chess player, so it took some time. They continue playing before it comes to an end.)

“Checkmate.” Race said as he completed his move.

“Ugh. You know, Race, at least when Beauty and Bendy’s ideas failed, it took up less time than your little game. Here. Let me try something.” Pyra told the Brigade leader.

(Pyra later gets several items for her plan)

“Okay, Beauty kinda had the blindfold thing right, but I think we can do better.” Pyra mentioned, blindfolding Tel-E again. She then reached into the trunk of items and took out a book. “If you can guess what I’m holding, you get to keep it.”

(Pyra asks what she has, but Tel-E can’t guess it. Pyra tries again with a few more things, including a bowl of salad and a puppy. Pyra tries to tell her these are things she might like, but Tel-E still doesn’t read her mind.)

“Okay, last one.” Pyra sighed, taking out what appeared to be Bendy’s electric guitar.

“Hey, you . . .” Bendy objected before Pyra put her hand over his mouth.

“Let her guess.”

“I’m sorry. But I just don’t know. Uh, is it a new pencil case?” Tel-E randomly guessed.

“Ugh. Forget it.” Pyra muttered, yanking off Tel-E’s blindfold and tossing Bendy’s guitar to him.

“Oh! Oh, thank God! I’ll never let her touch you again, my friend.” Bendy said with relief as he clutched his guitar to him and kissed it a little.

(Nator comes up with another plan and has a switch with one set of wires connected to Tel-E and another connected to Nator. Pyra holds the switch as they're sitting at a table.)

"Nator, are you sure about this?" Tel-E inquired, feeling uneasy.

"Of course. I saw this in a movie. I'll pick a card from the deck here and you'll guess which one I'm holding. If you're correct, Pyra will shock me. If you're wrong, you get shocked. I'm certain you'll wanna read my mind for this one." Nator explained, picking up a card from the deck. "Now, what card is this?"

"The . . . two of clubs?" Tel-E predicted as Nator revealed a different card.

"Nope. Go ahead, Pyra."

(Pyra shocks Tel-E)

"Nator? You sure this is a good idea?" Race queried the cyborg.

"Of course it is. She just needs to be motivated. Now, Tel-E, once again, what card am I holding?"

". . . Ace of spades?" Tel-E uttered, knowing she would be wrong.

"Ten of hearts. Sorry." Nator informed the Knowlgian as Pyra shocked her again and Nator drew another card. "Come on, Tel-E. Get into my head."

"Seven of diamonds?"

"No. Three of hearts."

(Nator has Pyra shock Tel-E again as she seems hurt)

"Okay, Dr. Venkman, I think it's time we moved on." I told Nator.

"Guys, this HAS to work. Tel-E's gonna have to use her telepathy to get outta this." Nator argued, taking another card.

"I'm not using it to have you electrocuted." Tel-E asserted.

"Oh yeah? I still don't believe in the Charevo Gene's special element things."

"I don't have to get upset about that."

"I . . . still think the original ruler of your home planet's been dead for years." Nator mentioned, trying to make Tel-E mad at him.

"You can be ignorant however you want."

"Well, do you still want Pyra shocking you? You know, she says she'd burn sixteen kittens to get you to stop playing your clarinet." Nator lied.

(Pyra doesn't appreciate Nator's lie and shocks him. The Brigade gives up on trying to get Tel-E to use telepathy against people. Tel-E is watching Host Conquer on TV as Beauty joins her on the couch.)

"Well, it's official. No one knows how to force you to read minds. You got any ideas?" I tiredly inquired, ready to give up.

"Sorry. But the motivation is still unknown." Tel-E said, seeming to wish she could help us.

(The girls watch Host Conquer.)

"And for the Sports All Stars category, here is your question: What player for the Extreme City Worms formerly held the record for most consecutive homeruns before turning to a life of crime?" Alex Barker asked.

"Carlos 'Kaboom' Sanchez!" Tel-E guessed.

"Carlos 'Kaboom' Sanchez?" The TV contestant replied.

"That is correct." Barker confirmed.

(Beauty says she's surprised Tel-E got that right)

"Okay, I don't know anything about sports, but how did YOU get that one?" I queried the Knowlgian.

"Oh, well, I just read Bendy's mind a while ago and learned quite a bit on the subject of sporting events." Tel-E explained.

"But I thought you didn't like using telepathy to help you win a competition."

"It wasn't to win anything. It was only to learn new information and enrich my mind further. I do it all the time. Don't tell anybody, but I like to analyze the thoughts of everyone in the Brigade once in a while just to learn a few things. For example, your favorite TV character is called Deadnote, you play the

harmonica and hope to learn the accordion, and you had a special shapeshifting friend before you met us. Yes?"

"That's . . . right." I confirmed, surprised.

"See? It's fun to have knowledge."

"Okay, so you love knowledge and you love to learn. Why is it that you don't wanna learn to use that knowledge against people?"

(Beauty says it was time for her to learn about Tel-E)

"Where I come from, planet Knowlgia, everyone is incredibly peaceful." Tel-E began.

"Oh yeah. Isn't Knowlgia that planet that's supposedly inhabited by only super powered women?" I asked.

"That's correct. All females with the Charevo Gene and powers from it. And as you'd expect, we often don't think of using our abilities for violence, only to help us in our daily lives. Growing up in such a peaceful environment, I was taught to never abuse my powers, which includes reading minds to gain anything over someone. Truthfully, even using my powers at all to fight villains is considered taboo."

"Really. So . . . why do you do it then?"

". . . Well . . . I guess you might as well know. I didn't leave Knowlgia under my own free will."

"Ooh! Lemme guess. You were captured and sold into slavery before you escaped like the aliens girls in the comics. Right?" I inferred, maybe a little too eager.

"Um . . . No. But thank you for wishing I was." Tel-E sarcastically answered.

"Sorry."

"Actually, I probably would've preferred that. You see, one night after I visited the library by myself, an alien bounty hunter appeared and took me from my home. He didn't do it for money, or anything. He just hunts super powered women for fun so he can keep them on his ship as prisoners. I was kept all alone in a cell there for two scary years. Sure, I stayed optimistic to get through each day, but I knew I had to escape. So, knowing I wouldn't be pleasing anyone on Knowlgia, I used my powers to

fight the hunter and crash his ship, which happened to land on Earth.”

“You were there for TWO YEARS? And you've never been back home since then?”

“No. I've learned to accept Earth as my new home. The Charevo Journal here is all I have left of Knowlglia.” Tel-E continued as she showed me a book.

“The Charevo Journal?”

“That's right. It's a book written by several women from my planet on all the known history, theories, elements, and abilities of the Charevo Gene.”

(Beauty describes the book as having pages of the elements as they appear on a Charevo Emblem)

“Since I came into possession of the book, I've added my own acquired knowledge of the gene to it. Whenever I look at the journal, I always think of my home and what I've been taught. And integrity is no exception.” Tel-E concluded as her reason made more sense to me.

“Gee, I guess it must be hard to go against the beliefs of your home. You choose to use your powers to fight, but only if you do it with honor.” I summarized with sympathy.

“That's right. Even if it means getting walloped by Dinomight, I don't utilize telepathy in battle. Occasionally for self-defense, but never to harm anyone.”

“I see. Listen, I'm not gonna try talking you into something you don't like. I understand if you wanna be honest.”

(Beauty talks about how she feels bad for what Tel-E has to go through. The Brigade walks in.)

“Well, judging by Beauty's poor persuasion, Tel-E's still of no help.” Nator commented as he sat on one of the three couches with the rest of the team.

“And we still don't know where Ferguson is keeping my dad and everyone else.” Race mentioned with similar pessimism. “We've gotta find some way of tracking them down. So . . . any suggestions?”

(The Brigade sits around to think for a moment)

"I got it!" Bendy shouted, clapping his hands once. "We get a big case of dynamite, stay with me, we stick it around an old garage, and one of us dresses as that sidekick of hers. We contact her, and tell her if she doesn't release the people, we'll blow him up."

"What if Al is with her when we contact her?" Pyra asked.

"Oh yeah." Bendy muttered, losing confidence in his plan. Truth be told, I think he just wanted to be blown up.

"Well, we need SOME way of finding them. Now, think! Where would a game show host hide people?" Race asked as we started thinking again.

"Wait. Remember what Ferguson said before she took the Chief? He said he would return to 'where he caught her eye'." Nator reminded us.

"So?" Pyra said, not getting it.

"So . . . where would the two of them have first met?"

(After some planning, the team goes to the old studio that was sealed off on the network lot.)

"You think this is the place?" Race inquired.

"Well, it's not at your dad's house." Nator answered.

"So, what, are we just walking through the front door then?" Pyra questioned the entrance procedure.

"No." Race replied before looking to Tel-E and pointing up. And with that, the Knowlgian levitated the six of us up to the roof of the studio. "We go topside."

(Race opens a hatch on the roof as the Brigade goes in one at a time and lands on the rafters. Beauty describes the location looking exactly like the Host Conquer set as it did when Ferguson hosted. They see people, including Jordan, tied to chairs in the audience section. They also find the Chief, Alex Barker, and Leslie Diller with their hands tied to contestant podiums. Ferguson approaches them with Al.)

"Hoho. Al, my friend, savor the sight. Three idiots captured." Ferguson laughed, looking to the Chief, followed by Diller, and finally Barker. "One with dumb answers, one with dumb

choices, and one who thinks he's so smart, he's ignorant to his stupidity."

"Hang on! I resent you calling me stupid! I'll have you know I am one of Minor City's most respected news reporters while you are just some comic." Barker uh, . . . barked.

"Oh boy." Al mumbled as Ferguson did not look amused by Barker's comment.

"So you think you know better than me? Al, start filming." Ferguson told her producer as she generated a card from her mind to zap Barker with it. "For the power of super speed: What is the hexadecimal value of the character uppercase F?"

"What? I don't know. Six? What's a hexadecimal?" Barker said in confusion.

"Well, I think we know who our loser is. The answer is 46. Same as your IQ." Ferguson remarked as her card returned to her and provided her with more power. "You see who you replaced me with, Diller? After you fired me? You had a good host who made the show fun and actually knew the answers. And who did you put in my place? Some suit who just reads off cards."

"Christy, if this is about me firing you, I did it because the network was receiving complaints from viewers and contestants for your excessive insults to incorrect answers." Diller defended himself.

"That show was my life! And you just took it from me! Well, now I'm taking it back for everyone here to play where no one will ever find any of you."

"Someone will find us eventually!" Diller claimed.

"No they won't. I believe you decided to close this studio and seal it off so no one would use it again until you say so. Man, that decision was almost as dumb as you replacing me with All-Barker-No-Bite here." Ferguson laughed as Al continued filming.

"Al, why are you going along with this?" Diller queried the former producer.

"Listen, I'm not crazy about the crime either, but, you know, you fired me too." Al reminded the executive.

“That’s because you kept letting her get away with giving hints and uncalled for jokes. We couldn’t let the audience think this was okay.”

“Oh sure. So you wanted to get rid of all the fun, starting with me. Well, 46 you and 46 what you think! I’m gonna make you two wish you never fired and replaced me respectively.” Ferguson declared, sounding more serious.

“Well, I see why you hate these two, but what do you want with me? Why am I here?” The Chief anxiously asked.

“Ah, Louie, I just want you to play the same role you played on my show. Since I can gain from people getting my questions wrong, I need to keep you and all my old stupid contestants here. That way, I can ask you questions I know you’ll never get right and get whatever I want.” Ferguson explained. “You know, on my show, infinite stupidity was always infinite comedy. Now it’s infinite power.”

(The Brigade looks on as they don’t like Ferguson’s plan)

“So that’s why she kidnapped all those people.” I realized out loud.

“And why she did those videos and that contest at school. She was just trying to find the stupidest people to make her more powerful.” Nator noted.

“Well, let’s get everyone outta there before she can capitalize on their answers.” Race told us.

(Pyra disappears for some reason as Tel-E levitates everyone else down to the audience chairs. Beauty and Race go to Jordan. He’s about to speak.)

“Shh. We’re here to help.” Race whispered to Jordan, trying to untie the rope keeping his arms restrained.

(Beauty says they were about to have at least someone freed, but they were spotted by someone.)

“Neo . . . Neo Brigade! Ace! Ace, help me! Get over here and stop this maniac!” The Chief hollered from across the studio. And sure enough, Ferguson and Al turned to the audience and discovered us as the game show host then utilized Tel-E’s power to shoot energy from her mind.

“Oh, why does he know me?” Race moaned.

(Race darts out of the way as the energy hits Beauty instead. Race tries to hit Ferguson, but she uses her speed and strength to knock him down. Nator jetboots in the air and tries to fire proton blasts at Ferguson as Bendy tries to stretch his arms at her. Ferguson dodges the attacks and grabs Bendy’s arms to swing them at Nator)

“So you still wanna play my game, do you?” Ferguson asked, ready to bring us down again as she shot another energy beam at me. At that moment, I transformed into a rabbit-like sorceress character called Pamela and used her magic to absorb her attack.

“Here to conquer the host as you’d say.” I remarked as I launched a magic orb of energy at her.

(Ferguson uses her speed to dodge the attack and runs at Beauty who creates a force field to block Ferguson as Tel-E levitates her back. Ferguson is about to fire energy back at them, but Pyra appears next to her and hits her away, causing the energy blast to go near the Chief’s head as he ducks. Pyra is about to shoot fire at her.)

“Hold it!” Ferguson interrupted as she quickly used another card from her head to stop Pyra. “I think I’ll make the prizes a little more interesting. To avoid being tied in chains that absorb all fire it touches: Approximately what temperature in Celsius is equal to absolute zero?”

“What? Ugh. I don’t know. Like, zero degrees?” Pyra guessed like she saw a bad question on a test.

(The card goes to Pyra and puts her in chains that keeps her from using her fire as she struggles)

“The answer is negative two-seventy-three-point-fifteen.” Ferguson informed the fire girl with a grin.

(Nator hits Ferguson away with his arm rocketing towards her. He fires his other arm at her as she uses another card to freeze both the arm and Nator)

"Quick! To keep you from being magnetized to the floor: According to Lou Costello, what is seven times thirteen?" Ferguson queried the math whiz.

"Are you kidding? It's ninety-one." Nator answered, very sure of himself.

(The card goes to Nator and brings him to the floor)

"Wait! What!?" Nator cried, confused.

"Twenty-eight, Bud." Ferguson clarified.

(Race uses his speed waves on Bendy to make him quickly punch Ferguson away and trap her under his enlarged hand. Ferguson gets her arm free and uses a card to freeze him)

"To prevent your body from being tied to Race: What female Egyptian Pharaoh died in 30 BC?" Ferguson queried.

"Your momma!" Bendy laughed.

(The card causes Bendy's body to wrap around Race, getting them stuck together.)

"What? No! No! That wasn't my answer! It's Cleopatra, right? Right?" Bendy objected.

(Beauty tries to whip her hair at Ferguson, but she dodges with her super speed as Tel-E tries to throw lights at her, which she also dodges.)

"Well, lookee here. Only two contestants remain." Ferguson said with a smirk before she tried projecting mind energy at us. However, her attack didn't occur at all.

"Hmph. It appears your new powers aren't permanent." Tel-E commented as she discovered her ability returned. The Knowlgian quickly utilized her mind energy to direct it from her head to Christy. But while Tel-E was able to attack again, Ferguson still had her super speed to avoid that shot with a simple step.

"Once I deal with you two, my audience here will help me get it back." Ferguson declared as she summoned another card that wound up hitting both Tel-E and I. "Now, to avoid me having control over Beauty's hair: What is the C in $E = MC^2$?"

"The speed of light in a vacuum." Tel-E answered correctly. "No telepathy needed for that."

(Ferguson has Al keep filming as the card goes to Beauty and Tel-E letting Beauty keep her power. Before they can attack, Ferguson uses another card on them)

“We’ll see how lucky you are this time. To keep me from controlling Tel-E’s levitation: What sci-fi sitcom debuted in August 1996 on the UPN network?” Ferguson asked.

“Oh! Homeboys in Outer Space!” I replied.

(Beauty says Ferguson wasn’t expecting anyone to get that one, but Beauty was correct. Ferguson uses another card on them)

“Alright, to avoid losing telepathy: How many miles of coastline does Florida have?” Ferguson queried.

“1350.” Tel-E replied.

(Tel-E is right, but Ferguson uses another card on them)

“You know I’m just gonna keep doing this. Now, to avoid losing the power of levitation: What was Elvis Presley’s middle name?” Ferguson inquired.

“Oh. Uh . . . I know this.” I muttered, trying to remember.

“You got a bunch o’ names to choose from. Which one is for one of the most important names in rock ‘n’ roll?”

“Tel-E? You can read her mind any time, or you can kiss your levitation goodbye.” I told the telepath.

“I don’t care. I am not going to cheat.” Tel-E insisted.

“Ugh. Come on. If you don’t, we’ll just get stuck on questions like ‘How many states held battles in the Civil War?’ and ‘When was Aaron Burr vice president?’. Wait. Aaron . . . Oh! It’s Aaron!”

(Beauty gets the question right)

“Yes! Oh, and Beauty, it’s twenty-three and 1801 to 1805.” Tel-E informed me.

(Ferguson uses another card on them.)

“I’ve got more questions than you have correct answers. I can keep this going all day.” Ferguson laughed.

“Why not just ask the impossibly hard questions and beat them already?” Al suggested, impatient.

"Oh, what, because you knew ALL those questions I just did? Alright, why don't I ask you? How many studio albums did Elvis Presley have?" Ferguson mocked her producer friend.

"I don't know. Like, fifteen?"

"It was twenty-four. Yeah! So how 'bout I do my thing and you just keep standing there."

(Beauty says Al was sort of laughing as they looked like how they would argue on her old show.)

"Okay, now for the harder questions. For the loser to get hit with a deadly beam of energy: How fast is the speed of light?" Ferguson queried Tel-E and I.

"How would anyone know that?" I asked, alarmed by such a question.

"Hold on. Is it . . . 299,792,854 meters per second?" Tel-E guessed.

"Close. But no. Al, you seem to know better than me. Do you know the answer?" Ferguson jokingly inquired her sidekick.

"No." Al mumbled.

"No? You know why? Because I'm the host, not you. Hey, speaking of not a real host, Barker, what about you? You know the speed of light?"

"I don't know." Barker said, shaking his head.

"That's right. You don't. It's 299,792,458 meters per second." Ferguson told the host, knowing she was smarter than him. "See, Barker, if you had my powers, you'd only have about five questions you could ask."

(Beauty talks about Ferguson's powers only being for questions she knows the answers to, which is an awful lot. The card turns into a burst of energy that hits both Beauty and Tel-E. Ferguson hits them with another card)

"Hey! You afraid to ask the easier questions!?" Race shouted with Bendy still tied to him.

"Yeah! Wrong answers ain't funny when you ask something so hard!" Bendy added.

"Oh, so you don't like my game? Well, then let's make it more interesting." Ferguson suggested, turning back to Tel-E and I.

This time you'll receive the prize of survival either way. For the next question, if you girls are right, I'll take a hit of powerful energy. If you're wrong, your friends take the hit.

(Beauty talks about how she doesn't like this new system, and neither did Tel-E)

"Now, what was my nickname in high school?" Ferguson asked as Tel-E and I knew we weren't going to get this one. We just looked at each other in silence with no idea of what to do. "No answer? Well, here's one from the Inquisitor!"

(Ferguson's card creates a deadly blast that hits the Brigade as Ferguson uses another card on the girls)

"Ferguson, leave my friends out of this!" Tel-E demanded.

"Next question with the same results as the previous: When is my birthday?" Ferguson unfairly inquired again.

". . . January 13th?" Tel-E guessed.

"Wrong! Al, can you guess THIS one? So help you if you're wrong."

"April 14th." Al answered.

"Darn right."

(The card creates another blast of energy at the team as Ferguson uses another card on the girls)

"Beauty . . . Tel-E . . . please help." Race groaned, feeling ready to fall unconscious.

"Can't take . . . another one o' those." Pyra mumbled, still weak and restrained.

"Christy! Please! You have to stop!" Tel-E cried.

"Sorry. Round's not over. Besides, if you couldn't stop me earlier, what makes you think you can stop me now? This is what happens when you try to disrupt my game." Ferguson explained, not backing down. Still carrying complete control of everything, she finally read her card. "Now, for the grand prize of an energy blast even more devastating than it'll harm rubber just as much as regular skin . . ."

"Say what now?" Bendy exclaimed, not liking the stakes.

". . . What did I have for breakfast this morning?"

"And . . . we're dead." Pyra remarked.

"We need you, Tel-E. Think of the Knowlgians. Would they want powers used to let others die?" I asked, trying to get to her.

(The Charevo Fairies emerge from Tel-E's hands)

"Thinking the best of yourself and the thoughts of others leads to the right decisions." The Optimism Fairy informed Tel-E.

"Accepting knowledge dishonestly is cheating, but not if it is for the right reason." The Knowledge Fairy added.

"When going against beliefs, one's mind can endure guilt. When rejecting a crucial opportunity, one's mind can suffer from regret." The Thought Fairy concluded as the Fairies proceeded to fly back into Tel-E's.

"Come on. No lifelines, here. What did I have for breakfast this morning?" Ferguson repeated.

(Beauty loses hope and is ready to make a guess, but says it's a good thing she didn't.)

"French toast." Tel-E answered, this time, quite sure.

"And I'm sorry, but the answer is . . . wait what?" Ferguson uttered before realizing what the answer was.

(Ferguson's card reveals Tel-E's answer and a large energy blast hits Ferguson. Beauty and Tel-E are free to attack her as she uses her super speed again to dodge them in time. Ferguson uses another card on them.)

"Okay. Lucky guess. But now, to save your friends and these three contestants from a bolt of lightning . . ." Ferguson began, gesturing to Diller, Barker, and the Chief.

"What? Me? No! Go back to just them!" The Chief pleaded while the comedian ignored him.

". . . What is my sister's name?"

"Trick question! You don't have a sister." Tel-E replied, just as confident as she was the last time.

(Ferguson's card reveals Tel-E's answer. Ferguson gets hit with a bolt of lightning. Ferguson asks a few more questions and Tel-E still gets them right. Beauty realizes Tel-E was reading her mind. Ferguson is weakened.)

"Uh . . . should I still be rolling?" Al asked, still holding the camera.

"Tel-E! You . . . you . . ." I stammered in shock.

"I did. Didn't I?" Tel-E remarked, pleased with herself.
"Quick! Let's free everyone while we've got the chance."

"Nicely done, ladies!" The Chief complimented us before turning to his fellow captives, Diller and Barker. "I'm their supervisor. I'm in charge of all their victories."

(Beauty and Tel-E are about to free their friends from their restraints, but Ferguson uses one more card on them)

". . . We're not . . . out of time just yet. I still have . . . one more question for you brats." Ferguson breathed, trying to recover from her little self-destruction. "For everyone in this room but me . . ."

"Uh, and Al?" Al mumbled, wanting to be safe.

". . . and Al, to be knocked into a coma by a destructive beam of light: What number am I thinking of?"

"Eighty-three-billion-four-point-seven." Tel-E answered.

(Ferguson gets knocked out as the Brigade becomes free. The Brigade frees all the hostages as the police later arrest both Ferguson and Al.)

"Officers, please, I didn't abduct or harm anyone. Why am I being punished for this?" Al objected, not sounding thrilled.

"Don't lie to me, you! I know you were the one helping her find all those old contestants! Putting me on the list was your first mistake." The Chief grumbled, shoving the producer into the police car with his former boss.

(The Brigade sees them get taken away in the car)

"Alright, everyone, I believe we have another matter to investigate. Who here said above all else that they weren't going to cheat?" I jokingly asked as I turned to Tel-E.

"Teehee. Guilty." Tel-E said with a modest smile.

"Well, FINALLY you use your telepathy! Way to go Neo. I mean, sure, your timing could've been better, and . . ." Nator commented as Pyra hit him in the arm.

"Nice save back there." Pyra complimented the Knowlgian.

"Yeah, you really showed your stuff. What made you change your mind about mentally gaining an advantage?" Race inquired.

"Well, I guess I just needed a good reason." Tel-E replied.

"What? You mean her blasting you with her questions wasn't reason enough?" Bendy asked.

"Actually, truth be told, if I was on my own, I probably would've let her win." Tel-E admitted. "Winning a competition is not a good reason to abuse my powers. Neither is winning money, avoiding electric shocks, winning a battle, getting new abilities, or even protecting my own life. But when my friends are threatened, well, some powers are just worth using."

"Thanks, Tel-E. I know your people probably wouldn't have approved. We'll try not to pressure you anymore." Race told his best friend.

"Thank you. Although, I'd like to think my friends and family would've done the same."

(Tel-E looks to the sky)

"You'll see them again someday. I promise." I vowed as Tel-E smiled back at me.

"Well, in the meantime, since Tel-E did just beat Christy Ferguson at her own game, that would make her the ultimate trivia champion, so . . ." Nator began.

"You are not stealing Tiffany's trophy." Tel-E insisted.

"Come on! That girl is evil!"

"Give it a rest. No one's gonna tempt Tel-E into anything. Although . . . I feel like our winner should at least get something." I mentioned.

(Beauty forms a trophy with Tel-E's name engraved out of her hair and gives it to Tel-E. The trophy says "First Place in Trivia and Friendship: Tel-E Vega.")

Truth or Dare (the choice is obvious)

(Beauty talks about how everyone has heroes in life, and when you have a hero, it's hard to imagine them doing anything wrong and especially to accept it whenever they do. The Chief takes the Neo Brigade into a classroom in the police station.)

"This is so stupid." Pyra complained, walking in.

"I said get in there." The Chief insisted, standing by the door as we all entered the room.

"Is this really necessary?" Nator asked, reluctant to take part in what was coming.

"If it's mandatory, you can consider it necessary."

"Come on! We only have one week of summer left." I objected.

"Well, then you can spend it on the work you should've completed during the rest of the summer. Get inside!"

"Dad, do we have to do this now?" Race inquired.

"Of course, Ace. You wouldn't want to be caught unprepared in the future, would you? Now be a good boy and take a seat. THAT GOES FOR ALL OF YOU!"

(After the Chief barks at them, the Brigade sits in the desks).

"Now, as you're all working for the police, it is required that you take the department's CPR course." The Chief began as we all groaned (except for Tel-E). "Once again, you are REQUIRED to do so. We all had to do it. You all have to do it too. No exceptions for anyone."

"Uh, question? I can transform into people with healing powers. Do I get a pass on this?" I queried, raising my hand, trying to get out of this.

"No exceptions for anyone!" The Chief repeated. He then proceeded to play an old instructional video from a projector onto a screen. "Now, as part of the class, you'll all have to watch this

CPR training video originally made in the 80's. If I hear any heckling, I'm starting it from the beginning!"

(Most of the Brigade groans again)

"I don't know what you're all so upset about. This seems like a good opportunity to learn if you ask me." Tel-E commented like a teacher's pet as Bendy looked out the window.

"I think it's an opportunity for you to just keep me from that cool bike show down there." Bendy argued, pointing out the window to a group of guys on motorcycles doing stunts on a dirt field close to the police station. "Can I please skip this for that?"

"Not an option! You all need to learn to keep people safe!" The Chief affirmed.

"Okay, what if we compromise? I'll listen to the audio version of the video while I watch the biker guys."

"No! Someone working for me has to focus on the safety of the public, not just fighting criminals who deserve it, as much as I see the latter as a priority."

(The video plays, but no one is really paying attention. Bendy looks outside before the Chief closes the blinds. Beauty is playing her handheld game as she tries to hide it from the Chief. Bendy is bored and flicks a paper football at Beauty from behind as Bendy and Pyra laugh. He also lines up a paper football that he's going to flick at Tel-E, but before he can, a motorcycle comes flying through the window almost hitting Bendy.)

"What in the . . . who's interrupting my class?" The Chief barked, looking through the debris of the wall.

(The Brigade finds Tammy Time floating in the air with her giant head as her clones have stolen several motorcycles, chasing several bikers around.)

"Hola, losers. It's Tammy Time!" Tammy laughed as she hovered over a bunch of bikers. Apparently, the air she was able to build in her head allowed her to propel herself at great speeds, and she then flew down to the ground, pounding into the earth on impact, creating an explosion of dirt in the air and launching a biker off the ground. Fortunately, he was flying in our direction, so

before he could get hurt, Tel-E levitated him and his motorcycle to safety.

“Oh no. Tammy Time is causing trouble. Darn. We'll have to leave the CPR class early.” Pyra sarcastically noted, pretending to be disappointed as we all looked to the Chief.

“Oh, fine. Class dismissed.” The Chief muttered.

“Yes! Hello World! Let's get her!” Nator declared.

(The Brigade goes to the dirt field as Tammy's clones try to hijack all the motorcycles. They are about to ride away, but Pyra creates a wall of fire to block them. Tammy Time sees them surround her.)

“I'd say you picked a bad time for your fun, Tammy Time, but you got us out of a boring class. So we'll try not to beat you too hard.” Race told the multiplier.

“Who's beating who now, Neo Brigade?” Tammy snickered as she looked at me. “Seriously, who's the new girl?”

“The one beating you now.” I answered as I grew my hair out to form an extendable boxing glove.

(Beauty shoots the boxing glove at Tammy who expands her head and swings her head down, destroying the boxing glove before she shrinks her head.)

“So that's my hello? Well, why don't you meet me some more? ManymanymanymanymanymanyMANY! Yah hahaha!” Tammy Time laughed as she then produced copies of herself from her body.

“Go Neo!” Race shouted as we ran into battle.

(Race darts into several clones as Beauty wraps her hair around several clones and throwing them to the side and Tel-E shoots energy from her mind at them as more keep running to them. The clones disappear in a puff of fog.)

“I like this girl. Just when you think you've beaten her, you get to beat her again.” I remarked.

“Be careful with this girl, Beauty.” Race warned me as he slammed into another clone. However, as the Brigade leader turned to me, four of Tammy Time's duplicates tackled him to the

ground as one of them started to tie Race's ankles together with a chain.

"Speak for yourself, oh wise leader." One of Tammy's clones laughed.

(Tel-E levitates the clones away and frees Race. The real Tammy stays back and sends more clones to attack the team as most of the team tries to hit them away, but she is able to clone more than can be beaten. Beauty sees Nator target the real Tammy)

"Okay, multiplier, say hello to your multiplicand!" Nator declared, about to fire a laser from his hand at the copier.

(One of Tammy's clones crashes a motorcycle into Nator, knocking him away. A few more are about to drive into him, but Pyra stops them by shooting fire at her.)

"Your multiplicand?" Pyra uttered, noting how lame Nator sounded.

"Yeah, you know. When you multiply, you have the multiplier and the multiplicand. Of course, if I hit her, then I could have said that's her ultimate product." Nator explained.

"Okay, you are SO the least threatening robot in existence."

(Tammy bashes into Pyra with her large head before swinging it into Nator. Tammy picks up a cinder block as Beauty grabs Tammy with her hair, but she inflates her head as the two ascend before Beauty lets go. Tammy creates duplicates of the cinderblock as she spins around in the air causing cinderblocks to fall in different directions. Beauty creates a protective overhead shield with her hair.)

"Whoa! She can clone herself AND anything she wants! That is awesome!" I declared, impressed by her powers.

"You know, she can clone people too. Why don't you go up and ask if she can make another of you she can control if you're so excited?" Pyra sarcastically suggested. "Before you respond, please don't think I was serious."

"You got nothing on me, guys! And now, my me's, let's get the bikes and get lost!" Tammy Time ordered her clones.

(Beauty says Tammy wanted the motorcycles, and several begin driving them away, but Bendy has his body wrapped around the field and causes the clones to bounce back in the opposite directions. They almost hit the Brigade and the bikers who are still on the field watching the fight.)

“Ah! Bendy, be careful!” Tel-E told the stretcher.

“Yeah, you could've hurt someone.” I added.

“That's what I'm hoping for, Hair Piece.” Bendy laughed as he stretched his arms out to hit Tammy who floated back to the ground and shrunk her head back to normal. However, the villain managed to produce several more clones that she formed into a barrier that absorbed Bendy's hit. The clones were all just bunched together; it was almost like my when my hair takes a shape, only not quite as strong. But it still did the job.

“Keep hoping, Bendy.” Tammy Time laughed.

(Bendy and Tammy do battle as Tammy dodges another stretching Bendy arm before Tammy produces a line of clones to hit Bendy away. They then go back into her. Tammy produces another line of clones, but Bendy dodges her. She makes another line of clones that grows as she tries to get it to Bendy who keeps stretching away from it as it grows up, down, and across as it follows Bendy)

“Whoa! Ha! Yeah! Can't keep up with me!” Bendy proclaimed as he ran from every newly produced clone.'

“You think so, do you? Look at me! I know how to annoy a punk like you.” Tammy argued as she kept producing more clones.

“No way! I can be way more annoying than you no matter how much I have to look at you.”

(Bendy stretches his leg out to Tammy, knocking her down.)

“Go on. Give me a challenge.” Bendy insisted.

(Tammy's Charevo fairies appear.)

“Heehee hahaha! Thinking sillier is to think big.” Tammy's Tomfoolery Fairy chuckled.

“Hey! Hey! HEY! Only the big guys get all the attention when everyone sees them!” Her Attention Fairy shouted.

"The power of many can be nothing, for there is nothing like the power of one." The Monologue Fairy added before they all flew back into Tammy. And if what I know about those Charevo Fairies is consistent, she was about to try something new and bad, for she just gave us a grin.

"ManymanymanymanymanymanymanyMANY!" Tammy Time hollered.

(Tammy calls her clones back to her and produces her clones around her to create a twenty foot tall figure.)

"Challenging enough for ya, Bendy?" Tammy chortled as she stomped around and swatted at each of us as we tried to attack.

"You had to ask for it, didn't you?" Pyra mumbled to Bendy.

(Tammy continues hitting everyone away before picking up a large cement block and creating duplicates of it to hit the team with. Beauty protects herself with her hair, forming a dome out of it as the blocks hit her dome. Beauty tries to fire a cannon at Tammy with her hair, but she withstands it. Bendy balls himself up and puts himself in the cannon as Beauty fires him. Bendy expands himself to become a larger ball, which goes through the Tammy giant, causing all the clones to collapse and fall to the ground. The clones all disappear.)

"Oh yeah! Tammy Time is expired! I . . . wait where is she?" Bendy asked after celebrating. As it turns out, after the clones disappeared, the original Tammy was nowhere to be found.

"She must've escaped before you slammed into her clone giant." Tel-E suggested.

"Aw, I wanted to rub it in her face. Oh well. Way to go Neo!"

"Yeah, but you almost hurt all those people earlier." Race reminded the stretcher.

"Oh . . . but . . . they're okay, right?" Bendy sheepishly inquired.

"Yeah, but they were almost hurt."

"Yeah, and if you were any more careless, they'd be injured and the Chief would make us watch more of that stupid video." Pyra scolded Bendy.

"Right, but it worked out. I'm not seeing the problem." Bendy argued, still clueless.

"Forget it." Race sighed, finally dropping it.

(After the fight, the Brigade goes back to the HQ as Beauty goes to watch TV, but Bendy gets there first, stretching his hand to the remote.)

"Sorry, Newbie. I got the seniority; I get the remote." Bendy declared as he then stretched his legs across the couch, leaving me no room to sit.

"Oh . . . alright. And what are we watching then?" I asked.

"The only show to watch when I'm around: Captain D on the Way!"

(Bendy turns on the TV and Captain D's action show is on. Beauty describes Captain D and sees some damsel character being dangled over a pool of electric eels as a villain stands over her on a platform)

"Mwahahahaha! Prepare to meet your demise. I do hope you enjoy introductions, for if the eels don't destroy you, you'd better be able to swim with no arms." The villain cackled while the damsel only shrieked in terror some more.

"You won't get away with this." The damsel cried.

"Oh no? And who's going to stop me?"

"I dare you to think of who!" A voice called out, getting the villain's attention.

(The camera pans to Captain D standing on a higher platform.)

"Captain D!" The villain and damsel exclaimed together.

"You're still alive?" The villain questioned, incredulously.

"Death can't keep up with Captain D." The hero proclaimed.

"Well, I suppose that makes one of you two."

(The villain cuts the damsel's ropes as Captain D dives down before she falls. Captain D has a bungee cord around his

ankles as he then catches her. The villain looks pleased before the bungee cord retracts before they can hit the water. As he holds her, she is closer to the water than he is. As he comes back up, he punches the villain and sets the damsel down.)

"Oh man! Bungee over danger? I so gotta try that!" Bendy said in excitement as he continued to watch.

"Oh . . . tell me, how have you survived all my traps?" The villain asked as he lay beaten on the floor.

"I'm Captain D. And the D is for don't fool with me and my girl." Captain D concluded, pointing down to his enemy as the woman kissed her hero.

(The show ends as Captain D appears)

"Hi, kids. You think you're daring? Well, I dare you to try my rescue techniques. If you can do that, maybe you can be a hero too." Captain D addressed the audience.

(As the credits roll, Bendy sings the theme song.)

"Oh, Captain D is on the way! You better not get in his way! Or else he'll have to make you pay! Because he dares to save the day! Captain D is on the way!" Bendy sang as he moved his arms to the music.

"Eh, this show's overrated." I mumbled, not impressed.

"Er, wha? You dare to criticize the ultimate daredevil?" Bendy queried in shock.

"Look, I know I watch a lot of TV, but come on. Aside from the overacting, this show is just lazy. It basically just has Captain D save a different woman from a different villain every episode."

"Yeah, but with a new cool set of stunts. And that's all I need to keep watching. Besides, what's wrong with a guy saving someone all the time?"

"Pff. The only time they feature women on this show is to play the victim. Not the men. I mean, would it be so wrong if they had at least one female villain on the show?"

"Well, I think they were gonna try that once, but something about a guy like Captain D hitting a woman just didn't test well."

(A commercial comes on as Captain D is in it)

"Hey there, folks. Captain D here. I'll be appearing at the Minor City Coliseum this Saturday for a night of fun and daring stunts." Captain D announced. As he spoke, there were clips of him performing dangerous stunts playing in the background. "If you like explosions, if you like dangerous animals, if you like to watch someone battle the odds as they stare death right in its ugly face before they just smack it away, this is the show for you! So come on down to Minor City Coliseum at eight pm this Saturday. I dare you to be there!"

(Beauty says she didn't see this as too exciting, but Bendy is trying to contain his excitement as Race passes by.)

"Hey, guys." Race casually said.

"AHHHHHHH!" Bendy screamed like a little girl as he then bounced his body around the room before he grabbed Race by the shirt. "CAN WE GO!? CAN WE GO!? CAN WE GO!? CAN WE GO!? CAN WE GO!? CAN WE GO!?"

"Uh . . . what?"

(Beauty says Bendy somehow convinced the team to go to Captain D's show. It's late at night as there is a large crowd of people taking their seats in the stadium.)

"I still can't believe we all have to go to this." I moaned as we walked to our row.

"Just bear with it. Hopefully, it won't be too long or too loud." Tel-E told me.

"Yeah, but I could be home right now where it's quiet and I don't have to wait for anything. Remind me again why all of us have to be here."

"Well, Bendy asked Race if he could go. Then Race made the mistake of telling him to ask the Chief and, well . . ."

"Alright, everyone make room! Chief of police coming through. Hey! No blocking my seat! I paid for this ticket." The Chief said, trying to walk down the row with a lot of people's legs in the way.

(Beauty mentions the Chief being a big fan of Captain D)

"Ah, what a night for a show, am I right?" The Chief happily commented as he sat right between us, holding several hot dogs and sodas, looking surprisingly more loose than usual.

"Chief, since when are you and Bendy a fan of the same thing?" I asked.

"Oh, you mean Captain D? Are you kidding? A man who risks his life in the face of danger? Someone who does his own stunts to entertain with a show where he's there to serve the public? That is an American hero right there. And that's why I made this mandatory for you kids. To not miss an opportunity like this." The Chief explained.

"If this is mandatory, how'd Pyra get out of this?" I inquired.

"She . . . has her reasons." Tel-E answered, not feeling like it was her place to get into the details.

"Yeah, her loss. Okay, enough o' Pyra! Time for the pyro technics!" Bendy shouted as he finally joined us, having gone to buy a ton of Captain D merchandise. He was holding pennants, bobbleheads, posters, a hat, and I think he was wearing four different Captain D shirts. "How awesome is all this?"

"What awesome? The show hasn't even started yet." Nator acknowledged.

"Yeah, but, like, the moment leading up to the thing where you just can't wait. In a way, that's more exciting, you know?"

"In that case, why don't we slow down time and increase the wait? He'll be having the time of his life." Tel-E whispered to me as I laughed before we finally heard some guitar music playing as an announcer spoke.

"Ladies and gentlemen, are you ready to meet the man who puts the D in danger?" The announcer began as the crowd cheered.

"Oh! I was wrong! The wait's not as fun." Bendy told us, pumped for the show.

"Are you ready to meet the man who laughs at safety and remains passively indifferent to caution and speed limits?" The announcer added to more cheers, which was a strange thing to

say with a cop in the audience. "Here he is. The man so daring; his body wishes it belonged to anyone else! The man so daring; he never mixes black with yellow! The man so daring; he makes his insurance lawyers sweat just lookin' at him! The man so daring; he chooses to play the guitar and do this announcement while driving a motorcycle with his legs! Say hello to Captain D!"

(Captain D drives his motorcycle with his legs while playing a guitar as he has a head set he speaks into. The crowd stands up and cheers while Beauty, Race, Nator, and Tel-E feel like they have to stand and clap too. He drives through several flame jets. A monster truck drives over to him as Captain D jumps onto the truck as his motorcycle goes under it. After running on top of the truck, he flips onto his bike and waves to the crowd before a large panel in the arena opens up to reveal a flame pit. Captain D drives over a ramp to jump it, doing so several times. On the last time, he stands on top of the motorcycle and while the motorcycle makes it, Captain D falls in the flame pit. Everyone is horrified by this as Beauty has her hands over her eyes)

"Wait. Wait. Watch this!" Bendy alerted me as I peered between my fingers.

(Captain D climbs out of the flame pit and waves to the crowd again, showboating as he's still on fire a little.)

"He's okay?" Race said, surprised.

"Impossible!" Nator exclaimed, similarly.

"Wait! Look at his hands!" Tel-E told us as I noticed a familiar looking set of marks on the daredevil. "Is that a Charevo Emblem?"

"He's got superpowers? Wow! So that's how he does it!" I acknowledged, finally taking interest. "Tel-E, what's he got?"

"Well, I recognize Bendy's Defiance. Let me see what else there is." Tel-E said as she flipped through her Charevo Journal. However, Bendy just stretched his arm over to her and closed the book.

"Earth to Knowlgian poindexter! We're not here to read! We're here for speed!" Bendy interrupted.

“What’s up, Minor City!?” Captain D hollered to more applause. “I’m feelin’ it. I’m feelin’ it, guys. Not pain, of course. I don’t feel none o’ that. But I’m not gonna be the only one to have fun tonight. You’re gonna be closer to the action than ever before. I’m going to jump the flame pit again. But this time, we’re gonna turn up the heat!” Captain D announced as the fire behind him became even bigger. “But we’re not stoppin’ with that. Who wants to volunteer to ride over these flames with me?”

(The audience is quiet as no one wants to do it)

“Come on! I dare one o’ you to join me!” Captain D reiterated.

“Volunteer to ride with a daredevil? He’s kidding, right?” I muttered, knowing how wrong that sounded.

“Yeah, that’s like us asking someone to tag along when we fight the Minuteulator.” Race commented.

“Hey, he’s a showman. He just wants people to not be afraid. You leave him alone!” The Chief ordered.

“Come on. This is just asking for someone to help him not die alone. What idiot would volunteer for . . .” Nator began.

“Me! Me! Me! Right here! Pick me!” Bendy screamed.

“You sir! Get over here!” Captain D said, pointing to Bendy.

(Bendy runs down to the arena as he is excited to stand in front of Captain D)

“What’s your name, son?” Captain D asked.

“Ben Ducilman. Oh my God! Captain D knows me now!” Bendy screamed after answering and shaking his hero’s hand.

“Heh heh. Nice to meet you, Ben. Now, you and I are gonna jump this flame pit. Just hold on tight and you’ll be fine. How’s that sound? Can you hold on to me as we ride?”

“I’d never let you go, Mister D!”

“Well, don’t worry. You’ll be fine. In fact, I’m so daring and confident you won’t get hurt . . .” Captain D began as a guy in a suit handed him a piece of paper. “I’m tearing up this obligatory waiver that would prevent any pending lawsuits should I be responsible for any physical and/or mental suffering to anyone participating in a stunt executed by this show!”

(Captain D tears up the paper and he and Bendy get on the motorcycle. Captain D drives it over the ramp and across the flames, but Bendy decides to show off and put his hands up as he falls into the flames. Everyone is even more shocked as Captain D looks to see if Bendy's okay after he lands. Bendy stretches himself out, revealing his powers to Captain D)

"I'm okay!" Bendy yelled, putting his arms up in the adrenaline.

(Captain D gives Bendy a proud smile as he then shakes Bendy's hand and has everyone give Bendy a round of applause. After the show, the Brigade leaves as Bendy is still ecstatic)

"Well, that was a nice outing wasn't it?" The Chief asked us, having enjoyed the night.

"Yeah, not bad." I commented, sounding lukewarm.

"You dare sell that show short? It was the highlight of all highlights!" Bendy raved.

"Right. You're not just referring to your little inclusion in the event, no?" Tel-E remarked.

"Well, I did get to meet Captain D. Doesn't get better than that." Bendy noted as he turned his attention to a crowd of people rushing to a side door. Upon close inspection, Captain D himself had just exited the building and people were after some autographs, which only meant . . . "Oh my God! It's Captain D! Come on! We gotta meet him!"

(Bendy runs to the daredevil)

"Seriously? I got math to do at home." Nator complained.

"Come on. We better keep an eye on him or we may lose Bendy forever." Race noted as we walked to the crowd.

(Instead of waiting for everyone to get their autographs, the Chief pushes through the crowd as Beauty compares the Chief moving through to a police car with its siren on getting drivers to move to the side.)

"Okay. Chief of police here! Make a path! No blocking or you're under arrest! I'm with the law!" The Chief shouted, forcing people to make a path for him as he finally reached the daredevil. "Oh! Uh, Captain D? Hi. My . . . my name is Chief Lou Trotter. I'm

the Chief of police. I'm a big fan. Can you sign my poster? I'd consider it a great service to the city if you did."

"Sure. Anything for the city, I suppose." Captain D agreed, signing the Chief's poster. "To Louie. Always dare to do good."

"Oh, thank you. Thank you. You know our town's superheroes, the Neo Brigade? And one of them, Bendy, the one who rode with you back there? I'm . . . I'm his boss."

"Oh, Ben's still here?" Captain D inquired, interested.

"What's up, Captain? It's me!" Bendy hollered.

"Hey, you're the kid with the powers! That was pretty hardcore back there. A lot of people forget about my abilities, but you sure took me by surprise."

"Oh, I've been taking risks like that since before I got these powers. But I still know how to make it look exciting."

"Well, maybe you and I can talk some more some time. I'm shooting an episode of my TV show tomorrow and I've got two VIP passes to the set." Captain D suggested as he gave Bendy the passes.

"Tomorrow? Me? Hang out? With you? Captain D? On your show? I . . . I . . ." Bendy uttered, gasping at the end. However, Race put his hand over Bendy's mouth while the stretcher's head began expanding from the rush of excitement building in him.

"Uh, sorry, but he can't tomorrow. We've got a rescheduled CPR class to take, which we ALL have to go to." Race explained.

"Oh, but we can always reschedule again. In fact, the room will probably get destroyed again, so why waste the time, right? Right. Of course he can go." The Chief intervened as Race let go of Bendy's mouth before he breathed again with his head shrinking back to normal.

"Great! I'll see you tomorrow, Bendy. Until then, I gotta go. Thanks for coming, guys. Dare on!" Captain D hollered, saying goodbye.

(Captain D rides his motorcycle away as everyone else leaves. Bendy stares at Captain D in awe as he looks at his passes)

"Well, that was a nice invitation. Of course with two passes, you'll be needing a guest. And I think I can make myself available."

"Hang on, Chief. Sorry, but someone here isn't a fan of the D's. And I ain't passin' the chance to convert someone to a fan by getting to know my hero." Bendy clarified as he took the pass and stretched his arm and neck over to me and the team. "And that future fan I'm taking is you, Beauty."

"Say what?" I uttered, surprised as he handed me the pass.

"What!?" The Chief exclaimed.

"That's right. I'm taking Beauty. You don't like him now, but I'm gonna make you like him." Bendy insisted.

"Uh, thanks. But . . . do I really have to? I mean, I heard Race and Nator say they don't like Captain D either." I mentioned.

"Hey, don't drag us into this." Race told me, backing away and holding his hands up.

"Oh come on! I don't wanna go. I already came here. Pyra didn't come. Why don't you make her go?" I suggested.

"Come on. You're gonna have fun. You'll get to be on a TV set. Plenty of free food. Hey, maybe they'll need extras." Bendy attempted to convince me as he wrapped his neck around me.

"I've never been to the making of a real TV show before." I mumbled, smiling with the thought of being close to TV. ". . . Alright. I'm in."

"Yes! You will not be disappointed."

(Beauty talks about being brought into this. Beauty turns and finds the Chief glaring at her)

"You only exist to destroy me, don't you." The Chief flatly said with bitterness.

(Beauty talks about being excited to go to a real TV set, saying she hopes it goes different than when they encountered Christy Ferguson. The set is outdoors, and she notices a lot of time is spent with key grips setting up lights. She says she doesn't know a lot of the actors, but she still thought it was cool to be there as she saw them shoot a few scenes. Beauty takes a sandwich from the lunch table as Bendy runs into her)

"So, Beauty, whaddaya think so far?" Bendy asked.

"Pretty cool." I replied.

"Have you talked to Captain D yet?"

"No."

"Good. I have a few rules for when you see him. One: Don't ask him any personal questions that'll make him hate me for inviting you. Two: Don't look him in the eye too long or you might scare him or make him forget about me. Three: If you show off your powers to him, don't do it in a way that'll make you look better than me. And four: Can you please pretend to be my girlfriend?"

"What?"

"Just smile and put your arm around me like we've been together. Please? I want Captain D to think I'm cool and have a hot girlfriend." Bendy pleaded.

"Is that the reason you brought me here?"

"Well, I wouldn't say reason. That's kinda strong. More like . . . ulterior motive."

"Forget it. This is not a sitcom. And I am not your arm decoration." I affirmed as Captain D approached us after he finished working on a scene.

"There he is. The indestructible Bendy!" Captain D said.

"That's me. Hey, lemme show you what I can withstand. My super powered girl here can dish out a lot." Bendy assured his hero as he put his arm around my waist.

Responding to the stretcher's disregard to my lack of willingness to feign a relationship with him, I instantly grew my hair out to form it into a car crusher you'd find at a junkyard and crushed him over the head with it. His body was perfectly fine, but he can still get hurt from that as he just did.

". . . See? All good." Bendy mumbled, feeling dizzy.

"Gee, you like that hurt. You sure you can handle that kinda force like me?" Captain D asked with skepticism.

"What? Totally! I'm . . . I'm good. I feel good. No . . . pain at all with these powers." Bendy lied.

"Ah, good ol' crushers. That takes me back to my days as a stuntman. You know, they just don't make shows or movies as dangerous as they used to. Back then, I got to work with real dynamite after the actors were too nervous around it. Not that that was a problem for me, even before I got my invincibility."

"Speaking of which, what are your powers exactly? I know you must have something, what with that Charevo Emblem on your hands." I acknowledged.

"Beauty! Don't pry into the tattoo area." Bendy whispered. "Uh, ignore her, Cap."

"No wait a minute. You've got superpowers. How did you get them?"

"Uh, we don't have to talk about that." Bendy interrupted before whispering to me again. "Getting too personal with the questions, Bellavitz."

"Oh, that's a long story with lots of stunts and lots of asbestos. Sorry, but I gotta finish this last scene first." Captain D informed us.

"Okay. Thanks for the chat. You rock, D!" Bendy shouted to his hero before turning back to me, not pleased. "Gee, way to follow rules one, three, and four, Beauty."

(A hoard of protesters storm the set.)

"Two! Four! Six! Eight! Harmful stunts are what we hate! Six! Five! Four! Three! Go get rid of Captain D! Twenty-seven-point-three! Get daredevils off TV!" The protesters chanted.

"Ugh. Not this again." Captain D grumbled, putting his hand to his head before addressing the protesters. "We're busy here, people. Can we do this another time?"

"We will not be ignored again!" One of the protesters shouted.

"Ugh. I gotta go."

"Two! Four! Six! Eight! Harmful stunts are what we hate!" The protesters reiterated as Captain D only looked more annoyed.

"Whoa! What's going on?" Bendy asked.

"I don't know. But I think your hero's got some other critics besides me." I replied.

“Your show encourages reckless behavior from children!” A protester claimed.

“My son injured his skull trying to jump off the roof with a rope around his ankles after watching your show.” Another protester accused.

“Alright. First of all, what I did on my show was with a bungee cord, not a rope. You can’t pin that on me. And second, my show does not encourage kids to hurt themselves intentionally.” Captain D argued.

“You always dare them at the end of your show to attempt your dangerous stunts!” A protester alleged. “You’re a terrible influence!”

“Your show is harming our children!” Another protester added.

(The protesters continue chanting as Captain D isn’t pleased being barraged by complaints from parents. Bendy doesn’t like seeing his hero accused like this and steps forward)

“Whoa. Hold on. Shows don’t harm children. Captain D doesn’t harm children. Your kids not being raised with common sense harms children.” Bendy defended his hero. “Yeah, I said it. And by the way, Captain D is a professional. If your kids hurt themselves, maybe it’s their fault for not being good enough to imitate what he does. Unlike me, of course, where I know what I’m doing.”

“But this man specifically dares his viewers to imitate what he does.” A protester argued.

“Yeah, his viewers. What if his target audience wasn’t kids? What if it was people who knew how to jump off a roof and not get hurt?”

“He specifically addresses kids at the end of his show.”

“What if he wasn’t talking to your kids? What if he was talking to someone else’s kids and those kids were invincible just like him?”

“Even if that was the case, that doesn’t excuse him from our kids imitating what they saw on his show.”

"What if they weren't watching his show? What if they were watching something else, and then they leaned on the remote, and the channel changed to his show, and they saw what he did by accident? It could be your kids' fault."

"My child has watched in its entirety. There's not even a disclaimer at the beginning to warn against the dangers of imitating the acts that take place."

"What if there was a disclaimer and you just didn't see it? What if there was one, but they had to edit the show down to twenty-two minutes and they couldn't cut anything else out that wasn't essential to the story, and they had to cut the length of the disclaimer down to a tenth of a second, and you're supposed to record the show and freeze frame so your kid can see it? Did you EVER think of any of that?"

(Beauty comments on Bendy's commitment to defending Captain D and his show and how he's acting like a lawyer.)

"Uh, Max, I'm afraid the protesters have started to spook some of the man-eating tigers. We'll have to finish this scene tomorrow." The show's producer informed the daredevil.

". . . Keep me from doin' this, I oughta." Captain D groaned under his breath before he turned to the protesters. "Alright. Okay, people, you can all leave me alone now! We're not up to anything that'll potentially offend you at the moment!"

(The protesters are satisfied and leave as the show's crew begins to put everything away)

"What? That's it? No more?" Bendy asked, disappointed.

"I'm afraid so. Parents never understand the greatness that is danger. But they'll learn someday." Captain D explained with a vow at the end. "Anyway, thanks for sticking up for me, Bendy. It's good to know I still have a fan who doesn't think I'm a jerk."

"Oh, I would never turn on you, Captain D." Bendy assured his hero.

"Thanks. Well, since we have to leave early, I'd hate for you to have to leave so soon too." Captain D said as he walked to his motorcycle and picked up a helmet. "Wanna come for a ride?"

"I get to ride with you? Oh! I'm gonna faint! Catch me, my hot girlfriend!"

(Bendy falls as Beauty doesn't like what he calls her, and doesn't catch him. He gets up as Captain D tosses him a helmet)

"Wait. I thought you never want people wearing helmets." Bendy acknowledged to the daredevil.

"Oh, I don't. I was aiming for the trash can." Captain D clarified, pointing to the trash bin next to Bendy.

(Bendy dunks the helmet in the can and Captain D gets on his motorcycle as Bendy stretches his legs over to it)

"Does this mean I can go now?" I asked.

"Sure. Just tell the guys I'll be out. I don't know if I'll ever go home." Bendy told me as he began to gush over his hero, holding onto him from the back on the motorcycle.

(The two drive off)

"Finally! Time to head back." I said to myself as I was about to take off. "Then again, I guess I better keep an eye on Bendy. Maybe I'll get to see Captain D's powers in action."

"Yeah, maybe." A teamster mumbled, passing by.

(Beauty uses her hair to walk along the rooftops, following Bendy and Captain D. She remains undetected as they drive around a corner, stopping in front of a gun store as Captain D goes inside. Bendy waits for him as Captain D comes out with a bag overflowing with money. He has Bendy hold as he looks confused. The two drives off as Beauty is surprised to see this. She follows them as they stop in front of a biker bar. Captain D goes inside as Beauty expects Bendy to stop him or at least leave. Instead, Captain D comes out with more money and gives it to Bendy.)

"Bendy, what are you doing?" I mumbled, watching all this.

(They drive off again as they stop in front of a construction site. Captain D runs into it and destroys several scaffoldings that support the structure as Beauty notices his brute strength. The structure finally collapses over Captain D. No one else is hurt, but Captain D emerges unharmed and rides off. Beauty feels like she should've done something, but she was also thinking Bendy was

about to handle it. Beauty goes home as she waits for Bendy. He walks through the hall at night)

“Hello, Bendy.” I said, standing in his path.

“Oh, hey, Beauty.” Bendy uttered.

“How was your time with Captain D? Anything interesting happen?”

“Oh, it was good. Yeah. Pretty good. Not much to talk about though.”

“Really? I didn't think you'd be so brief after spending all that time with your favorite daredevil.”

“Oh, I'm sure you can figure out all the cool stuff I got to see him do.”

“Cool stuff, huh? Hmm. Would that include those crimes Captain D committed while you helped him get away with it?” I finally accused the Brigade member.

“What? Crimes? Captain D would never do anything wrong. He's the greatest.” Bendy insisted. “I'm not gonna let you slander him like that! There is no evidence that he has ever done any evil!”

“I saw him rob a few places while you just sat there and held the money as he drove you around.”

“You what!? You spied on us!? That is outrageous! I can't BELIEVE you would spy on me! You haven't even been on this team that long. I don't know if I can believe anything you say now. You are untrustworthy! You are out of line! You are beyond overstepping your bounds as someone who knows me! And you're not gonna tell anyone what you saw, are you?” Bendy ranted, throwing his arms all around and walking back and forth before he finally switched gears and got on his knees to beg me at the end.

“Bendy, I just wanna know . . .”

“Oh, please! Don't tell the Brigade or the Chief! If they found out, then I'd get in so much trouble for covering this up! And Captain D could go to jail! I don't want him to go to jail! I don't! I just don't!” Bendy whimpered as he grasped my legs like a little kid to his parent. At that point, I simply picked him up using my hair and slapped him across the face with it.

"Bendy, get a hold of yourself."

"Sorry."

"Look, just tell me what happened. Why didn't you stop him? You owe me at least some excuse."

(Beauty says she could tell Bendy didn't want to talk about it, and it was obvious when he began to talk about it)

"I've been a fan of Captain D since I was eight. I'd buy his merchandise. I'd watch his show. I'd see him perform. And every time I thought of him, I would tell myself 'I wanna do what he does.' And my brothers would always help me attempt a lot of the stunts he did. I've worshiped the guy. And then when I rode with him, he said he was gonna be even more daring than ever. And when I saw him robbing those places and destroying property just to get away with it, through it all, I could only tell myself it wasn't really happening and he was still the same cool guy I worshiped all those years." Bendy explained.

". . . Look, I understand how hard it is to accept someone you look up to doing something wrong. But when you say you wanna do what he does, and you let him get away with doing wrong, you're doing exactly what he's doing." I argued while sympathizing with him too. "Now, I'm going to tell the team about this, and . . ."

"No! You can't!" Bendy pleaded again.

"Bendy, you know Captain D is trouble, which is kind of a problem, right?"

"I know, but I don't wanna be the guy to ruin his life! He knows I was with him, and he'll hate me for that! I don't want my hero to hate me! And who knows? Maybe that was just a one time thing he did, you know?"

"Unbelievable! You're still in denial! Alright, because I'm new here, and I don't want any problems between us, I won't tell anyone."

"Yes!"

"I'm just gonna let you do it yourself."

"Awwwww! You're givin' me the pressure, and the guilt, and I'm off the hook, but I know this'll stick with me! Why do you have to torment me, girl?"

(Bendy's Charevo Fairies emerge from his hands)

"Sometimes, it's easy to defy rules one sets for you, but harder to defy the beliefs you choose." Bendy's Defiance Fairy informed him.

"Ahhhhh! Not you guys! Everyone leave me alone! Urghhhhh!" Bendy cried, trying to ignore his Charevo Fairies.

(The next day, Bendy and Beauty visit Captain D on his TV set as they finish shooting a scene. Captain D approaches them)

"Ah, there you two are. So what'd you think of that last jump I made over the piranha tank? Pretty cool, huh?" Captain D asked us.

"You mean after you escaped the tiger cage? Oh man! I can't wait to see it on the show!" Bendy complimented his hero, acting like nothing had happened the day before.

"Yeah, very . . . theatrical." I added, not knowing if I should say anything about the incident.

"Yeah, I've had my fair share of dares with animals. Most of them didn't end too well, but I wasn't afraid. Like one time I . . ."

(Bendy is about to go into a story when Race calls on his team communicator)

"Bendy! Beauty!" Race called to us.

"Ugh. Race, this better be good. I'm kinda talkin' to the big guy here." Bendy complained.

"Sorry. I just thought I'd tell you the Chief reported something on a construction site that someone destroyed last night. Have you heard about that?"

"Uh, no. No! I don't nothin' about that! Who could've done that? And, hey, I'm sure it couldn't have been one person, uh, if there were any people involved at all. Heh. So no. I don't know anything about a destroyed building or any other crimes committed yesterday." Bendy lied, stumbling through it as he covered everything up and even winked to Captain D at the end.

“Okay. Just thought I'd tell you. Just be on the lookout for anything else that might happen.”

(Race hangs up)

“Thanks for not snitching, Bendy. Well, I gotta get back to finishing this scene.” Captain D informed the stretcher before walking off.

“I know I haven't used these team communicators that much, but Race can see you when you wink.” I commented as Bendy got nervous.

(Bendy and Beauty watch Captain D shoot a scene. When he's about to say his line, the protesters come back and interrupt him)

“Two! Four! Six! Eight! Harmful stunts are what we hate!” The protesters chanted as Captain D only looked more irritated to see them.

“Cut!” The director yelled, turning to the protesters. “People, please. We're very busy here.”

(The protesters keep chanting as Captain D walks over to confront them)

“Will you all please give this a rest? You don't even know what I'm going to do in this episode. If you're unhappy with what I've done before, why don't you run along and protest the executives in charge of the syndication reruns.” Captain D suggested with an argument that kind of made sense to me.

“You can't be trusted to stay on television!” A mother claimed.

“Your show is a threat to our children!” A father added.

“Now, let's be reasonable here . . .” Captain D began.

““Two! Four! Six! Eight! Harmful stunts are what we hate! Six! Five! Four! Three! Go get rid of Captain D! Twenty-seven-point-three! Get daredevils off TV!” The protesters interrupted with more chanting.

(Captain D looks angry as they scream while holding their critical signs)

“ALRIGHT!” Captain D screamed as the protesters became silent. The daredevil suddenly went from angry to calm. “. . . I

understand your concerns over the effects my stunts may have on your children. And while I cannot defend every result that occurs following what I do, I must tell you that I do encourage safety in addition to seeking action. And that is why, in light of the objections you all have to my 'daring' persona, I have arranged to give a televised speech at the demolition of the old Milton's Electronics building downtown tonight at six pm where I will speak on the importance of safety, which, I can assure you, your kids will learn to appreciate and use themselves."

(After speaking, the protesters look satisfied to hear this)

"I encourage you all to attend early so I can answer questions." Captain D noted.

(The protesters all walk away in satisfaction)

"Well, look at that. You didn't have to give any lame arguments this time." I commented to Bendy.

"See? I knew all along he was a good dude." Bendy said with the utmost of confidence.

(Captain D walks over to the kids)

"Oh, Bendy, I almost forgot. After I finish this scene, do you wanna come along for another ride?" Captain D offered.

"Another one? I'm in!" Bendy replied, excited.

"Uh, are you sure that's a good idea?" I asked, skeptical.

"Pff. You worry too much."

(Race calls on Bendy's communicator)

"Guys!" Race cried.

"Captain D didn't do nothin'!" Bendy instinctively yelled before remaining calm again. "I mean . . . uh . . . what up, Race?"

"You two gotta get down to the gym. Cremate's on the loose."

"Cremate?" I uttered, not aware of who that was.

"Ooh. Cremate." Bendy said, sounding interested and happy.

(Race hangs up)

"Sorry, D, but we gotta split. Some crazy fire lady's about to burn down the gym." Bendy explained. At that point, I formed my

hair into a jetpack to propel me upward as Bendy held onto my ankles. "Maybe we can meet again later!"

(The Brigade meets up at the gym and everyone goes inside. They find a room where people are surrounded by a ring of fire. There is a boxing ring in the center, and Cremate is fighting a woman. She knocks her out and takes one of her gloves off)

"Ah, there we are. Another opponent for the fun of it, and more power for the winner." Cremate declared, putting her hand on the woman's shoulder as the two began to glow.

At that moment, the woman's face appeared more wrinkled as Cremate then picked her up with one hand and tossed her out of the ring near a group of other people who looked beaten and wrinkled. Apparently, this villain can drain people of their beauty to grow more powerful. Additionally, she was pyro kinetic, and after tossing her opponent away, she shot some flames over someone's head to intimidate them.

"You! Next up!" Cremate demanded some anxious guy.

(Before the guy got up, Pyra shoots a fireball at Cremate, knocking her down as she looks back at the Brigade)

"Don't you have to get home to your husband in prison, Cremate?" Pyra shouted to the villain.

"At least I have the looks to get a husband." Cremate taunted our friend who didn't appreciate that. "Besides, I think you have a building to save."

(Cremate shoots her fire at the walls and ceiling, causing the building to burn faster)

"Go Neo!" Race yelled as we were all about to rush the ring to attack. However, before we could leap into action, Cremate projected some more fire around her captives.

"Ah ah ah. Careful now." Cremate laughed as she threatened the people.

(The Brigade stops as Pyra only backs away further. Cremate shoots a fire ball at the Brigade as it explodes by them.)

"Oh man. Gotta stop Cremate, but she'll hurt people if we do? Why me?" Race mumbled.

"I got this!" Bendy announced.

(Bendy stretches his arm between Cremate and the people and expands it to block Cremate's fire from hurting them. He then jumps onto the ring and wraps his leg around her. Cremate mixes her fire into the air and escapes before reappearing in front of him and punching him out of the ring with a flaming fist. Nator shoots an energy cannon at Cremate and sees Tel-E trying to levitate the hostages away from trouble. Cremate throws another fireball at both of them, causing the people to stay where they are. Beauty soaks Cremate with a water cannon)

"And you are?" Cremate asked, unimpressed as she projected a ray of fire at my weapon. But before she could hit me, I transformed into a character called Aquara who had plenty of water to match.

"Anyone I need." I replied as I used my character to project even more water from her hands at the villainess.

(Cremate is stunned for a moment, but she shoots her fire at the ceiling as part of it falls on Beauty. Cremate blasts Beauty out of the ring as she turns back to normal)

"Anyone else worthy of staying in my presence?" Cremate inquired in her arrogance.

"Right here!" Pyra declared as she finally stepped in to fight. She did so by shooting her own fire at Cremate who unfortunately managed to absorb it without even flinching.

"Anyone at all? No?"

"Don't ignore me!"

(Pyra flies at Cremate who grabs her hands. Cremate is about to drain Pyra for power, but then doesn't.)

"Hmph. Someone's already drained you of your beauty." Cremate remarked.

(Cremate swings Pyra around and throws her down to the gym exit. The doors open as Captain D walks in)

"I smelled action. Looks like I got here just in time." Captain D commented with no fear.

"Captain D! What are you doing here? I mean, I know fire doesn't bother you. You're you! But we kinda got some action

that's a little outta your league in one department." Bendy told the daredevil.

"I dare you to find me a challenge. Leave this to me."

(Captain D steps forward as Cremate sees him)

"So someone thinks he's a hero 'cause he plays one on TV, huh? Well, play with this!" Cremate remarked as she shot a scorching ball of fire at the daredevil.

"Don't worry! I'll protect you!" Bendy affirmed as he stretched his body out to form a wall in front of his hero.

"No need, son."

(Captain D pushes Bendy away and takes the hit. He completely absorbs it)

"I do my own stunts." Captain D said with confidence, walking up to Cremate.

"I see. How 'bout another?" Cremate suggested as she ignited herself in fire and flew around the gym and slammed into Captain D with the increased force.

(The hit knocks Captain D near the middle of the gym and shoots another fireball at him as he gets up and feels just fine)

"Wow! It's like he didn't even get hit. He really is invincible." I noted, impressed by his resilience.

"See? He takes a hit way better than you, Hair Piece." Bendy told me, feeling good about his hero.

"That all you got? Come on! I've pummeled actors tougher than you!" Captain D challenged the villainess, waving his fingers towards him like he was saying "Bring it on."

"I've got more than some brute like you can take!" Cremate yelled as she flew to him again.

(Cremate punches Captain D as she lands and punches him some more with her boxing gloves on. She keeps punching him as he withstands them all. Cremate tires out and Captain D grabs her fist.)

"I can take more than you can imagine." Captain D assured Cremate.

(Captain D punches Cremate all the way to the end of the gym as the Brigade is astonished)

“. . . Who are you?” Cremate asked in exhaustion.

“I'm Captain D. And the D stands for 'Deez muscles'.”

Captain D answered with pride like at the end of his show as he flexed his arms.

“That was sick! You're like a hero just like on your show!”
Bendy celebrated. “Oh! This is just what I wanted.”

“Thanks. But the real fun is about to begin.”

(Captain D suddenly shoots fire from his hands at the building, burning it more)

“Whoa! What are you doing?” Race queried.

“It's time for some real danger.” Captain D replied, not finding anything wrong with the extra flames.

“The new ability is impressive. Yes. But we still have to evacuate the vicinity or someone will get hurt!” Tel-E alerted the daredevil.

“And why should that be a problem? Daredevils shouldn't be the only ones who get to experience the thrill of danger. Adrenaline doesn't exist with safety. It's time for more people to learn the joy of meeting absolute peril.”

“I knew you were no good!” I accused him as I grew my hair to him, wrapping it around his arms. However, as soon as I did, he swung his arm over to one side with me along with it. This move made me slam into one end of the gym before he swung me over his head again while I crashed to the floor in front of the Brigade.

“Daredevils only grow better with bigger danger, which is why I came here to tangle with Cremate. With my powers, not only am I invincible, but I can absorb any force or power and produce it tenfold. Cremate shoots her flames and hits me with her strength? I can shoot bigger flames and hit even harder.”

(Captain D shoots fire at the Brigade as they dodge it while he creates more fire in front of him)

“What makes you think you can just burn this place down?” Race questioned the daredevil.

“Ha! I've cheated death so many times. I can get away with anything. That's the fun of taking risks.” Captain D stated, serious.

(Captain D runs through the wall, causing the building to start coming down)

"We gotta get outta here!" Nator yelled.

"With everyone else too, you mean!" Pyra reminded him.

(Race gets everyone out of the gym as Beauty grabs people with her hair to get them out. Everyone helps them evacuate as Pyra absorbs the fire, but the building is still coming down.)

"Pyra, there's no time! Come on!" I yelled.

"Don't tell me what to do! I can still save most of this place!" Pyra insisted, still absorbing the flames.

(Captain D crashes through the wall again as the building finally comes down. Beauty pulls Bendy to safety as Pyra disappears in the air. Captain D holds his arms out like he's welcoming the collapse as the building comes down on him. Outside, everyone is still recovering as Cremate is still unconscious.)

"First Cremate, now this? What next?" Race moaned.

"No one appears to be hurt. Where's Captain D?" Tel-E inquired.

"He went back into the gym last I saw him." I mentioned.

(The whole Brigade searches through the debris as Captain D emerges and claps his hands together, creating a hulk like force that sends the Brigade back to the ground.)

"Ha! And that was only a one story building." Captain D commented with satisfaction on his power. "Well, I gotta go! Thanks again, Bendy!"

(Captain D escapes on his motorcycle. The Brigade recovers again.)

"Okay. That guy is bad news. But you have to admit. His powers are pretty awesome." I noted.

"Yeah, whatever. Let's just stop him before he goes on another rampage." Pyra told everyone.

"Agreed. There's no doubt he only try to put more people at risk after that little speech of his." Tel-E added.

"Yeah, maybe. But hey. Maybe that was all he wanted, to destroy the gym. He's probably had his moment and doesn't have

anything else in mind. Come on. He's a good guy. Right?" Bendy suggested as the Brigade looked at him in confusion.

"A good guy? Bendy, he just burned down a gym and stayed to let it crush him. The dude's crazy." Nator insisted.

"Nator's right, Bendy. Captain D is dangerous." Race agreed.

"Yeah. You must know of his true nature. Right?" I reminded Bendy, hinting at what he saw his hero do the day before.

"What? No! Why would I know Captain D as a bad guy when I've seen him just be cool. I mean, it's not like I saw him rob a gun store. You know? I didn't see him hold up a biker bar. I didn't see him destroy a construction site last night while I was riding with him and just sat back and did nothing." Bendy denied what he saw, even though no one really asked him about it directly.

"You knew!" Tel-E accused the stretcher. "You knew he was doing wrong all along!"

"Okay, fine! Yes! I knew he was bad! Okay? I'm sorry." Bendy admitted.

"You knew about him? And you didn't tell anyone!?" Race questioned in outrage.

"Wait. Hang on. Don't get upset with him about that. I kinda knew about this too, but kept it a secret with him." I interrupted. Unfortunately for the rubber hero, no one listened.

"Shut up, Beauty. Bendy, when you see someone commit a crime and you choose not to do something, you don't sweep it under the rug. You gotta tell someone. Why didn't you say anything?" Pyra queried.

"BECAUSE! I . . . I saw him be bad, but all I could think of was 'He can still be good.' I mean, it's not like a few bad deeds define someone. So I figured he was still good. That's all." Bendy explained.

"There's nothing wrong with thinking someone can be good, but you should've told us about him." Tel-E argued.

"Yeah, we could've stopped him sooner! And now we don't know if he can be stopped at all." Nator added.

"I know! I'm sorry! I didn't think he'd actually be THIS evil." Bendy apologized.

"Well, we gotta go after him now. Anyone know where we might find him?" Race inquired.

"Captain D mentioned going to the Milton's Electronics building when it gets torn down tonight at six. That's an hour from now!" I informed the team.

"And isn't that building, like, thirty stories tall?" Pyra asked.

"If he gets there and that falls on him, that equals thirty times the power of a gym he'll get. He'll be unstoppable!" Nator noted, having done the math.

"Unless we stop him first." Tel-E mentioned.

"Right. Let's go get him!" Bendy announced.

"Oh no. You're not going. You'll probably just let your hero go again. We don't need you talking us out of fighting him." Pyra insisted.

"What? I will not!"

"Yes you will. You see too much good in him. I know how biased you are about him." Nator argued.

"I'm all for capturing Captain D, but don't you think leaving Bendy behind is a tad excessive?" Tel-E interjected.

"No. Your right." Bendy admitted. "I'd only screw this up. You go on ahead. I'll be at the HQ."

(Bendy walks off, knowing it was his fault before. Beauty feels bad for him. The Brigade goes to the Milton's Electronics building and don't find Captain D anywhere as they realize he's probably inside, so they go in.)

"Beauty, are you sure he's here?" Nator inquired as we all looked around on the fifteenth floor.

"I'm telling you, he said he'd be here. He's gotta be on one of these floors." I asserted.

"Well, he'd better be. This place is scheduled to get blown up in forty minutes." Pyra reminded me.

"Shh. I'm sensing a presence down that hall." Tel-E informed the group.

"Captain D?" Race asked.

“ . . . Plus a few others . . . ”

(Tel-E wasn't sure what they would find as they all go down and find the protesters all tied to chairs in a corner of the room with Captain D in front of the room)

“The protesters!” I quietly gasped.

“I should thank you all for coming early like I asked. I hope this experience will make you see danger as more fun than you previously thought. That's if you live. If you don't, hey, that's the life of a daredevil. Just as long as you go out big.” Captain D orated to his captives. “Whatever the outcome, all I know is none of you will be criticizing me ever again like my parents, the doctors.”

“That's enough, Captain D!” Race shouted, getting the daredevil's attention.

“Yeah, that's our sneak attack. Nice job, Race.” Pyra sighed.

“Ah, the Neo Brigade, I had a feeling you'd show up.” Captain D told us, not alarmed at all.

“So I see this is how you respond to your critics? Gee, I guess if everyone did this, we'd have some pretty lousy shows still on the air.” I remarked.

“So you're here to stop me, then? Well, go ahead. I dare ya.” Captain D challenged us.

“We are, and we will. Go Neo!” Race cried as we all started to attack.

(Captain D projects fire at the team as Beauty forms a shield with her hair as Captain D runs out of fire)

“Ha! Out of juice already?” I laughed.

“Hmph. Must've used up all of Cremate's fire. No problem. I still got the strength.” Captain D mentioned.

(Captain D runs over to Beauty as she rolls out of the way. Captain D winds up crashing through the wall into the next room. Pyra flies herself into him, sending him further down the room. He gets up and Tel-E projects her energy at Captain D as he absorbs the attack.)

“Ha! Thank you!” Captain D snickered before he shot the same energy back at the Knowlgian.

(Beauty uses her hair to try and knock him off his feet. He dodges the hair and uses his energy to cut it. He then shoots the energy back at Beauty as she blocks it with her hair again. Pyra shoots her fire at Captain D, but he absorbs it. He shoots the fire at Beauty as she catches fire while she detaches part of it from her. He then shoots the energy at Pyra as she lands near Nator.)

"Feel free to jump in anytime to help us out." Pyra noted, referring to Nator's lack of participation.

"I'm sorry. But this whole battle seems kinda pointless to me. I mean, how do you beat someone who's invincible?" Nator asked.

"We just gotta try." Race told him as he darted for Captain D.

(Race uses his super speed to take several swipes at Captain D who just stands there and absorbs the attacks, not even showing any sign of getting hurt. Race stops in front of him and notices that he didn't do anything.)

"Keep trying." Captain D laughed as he simply slapped Race down to the end of the room with the back of his hand. "Seriously, who do you think I am? I'm Captain D. And the D is for 'don't mess with Captain D'."

"And what's that D for? You're stuck in a recursive loop." Nator acknowledged as the daredevil quickly shot some energy at Nator who jumped out of the way after screaming.

(Captain D is about to beat Race some more, but Tel-E levitates him in the air. He shoots a fireball back at her, which she dodges while Captain D drops back down. Nator uses a wind device from his chest to move Captain D further down the room. He shoots energy at Nator, stopping the wind. Pyra tries flying at Captain D as Race runs at him some more. He punches them both away as he walks forward. Beauty knows that force won't work, so she tries to restrain him. She shoots bolas with her hair at his feet as he breaks free. She shoots a net at him, but he still gets free. She tries to trap him in a cage, but he breaks out. Captain D gets to her, but Nator instinctively shoots an extendable metal fist at him. He absorbs the attack while Pyra tries shooting more fire at

him. Beauty shoots an energy gun from her hand to send him back.)

“Getting desperate, are we?” Captain D asked with a grin.

(Captain D slams on the floor and causes the floor to collapse as everyone falls through and everyone is hurt. Captain D jumps down between them and uses the last of his fire to create an explosion, injuring everyone except Beauty who protects herself with her hair)

“Guys! We need a new plan! I'm gonna get help!” I alerted the team.

“What help? This guy can't be beaten!” Nator argued as he was still nearly beaten.

“I'd listen to him if I were you. Invincibility has no weakness.” Captain D laughed.

(Beauty runs away and flies to the HQ. She looks for Bendy and finds him in his room hanging upside down and playing guitar. He looks sad as he's surrounded by his Captain D merchandise.)

“Bendy?” I uttered, coming in. He saw me, but he gave no answer. It was very strange seeing Bendy so lacking in energy. “The team's in trouble. We need you to help us deal with Captain D.”

“No you don't.” Bendy mumbled, depressed.

“Come on, Bendy. Captain D's killing us out there. We need your help.”

“Why bother? I'd only get in the way.”

“But none of us are doing well against him. It's not like you can make us worse.”

“. . . I'm sure I'd find some way to screw you guys up. I can't look at Captain D without immediately thinking of everything I love about him. If you hate him and you can't beat him, what hope do I have?”

(Beauty knows that Bendy wasn't up for fighting Captain D, but she had to try to talk him into it)

“Look, you've worshiped Captain D for years. And then after all that time, you finally met your hero a couple days ago. I could imagine that must've been the most thrilling moment of

your life. And then the next day you saw that person do something you never thought he would do. I understand not wanting to think of your hero having done anything wrong. I'll never forget when I first met my childhood hero, the voice actress Mary Kay Burson. I knew she played some of my favorite characters and loved her and her work. And then a couple years ago, I saw on the news that she was arrested for beating her husband unconscious with a raw fish after having a nervous breakdown. It all took me by surprise when this person I looked up to had actually gone to jail. But then three days later after she got paroled, I got to meet her at Fiction Con. She was funny on her panel, she was very nice, and she even signed my Alex Specter season 2 DVD. She was just who I wanted her to be as I was so excited. I didn't think of her going to jail at all that day. It was as if I just removed that part of her from my memory. And that's just what you did. You saw your hero the way you wanted." I explained, reminiscing myself. "I guess my point is that you're not the only one who's gone through this denial. But that doesn't mean you can't get past it when you want to."

(Bendy gets onto his feet)

"You think I can confront Captain D?" Bendy asked.

"You saw him as good because you wanted to. You can see him as bad if you want to. It's all up to how you emphasize your memories." I told him.

(Bendy thinks about this as his Charevo Fairies appear)

"Defying reality versus belief is one's ultimate weakness." Bendy's Defiance Fairy told him.

"One's character becomes stronger by becoming open to other thoughts." The Flexibility Fairy added.

"Too much confidence can be fine if it's in the right idea. Too much confidence in the wrong idea leads to destruction." The Overconfidence Fairy concluded.

(The Fairies go back into him. Beauty goes back to the building as she finds the Brigade knocked out as they're lying near the hostages. Captain D is counting down the three minutes remaining until the building gets demolished.)

"It's almost time. Ultimate power, a big bang to take, all of you people out of my way, oh I can hardly wait." Captain D eagerly rambled to himself. "I know. I'll play my show's theme song. I'm sure you're familiar with that."

(Captain D takes out a guitar and plays it and sings)

"Oh, Captain D is on the way! You better not get in his way!" Captain D sang. Although, his song was cut short when I slapped him in the back of the head with my hair.

"What? Are you gonna make me pay?" I remarked.

"Well lookie here. It seems you came to join your friends after all." Captain D commented, pointing to the Brigade as they were still lying on the floor. "I can't tell if you're being daring or just stupid."

"I don't know. But I just thought I'd find someone who can dare to be stupid way better than you."

(Bendy stretches himself inside)

"Miss me?" Bendy asked, ready to fight.

"Hey, Bendy, you here to watch me go down with this building?" Captain D inquired, happy to see his fan.

"Oh, I'm here to see you go down alright."

(Bendy stretches his arm to punch Captain D as he's surprised)

"You give daredevils a bad name!" Bendy objected, punching Captain D again, knocking him further down the room. "I used to wanna be just like you. But after seeing who you really are, I'd rather be like me instead."

(Bendy punches him again as Beauty uses her hair to trip him as he falls back)

"I'm disappointed in you, Bendy. I thought you were cool. I thought you had potential. I actually thought you'd want to experience danger the way I envision it." Captain D scolded Bendy.

"I like going into danger for fun too, D. But there's more to being a daredevil than getting away with things. It shouldn't be about putting others at risk. It's about taking your own risks and being the only one to suffer from them if you fail. Safety for others is important too." Bendy affirmed.

“So you want your own risks then? Well, who am I to say no to that?” Captain D stated as he finally shot a laser at Bendy.

(Bendy dodges the lasers by stretching his body around before Captain D sees he’s out of lasers. He then shoots fire at Bendy as he tries to withstand it. Beauty wraps her hair around Captain D’s arms and turning it into rope. Captain D burns the rope as he throws a fireball at Beauty, which she blocks with a shield from her hair. Bendy wraps his whole body around Captain D.)

“Let’s see how much fire you can really take.” Captain D mumbled as he exuded fire from his body with Bendy on him.

“Urgh! Ah! I’ve . . . had . . . worse!” Bendy muttered, struggling to endure the heat.

“Hmph. I knew you didn’t have what it takes.”

(Captain D turns up the heat and uses his strength to force Bendy off. Beauty transforms into Kat Kittenell to kick Captain D away.)

“He hung out with you for two days. Bendy’s more daring than you’ll ever be.” I insisted.

(He tries to hit her, but she dodges and kicks him again before he uses the last of his fire on her, forcing her to turn back to normal. He grabs her by the hair. Bendy punches Captain D again. As he turns to him, Bendy is about to hit him again, but Captain D grabs his fist and crushes it as Bendy feels the pain)

“No one’s more daring than Captain D. I’m invincible! And look at you. You’re actually getting hurt.” Captain D laughed.

“You know, Bendy’s the one who can feel pain and you can’t. So if he does stuff where he has a better chance of getting hurt, he’s the better daredevil. If this were a video game, you’re just getting by with some big cheat code.” I acknowledged.

(This doesn’t sit well with Captain D who angrily throws Beauty and Bendy to the side. He then runs at them. Beauty pushes Bendy out of the way as Captain D punches the wall as he looks tired. The Brigade wakes up)

“Bendy?” Race uttered, coming to.

"We'll deal with him! You guys just get everyone to safety!" Bendy told the team.

"I'm on it." Tel-E assured us.

(Tel-E levitates the Brigade and the hostages out the window)

"You're gonna ruin everything!" Captain D growled at us.

"Oh no. You screwed this up yourself." Bendy corrected him.

(Captain D slams into Bendy)

"That felt a little softer than before." Bendy commented.

"That's it! Get Captain D to use up all his acquired force!" I told the stretcher as we dodged Captain D charging at us again like a couple of bullfighters.

"Got it! Hey, Captain D! Does the D stand for 'Dummy' or 'Duh'? You always cover up the most obvious ones!" Bendy taunted his hero.

"Today, it stands for 'Domination'!" Captain D declared.

(Bendy lets Captain D slam him down the room as Beauty stands off to the side)

"Hey, D! Bendy also thinks your show's full of plot holes!" I shouted, making Captain D angrier as he went after Bendy some more.

(Bendy lets him punch him again)

"Oh! And Bendy knows why you have a different girlfriend in each episode of your show! He says it's 'cause only a couple days is the longest the ladies can stand you!" I lied.

"Okay. Saying that is pretty daring o' you. I'll give you that." Captain D complimented Bendy before punching him again.

"Come on! That the best you can do?" Bendy mocked the daredevil, asking for more.

(Captain D punches Bendy repeatedly just like Cremate did to him earlier. Bendy withstands the hits)

"I see you getting hurt. You're just some weak kid after all." Captain D laughed as he continued wailing on Bendy.

(With each punch, Captain D loses his strength. After using it all up, Bendy notices him getting weaker as Captain D finally gets too tired to fight)

"Looks like you're the one getting weak. All outta force, Captain D student?" Bendy laughed as Captain D threw one more weak punch as the stretcher grabbed his fist. "That's right. I said it."

(Beauty uses her hair to wrap Captain D in chains)

"That was awesome, Bendy! You sure know how to take a beating." I complimented the rubber hero before I addressed Captain D. "So Ensign D, you got beat by a fan, your hostages have escaped, and you've got know more absorbed force. Looks like you're done."

(Captain D laughs maniacally)

"Uh, did I miss something funny earlier?" Bendy asked.

"Did you forget already? This building's scheduled to blow up in fifteen seconds. Once that happens, I'll have more power than ever!" Captain D explained.

"Well, that's taking the fun outta this, huh?"

"We gotta go!" I cried as I formed a jetpack out of my hair while I also formed a mechanical claw to grab hold of Captain D.

"I'll get you out faster. Hold on." Bendy told me.

(Bendy grabs Beauty and swings her around to throw her and Captain D out the window as she then activates her jetpack. As she floats in the air holding Captain D, she sees Bendy still in the building. She calls for him to get out, but the building suddenly explodes and collapses on top of him. Beauty flies down to the Brigade on the ground with the hostages freed)

"Hello world! You actually beat Captain D!" Nator celebrated.

"Yeah! Way to go Neo. Uh, Beauty? Where's Bendy?" Race asked.

"Oh . . . Bendy? Well . . . uh, how indestructible did you say he was?" I nervously inquired as we all looked to the demolished building.

(The Brigade searches through the rubble as they can't see too much through the debris. Everyone calls for Bendy)

"Bendy! Are you there?" I shouted.

"He's gotta be here. He's gotta." Pyra mumbled.

"Hang on. I'm picking up thought patterns. Over there!" Tel-E alerted us, pointing to the center of the rubble.

(Everyone walks through the rubble as they find part of it moving. Bendy emerges from it.)

"I'M OKAY! YEAH!" Bendy rejoiced as he shouted into the air and threw his arms up in celebration. However, he still felt a great deal of pain when he did. "Ah! My shoulder! Oh! . . . Shouldn't have done that."

"Bendy! You made it!" I said with delight, about to high five him. "Uh, okay, so what doesn't hurt?"

"I'll be fine. It's all good."

"Good to have you back in one piece." Tel-E commented.

"Yeah. You really stepped up." Race added.

"Thanks, guys." Bendy muttered, still kind of exhausted as he could still joke his way through it. "So, Pyra, were you scared that I almost died?"

"Don't even try with me." Pyra mumbled.

"Yeah. You're not so big." Captain D commented as we all looked at him, still restrained.

(Captain D gets arrested and put in a police car. The Chief arrives)

"This is an outrage! Who would arrest a man as noble as Captain D? Who? Who?" The Chief barked.

"Chief, you know that guy tried to kill a bunch of people, right?" Nator informed our boss.

"What? Impossible! If you ask me, those people were getting in the way of one of his stunts. Why would he do something wrong? It doesn't make sense! It doesn't, I tell you!" The Chief argued as the car holding Captain D drove away. The Chief finally decided to chase after it on foot. "Wait. Wait! Come back! I still need him to sign my gun! Just let me give it to him for a few minutes so I can get a picture of him with it!"

(The Brigade watches the Chief run off)

"Man, that guy's got fanboy problems." Bendy laughed.

"I'm sure he'll get over it soon. Thanks again for saving us, Bendy. Sorry about not believing in you. I know it must've been hard for you to fight your hero. I should've known you'd be able to do it." Race complimented his friend.

"Thanks. But I couldn't have done it without a little support." Bendy admitted as he turned to me and punched me in the arm. "I am SO keepin' you around, Hair Piece."

"Right. Not just to make you look cool, I assume?" I inferred, giving him a friendly punch back.

"In battle? Of course?"

"Only if I get to use your invincible bod as a human shield."

(Beauty and Bendy exchange punches some more. The next day, Beauty is about to watch TV, but she finds Bendy watching Captain D's show.)

"You're still watching this show?" I asked, bewildered.

"Just 'cause I hate what Captain D did and what he believes, doesn't mean I can't still watch his show or love what I loved about him. I can like him on the show and know when to hate him when he has to go to jail. I mean, it's not like you've cut that Burson lady outta your life entirely." Bendy explained.

"Fair point."

"Besides, I can whoop him any time he tries to commit a crime. You know, Captain D still gets to come out of jail every once in a while to film his show."

"Who would authorize a villain to be given periodic time out of jail?"

"What'd I miss? Oh, shoot! It's almost over!" The Chief moaned. "Once they start making the new shows, I'd better not have any disruptions."

"Never mind." I uttered, rolling my eyes.

(As the show is still on, Captain D is about to be blown up with a straitjacket that's wired with bombs. He gets on a cart with a rocket in the back and activates it, launching him out of the

building and into a saw mill. A giant saw cuts the straitjacket off him as he gets out of the saw mill, which finally explodes.)

“Ah, now that's the man to watch. The world needs more entertainment from people who don't fake what he does. He does his own stunts you know.” The Chief rambled before he left. At that point, the show has ended and Captain D appeared on screen again.

“Hi, kids. You think you're daring? Well, I dare you to try my rescue techniques. If you can do that, maybe you can be a hero too.” Captain D told the audience.

“Oh, I can do better than you, ya big phony! 'Cause at least I can get hurt!” Bendy challenged his hero, pointing at the TV before he started to walk off. “Alright, let's see. Straitjacket, giant buzz saw, rocket cart. Hey, Nator! You got any dynamite I can borrow?”

(Beauty smiles as she then rolls her eyes and watches TV and puts on Alex Specter. She thinks about Mary Kay Burson and knows she would never be able to do what Bendy did.)

To Love or to Die (as in me or you will)

(Beauty talks about how hard it can be for someone to fit in with others while also finding it hard to break away from a crowd. Everyone in the Brigade except for Pyra are taking a tour of the Minor City University.)

“And if you look just past the Humanities building, you can see our school library where you choose to study and conduct research, or if you're stressed from studying, relax in the lounge area.” Our tour guide informed us, gesturing to the buildings.

“Wow. Very nice.” Tel-E uttered, gazing at the library.

“Man, I can't wait for college. Where's Pyra? Why isn't she with us?” I asked.

“Oh, uh, this tour really isn't Pyra's thing.” Race mentioned.

“Yeah, besides, who's ready for college when we have school starting tomorrow? Man, she's got the right idea.” Bendy moaned.

“Oh, lighten up, Bendy. Look. Plenty of skateboarders around here. You like that, right?” Nator mentioned.

“I guess.”

“And here we have our university theater and music hall, and if you'll look off to your left, you'll see our school's fabulous stadium where we've hosted many school football matches as well as a number of music acts. We do have one that will take place this week if any of you are interested.” The tour guide continued as we looked at the stadium.

(Several players are outside the stadium near the tour as they are fighting and arguing with each other. Bendy takes a picture of this as the coach blows his whistle)

“Alright! Break it up now! What is this all about now?” The coach yelled to his team.

"It's Richardson, sir! He stole my wallet and then poked me in the ribs." One of the players explained.

"No! Chang stole my wallet and then slapped my head!" Another player objected. Suddenly, he jerked forward as if he was getting hit, only nobody did it. "Ah! See? He did it again! Hey! Quit it!"

"I didn't even touch you!" The first player argued as he then jerked forward like someone hit him. "Ah! Who did that?"

"Enough! No one hit either of you two!" The coach affirmed. At that point, one of the players' moved his head to the side frequently, again, as if there was someone hitting him.

"Someone did! Ah! And . . . if you can't . . . see him . . . do it . . . then . . . I'm not . . . feeling good about this team at all . . . Ah! That's it!" The player said as he appeared to get hit before finally punching the guy standing behind him who didn't do a thing.

(The team starts fighting each other as the Brigade watches.)

"Gee, sports are fun." I sarcastically remarked.

"Hey, they're just misunderstood." Bendy argued.

"Wait a second. Someone really was there. I'm sensing someone moving to that tree." Tel-E mentioned.

(The Brigade goes to check out what happened and they walk to a large tree nearby. Ninja appears from his invisibility and is holding a sack full of wallets)

"Heh heh heh heh. Always fun messing with those who lack the knowledge of a true enemy." Ninja laughed, looking at the bickering team and then at his loot. "It doesn't hurt to profit from it either."

"Oh, we can find some way to hurt you for that." Race remarked, getting his attention.

"The Neo Brigade? No! A ninja is not supposed to be detected!"

"Detect this, ya big thief!" Bendy announced as he stretched his arm up to the tree to punch the teen villain.

(Bendy tries to punch him, but Ninja flips onto his arm and slides down to kick Bendy in the head. He immediately kicks Tel-E and Nator as Beauty tries to hit him with her hair, but he teleports and she hits Race instead. Ninja appears on top of the tree as Nator tries to shoot lasers from his shoulder at Ninja who jumps around and dodges them all. He then disappears)

"Where'd he go?" I asked as he suddenly appeared and hit Race to the ground.

(Beauty notices Ninja's invisibility being limited to the noise he creates. He disappears again as Race gets out his communicator.)

"Pyra! Ninja's on the loose at Minor City University! We need you to get over here!" Race ordered as Nator looked for our opponent.

"Come on, you big sneak. Where are you?" Nator mumbled, pointing a cannon from his arm into the air.

"Are you sure you should be pointing that thing around in a school?" Tel-E inquired with uncertainty.

"You're right. Why don't I just wait for him to tell us where he is so I can be safe about it?" Nator sarcastically replied. "You got a better idea?"

"We can think before we act. Speaking of which, I can sense him now." Tel-E informed him, putting her hand to her head. "There!"

(Tel-E shoots her energy at Ninja who ducks her shot and kicks her legs, knocking her down. Race is about to charge at him, but he teleports in front of him and trips Race in his running, causing him to trip and fall on top of Tel-E. Nator tries to shoot Ninja, but he dodges and hits Bendy.)

"You can't win! I'm the one with the weapons!" Nator claimed.

"Ah, but a ninja requires no weapon of his own to win, for he can adapt and obtain his own weapon." Ninja informed the cyborg.

(Ninja turns invisible again as Nator tries to look for him. Ninja appears and hits him in certain places in his faint invisibility, causing his arm to come off as Ninja kicks Nator away)

“But stealing a weapon works too. Heh heh heh heh.” Ninja laughed, picking up Nator's arm and taking a few shots at us.

(Ninja teleports to the top of a building as Beauty flies up to him using a jetpack from her hair. Ninja uses the arm to shoot at her as she dodges the shots. Ninja then uses a laser to chop down a large tree. Beauty dodges it, but notices it's tumbling down to a girl who's been watching the whole fight. Beauty flies down to the girl and grows her hair out to form two giant hands that grab the tree and set it to the side.)

“That was too close. Thank you.” The girl cried with relief.

“Look out!” I alerted her, pushing her out of the way as Ninja shot a laser down at us.

(The laser hits Beauty as she sees Ninja ready to make his escape)

“Time for me to take my leave. Though it seems like I'm forgetting something. Oh, right.” Ninja mentioned before teleporting away. He then teleported back to the roof, holding the sack full of wallets he stole earlier. “There we go. Later, losers!”

(Ninja is about to run away on the rooftops, but Pyra appears in the air, blocking his path)

“Gah!” Ninja shrieked upon seeing Pyra.

“Hello, loser.” Pyra said with a smirk.

“So the cat came out to play, huh? Tag! You're it!”

(Ninja shoots a missile from Nator's arm at Pyra. It explodes as Pyra absorbs the fire from the blast. Pyra shoots some fire at Ninja, but he dodges all her shots. The fire hits a few trees and buildings as Pyra doesn't notice, but several people are worried.)

“You should know I don't take kindly people who force me to go outside during my me time.” Pyra grumbled as she exuded a larger wave of fire down at Ninja.

(Ninja teleports away as he kicks Pyra down. Pyra falls to the roof as Ninja tries to escape on other rooftops. Pyra pursues

him, throwing more fire at him, but he keeps dodging as she keeps missing and getting her fire near others.)

“Hold still and let me burn you!” Pyra groaned.

“Pyra! Careful!” Race warned her as the dark fire on the school started to spread.

“I got it!” I assured him as I transformed into my watery character Soaka. I then used her hydro kinetic abilities to extinguish most of the fire as Pyra continued to chase Ninja.

(Pyra continues flying above Ninja as she mixes her fire into the air. Ninja looks up and sees her gone. Pyra reappears in front of Ninja and gives him a flaming punch in the face, knocking him down. Pyra picks him up and holds him over the side of the building as her hands are burning.)

“Tell me, how long can your shirt keep from burning?” Pyra asked with a wicked smirk.

“Longer than what you’ve done down there.” Ninja laughed, looking at all the dark fire below him.

(Pyra looks shocked to see this as she throws Ninja to the side as Nator catches him by shooting a cable from his other arm, wrapping it around him and taking his arm back. Pyra flies down to get rid of the fire, but Beauty gets there first and puts it out as Soaka, getting some of her water on Pyra as she’s not pleased. Beauty turns back to normal as everyone cheers for her and the Brigade)

“Thank you. Thank you. No need to get too excited.” I modestly told the crowd.

“Come on. Just soak it all in.” Race said as he was happy to get the recognition.

“I don’t know. I’d say beating the bad guys is more fun than getting attention for it. But I guess this is good too.”

“I was the one who stopped Ninja. You know, before you drenched me.” Pyra clarified, stepping forward as she was still soaked.

“Oh no. It’s her.” One of the college kids uttered in anxiety as Pyra approached them.

(A bunch of the kids back up as Pyra looks at them and decides to back away from the team and be off to the side. Brittney Trainor walks up to them)

"Thank you so much again, guys. I would've been a goner if you weren't here." The girl thanked us.

"Well, actually, it was my arm that caused the tree to fall down on you, and Pyra was the one who caused all that fire, so . . ." Nator acknowledged before Bendy enlarged his hand and put it over the cyborg's head, keeping him from talking.

"Yeah, we're just here to help. Go on then." Bendy said, covering up what Nator told her.

"My name's Brittney Trainor. And lemme just say you guys are welcome in the music hall any time. I am in there most of the time, of course. I play clarinet." Brittney informed the team, sounding kind of ahead of herself.

"Why thank you. I play clarinet too. Oh, and I apologize if this sounds rude, but is that a camera you have on your cap?" Tel-E inquired, pointing to the lens coming out of Brittney's hat.

"Oh. Yeah. It's just this thing I do were I document what I see in recordings. It's just a little hobby, but I got your whole fight on this thing. You can check it out online anytime."

"Wow. That's awesome. We gotta start make recordings of our battles. It's enough like it is on TV already, you know." I suggested.

"Wait. Hold on. Did you say your name is Brittney Trainor?" Bendy asked, noting the familiarity of her name.

"I did. I guess you've probably heard of my sister Whitney." Brittney mentioned, pointing to a billboard.

(The billboard shows teen pop star Whitney Trainor. Beauty describes her as the billboard also says she'll be performing in Minor City.)

"Whitney Trainor's your sister?" I asked, interested.

"Whoa! And she's coming to Minor City?" Bendy cried, even more excited.

"And we're only hearing about this now?" Nator questioned.

"Pff. Would it be any different if we heard about it after her concert?" Pyra muttered, not sharing in our enthusiasm.

"Oh man, I am so seein' her!" Ninja said as he looked at the billboard while he was still tied up.

"You know what, Ninja? I'm in a good mood today. I think we'll let you go. But first . . ." Race began as he held onto Ninja and looked to the football team. "Hey, guys! Here's your wallets back!"

(Race tosses the sack of wallets to the team)

"Oh, and here's the guy who took 'em and made you all paranoid." Race added, tossing the restrained Ninja to them. Needless to say, the football team wasn't going to let him off like Race did.

(At the Brigade HQ, there is an advertisement for Trainor's concert that most of the team sees. The commercial shows her dancing and singing with a lot of production effects going on around her.)

"Hey, guys. Your pal, Whitney here. I'm so excited to return to my home town of Minor City. Hope to see you all there this Friday." Trainor addressed the audience with a smile as she concluded the commercial by blowing a kiss.

"Man, is she perfect or what?" Bendy articulated in excitement.

"Her show does appear entertaining." Tel-E acknowledged.

"You know, I'm not always into most modern musicians, but anyone who wears spikey medieval shoulder pads, to me, is pretty freakin' cool." I commented.

"I'm sure Whitney's exactly the kind of singer my dad would shame me for watching before comparing her to all the 'good' singers of his day." Race noted.

"So we're all getting tickets?" Nator inferred.

"Oh, no question."

(Beauty goes to Pyra's room as she's alone, playing her bass.)

"Hey, Pyra." I said, coming in.

"What do you want?" Pyra asked, not happy to see me.

"Oh, right. You're still thinking about before. Look, I'm sorry I stole your spotlight and got rid of all that fire before you."

"Whatever. Just forget it."

"Okay. I, uh, I just thought I'd tell you Race is gonna get tickets for the Whitney Trainor concert."

"Uh, and why would you think of telling me that?"

"Because . . . the six of us are gonna go." I told her.

"What six? There's just the five of you?" Pyra inquired.

"Well . . . I mean, all six of us, including you."

"Yeah, I don't think so."

"You mean you don't wanna go?"

"No, I can't wait to see live pop music because Whitney Trainor's so great." Pyra sarcastically replied. "Of course I don't wanna go."

"Why would you not want to go to a Whitney Trainor concert?" I questioned her.

"Well, let's see. I don't like Whitney Trainor. Therefore, I don't like Whitney Trainor concerts." Pyra answered, getting up to leave.

"Come on. She's cool. What don't you like about her?"

"Uh, she's an attention hog, she's all phony about being nice, she dresses like it's a hundred degrees, she uses excessive auto tune, and her music is just stupid." Pyra explained, listing with her fingers before leaving as I followed her.

"Okay, first off, those last two are basically the same thing. And second, you have to go. It's gonna be fun!" I argued.

"Fun is a subjective term. You have your examples of it. I have mine. And a Trainor concert is not on my list."

"But you have to go. Everyone's going."

"Just because everyone else likes something, doesn't mean I'm required to like it too. Believe it or not, people are allowed to be different. If they weren't, then everyone would have the same Charevo Trinities." Pyra refused, showing me the Charevo Emblem on her hand as she walked to the kitchen.

“True. But Pyra you never go anywhere with us. I really think if we spend more time together, well, we might actually become better friends.”

“We are not friends.” Pyra clarified as I realized how since I’ve joined the Neo Brigade, she’s been the least welcoming. “And taking me to a Whitney Trainor concert isn’t going to convert me. It’d be like bringing an environmentalist to a clear cutting event.”

“You’re really not interested in this?”

“I couldn’t be less interested in Whitney Trainor.” Pyra affirmed, pouring herself a drink in the kitchen.

“Who’s not interested in Trainor?” Bendy asked, stretching his neck into the room. Tel-E and Nator then joined him.

“Pyra doesn’t wanna go to the concert.” I informed the team.

“Oh, right. ‘Cause Pyra’s too cool for what’s cool.” Bendy laughed, not surprised. “If you ask me, she’s just jealous she’s not as popular as Trainor.”

“I’m not jealous of anyone!” Pyra asserted, giving Bendy a glare before looking away, not wanting to talk about that idea. “I just don’t like her or her music. Simple.”

“Come on, Bonnie. Give her a chance. You might enjoy yourself if you go.” Tel-E reasoned with her friend.

“Yeah, and no one who’s gone to see her has EVER had a negative experience.” Nator added, holding up a flyer for the concert. “Just look at these reviews: ‘Trainor’s show makes you feel like you’re seeing your biggest dreams come true.’ ‘Concert-goers unanimously agree that Trainor will always make you have a good time.’ ‘While there may be some fault in her music, there is no way for anyone to not be satisfied when watching Trainor live.’”

“You heard the robot. It is impossible to not like Trainor.” Bendy concluded.

“Well, obviously, it IS possible, because I have proved to be someone who does not like Whitney Trainor.” Pyra argued.

“Your counterexample notwithstanding, she is, like, one of the biggest singers in the world right now.” Nator acknowledged.

“Name six of her songs.”

"Okay. Uh, 'Love Me as You See Me', and uh . . . uh, that other one. Race, you know the one I'm talkin' about. That one with the big bass line. Uh . . ."

"See? Even someone with a super powered memory doesn't know her songs. I don't know why you guys would wanna go see her."

"We only wish to have some fun." Tel-E told her.

"Yeah, well, even if I did like her and knew as much as you people, let's say I went to the concert and I knew only three songs. I might enjoy myself for those three out of seventeen songs, but that still leaves fourteen songs I know nothing about. And in that time, you can't leave, you can't request a song to be played again, you have to sit through every song. Now, is going there and paying for a ticket just to stay there for two hours really worth it if you'll only have fun for a limited amount of time?" Pyra argued.

"Wow. She's turned into you." Bendy commented to Nator.

"Bonnie, is this about all the people you'll have to be around at the concert?" Tel-E inquired.

"What? No! Not everything I want to avoid has to be about that. Can we just drop this now?" Pyra answered, tired of us asking her about all this.

"Well, Race is getting us tickets now. It would be nice if you joined us. Are you sure we can't change your mind." Tel-E inquired.

"Let me make this clear. I do not want to see Whitney Trainor. I will not see her with a goat. I will not see her on a boat. I would not could not in the rain. I will not will not on a train. I do not like Whitney Trainor. I do not like her, for I hate her."

(Beauty talks about Pyra's resistance to go as she wonders what she meant when she answered Tel-E's earlier question. Race comes in the room.)

"Well, good news: I got the tickets. Bad news: There were only four left. Two of us can't go." Race informed the team.

"Thank God! You can leave me outta this now." Pyra uttered as she took a sip of her drink.

"Alright, so that means one of the five of us can't go either. We'll have to decide this somehow . . . NOT IT!" Bendy said before shouting and holding up his hands. He then looked around, expecting someone else to say "Not It" like him, but we were too mature at that point. "What? No one's doin' my thing?"

"Here. Why don't we just draw straws?" I suggested, forming five straws out of my hair. "Odd one out gets no ticket."

"If you ask me, you're all odd enough." Pyra remarked as we all grabbed a straw.

"Okay, one, two, three!" Race said as we all revealed our straws. And unfortunately, I got the short one. Not very nice when you're the one who came up with the idea.

"Yeah! Winner! Winner! Winner! Winner! Loser!" Bendy laughed as he pointed to Race, Nator, Tel-E, and himself before pointing at me. He then shifted his attitude to be more sympathetic. "Uh, good game. Sorry you can't go."

"Shoot!" I mumbled, frustrated.

"Sorry, Beauty. Rules are rules." Race informed me as he high fived Nator.

"Well, it's alright. I guess I'll just stay home Friday night. I'm sure I can keep myself busy with Pyra."

"Oh, I doubt we'll be spending any time together just because we're gonna be here together." Pyra mentioned, walking away from me.

(Beauty talks about how she and Pyra weren't getting along too well. The next day, it is the first day of school. Beauty notices the whole Brigade with her in class except Pyra)

"So, Ellie, what do you think of our school so far?" Race inquired as he sat in the desk next to me and Tel-E while Bendy and Nator were behind him.

"Not bad. So does everyone just act like you're normal kids even though they know you're superheroes?" I asked.

"Oh, everyone gets used to who we are. It only took about two weeks before no one was surprised to see a blue Knowlgian with a tail in class." Tel-E noted.

(The history teacher, Mr. Koolein comes in)

"Alright, everyone take your seats. Don't make anybody cut into our forty minutes by asking bad questions or making me tell you to be quiet." Mr. Koolein sternly articulated to the class as he set a laptop down on a desk and opened it.

"Uh, Mr. Koolein? Yeah. Does this count as a bad question, and how much time am I eating up right now? Just asking for a friend." Jordan jokingly asked, raising his hand.

"Quiet!"

"Well, he seems fun. Pyra's lucky she doesn't have him." I whispered to Tel-E.

"Right. Um. Ellie, there's something you should know." Tel-E mumbled.

"Ahem." Mr. Koolein interrupted, standing over us. "When I say I don't want to tell you to be quiet, do you think that gives you the liberty to talk freely? Hmm?"

"No, Mr. Koolein."

"Good. Now, everyone just pipe down or I'll have to extend the class by double the time you kids cause me to waste. Is that what you want?"

(All the kids say no as Mr. Koolein continues the class. After class ends, Race takes the tickets out of his backpack)

"Hey, guys, look what came in the mail this morning." Race said, revealing the concert tickets in his hand.

"Alright! They made it!" Bendy celebrated as he and everyone else took their tickets. He then held his in front of me. "Here's your ticket, Beauty. I . . . oh, that's right. You don't get a ticket. You're stuck with Pyra tonight. Ha!"

"I can hear you, Bendy!" Pyra called to him.

"Pyra?" I muttered, hearing her voice from the front of the room.

(Beauty goes to the front and sees her on the laptop screen as Bendy stretches his neck to the screen.)

"Listen, when I said she's stuck with you, I meant that you're saving her from the clutches of Whitney Trainor, which we'll all be suffering through." Bendy lied.

"Yeah, sure. That's EXACTLY what you meant." Pyra mumbled from the laptop, rolling her eyes.

"Whoa. Pyra, what are you still doing home?" I asked.

"She attends her classes remotely." Tel-E explained.

"Really? Cool. But why?"

"I don't wanna talk about it." Pyra muttered.

"Well, I know this my first time in a Minor City school, but as far as I know, this isn't a common thing for most people."

"I said I don't wanna talk about it!" Pyra insisted.

"Yeah, but . . ."

"Okay, class is over! That's enough now. Just be on your way." Mr. Koolein interrupted, closing the laptop and ending our conversation entirely.

(Beauty talks about how odd it was that Pyra did not go to school in person. After school, Race calls Pyra on her communicator and is talking to her)

"So since you're here and we won't see you tonight, do you want us to see if we can bring you and Beauty back anything?" Race offered. "We can get you one of those t-shirts with Trainor's tour dates on 'em."

"I'll pass. The less I have to see from that concert, the better." Pyra mumbled.

"Yeah, besides, I hate those shirts. I mean, what's the point of wearing a shirt that's only relevant for one year?" I asked.

"I know. And, like, are you supposed to circle the dates where you were present?" Pyra added, agreeing with me to my surprise.

(A girl rushes past the team)

"You guys gotta hurry! Whitney Trainor is gonna be down at the vacant lot to do a small preview show in fifteen minutes!" The girl alerted us as she then continued running.

"Whoa! Did you hear that, Pyra? Whitney . . ." Bendy excitedly began before Pyra hung up on us.

"How long into that sentence did you think she would stick around?" Nator asked.

(The team goes to the vacant lot where there is a small stage set up. There is a large crowd around the stage as a limo pulls up. Trainor comes out)

"It's her! Oh man. I gotta record this!" I said to myself, thrilled as I grew my hair out to form a camera pointed at the pop star.

(Trainor goes through the crowd and high fives everyone as Bendy stretches his hand out to her and she high fives him. She walks up to the stage and grabs the mic)

"Hello everyone! I am feeling the love here. Do you guys love me?" Trainor shouted to the crowd as we all hollered for her. "Well, then I love you too!"

(Beauty talks about how excited everyone was and how Pyra wouldn't have liked it)

"I know some of you can't make it to my show tonight, so I thought I'd stop by and not leave any of you empty handed. And here we go!" Trainor informed us.

(The music plays as she sings and dances to her song "Love Me As You See Me" while everyone watches her and enjoys it. Beauty is recording as the lights are on Trainor and she starts glowing with a pink aura. Beauty thinks it's from the lights, and she blacks out. She can still hear the music, and she feels an incredible sensation in the middle of it as she compares seeing Trainor to so many great things. The next thing she remembers seeing is Whitney Trainor finishing her song.

"Sorry I can't do some more, but I gotta go. I love you all! And for those of you who have tickets, I'll see you tonight!" Trainor concluded to more applause as she ran off the stage to her limo while everyone was still ecstatic.

(Beauty talks about how great it was to see Trainor perform as she had never seen her live. She notes how weird it was how she didn't know what was going on at times like she was lost in the song as everyone else seemed to have the same feeling. The Brigade walks home.)

"Was that mind blowing or what? It was like heaven!" Bendy raved.

“Oh man. I can’t believe we get another two and a half hours of that tonight.” Race noted.

“I know. I felt like I was in a world where only happiness existed when she performed.” Tel-E recalled.

“I’m telling you. Those reviews did not lie.” Nator added.

“Yeah. I felt like I didn’t want it to end. And then it did for Beauty.” Bendy laughed, holding his ticket over me.

“Ohhhhhh. I shouldn’t have seen her. I felt like I could forget about the whole thing before. Now I can’t stop thinking about her! I’d give anything to see that concert now!” I moaned.

(The Brigade goes inside as they find Pyra walking through a hall, playing her bass)

“Hey, guys. So how was your little pre-show?” Pyra asked. “Tell me everything.”

“Oh my God. Where to begin? Well, Trainor did this song where . . .” I began, too excited.

“I was kidding.” Pyra flatly interrupted.

(The Chief and some officers arrive)

“Oh. Hey, Dad.” Race said.

“Hello, Neo Brigade.” The Chief casually articulated like nothing was going on but like something was about to happen.

(The Chief looks like he’s in a good mood, but appears in a very business-like good mood as a boss would have. He has a very calm tone when speaking to each person in the Brigade.)

“Hello, Race. You being a good boy? Very nice. Hello, Bendy. Always a pleasure. Hello, Nator. Keeping that mech clean. Very good. Hello, Pyra. You’re looking well. Hello, Beauty. Staying out of trouble? Good. Hello, Tel-E. You’re under arrest.”

(The officers suddenly put Tel-E in handcuffs.)

“Excuse me?” Tel-E uttered, bewildered.

“What are you doing?” Race asked, flabbergasted.

“I’m arresting a criminal. That’s what I’m doing.” The Chief informed us. “Tel-E Vega. You are under arrest for kidnapping and destruction of property.”

“This is ridiculous. What have I done that warrants such charges?” Tel-E questioned.

“Yeah! And with what evidence?” I added.

“Oh, you want evidence? You think I don’t have evidence? Well, I have evidence. I have it on this tape right here!” The Chief asserted, holding up a video tape.

(The Chief plays the video on a monitor)

“Exhibit A: Security footage from the Trainor Pianos piano store. Just twenty minutes ago! And yes, we do act on these police calls promptly.” The Chief acknowledged the video as it played.

(Beauty sees the time at the corner of the screen, indicating it really was twenty minutes ago. The video shows Tel-E in a wedding dress blasting the pianos and keyboards with her mind energy. She then levitates the two owners out of the building and flies off with them)

“That is you, is it not? Unless you know any other redheads with blue skin and a tail and the same abilities you possess.” The Chief accused the alien.

“Well, no. But that’s not me! This can’t be real!” Tel-E insisted. “And even if it was, why am I in a wedding dress?”

“Well, perhaps we can add petty larceny to your list of crimes.”

“But Tel-E would never go on a rampage like that.” Race argued.

“He’s right. This makes no sense. Look at the time of the video. Tel-E was with us watching Whitney Trainor then. We were all there.” I noted, pointing to the video’s time.

“Is that so?” The Chief asked with skepticism. “Nator, you can remember everything. Tell me, do you recall seeing Tel-E in your sights at the time of the incident in question?”

“Of course I remember seeing . . .” Nator began as he thought back a little harder. “Actually, you know what? I don’t remember looking at Tel-E once that whole time. All I know is I only saw Whitney Trainor on stage, and then I couldn’t focus on anything else, and before I knew it, the song was over in just four minutes.”

"So you didn't see her at all, did you? Well, no alibi? No innocence! Let's go, Tel-E!" The Chief concluded, grabbing Tel-E's arm.

"This isn't right." Tel-E objected.

"Yeah, that's what they all say. Now, let's get you to our jail before we send you to Minor City Penitentiary with the rest of the Charevo wielding villains. I'm sure they can't wait to see you again after you put them there."

"You seem to be enjoying this a little too much."

"Oh, I've just never been responsible for capturing a super powered crook. I usually leave that to you kids. Now I finally got one! This one's goin' right in the ol' resume."

(The Chief starts to lead Tel-E away)

"Dad! No!" Race cried.

"You're making a mistake! I swear she was with us!" I protested.

"That's enough out of you! Now, leave this to police business, and if I hear another word about this, I'll write you all up for harboring a criminal! Good day." The Chief barked.

(The Chief takes Tel-E away as Race looks at Nator)

"You couldn't have lied?" Race queried the cyborg as he was upset to see his best friend go.

(An hour later, Beauty is talking to Tel-E on her communicator as she is being interrogated by the Chief)

"Now, I will ask you again. Where are you keeping Linda and Mark Trainor?" The Chief asked Tel-E, shining a light in her face.

"I didn't kidnap them. So I don't know." Tel-E replied.

"Lying to me isn't going to get you out of this."

"I would think not, because if I lied, I'd be telling you that I really did kidnap them."

"DON'T GET SMART WITH ME! Now I'll ask again. Where are you keeping the Trainors?"

"I don't know where they are. Now, can I please go back to my one phone call?"

"Very well, but I'll be watching. I wouldn't want you ordering any attacks on anyone else."

(Tel-E looks back at her communicator to talk to Beauty)

"So not making any progress, huh?" I assumed.

"I don't know how this could have happened. I hate to say it, but it looks like Trotter's going to put me in prison in the morning."

"Hang in there, Tel-E. We'll try to clear your name by then."

"Well, I guess it won't be too bad. Just look at the bright side. This means you'll get to go to the concert after all, seeing as I can't go."

(Beauty sees this as a nice opportunity)

"Yeah . . . well, it may be a while 'til we can help you. So, like I said, just hang in there. See ya." I told my friend as I hung up. "Woo! Yes! The ticket is mine! Hello, Trainor!"

"Um. Beauty? You're still on." Tel-E informed me.

(Beauty is embarrassed as she then hangs up for real before celebrating again)

"Yeah! I'm goin'! I'm goin'! I wasn't before, but now I'm goin'! Not Tel-E! 'Cause I . . ." I sang and danced by myself to the news before I realized what I was doing. "Wait. I can't go. Not with Tel-E in jail. I gotta stay and help clear her name. But then again, she did tell me I could have her ticket, so that does mean I have permission. No! Tel-E is your friend! She accepted you on the team before most everyone else did! But still, she didn't say I shouldn't go. She would've said something if she didn't want me to go. No! She doesn't have to say anything! She trusts you to get her out. Yeah, but everyone else is already going so . . ."

(Beauty talks about her dilemma of her going back and forth with herself)

"Ahhhhh. Someone please give me a sign for what I should do!" I screamed at the ceiling.

(Beauty's Charevo Fairies emerge from her hands)

"What you have with you is real and important while what you see from afar and love can be misleading and false." My Fiction Fairy cautioned me.

"What one imagines herself wanting is often not what she is happier with." The Imagination Fairy added.

"A girl of true nobility remains loyal to those who are forever true, no matter how much they conflict with what is good for a moment." The Femininity Fairy affirmed.

"Okay, you guys just sound totally biased right now." I criticized the Charevo Fairies as they flew back into my hands.

"Apparently you do too." Pyra noted, coming into the room.

"Oh. Hi, Pyra."

"You in some kind of unnecessary conflict?"

"Well, I'm sure you could care less, but I just don't know what to do. I wanna go to the concert, but it just doesn't seem right, knowing Tel-E has to be in jail for me to go. What should I do?" I asked as I explained my problem.

"Unbelievable. You're actually considering letting Tel-E go to prison. And for what? Some concert?" Pyra muttered, critical of how I was thinking. "Frankly, going to see Whitney Trainor is wrong in any situation."

"I know I shouldn't be thinking about this. But you don't know what it was like seeing Trainor."

"Oh, I think I know. And I don't think it's worth seventy bucks."

"No. You don't understand. I can't explain it, but when she performed, it was like magic."

"Like magic. Right. As in it shouldn't exist?"

"Okay. You don't believe me? Here. I recorded it." I informed her, taking out the camera I used from my hair. "You can see for yourself. And trust me. You won't be able to take your eyes off her after a few seconds."

(Beauty plays the video as they watch.)

"Ugh. She reminds me of you. I already wanna take my eyes off her." Pyra mumbled.

"Okay, so she may not be as impressive on video, but trust me, it's gonna get better." I assured her.

"Wait. Is she glowing?"

“I thought it was the lights, but now that you mention it . . .”

(The video gets to a point that Beauty doesn't remember. Trainor's eyes start to glow)

“Okay. No way is that the lights.” Pyra acknowledged as we got a closer look at her. “Look! Are those tattoos on her hands normal?”

“That's a Charevo Emblem! Whitney Trainor has superpowers? Awesome! Just when you thought she couldn't get any cooler!”

(Pyra sighs as Beauty thinks this is cool. Trainor summons a figure next to her as it resembles Tel-E wearing a wedding dress.)

“Wait. Tel-E?” I uttered.

“Not Tel-E. Tel-E in a wedding dress. The one that ransacked the piano store!” Pyra acknowledged.

(Trainor points in a direction for Tel-E to go as she flies off.)

“I don't know how. But it looks like Trainor's been behind this whole thing.” I realized out loud.

“Ha! I knew she was no good. And you all thought I was crazy for not liking her.” Pyra scoffed. “But one thing just doesn't add up. That piano store was owned by Trainor's parents. Why would she target them?”

(The HQ's alarm goes off as the team gathers to find the Chief on a monitor.)

“Trotter here. I've just received word that the Minor City symphony hall is under attack. I don't know who would do this now that I have Tel-E captured right here, but, regardless, everyone get down there on the double!” The Chief ordered us.

“Wait! Chief! We just discovered something you should know.” I informed him.

“I said on the double!”

(The Chief hangs up before Beauty can talk about Trainor. The Brigade goes down to the symphony hall as they find the front of it completely destroyed. The owner approaches them)

“Thank goodness you're here. There are monsters creating chaos here!” The hall owner cried.

"Monsters? Cool! What kind?" I asked with too much excitement. "I mean, uh . . . how awful."

"Well, you know those Beethoven fans. You just can't calm 'em down, I guess." Bendy remarked.

"That's not all. A cellist and a violin player are missing! Those monsters have not left, so I'm sure they're still inside!" The owner mentioned, still anxious.

"More people getting kidnapped? Oh, when does this end?" Race mumbled to himself. "Okay. Everyone split up and take out whatever monsters you find. Hopefully, we'll find those people."

(The team splits up and searches the building. Beauty doesn't find any monsters and is disappointed, because she always wanted to fight some.)

"There are no monsters here. What a rip off. Last time I go anywhere there's classical music." I muttered to myself.

"Alright! Just the kind of gifts a girl wants." A voice said down a hall.

(Beauty goes down the hall and sees Whitney Trainor with a warlock and some trolls that look familiar to her. She says she thinks she saw herself fighting them when she was watching Whitney Trainor perform. The trolls are holding people with bags over their heads.)

"After all, all anyone wants is their family." Trainor declared, taking the bags off the heads of the captives. "Hey, Rodney. Hey, Courtney. Long time no see."

"Whitney!? What . . . what's going on?" The male questioned, bewildered by the situation.

"Don't tell me these monsters are yours!" The female uttered, looking at the beasts Trainor seemed to be commanding.

"Well, not my own. I got 'em from some other girl, but if we're talking about who can control them to capture you two, that would be me." Trainor confirmed, giving me a hint of her powers. "So how do you like what I've done to your fancy music hall? Not such a great place for music anymore, is it?"

“Whitney, I thought you were a disgrace to music before, but now you're just being criminal.” Whitney's sister Courtney criticized.

“Hmm. I'm not feeling the love from you two. I could correct that, but I don't think you two are worth having as fans.” Trainor insisted as she then addressed the warlock standing beside her. “Send them away.”

(The warlock begins to cast a spell on them)

“Say hi to Mom and Dad for me.” Trainor sang as she waved them goodbye.

(The two disappear with the warlock as Trainor then causes the trolls to disappear too. Her eyes glow again as she summons the figure of Tel-E in a wedding dress)

“Now that that's done, you can help me see if there's anything else worth taking from this place.” Trainor suggested to the fake Tel-E.

(Beauty creates a metal claw from her hair to grab hold of Trainor as she sees her)

“That's gonna have to wait, Trainor!” I asserted.

“You? You're one of my fans from that pre-show. You're Beauty of the Neo Brigade.” Trainor presumed.

“That's right. And I think you forgot to tell your fans not to record a concert. I know you're responsible for those kidnappings. And I know you summoned those creatures and that fake Tel-E too. You know, the real one, my friend, is in jail because of you.”

(The fake Tel-E shoots her mind energy at the claw, destroying it and freeing Trainor)

“So you figured out my powers, huh? Well, yes. I can use a person's greatest dreams and desires against them.” Trainor mentioned, feeling good about what she can do.

“Okay. I didn't know that exactly.” I mumbled as the fake Tel-E shot another beam of energy at me. I was ready to fight back, but then the Tel-E bride floated in front of Trainor, protecting her.

“Kinda hard to fight one of your best friends, isn't it?” Trainor noted with confidence.

(Trainor snaps her fingers as some villains from TV, robots, and other creatures appear. Beauty fights them one at a time as they disappear every time she hits them with her hair)

“Woo! Yeah! Fighting monsters and robots! I was waiting for that!” I screamed as I got lost in the thrill of the fight. “Wait. Have I done this before?”

“In your dreams.” Trainor replied. “Remember? All this is from a dream you had when you and all those other people were in my trance. I put you in the dream. I have access to everything in your dream. And it's meant to include your greatest fantasies so you'll never wanna wake up.”

“So that's why people like you so much. You make them see what they want to see, and all they remember is you performing.” I inferred as Trainor made her own Tel-E levitate me up to a wall.

“Now you've figured it out. Lemme show you how I create those dreams.” Trainor suggested with a smirk. Her eyes then began to glow as I knew that only meant trouble.

“No! Not looking at the eyes!” I asserted, closing my eyes and turning my head away.

(Tel-E uses her telekinesis on Beauty, forcing her head forward and her eyes open)

“It's not so bad. You'll love what you see.” Trainor insisted. “Now go to your happy place. You'll like it there.”

(Beauty sees Trainor at first, but then she can only see herself fighting monsters and TV villains alongside her friends. She's so happy in the dream that she doesn't want to wake up. Pyra finally wakes her up as she's lying in her room at the HQ)

“Wake up!” Pyra yelled as she seemed to have been using her powers to create a large amount of heat on my shoulders. As soon as I woke up, I had to bat them down a little as they were so hot. “Sorry. Here. Lemme get that.”

(Pyra absorbs the heat from Beauty's shoulders)

“What happened?” I asked, surprised to be back home.

"Well, we didn't find any monsters, but we found you passed out on the floor. Do you always smile when you're unconscious?" Pyra asked.

"The Brigade. Where are the guys?"

"They just left for the concert. I told them there was something up with Trainor, but they didn't believe me. Pff. Just like guys to ditch you in favor of some pretty girl."

"I was afraid of that. They could be in trouble."

(A news report comes on the television as Joan Oliver speaks)

"This is Joan Oliver reporting from the Minor City symphony music hall where just after the kidnapping of the owners of Trainor's Pianos, pop star Whitney Trainor's parents, Mark and Linda Trainor, Whitney's brother and sister Rodney and Courtney Trainor have been reported kidnapped as well." Joan Oliver introduced the story as the camera widened to show her with Whitney Trainor herself. "I'm here with Whitney Trainor. How does it feel knowing your family is missing?"

"Oh, it's awful, Joan! I mean, I haven't been back in Minor City in months. And when I finally return, my family is gone. No one should have to experience something as tragic as this." Trainor answered as she looked like she was crying. Pyra was right. She was a phony.

"There there. You're very strong, getting through this. Will you continue to hold your concert tonight as scheduled?"

"I probably shouldn't. But it would not be appropriate for me to disappoint the fans. So the concert at Minor City University will go on. And hopefully, the love of these people will help me get through this difficult time. I can only pray that my sister Brittney who attends that school will be safe."

(Beauty talks about how fake Trainor was acting)

"Well, Beauty, you were right about one thing: Trainor sure knows how to put on a show." Pyra remarked.

"Pyra, that cellist and violinist that went missing were her brother and sister, and Trainor was the one who kidnapped them. It turns out her powers let her put people in a trance where they

only see their greatest desires before she can control them herself."

"So she put you in a trance? And I thought I was the only one who'd fall asleep having to watch her."

"Well, she's captured her brother and sister. And the owners of that piano store were her parents. Trainor's going after her family!" I alerted Pyra.

"And that means her sister Brittney's next."

"And that means we gotta get down to the university and save her before Trainor gets to her. Come on!"

(Beauty is about to leave, but Pyra doesn't move)

"Uh . . . you know . . . I'm all for stopping Trainor, but . . . I'd rather not take part. Best of luck, though." Pyra stammered as she seemed surprisingly reluctant and stand-offish.

"What? Why don't you wanna go help Brittney?" I asked.

"I don't not wanna help, I just . . . it's nothing. It's just better if I'm not there."

"That's ridiculous. Come on. We gotta go. Hey. You'll get to hurt Whitney Trainor." I insisted, giving her an incentive as Pyra looked conflicted.

"Well . . . okay."

(They fly to the college as Beauty is confused why Pyra didn't want to go with her, wondering if she really didn't want to be around her that much)

"Okay. There. Brittney said she hangs out in the music hall. Hopefully, we can find her there." I mentioned as I saw the music building. Pyra and I proceeded to fly down to it.

"Uh, you . . . you know what? Why don't you go in there and look for her? I'll stay here and look out for anything suspicious." Pyra suggested, still sounding unusually nervous.

"Oh . . . alright. Be careful."

(Beauty runs inside and finds Brittney in a room playing clarinet by herself)

"Brittney!" I cried as I found her.

"Oh! Beauty! I wasn't expecting you here. I wasn't really expecting anyone since most everybody's going to my sister's concert."

"That's what I came to warn you about. You're in danger and your sister's gone nuts."

(Before Beauty can continue, Pyra comes crashing through the wall as a small dragon appears outside.)

"AHHHHH! What is that?" Brittney shrieked.

"Whoa! That looks like the dragon I fought while I was in Trainor's trance!" I excitedly pointed out.

"Exactly what are your greatest desires?" Pyra inquired, sounding a little worried about me.

(Beauty uses her hair to punch the dragon back as the girls go outside to fight it. The dragon swats Beauty away as it then breathes fire at her. She blocks it with her hair as part of the fire gets on her hair, burning part of it, so she can't use it. The dragon tries to stomp Pyra, but she mixes her fire into the air and avoids it. She then shoots fire at the dragon, but it has no effect.)

"Ugh. You had to dream a dragon that's heat resistant?" Pyra grumbled.

"I'd be more worried about his other breath if I were you." I warned her, not remembering what the other breath was.

(The dragon shoots water from his mouth at them, keeping them down temporarily.)

"Water. You had to give him water." Pyra sighed.

(Brittney shrieks as the dragon grabs her and flies off with her. Beauty and Pyra try to go after her, but the dragon disappears)

"Oh, that's right. That dragon can teleport." I recalled as Pyra rolled her eyes.

"Well, great. Now how are we gonna find the Trainors?" Pyra queried.

"I know! Brittney's live video feed. Brittney told us about that camera she keeps in her hat to film what she sees."

"Okay. How can you remember that far back, yet you can't remember seeing Tel-E when you saw Trainor?"

(Beauty forms a laptop from her hair and finds Brittney's web cast. They see the video as Brittney is looking at her family tied up on the ground as she is placed next to them as she is tied up too. The family is surrounded by metal poles with a large wooden panel above them. Trainor comes out from a curtain in front of them)

"Well, look at this. I was wondering when any of you would finally come see me perform." Trainor articulated with authority as she looked down at her family as her captives.

"Whitney, I don't know what has gotten into you, but you'd better release us, immediately!" Trainor's father demanded.

"Sorry, Dad. You and Mom couldn't stop me from following my dreams and performing pop music. And you're not going to stop me now."

"Whitney, why are you acting out against us? What have we done to incur this kind of behavior from you?" Trainor's mother queried as the pop star only glared at her family.

"Do you know what it's like to grow up without anyone in your family loving you for who you are? You two just loved classical music so much; you had to force it on me. You couldn't deal with pop music, just because I liked it. I thought I'd get you to appreciate me when I learned to play piano, but that of course didn't fly."

"You quit the school band after a week. You threw away your potential." Her father objected.

"The band wasn't who I was! I wanted to play fun songs, but the band didn't have those, and you wouldn't allow it. Remember the list of songs you gave me that you said were the only songs I was allowed to play and listen to? God forbid I should choose to be different! You only loved me for the parts that you wanted."

"Whitney, we only wanted you to prosper as a proper musician just like your brother and sisters." Her mother admitted.

"Oh right. The three perfect siblings. I remember how small everyone would make me feel when your names came up. Even during Christmas when all our relatives would come over,

you'd all play a nice classical song for them. And just because I even asked to play what I wanted for them, I'd get sent to my room while you got all the attention. Everybody loves Courtney, Rodney, and Brittney, but not Whitney."

"It's not our fault they paid attention to us. Mom and Dad made us play for them." Courtney reminded her sister.

"And did they make you join the school band too? Do you know how many of your school concerts I had to go to so Dad could force me to video tape each of you performing in first chair? Do you know how many of your solos I had to watch while you just got even more attention? And then Mom would guilt me by saying 'Everyone loved Rodney's performance. They keep asking 'Why haven't we seen Whitney in the band?' 'Didn't you raise Whitney to play music too?' 'When's Whitney going to play a solo for us?' '. You three knew how I felt about being shunned, and you only supported Mom and Dad's restrictions and favoritism, just because you didn't like my different desires."

"Well, you ran away and became this music superstar. Why'd you have to come after us?" Rodney queried her.

(Trainor holds up a giant sack)

"You see this? This is all the hate mail I've ever received in the two years I've been doing this." Trainor acknowledged, pouring it over her family. "And they're all from you! Not only did you never once support me, you had to keep shaming me for doing what I loved. You seriously couldn't accept me at all! Just because I wasn't the fourth kid you wanted! What I did never hurt anyone before. But now that I have these powers, I'm gonna go out there and make you and everyone else love me. And after the show, I think I'll see what dreams from the crowd I should use on you if you resist."

"Whitney, we're sorry if we didn't give you the attention you needed as a child." Her mother apologized.

(Trainor stops to think about this, but her Charevo Fairies emerge from her hands)

"Those who stand in the way of your greatest fantasies are meant to be destroyed!" One of her Charevo Fairies asserted.

(The Fairies fly back into her as she doesn't feel any more merciful)

"It's too late for you now. If you wrote me a letter to say how you feel, things could've been different." Trainor uttered, turning and walking away.

"Whitney, you've got all this fame now. Everyone loves you. Why do you need to force it out of us?" Brittney questioned.

"After a life of no love from you, for me, it's gotta be all or nothing."

(Beauty talks about how messed up Trainor was)

"Wow." Pyra mumbled.

"I know. I wouldn't wanna grow up like her." I added. "Anyway, did you hear all that noise in the background?"

"Sounds like they're at the stadium."

"Yeah, and it looks like they're under the stage. So now we know where to go."

"Right. Uh . . . look, you seem powerful enough. Why don't you take this one and . . . and I'll go home?" Pyra meekly suggested, not making much eye contact with me.

"What's wrong? You said you wanted to fight Trainor." I reminded her.

"I know, but . . ."

"What's wrong with you? You've been acting much less . . . together with yourself lately. Is there something you wanna talk about?"

"No! I don't have to talk about anything! Let's just go!"

(Pyra flies off as Beauty follows her, still thinking she's being weird. They fly over the stadium as Pyra sees all the people and her flame goes out. Beauty catches her)

"Whoa! Hold together! The concert's already starting." I alerted Pyra.

(The crowd is cheering for Trainor as she comes out on stage)

"Hello, Minor City! I've been wondering if you can help me out. I've got a little question that's been on my mind: Do you love

me?" Trainor asked the crowd as they all cheered. "Thank you. I love you too! But you're about to love me more!"

(The music starts playing as Trainor's eyes glow and everyone falls into a trance while she sings. Beauty looks away as she and Pyra land on the side of the stage. As Trainor is singing and everyone is still in her trance, Beauty uses her hair to hit her.)

"Remember me? I'm someone who doesn't love you." I taunted the pop star as she looked up at me, annoyed. "Now, let your family go or we'll have to beat you and do it ourselves!"

"Excuse me? I don't share the love with anyone who crashes the stage." Trainor insisted as she used her powers to summon part of someone's dreams.

(Trainor summons a flame sword from Beauty's dreams. Beauty grows her hair to attack again, but Trainor slices it with her sword multiple times. The fire burns Beauty's hair, making it ineffective.)

"You think I can't force you out of here myself? You know, your dreams look pretty fun with the weaponry you provide me. Have you forgotten how I can use the dreams and desires of anyone who looks into my eyes?" Trainor reminded me.

(Pyra appears out of the air and absorbs the fire on Beauty's hair)

"You dress like that, and you think anyone's looking at your eyes?" Pyra remarked as I laughed. Not taking that well, Trainor made her eyes glow as she looked at us.

"Ah! Don't look at her!" I shouted.

(Trainor uses her powers to summon figures of Nator dressed in a suit with medals saying he's the Olympic mathematics champion. Nator fires lasers at them as they dodge them)

"Your friends have their own desires too. Like your pal, Nator here. He sure fancies himself the math expert." Trainor commented, putting her hands on his shoulders.

(Nator uses math based weaponry that includes a weapon from his hands that he fires at the floor, producing a graph and a line that goes to the end. The area between the graph and the x-

axis creates electric shocks on the girls, causing them to collapse to the floor)

“As a side note, I have a thing for smart guys.” Trainer mentioned, holding Nator close.

(Beauty uses her hair to fire a cannonball at Nator as Trainor summons Bendy dressed as Captain D. Beauty isn't sure if he still wants to be Captain D or if he wants to take over for him and do what he does better. The cannonball bounces off Bendy and back at Beauty as she ducks to the floor)

“Of course, that doesn't mean I have to exclude anyone.” Trainor noted as she projected more fire from her flame sword that went right through Bendy who withstood it as I created a flamethrower from my hair to match the force.

(Bendy runs through both sets of flames to punch Beauty as she uses her hair to hit him back while Nator uses a pi gun to shoot energy that resembles the digits of pi at Beauty as it keeps hurting her. She transforms into Chroma to absorb the shot and throw it back at Nator while she shoots Bendy away. She dodges Trainor's sword as she swings it while Beauty fires a burst of energy, knocking Trainor back as she blocks with the sword. Beauty goes to punch Trainor, but she switches to a wind sword and blows Beauty back. As she fights, Pyra is staying back, not fighting at all)

“I could use a hand here!” I called to Pyra.

(Pyra appears unsure of what to do as Beauty is then busy fighting Bendy and Nator while Trainor decides to watch. Pyra is about to shoot a fireball at Nator, but she freezes when she looks at the crowd again. This lets Nator extend his fist out to hit Beauty. Beauty fights Bendy and Nator while she notices Pyra not doing anything. Pyra sees Trainor watching, feeling good about herself and Pyra is not pleased. Pyra is then ignited at first as she flies in to attack Trainor, but when she looks at the large crowd again, her flame goes out and she falls to the floor. Beauty notices Pyra just standing still with no flame as she thinks of when they were just in the air)

"What's wrong? You got stage fright?" Trainor asked, pointing her sword at Pyra.

"I . . . I'm here to fight!" Pyra insisted, but with little confidence.

"You're afraid of something, aren't you."

"N-no."

"Oh yes you are." Trainor affirmed as her eyes began to glow. I didn't look at them long enough as I was still fighting Bendy and Nator, but I could tell Pyra was about to be put in her trance. "I know your greatest desires, Pyra. Go to sleep and you can see what you've always wanted."

"What I've always wanted." Pyra repeated, falling into the trance.

"Pyra! No!" I yelled as I transformed back to normal.

(It's too late as Beauty sees Pyra smiling and standing still.)

"Well, now that she's out, I'm sure she won't mind leaving in style." Trainor remarked as she summoned a new sword again, this time, an electric sword (I think my dream had like nine different swords).

(Trainor holds her electric sword up, about to swing it. Beauty sees Pyra not coming out of the trance)

"No!" I screamed, running over to them.

(As Trainor attacks, Beauty runs in front of Pyra, blocking the shot with her hair, but still getting hit as the attack blasts the two out of the stadium. After Beauty recovers, she wakes Pyra up as she comes out of the trance.)

"Ah! Wh . . . what happened?" Pyra asked, waking up.

"Trainor beat us good. That girl sure knows how to use her resources." I answered. "Now, I was kind of expecting her to outsmart us with all the dream tools she has, but what I wasn't expecting was your fighting, or lack thereof, back there."

"I don't wanna talk about it." Pyra mumbled, looking away from me.

"Come on, Pyra. You can tell me. What happened? Why couldn't you fight?"

"I was fighting just fine. Maybe you were the one who had problems."

"Pyra, you of all people should've been able to fight Trainor, but you missed it out there. What's going on?"

"Nothing! I don't have to tell you anything!" Pyra insisted, not willing to talk like she was a little kid talking to her parents.

"Come on, I know it's something." I argued.

"You don't know anything."

"Well, that's why I'm asking. Pyra, I've tried getting to know you better, but all you do is just shut me out. Now, I know you wouldn't want Trainor to win unless you weren't a hero. So I just want to know. What happened back there? Why didn't you fight her?" I interrogated her as she finally turned back to face me.

"I'M AGORAPHOBIC! OKAY?" Pyra screamed.

(Pyra sits down as Beauty thinks about what she said.)

"So it all makes sense. Not going on the college tour, attending school from home, you couldn't be around a crowd of people." I realized out loud as Pyra just remained silent. "Um. Aren't you gonna mock me by saying that's what agoraphobia means?"

"Eh, do it yourself. I'm not in the mood." Pyra glumly mumbled as I then sat next to her.

"I don't understand. You're around me and the Brigade all the time. And I've seen you fight multiple villains before. You've never had a problem before."

"It's not crowds in general I don't like. Sometimes it can only be a few people."

"Then what is it exactly?"

(Pyra doesn't walk to talk about this, but she does it anyway)

"It started after I got my powers. Before then, I had a bunch of friends. They were pretty different from me, but I still fit in with them like with the Brigade. They knew how critical I could be of them, but we always got along. So after I got my powers, I showed off for my friends a little. But, obviously, the first day isn't always when you're the best at anything." Pyra recounted.

"What happened?" I inquired.

". . . My best friend Sarah had her kid brother with her. And as I was showing off my powers, I lost control briefly, and some flames got on her brother's arm. I tried to help him, but Sarah told me to stay away from him. And her being the popular one of the group, everyone avoided me and told everyone else to avoid me. I became outcast after that."

"So you never had another friend after that?"

"I was too afraid to be around anyone. I was afraid I'd hurt someone, and I still am. Any innocent person who I hurt would just think I'm scary. Sometimes I don't even need to hurt anybody for people to be afraid. Now, anytime I'm around someone I don't know, I can only worry what they'll think of me. Being alone has been my safest bet. It wasn't until I met the Neo Brigade where it was okay for me to hurt bad guys and where there were people who didn't mind if I hurt them that I was finally able to have some friends. This group is the only one where I feel accepted."

(Beauty talks about how cool and indifferent Pyra appeared regarding what others thought of her, and is surprised to see her in this state)

"I understand feeling insecure about how others see you. I've been trying to feel accepted as a member of this team. Whenever I'm around you, I only wonder if you've liked me any better each time. It's only natural for someone who feels like they're alone to not want to disappoint anybody." I explained.

"Hmph. Well, I'm sure you were always popular with everyone else before you joined the Brigade. You're the one with the looks and I'm just the one with the scars." Pyra muttered.

"You think I was popular? Looking at me, I seemed alright, but just talking to me, people would see a video game playing, comic book collecting, cartoon and superhero fan. How many people do you think I was able fit in with?"

"Heh. Nerd." Pyra laughed.

"Exactly. Sure, I could've had loads of friends if I didn't talk about what I liked, but then I wouldn't have been myself. Just like

you. You shouldn't have to be insecure about who you are, especially when you meet new people."

"I guess there are some people who do like me as part of the Neo Brigade. But who I am is still potentially dangerous. What if I end up hurting someone?"

"No one's going to force you to go out and be around new people all the time. But if you don't take the chance and you only think about what people might think of you, you're just letting people like Trainor win." I affirmed. "And I don't think having no one notice you is worth letting her win."

(Pyra's Charevo Fairies emerge from her hands)

"To tolerate one's own self is to believe tolerance will come from others." The Tolerance Fairy mentioned.

"When you're angry at yourself, you're your own worst obstacle!" The Anger Fairy asserted.

"Like, when you don't care for what others care about, your will is the strongest." The Indifference Fairy affirmed.

(The Fairies fly back into Pyra)

"Hey, I know this isn't the right time, but those fairies are really cool. It's like we're heroes in a video game and those are our sidekicks to guide us." I offhandedly commented while Pyra looked at me like I was nuts. "Sorry."

"Heh. I feel like I should hang out with you more. I can just have you here to make me look easier to talk to." Pyra laughed as I did too.

"Oh yeah? At least I talk to more people than you." I joked.

"Yeah, I don't think online game chat rooms count as talking to people."

"Well, I'm sure you'd rather spend more time talking to your bass than anyone else."

"Yeah, 'cause it doesn't have to talk back to me. Why? What instrument do you play?"

"I play the harmonica." I told her as she tried to hold in her laughter. "What?"

"Nothing. I'm just trying to figure out how someone like you wound up with this exterior." Pyra remarked, waving her hand around my body.

"Oh, you think I seem annoying now? Well, listen to this."

(Beauty forms a harmonica from her hair and plays one of Trainor's songs.)

"Hey! Hey! Careful! I might burn you!" Pyra joked.

"Well, speaking of which, do you think you can burn the real one?" I asked.

"Let's go bust that diva down the charts."

(Pyra is ready to fight. She and Beauty fly back to the stadium. They sneak by the stage as Trainor finishes her set and goes down beneath the stage before her big encore. She doesn't see the girls, so they follow her below the stage. They see her family still tied up)

"Well, I just had a good two hours performing for ten thousand people. What's the largest audience any of you have ever performed for?" Trainor queried, feeling a sense of authority over her family.

"You don't deserve such an audience!" Trainor's father objected. "Ever since you disobeyed us and bought that synthesizer, you've always just been trouble to us."

"See? None of you ever loved me! Well, guess what? I just performed for ten thousand people who do. And thanks to my abilities, I now have ten thousand dreams to try on you."

"Whitney. Don't do this!" Brittney begged.

(Whitney glows as she's about to summon something to use on her family.)

"I'd listen to them if I were you!" I called to the pop star as she turned to find us, not amused.

"And if you don't, then you'll listen to us. Let your family go!" Pyra added.

"Ugh. You really can't just stay in your happy place like everybody else? Fine. I'll just have to do it again. And this time, no one's waking anyone up until I say so." Trainor insisted as her eyes started glowing again.

(Beauty grows her hair to Trainor and uses it to blindfold her)

“You can’t put us to sleep if you can’t see us!” I reminded the pop star. With her unable to put us in the trance, I quickly grabbed her with my hair and lifted her up and hurling her through the ceiling to the stage, getting her away from her family. As Pyra and I were ready to battle, I looked at her and knew what she needed. “I’ll get the Trainors out of here. You go stop Whitney!”

“On it!” Pyra uttered as she ignited herself in dark fire to start flying up to the stage before she stopped. “Oh, and Beauty? Thanks.”

(Beauty starts to untie Trainor’s family as she sees Trainor and Pyra on a video monitor, showing the stage. Trainor summons her flame sword again)

“I really must say, your friend’s dreams are a fantasy girl’s best friend.” Trainor commented as she swung the sword at Pyra.

Luckily, Pyra dodged it as she suddenly grappled with the pop star and absorbed all the fire from the sword, making herself stronger. She then punched Trainor back, but unfortunately, she stopped to look at all the people in the audience again. And just like before, Pyra wasn’t feeling in a position to fight.

“Oh boy. That looks like even more people than last time.” Pyra mumbled with a look of fear on her face.

“Well, I see you’re having trouble facing your biggest fear. It’s not too late to go back to a world where those fears don’t exist.” Trainor commented, causing her eyes to glow as she was about to put Pyra in her trance again.

“No! I’m not interested in what you’re offering!” Pyra refused, looking away.

“You sure about that? I’ve seen what you want most. I can show you right now. I can let you see what you want.” Trainor reminded Pyra, sounding quite seductive as usual.

“I don’t want what’s not real!”

(Pyra shoots a fireball at Trainor, but Trainor summons a figure of Pyra who absorbs the fireball. This version of Pyra

doesn't have any scars. Pyra is surprised by this as she recognizes this as the version of herself she saw while she was in the trance. Trainor summons a group of people that surround this Pyra)

"Look! Our hero!" One of the people cried, adoring Trainor's Pyra.

"She's here to save us yet again!" Another person added.

"I wanna be just like you, Pyra!" A little girl said, hugging the fake Pyra.

(The people adore this version of Pyra. Pyra gazes at this in awe. All she can do is look at this.)

"That's right. Take a nice long look. You want to be adored. You don't want anyone to be afraid of you." Trainor told Pyra.

"It looks so wonderful." Pyra mumbled, still looking at how little kids were hugging the fake version of her.

"Just submit to it now. You can see this all you want if you just continue to look this way. You'll see yourself as you've always wanted."

(Pyra is tempted to let Trainor put her in her trance. Beauty is watching as she unties Trainor's family)

"Come on, Pyra. Fight it!" I said to myself.

"Yeah! Show her what happens to a family black sheep!" Rodney added as I got to thinking how this all started.

"Right. About that, quick question: Exactly how different is your resentment towards Whitney now compared to before she kidnapped you?"

(On the stage as Beauty talks to the family, Trainor is about to put Pyra in her trance)

"Just look at me. And you'll see something so beautiful." Trainor promised with her eyes glowing as I tried looking away. But apparently, Pyra didn't need to. She was tempted at first, but then she became all the more focused.

"Oh, I'll look at you. But I wouldn't say I'm looking at anything beautiful." Pyra remarked.

"What? How are you not going to sleep?" Trainor asked, surprised.

"I told you. I'm not interested in what you've got." Pyra affirmed, shooting her fire at Trainor who had her own version of Pyra block the attack.

(The fake Pyra flies to Pyra. Pyra grabs her and absorbs heat from her before she punches her away. Her attack causes the fake Pyra to disappear along with the people from her vision. She walks over to Trainor, still not being put in the trance)

"This is impossible. No one ever resists me." Trainor cried, still trying to entrance Pyra.

"I guess you finally found someone who knows better." Pyra commented, walking towards the pop star.

(Trainor summons a magic orb from Beauty's vision as she has a lot of fantasy stuff in hers.)

"Why won't you just go to your happy place?" Trainor queried in frustration as she suddenly used the orb to project a burst of lightning at Pyra who instantly mixed herself into the air to dodge the attack. As Trainor looked around to find where she went, Pyra quickly appeared in front of her and swatted the orb out of her hand.

"You can show me what I want. You can make me see all kinds of things that I'd like. But like I feel about your music and everything else about you that's fake, I don't care!" Pyra affirmed.

(Pyra punches Trainor, hitting her to the floor. Beauty comes out and uses her hair to pin her to the floor of the stage as Pyra stands over Trainor)

"I thought I just had to hate you for your music and popularity. Thanks for making it even easier." Pyra mumbled, about to attack again as her hands lit up. Meanwhile, Trainor looked like she was about to cry, and it wasn't about losing.

"I . . . I just wanted everyone to love me." Trainor whimpered as she lay restrained on the floor while her family came out from below the stage to see her in this state.

(Pyra is about to attack as Beauty walks over, but she gets rid of her fire)

"I know how you feel." Pyra sympathized. "I've had issues about wanting people to like me too. It can be hard to go through

life knowing what someone thinks of you. All you can do is pray that there's something about you they like. And even if there is something, you just don't wanna screw it up."

"It's just hard to deal with negative opinions." Trainor muttered.

"And it's even harder when they make you feel like who you are is wrong. I get it. But you don't need the love of the whole world. Sometimes all you need is one good friend." Pyra concluded as she looked at me at the end.

(Beauty says she thought beating Trainor would've been a good victory, but Pyra calling her a friend had been even better. Pyra hugs Beauty as she is even more surprised and hugs her back. The next day at the Brigade HQ, the Brigade is watching the news that shows Trainor getting arrested after her concert.)

"Man, a music star everyone loved goes to jail? Didn't see that comin'." Bendy commented.

"What goes up must come down, I suppose." Nator added.

"I still can't believe she put us all in that trance of happiness. I guess you were right, Pyra." Race acknowledged.

"Yeah, I am NEVER going to get attracted to an evil girl ever again." Bendy half-promised.

"I sincerely doubt that." Pyra uttered with skepticism.

"No, but you said she was evil and we really just wanted to go to the concert. We're sorry we didn't listen to you." Race apologized.

"Eh, don't worry about it. I would've told you she was evil even if I didn't know about her."

"Well, it looks like she'll be alright in prison. Trainor's family promised they'd visit her. I guess it's the least they can do, seeing as how they kinda screwed her up." I mentioned as we watched the news, which showed Trainor's family hugging the pop star. It was kinda nice that they were willing to forgive her after she went mad from seeking approval.

(Tel-E arrives)

"Hello, everyone. I'm home." Tel-E announced.

"Alright! We missed you, Tel-E!" Race cried with delight, hugging his best friend.

"I must thank you for exposing Trainor and stopping her. I would've been on the next bus to Minor City Penitentiary if not for you."

"Yeah, Race was SO brave as he sat there and got lost in the eyes of a pop star." Pyra sarcastically remarked as Race looked embarrassed. "Trainor getting beaten was all me and Beauty, Vega."

"Yeah, Pyra crushed her out there. See? And she said she would never go to a Whitney Trainor concert." I joked.

"Well, thanks to me, that'll be the last one either of us will have to go to. You're welcome, Beauty." Pyra laughed.

"Thanks to you? Yeah, sure. You went there all on your own. You know how I helped you back there."

"Yeah, after you were ready to see her and stare off into a world of make believe. I put an end to her career and you know it."

"Yeah, that's a good way to meet music people. She'll put an end to your career."

"Hey, just get your harmonica out and play some TV theme songs and I can save you the embarrassment."

(Beauty and Pyra laugh together as everyone just looks at them as they get along)

"Beauty and Pyra? Getting along?" Tel-E asked, perplexed. "How long was I in jail?"

(Beauty talks about how happy she is to be accepted by Pyra.)

"Seriously, thanks for everything back there." Pyra mumbled to me.

"Anytime. But I'm assuming this doesn't mean I'll be seeing you in school on Monday, does it." I inferred.

"No. I'm not quite there yet. All those fears still exist. But that doesn't mean I won't accept your support in the future."

"I'm sure you'll get passed those fears someday. And you can always count on us until then."

(Pyra smiles. The Chief calls in on the ceiling monitor, which lowers as an alarm blares. The Chief appears on the screen)

"Trotter here! I've made a rather provocative discovery recently. It seems some new security footage from the Symphony Hall has revealed the true kidnapper of that cellist and violinist to be none other than Whitney Trainor herself. I have the evidence right here and I've already released Tel-E. You can thank me later." The Chief explained.

"Uh, Chief? We already figured that out. We took her down yesterday." Pyra informed our boss, resisting the urge to point out his stupidity even more.

"I'm still talking! Like I said, I've gone over the footage. And it looks like I'll need you to help put this Trainor character away."

"Chief, again, Trainor got sent to prison last night." I reminded him as he still didn't get it.

"Quiet! I'm showing you the video! Now, pay attention!"

(The Chief plays the footage of Trainor capturing her brother and sister right as Beauty confronts her)

"Ugh. I've seen this already." I moaned.

"We know what happens." Nator added as he started to leave.

"Boring!" Bendy heckled, walking out.

"Let him figure it out." Race sighed, leaving the room as only me, Tel-E, and Pyra were left.

"Yeah, I'm not sticking around for this." Pyra noted as the three of us began to exit.

"Indeed. We know that's not me." Tel-E acknowledged after she saw Trainor's fake version of her on the screen.

"Hey! Hang on. I just thought of something. Trainor has the ability to summon part of a person's greatest desires, and when she created that figure of Tel-E to kidnap her parents, Tel-E was wearing a wedding dress." I acknowledged.

"So someone's greatest desires involve Tel-E being in a wedding dress?" Pyra asked as she looked at Tel-E. "You've got a secret admirer."

"It seems I do." Tel-E said, intrigued.

“Ooh. Someone likes you. Someone wants to marry you.” I sang, teasing the alien girl.

“Either that or stalk her. Welcome to a planet of more than one gender, Tel-E.” Pyra noted.

“No. Someone totally likes her.” I argued as I looked at the Chief's video. It was at the point where Trainor put me in her trance, and as Trainor had her Tel-E bride next to her, she then summoned a person wearing a tuxedo next to her, but his face wasn't visible yet. “Look! There's your guy!”

(The girls look at the screen. As they're about to see the guy's face, the video cuts off and the Chief comes back on)

“You see? Now THAT is incriminating!” The Chief told us as he came on.

(The girls are disappointed)

This Title is False (or I am true)

(Beauty talks about how being smart can be both good and bad and there are ways of being smart that are better than others. The Brigade is watching a sci-fi movie as Beauty says she talked Pyra into going when she mentioned how they could sit in the corner. Beauty says they have trouble watching the movie with Nator being there at the Minor City Multiplexor theater (which is a name Nator loves))

“Oh, this plot makes no sense. Why would the general give the orders to retreat? There's only forty enemy soldiers and we just saw him fight two-hundred in the beginning. Why is he running away? Oh! Look! That moon in the background! It had five craters in the last shot. Now it has four. It's not even rotating. How does it go from five to four?” Nator questioned the logic of the movie.

(The Brigade is trying to watch while they only try to tolerate Nator's talking.)

“What? They wore the same uniforms on that one planet. And now they're on a different planet that's further from the sun and they're wearing the same clothes. Why are they acting like the temperature is exactly the same? That's not possible.” Nator criticized.

“Nator, it's fiction. It's not meant to be so accurate.” I informed the cyborg.

“Oh, look at that. That one guy's boots went from black to brown in that last shot.”

“Ugh. Can you just shut up?”

“Yes. Do hush up so we can watch!” Tel-E added.

“I know one of my Charevo Elements is Tolerance, but I don't need you testing me.” Pyra told him.

“Yeah, no one likes a smart guy.” Bendy noted.

"And no one needs to listen to how you feel about this! Just let us enjoy the movie and you can whine about it later." I whispered, still frustrated.

"Oh, come on. This movie is full of flaws. I mean, don't get me started on everyone acting like the planets all have the same gravitational force. The one they're on now clearly looks like it has a larger mass than the last planet. Therefore, the surface gravity must be greater, yet they're carrying their weapons just as easily as they did on the other planet. You know, they can at least address the impossibility if they're gonna do it."

"Ugh. Race, can I kill him?"

"No." Race said.

"Oh, this is so stupid. How do ALL the planets have oxygen? And there's no sun nearby, and yet there's plant life?" Nator continued to nitpick.

"Please? Can I kill him?"

"I'll tell you when you can kill him, Beauty." Race asserted.

(As Beauty is annoyed by this, a movie usher approaches the team's row.)

"Sir, we've been getting numerous complaints about you talking throughout the film. You're going to have to quiet down, or I'll have to ask you to leave." The usher warned Nator.

(Time goes by as Nator still doesn't get the idea that he's being annoying)

"Oh, that starship is so fake. Look, it's got no propulsion on the underside. The thrusters at the end would only propel it horizontally. Oh, look, those turrets are fake. Everything about this movie looks so fake." Nator complained.

"Of course it looks fake! The movie is animated! None of this is real!" I reminded him.

"I'll say it's not. I mean, it's like the speed of light doesn't exist here. Do these people not know how lasers work?"

(The usher comes up to the team again, and the Brigade is forced to leave.)

"Way to go, Nator. You actually proved robots still have a long way to go before they become self-aware." Pyra remarked.

“Yeah, I know you can remember anything. But how come you couldn’t remember the thing at the start of the movie that says to not be disruptive?” Race asked, annoyed.

“Hey, if it’s a crime to point out when something is not completely accurate, then just lock me up and throw away the key.” Nator argued as Bendy turned his team communicator on and called the Chief.

“Trotter here.” The Chief said over the communicator.

“Hey, Chief. Uh, yeah. Nator’s here. He wants to confess to a crime.” Bendy told our boss before Race ran to him and turned the communicator off.

“Hey! Hey! He’s gonna take that seriously, you know.” Race alerted him.

“Ah, let him. It’s probably the only way we can enjoy anything without hearing Nator’s input.” I commented.

“Well, excuse me for knowing more about space than those animators. Apparently, with all those loud explosions, it’s like sound waves exist everywhere and I just wasn’t informed.” Nator mentioned, still missing the point.

“Nator, the Internet called. They want its nitpicky comments back.”

“That doesn’t make any sense. If I have their comments, why are they calling you? I never said you were my secretary.”

“All that knowledge and he still knows very little.” Tel-E implied.

(The earth starts shaking)

“Whoa! Earthquake!” Bendy hollered.

“On the east coast? Are you sure?” I asked.

“Look!” Race alerted us, pointing to a teenager down the street with a strange looking machine.

(Beauty describes Cyhack as she is floating in the air with a jetpack as she was later told she is a villain. Tel-E levitates the team over to her.)

“Heh heh heh. I bet no one ever thought to make an earthquake device to create some chaos here. I guess I better leave a nice mark so they know the Cyhack had the idea.” Cyhack

laughed to herself as she produced a gadget from her metal leg that stamped the machine with an emblem resembling her.

(Bendy stretches his arm to snatch the device from the ground, stopping the quakes, getting Cyhack's attention)

"Cyhack, I know you like to advertise yourself, but I think you should wait 'til after your stuff helps you get away with something." Nator mocked his rival cyborg.

"The Neo Brigade? Oh, so you still think you can beat the Cyhack? Well, let's see who's smarter!" Cyhack declared as she flew up to some cable wires.

(Cyhack absorbs a wire as all the other wires in the area connected to it mix into her body. She then sends a stream of electricity out around her, causing the street lights to turn off and striking the team as they fall to the ground)

"Whoa! She can absorb the wires into her body? Nator, how come you can't do that?" I asked, getting caught in the thrill of seeing this new villain.

"Oh, there's more than just the wires." Tel-E noted.

(It's pitch black on the street as they see part of Cyhack wrap her wires around the lamp posts as they come to her and alter her body. The electricity emanating from the wires create flickers of light as they see her as a giant cyborg.)

"Here. You hold it." Bendy told me, handing the earthquake device to me and stepping aside.

(Cyhack tries to blast more electricity at the Neo Brigade as they scatter. Race tries darting into Cyhack's lamp legs, getting her off balance a little as Tel-E uses her energy on Cyhack, causing her to topple. She extends some extra legs out of her to keep her upright as she sends another wave of electricity at them. Beauty transforms into Feckle, shooting energy balls at Cyhack as she blocks it with her lamp arms. She sends one round of lightning at her as she drops the earthquake device. Cyhack goes to catch it with her wires, but Bendy gets it. Cyhack's wires try to electrocute him, but he withstands it. Bendy enlarges his other hand and stretches his arm to punch Cyhack multiple times. Cyhack throws Bendy to the side as his body wraps around a lamppost. He drops

the device as Race grabs it. Beauty uses Feckle to fly herself into Cyhack who then flies into the air. No one can see where she is in the dark. Race stops and looks around. Cyhack comes down and crushes Race. She's about to take the earthquake device, but Pyra appears and snatches it.)

"You can't fool with me! I work well in the dark!" Pyra insisted as she projected a round of fire at the cyborg.

(Cyhack uses her metal arm to generate a force field as she then sends part of the energy field at Pyra, restraining her as it wraps around her. Cyhack grabs the device as the Brigade is about to go after her. She projects an invisible force field, blocking the whole area as everyone runs into it.)

"Wow! She has an invisible force field?" I asked, still thinking this girl was cool.

"Well, I wouldn't use an energy field with color, or I'd just illuminate the place and let you see me." Cyhack laughed. "Anyway, speaking of you not seeing me. Hack ya, later!"

(Cyhack is about to run away with the earthquake device, but Nator shoots an energy blast at Cyhack, knocking her into a wall)

"Darkness doesn't work on a guy with his own night vision to detect heat signatures. Also, you have to put a barrier between everyone or nobody for you to prove it works, Cyhack." Nator taunted his rival. "I believe that's related to atomicity, in case you . . ."

(Cyhack blasts Nator away with electricity before wrapping wires around Nator and electrocuting him more)

"You talk too much." Cyhack laughed.

"Oh yeah? . . . Well . . . get a load of my latest creation! It's my particle vaporizer!" Nator declared, firing a new weapon from his chest at Cyhack.

(Cyhack gets hit and tries to hit Nator with the wires, but his jet boots propel him out of the way each time as his feet have wheels with the rockets.)

“Hello world! Looks like the Cyhack can’t keep up with my rocket propelled feet either.” Nator claimed as he then hit Cyhack with his arm cannon.

(While Cyhack is holding his earthquake device, she absorbs it into herself as her hands look like the machine. She then puts her hands on the ground and shakes the earth. Nator falls on his wheels. Cyhack then steps on Nator.)

“Ya need a static surface for wheels, Einstein.” Cyhack chortled as she then grabbed Nator by the head with both hands. “If I can shake the earth, let’s see if your only human organ can withstand these tremors.”

(Cyhack is about to shake Nator’s brain, but Beauty interferes by transforming into Deadnote to faze through the force field. She then strums a sonic blast at Cyhack, knocking her away and saving Nator. Cyhack shoots lightning at her, but she becomes intangible)

“Careful now. Ghosts always work well in the dark. Unlike you.” I warned the cyborg.

(With very little visibility in the area, a truck drives up and crashes into Cyhack and knocks her into the force field. Beauty strums another set of notes at her, causing her force field to go down and forcing all the stuff she absorbed to come out of her. Cyhack is too weak to fight as Beauty turns back to normal and ties Cyhack’s hands with her hair. Nator picks up her earthquake device.)

“Ha! It’s ours now, buddy. That’ll show you to mess with me.” Nator gloated over his rival.

“Mess with YOU? I got hit by a truck, you idiot.” Cyhack corrected him as she lay on the ground.

“Well, either way, you won’t be moving the earth anytime soon.”

“. . . Take my machine, will you? Urgh . . . I swear, Rodriguez, when I get that device back, I’m cranking it up to its maximum frequency. It’ll rock this city so hard, it’ll make the San Andreas Fault look like a paint shaker.” Cyhack vowed.

(Cyhack hits a button that comes out of her arm that teleports him away from the Brigade)

"Are you sure it's a good idea to antagonize her again?" Race questioned, sounding concerned.

"Pff. What's she gonna do? It's not like she'd come after us, knowing what we can do to her. I think she'd know better." Nator argued. "Besides, we can keep this locked up at the police station later, so she won't even think to . . ."

"CAR!" I cried as a car approached. Seeing as how it was still dark out and we were standing in the street, it wasn't much of a surprise as we all ran to the side.

(The next day, everyone but Pyra is at school in the cafeteria having lunch.)

"So, Race, did the Chief tell you if anyone found Cyhack last night?" I inquired.

"No. She's still out there." Race answered, not feeling too good. "Well, Nator, I guess you might be hearing from her again soon."

"Come on, Race. So we stole her earthquake machine. There's no way she's gonna take it from us. Sure, she'd probably pay a lotta cash for it if someone else had it, but I'm too smart to put that thing up for sale." Nator said with confidence.

"Still, you never know what's going to occur when you encounter someone like that." Tel-E noted. "You may be smart, but you should still be careful until the device is secure."

"It is secure! I think I know how to keep someone from stealing a deadly earth shaking machine." Nator proclaimed.

"She's got it! EARTHQUAKE!" Bendy screamed.

(Bendy stands behind Nator and puts his hands on the sides of his head and shakes it back and forth. Nator is scared as he screams and looks around for Cyhack.)

"Ha! Gotcha! Not so smart now, are ya?" Bendy gloated as two twin girls at the table next to us laughed at his little joke. Feeling like he impressed them, Bendy decided to take a bow for them. "Thank you, ladies! I do my best."

"Good one, Bendy." I complimented the stretcher, high fiving him.

"What are you doing?" Nator questioned Bendy, irritated.

"What? It's just a joke." Bendy defended himself, still laughing.

"You're making me look stupid in front of the Boole twins!" Nator groaned as the two twin girls whispered to each other as they looked at us.

"Oh yeah. Isn't that Tiffany, the one who beat Tel-E in that trivia contest?" I inquired.

"Her and her sister Elsa. I don't like them. They think they're so smart, but they're not. You're with me on this, right, Tel-E?"

"Truthfully, I'm not one to hold a grudge over a silly competition." Tel-E admitted, sounding more mature.

"Why not?"

"Nator, are you still bitter about them beating you in the science fair last year?"

"No! I asked Elsa to work with me and she said yes. She kept telling me she'd meet up a bunch of days so we could get started on it. Not only did she never show up, it turns out she was working with her sister the whole time. And then they beat me in the science fair." Nator clarified. "Trust me. They are no good."

"I don't know, Nator. They're lookin' pretty good to me." Bendy argued as he just stared at them while they whispered to each other some more.

(Bendy appears attracted to them as he stares at them. Elsa gets up to throw out her lunch tray.)

"But since you like to obsess over them, maybe you can tell me which is which." Bendy challenged his friend.

"I don't know. They're identical. There can't be a distinction."

"Not exactly." Tel-E interjected, pointing to their hands. "They each have Charevo Emblems. Distinct ones like any others."

"Oh, that is so not a real thing."

“Well, if you want to not believe in the magical side of the Charevo Gene, then sure, there is nothing that distinguishes them.”

(Beauty finds it interesting how they both have superpowers and is curious about them. After throwing out her tray, Elsa slips on a spilled drink. Bendy stretches his hand out to catch her. The team doesn't know which one she is)

“Oh! My hero. I wasn't expecting that.” One of the twins uttered, sounding grateful.

“No problem. I'm kinda used to expecting all sorts o' stuff where people can get hurt. I, uh, I'm Ben. Ben Ducilman.” Bendy introduced himself, sounding a little modest at the end.

“Sounds like you forgot you protect the city too.”

“Well, yeah. I mean, no, I didn't forget. I . . . uh, I don't think we've met.”

“Oh, I'm Tiffany Boole. It's very nice to formally meet you. I have a great respect for you and everyone in the Neo Brigade.”

“Yeah? Well, the feeling isn't mutual.” Nator interrupted, pulling Bendy by the shoulder. “Come on, Bendy, don't waste your time on her.”

“What's wrong, Nate? You think I'm gonna open your locker and replace the lock again so you'd think you forgot which one was yours?” Tiffany asked the cyborg with a grin.

“I told you never to bring that up again.” Nator grumbled.

“Well, as much as I hate to make you feel insecure, I'm a little more interested in your friend here.”

(Tel-E levitates Nator in the air)

“Whoa. What are you doing?” Nator asked, surprised.

“I'm keeping you from making a scene.” Tel-E stated.

“Ben, since I've kinda liked seeing what you do, would you like to go out some time?” Tiffany inquired.

“You wanna go out on a date? With me? Heck yeah, I'd like to!” Bendy answered, excited.

(Beauty puts her hair over Nator's mouth as he's about to scream.)

"Great. I'll see you at five o' clock at the beach tonight?" Tiffany asked.

"I'll be there." Bendy confirmed as Tiffany smiled and walked back to her table to sit with her sister. Bendy meanwhile was as ecstatic as ever as he turned back to us and high-fived Race. "Yes! Am I smooth, or what?"

(Nator mumbles as Beauty still has her hair over his mouth, but people can still kind of understand what he's saying)

"No, I'm not going out with her to make you suffer." Bendy assured the cyborg as Nator mumbled some more. "Hey, if you wanted to keep me from dating her, you should've asked her out yourself. That way, you can make her miserable the way you've always wanted."

"Nator, what are you so worried about? She seems nice enough. What's the problem?" I asked as I took my hair off Nator's mouth.

"The problem is Bendy is going out with one of my most hated rivals. I mean, I know he wouldn't go out with Cyhack, but this is just wrong!"

"You're not in charge of what's right and what's wrong." Bendy argued.

"Well, I for one support Bendy's decision. Although, I must say, those Charevo Elements on her hand do look a little suspect." Tel-E acknowledged as we looked at Tiffany's hand as she waved to Bendy.

"Yeah, I think I'll be fine."

(At the Brigade HQ, Beauty walks by a hall as she sees Nator tinkering with a security lock for a door)

"Working on something?" I asked.

"What? Oh, just inspecting the biometric scanners on the security system to this room. It was a little buggy when I put Cyhack's earthquake device inside last night. Now it should be good." Nator explained, looking at the biometric terminal.

"I didn't know you had this. Hey, do all the members of the Neo Brigade have access to this?"

"Oh, uh, yeah. All of us have our fingerprints on file here. I would've told you about it, but . . ."

"But what? Come on. You can trust me. I know I'm the new girl, but I'm not gonna steal anything restricted."

"I'll think about it."

(Beauty talks about how Nator still wasn't on board with Beauty being on the team. Bendy comes by.)

"Hey, guys. Don't mind me. I'm just getting ready for my date with a girl Nator hates." Bendy mentioned, knowing Nator would get upset. "If Pyra asks, tell her I'm taken tonight."

"Dude, you are making a big mistake. You barely know Tiffany. I know her and I know she's a jerk. Knowing that, you can't still want to date her." Nator warned him.

"Give it a rest, Nator. I don't think this affects you, like, at all." I argued.

"Don't worry, Beauty. I can handle this." Bendy told me. "Look, I hear you. But I'm not listening. Because, as Tel-E would tell you, I'm hoping to know her better than what you already know. So there. Now, on an unrelated note, don't tell anyone, but I'm actually a little nervous about this date."

"You? Nervous? Some daredevil you are." I snickered.

"No. Really. I actually don't date people I don't know too well. Beauty, can you come along to keep watch over me? Just so I know a friend is nearby. Please?" Bendy begged.

"You want me to go along on your date? Alright. Fine. I don't have much else going on."

"Yes! Thank you!"

"Hang on. If you're letting people keep an eye on you, I'm going too. I know insincerity, and Tiffany seems pretty phony to me. So I'm gonna see what tricks she has before she does anything." Nator insisted.

"Ugh. Fine. You can come too." Bendy reluctantly accepted Nator's offer. "That way, you can see she's perfectly normal."

"Nator too? Okay, this isn't what I had in mind for a double date." I commented.

(Bendy goes on his date, and the real Tiffany shows up. They're at the beach near a family fun center. Beauty and Nator are off in the distance, staying out of sight.)

"Hey, Tiff. Uh, I can call you Tiff, right?" Bendy asked, kind of shy at first.

"Sure. My nickname is One if you wanna save a letter." Tiffany said with a grin, looking more innocent as she kept her hands in her pockets.

"One, huh? As in 'One of a kind'?"

"Heehee. Well, I am a twin, so not exactly."

"Right. So, hey, you wanna start with the go-karts?"

"I wouldn't object to it much."

(Bendy and Tiffany go to the family fun center as Beauty and Nator keep an eye on them)

"She seems alright to me." I mentioned.

"She's gonna try some kinda prank out on him. I know it." Nator maintained.

"Even if she does, don't you think Bendy can take it? I mean, the worst that could happen is his ego could get hurt, and I can't see the problem with that." I argued.

"There's more to it than that. If Tiffany or Elsa get the better of you, they won't let you forget it."

(Beauty and Nator continue to watch over Bendy as he's with Tiffany. Tiffany doesn't do anything bad to him. As they go back to the beach, they watch the two of them skipping stones along the shore. The two of them are then sitting next to each other talking as they watch the sunset)

"You know, Nator. With all the warnings you've been giving, I was kinda hoping Tiffany would do something to stop the boredom." I moaned.

"She's going to do something. I'm telling you. I don't know what. But she's going to make Bendy look stupid. But she doesn't know we're here, so when she does whatever she's gonna do, I'm gonna surprise her myself." Nator assured me.

"Well, I think you can put the sniper away, 'cause they're just talking."

"I still don't like her. I don't care how happy Bendy looks. She knows Bendy's connection to me. She's gonna try something to humiliate both of us."

"You seem to obsess over her and her sister a lot. You sure this isn't because YOU like them?" I asked, teasing the cyborg.

"What? That's preposterous! I . . . I don't like them!" Nator stammered while sounding defensive.

"Why not? It's not logical for smart people to like each other even though they know one is better than the other?"

"I'm not talking about this."

(Beauty knows Nator's jealous as he stares more coldly at Bendy and Tiffany as they look romantic together)

"I gotta say, Tiffany, this has been fun. I'm glad I listened to you instead of Nate." Bendy told his date as he had his arm around her.

"I'm sure my sister would've said you know how to treat a girl." Tiffany complimented the stretcher.

"Really? Well, you're all I need right now."

"My sister would probably say you're all I need too."

"Ah, I hope we can do this again some time."

"Oh yeah? You don't wanna leave my side?" Tiffany inquired, sounding comfortable with Bendy.

"After tonight, I like where I am." Bendy replied.

"Well, let me ask you a few things. Just answer yes or no."

(Tiffany starts to ask Bendy rapid fire questions)

"Do you like me?" Tiffany asked.

"Yes." Bendy replied.

"Do you think I'm nice?"

"Yes."

"Are you glad you were asked out?"

"Yes."

"Do you think Nate was wrong about me?"

"Yes."

"Do you really like me?"

"Yes."

"Can I take your powers?"

“Yes. Wait. What?”

(Beauty mentions how odd that last question was, seeing as how she presumably had her own powers.)

“What was that last one?” Bendy inquired, confused.

“Oh. You know, I'm just trying to steal your abilities and render you completely helpless.” Tiffany joked as the two of them laughed together.

“Oh man, you are funny.”

“Thanks. Hey, before we head home, do you wanna go somewhere else? I know a certain place.”

“Uh, yeah. Sure. Just gimme one minute.”

(Bendy calls Beauty on his communicator as she and Nator see him)

“Thanks, guys. You can go now. I'm feelin' good about this now.” Bendy told us as he waved to us from a distance to go.

“Alright, Bendy. Take care.” I said as he hung up. “Well, Nator, a whole date with Tiffany Boole and nobody died. Are you satisfied now?”

“Satisfiability with the Boole twins is impossible to obtain. But I guess everything looks okay for now.” Nator admitted.

(The next morning, the Chief arrives)

“Early roll call! Everyone report!” The Chief hollered from the front door.

(Everyone comes down, reluctant. The Chief doesn't take roll call just yet)

“This is a surprise inspection. Everyone wait here while I see how clean you've kept this area.” The Chief told us. Apparently, part of the surprise was he wasn't going to do roll call first as we were all there. Although, I shouldn't say “all” exactly as Race looked around.

“Hey, where's Bendy?” Race whispered, anxious.

“I don't know. We haven't seen him since his date last night.” I mentioned.

“Bendy was on a date?” Pyra asked, surprised.

“Ohhhhh, why does that guy have to do this with my dad here?” Race moaned.

(The Chief comes over as he's writing on his clipboard)

"Okay, everything looks acceptable so far. Now, let's just see if everyone's here." The Chief began as he started walking down the line of us. "Let's see. Race, you're here. Tel-E is here. Pyra? Good. Okay. Nator? Yes. Beauty? Okay."

(Bendy walks in as Race sees him after getting worried. He darts to him and brings him over to stand next to Beauty)

"And finally, Bendy? He's here. Good. Everyone's present. Okay, you can all go about your business now while I continue my inspection." The Chief concluded as he walked off.

"You seriously had me worried, Bendy. Where were you last night?" Race queried our rubber friend as a voice then called to us.

"Hi, everyone." Tiffany said as she suddenly walked in.

"With her." Nator grumbled, glaring at the twin with his teeth clenched. "What are you doing here?"

"I, Bendy, invited her." Bendy told the cyborg, stretching his arm around Tiffany.

"You brought my worst enemy who isn't Cyhack to our home? What were you thinking?" Nator questioned Bendy.

"Relax, Nate. You have the home field advantage. You're not afraid of me, are you?" Tiffany inquired, giving Nator a wicked grin.

"Bendy, the Chief's here for an inspection. You know how he feels about unauthorized guests." Race reminded the stretcher.

"It's okay. It's not like she's gonna steal anything. I promise she'll behave." Bendy vowed.

"Ugh. Fine. But you have to hide her until my dad leaves."

"Okay, but where do you want her? Oh, Bendy has an idea. How 'bout that room where we hid Cyhack's earthquake device? Is that safe enough?" Bendy suggested.

"Alright, fine, but just keep an eye on her."

"And you BETTER not let her into my room! Keep her with you at all times!" Nator added.

"I won't disappoint you." Bendy assured us as he grabbed Tiffany's hand and began to walk with her. "Uh, where's that room, again?"

"It's upstairs, third door on the right. Just stick your finger on the scanner and you can get in. At least YOU can." I informed Bendy as I reminded Nator how he still wouldn't let me put my biometrics in.

(Time goes by as the Chief has finished his inspection)

"Alright, that's just about it for today. Now, before I go, I'll just take the earthquake gizmo you seized and be on my way. I trust you have it secure in your evidence storage area." The Chief presumed.

"Yeah, it's there." Race confirmed as the Chief was about to go to the evidence room. However, Race knew what else we were storing there and darted in front of his father. "Uh, but we can get it for you."

"Nonsense! I know where it is."

"Uh, really, Chief, you don't need to get it now. You just stay here." I insisted, blocking his path with my hair as he continued walking.

"Don't tell me what I need or don't need! I'm the one who determines that for you! Besides, evidence belongs in my hands more than it does in yours. Now, move aside!"

(The Chief walks past them as they become concerned. Everyone but Bendy goes to the room with the Chief as he opens the door)

"Don't worry. I have a plan: We blame Bendy." Nator whispered.

"Sounds simple enough." Pyra commented.

"Now, Dad before you go in there, I just want you to know, we had no intention of causing any harm." Race mentioned.

"Well, why would I need to know that? What are you hiding from me?" The Chief questioned as he opened the door.

(The Chief goes inside. There is a computer monitor on the side of the wall as there is also a shelf on another side that is reserved for evidence. Tiffany is gone)

“She’s gone!?” Nator exclaimed as he looked into the empty room.

“Gone? Who’s gone? Who are you talking about?” The Chief questioned us as he walked to the shelf. “Never mind. Let me just take the device so I can . . . it’s gone.”

(The earthquake device is missing as the shelf is empty)

“Why is the machine gone!? Where are you keeping it? Tell me where it is!” The Chief ordered.

“I . . . I know I put it here after I took it.” Nator recalled, looking around.

“Well, it didn’t just get up and walk away. And you didn’t just invite some evil-doer to come in and take it away. So where is it?”

“Uh, Chief? About that . . .” I uttered.

(Beauty explains what happens)

“YOU DID WHAT!?” The Chief roared. “You brought someone into this headquarters without my permission!?”

“Did I mention it was Bendy who did it?” I reminded him.

“Oh, he’s done it, alright. Where is he, anyway?”

“Hold on. Nator, was that flash drive always there?” Tel-E inquired.

(There’s a flash drive in the computer. Nator turns it on and opens it to find the only files to be a video and a photo)

“What’d Tiffany leave this here for?” Race asked.

“I don’t know. But if she took the earthquake device, I can’t say it was a fair trade.” I commented.

(Nator plays the video, and it shows Tiffany and Bendy walking into some unknown location.)

“So what are we doing here? You wanted to show me something?” Bendy asked.

“I have something very special for you to see.” Tiffany informed our rubber friend.

(Tiffany uses Bendy’s powers to stretch her neck above him as she stretches her arms out too.)

“Whoa! You can stretch too? Now, that is something I find very attractive in a girl.” Bendy commented.

"I bet you can't stretch as well. You aren't the most attractive guy yourself." Tiffany remarked as her neck was over him.

"Seriously? Now, that's just a lie." Bendy scoffed as he prepared to elongate himself. However, he had some trouble doing so. "Whoa. What's up with my powers?"

"I'm not the one to lie."

(Tiffany expands her hands and stretches them at Bendy. The video cuts to Tiffany and Elsa addressing the camera as Bendy is tied to a chair in the background.)

"To Gina Mozetti, AKA Cyhack, if you're watching this, we've already acquired the weapon the Neo Brigade took from you." One of the twins began.

"As our final statement, we are Tiffany and Elsa Boole, but you can call us One and Oh. And we carry power strong enough to capture a member of the Neo Brigade as you probably wouldn't guess by looking at our hands." The other twin who went by "Oh" mentioned as she pointed to their captive Bendy and displayed their Charevo Emblems.

"Since we have your earthquake weapon, we'd like to make a proposition. Meet us at three o'clock today and we can discuss a price for your invention. And if you want, we can also negotiate on the Brigade member here." Tiffany/One offered as she then stroked her hand over Bendy's face while he still struggled.

"But we don't think it should just be the highest bidder who gets the device, because the two of us are very nice and want to make sure you're smart enough to know where we'll be."

"So see the attached photo for the location. And if you're smart and paying attention, then One and Oh will be happy to see you." Tiffany concluded, pointing to herself and then her sister.

"And I'm sure he will too." Elsa/Oh concluded.

(The video ends as everyone is concerned)

"Tiffany AND Elsa are behind this? Foo! I knew they were out to get me." Nator groaned.

“So it seems they did steal Cyhack's device. But they said they had their location written down in that. Is it in that file perhaps?” Tel-E asked.

“Well, if it is, I'm gonna be the one to make them look stupid.”

(Nator opens the photo and they find a diagram of drawings of One and Oh's Charevo Emblems arranged with five rows of eight that are translated to binary)

“What is this? This isn't a location. It's just gibberish.” Nator said, bewildered.

“It is not gibberish. It appears to be Tiffany and Elsa's Charevo Emblems.” Tel-E acknowledged. “They must be arranged in some specific pattern to indicate where they'll be.”

“How are you supposed to get a location from this? It doesn't say anything.”

“Nator, I feel like you don't spend that much time on brain teasers.” I commented.

“Guys, we have a real problem here.” Race mentioned with concern. “Cyhack said she would turn her machine up to its highest point and level the city if she ever got it back. Now Tiffany and Elsa are gonna sell it back to her.”

“Well, I need you to get that machine back. I can't live in a city buried in rubble! I won't have any people to arrest!” The Chief barked.

“Okay, so we just have to find Tiffany and get the weapon back. She couldn't have gone too far, right?” I suggested.

“Wait. Time out. The twins captured Bendy in the video, and yet he invited one of them here? Exactly what are his standards?” Pyra questioned.

“Hey, yeah. And in the video, Bendy said his powers were gone, and yet we saw him use them earlier.” Nator informed the team. “Something's fishy here. If you ask me, Bendy's in cahoots with the twins and they're all trying to pull something on me.”

“Right. 'Cause everything's about you.” Pyra replied with sarcasm.

"Let's look for Bendy first. Maybe he can fill in a few holes for us." I recommended.

(Everyone splits up as they search for Bendy. Beauty and Nator find him in a hall)

"There he is." I said as Nator and I spotted the daredevil teen. "Bendy! Hold on! Can we talk for a minute?"

"Sure, you can talk to Bendy." Bendy replied.

"Uh, okay. First off, um, are your powers okay?" Nator queried him.

"Yeah, Bendy's powers are fine." Bendy answered, twisting his neck around before it spun around one more time. "Why? Somethin' wrong with yours?"

"No. We're good. Uh . . . did anything interesting happen on your date last night?" I inquired.

"Not really. It was kinda boring. But Bendy knows how cool Tiffany is, and he is totally dating her again soon, no matter what you say, Nate."

"What? Again? You . . . ugh. Uh, alright. Look, Cyhack's earthquake device is gone. Do you know where it is?" Nator interrogated the stretcher.

"I don't know where it is. What? You're saying you lost it? I thought you smart enough to keep it safe! What happened?"

"It wasn't my fault! We think someone took it. Where's Tiffany?"

"Haven't seen her. Sorry."

"Haven't seen her? I told you to keep an eye on her!"

"No you didn't."

"Yes he did." I reminded him. "Now, about Tiffany. Uh . . . Have you noticed anything . . . evil about her lately?"

"Evil? Hey! Look, I'll tell you the truth so you'll drop it. Tiffany and Elsa Boole are not evil!" Bendy insisted.

"We didn't ask about Elsa."

"Oh. Well . . . you'd like 'em both. You can trust me on that."

(Tel-E walks by as Bendy seems to act suspicious)

"Look, Bendy, we just found some video of the twins keeping you as a captive with your powers gone. Can you please explain that?" I asked, not believing Bendy about Tiffany, or One as she called herself.

"Well, obviously, that video was just a fake. Nothing bad happened to Bendy, because Bendy's right here, and he's alright." Bendy answered, sounding proud of himself while Tel-E wasn't sure of him.

"Okay, that's another thing. Since when do you always refer to yourself in the third person?" Nator questioned.

"That? That's something I've done for a while now."

"You didn't do it just then." I acknowledged.

"Look, I don't know why you're giving me all this heat. I didn't do anything wrong."

(Tel-E blasts Bendy with her mind energy)

"That's not Bendy!" Tel-E alerted us. "I read his mind. Or should I say Elsa's mind."

(Oh morphs back into her normal self.)

"Call me Oh, and your loyal friend Bendy." Elsa told us with a grin.

"I knew you were up to no good!" Nator accused her.

"Right. Because you didn't see a video of me and my sister capturing your friend."

(Beauty wraps her hair around Oh.)

"Where's Bendy? Where are you keeping him?" I demanded an answer from her.

"Bendy's here. He was never captured." Oh asserted with a sly smirk on her face.

(Oh morphs into Beauty and uses her hair to cut Beauty's hair, freeing herself. She then morphs into Race)

"But I'm sure you can catch me." Oh laughed as Race.

(Oh uses Race's super speed to run through the Brigade. Beauty, Nator, and Tel-E pursue her. They encounter the real Race)

"Hey, guys, what's . . ." Oh began as I grabbed her with my hair and started slammed her against the wall.

"No one impersonates anyone in the Neo Brigade! And that includes Race!" I asserted as I beat "her" down some more.

"Um . . . Beauty? That's really him." Tel-E informed me.

"Oh. Not Oh." I uttered, embarrassed as I released him as Pyra walked in.

"I don't know what's going on. But you're lucky the Chief didn't see that." Pyra commented.

"Elsa, or Oh as it is now, has shapeshifting powers, and she was posing as Bendy the whole time." Tel-E explained, helping Race up.

"I'm hoping she turned into me, or I'm staying away from Beauty." Race remarked.

(The Chief shrieks as the Brigade goes to help him. He's on the ground, hurt)

"Dad!" Race cried.

"Ah! Her! Get her away from me! She's a monster!" The Chief muttered, pointing at Pyra in fear.

"What? I . . . I didn't . . ." Pyra mumbled, feeling uncomfortable about being accused as dangerous.

"I was just walking around, minding my own business. And she attacked me! Just burst a flame right in front of me like a maniac!"

(Oh shoots a fireball as Pyra that explodes on the team)

"That's right. Pyra did attack you." Oh laughed, turning back to normal.

"You! Oh!" Nator yelled, glaring at her.

"No. I'm One."

"No you're not. I know which mark you have on your hand!"

(Nator fires an energy cannon from his hand at Oh who glows and causes the attack to reflect back at him, knocking him away. Oh turns into Pyra and vanishes into the air. They find One outside running away. The Brigade goes out as Nator shoots his arm out on a cable and wraps it around One.)

"Just because you can break into our HQ, doesn't mean you can leave." Nator affirmed as he sent a surge of electricity from his arm onto Oh to shock her. "Ha! Who's smarter now, Oh?"

(One uses Bendy's powers to withstand the shocks and stretches her hand out to punch Nator as she gets out of his restraints)

"I'm One." One corrected the cyborg, revealing a Charevo Emblem on her hand different from her sister.

(Pyra shoots a wave of fire at One. Oh appears next to her sister as Pyra and absorbs the flames, turning back into Oh)

"And you're no one." Oh added.

"Okay, we know you two have Bendy somewhere. Now, where is he?" I queried the twins.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Oh claimed.

"Actually, we do. We're just not gonna tell you." One noted.

"Well, we can always force that outta you." Nator told them, ready to attack.

"Easy, Nator. We don't know what all the powers are. We gotta be careful with them." Race cautioned the cyborg.

"Well, if you wanna know, my sister can take anyone's form and negate any attacks, and I can take or copy anyone's powers if I ask for them and I get a yes." One explained. "But that's not all. We've had some interesting side effects to our powers. For me, I can speak nothing but the truth, and my sister can only speak lies."

"One only tells the truth and the other tells lies? Wow. I feel like we're in some kinda cursed temple." I commented, liking this whole concept of the villain pair.

(As One was speaking, she and Oh put on gloves, hiding their Charevo Emblems. Oh turns into Race and quickly switches themselves around as she then morphs back to normal.)

"So as I've just explained that to you, can you tell who's who?" The twins asked in unison.

(Beauty talks about how she couldn't tell who was who, because while One explained their powers, either the truth teller or liar could've said the last part)

“Oh man. If we attack Oh the wrong way, she could reflect our attacks back at us. We need to know who we’re fighting first.” Race warned the team.

“Well, let’s just ask a question and get it out of them.” Nator said, pretty sure of his plan. “Now, is the earthquake weapon still in the HQ?”

“My sister would tell you it is.” The twins answered in unison, not helping us with distinguishing them.

“Yeah, that oughta do it. Time to fire, Nator.” Pyra sarcastically remarked.

“Hang on. I’ll get it. What city are we in?” Nator asked.

“It’s . . .” The twins began together before they covered their mouths with their hands.

“ . . . Not . . .” One of them uttered.

“ . . . Minor City.” The two ambiguously answered.

“Okay. As a whole answer, what is two plus two?” Nator impatiently asked.

“I’m the truth teller, and the answer is four.” The twins answered in unison again as Nator got frustrated.

“Okay. One tells the truth and other tells lies. How can they both say the same thing for that?” Pyra asked, confused.

“Individual statements? It’s gotta be different. A conjunction of statements? They can keep jerking me around.” Nator explained, bitter.

“Is Nator really this bad at picking us out?” One of the girls asked her sister.

“Is a process’ favorite utensil fork?” The other twin inquired, laughing.

(The team still can’t figure out who’s who.)

“Gee, Nator’s pretty smart, isn’t he?” One of the twin’s remarked.

“Ha! Not the liar!” Nator declared, firing the energy cannon from his hand at the twin who just spoke.

(The attack is directed at Oh who reflects the attack back at Nator, knocking him to the ground. Before the team can attack, Oh turns back into Race and mixes them up again)

"Anyone else wanna take a guess?" One of the twins inquired.

"One of them really needs a giant nose, or something." I commented.

"Everyone, I've analyzed their thoughts. The one on the left is the truth teller." Tel-E alerted us.

(Pyra shoots a fire blast at One as she enlarges her hands to absorb the blast since she has Bendy's rubber body. She stretches her arms out to clap them together over the Brigade, but they all dodge it. Race charges at Oh, but she negates his attack and causes him to get hurt as he's sent back onto the ground next to Nator. Tel-E levitates her in the air. Oh morphs into Tel-E and blasts her with her mind energy. She then levitates her and slams her to the ground a few times. Beauty forms a hammer from her hair and bonks Oh down with it. Oh loses her levitation)

"Can't levitate while you're hurt? Well, you can't copy someone powers without copying weaknesses." I declared.

(Beauty is about to hit her again, but Oh morphs back to normal and negates her attack, forcing the hammer to come back at her.)

"You sure know how to fight with what you know." Oh laughed as the hammer swung back at me.

(Beauty extends part of her hair up to block the hammer as she sends it back to Oh who only reflects it back. They go back and forth while Pyra fights One. Pyra tries throwing fireballs at her, but One dodges them by stretching her body to avoid them)

"You seem a little aggressive." One noted. "Perhaps you're jealous that I was on a date with your friend before I took his powers and kidnapped him."

"I'm not jealous of anything!" Pyra growled, shooting more fire that One stretched her body around to avoid.

"I always tell the truth, you know."

(One stretches her arm out, knocking Pyra to the ground)

"But maybe you can join him. Pyra, can I take your powers?" One asked as the fiery fighter was about to answer.

"Be careful, Pyra!" Tel-E cautioned. "The outcome of whether or not she steals your powers are based on the next time you say yes or no. And that includes answering with sarcasm."

"No!" Pyra replied to One's question before looking back at the alien girl. "Thanks, Tel-E. That was too close."

"See? And you were always bothered when I'd read your mind."

(Race darts into One who withstands the attack. Race uses his speed waves on Pyra, propelling her right into One who still stretches her arms to protect herself. Race walks over to her as she's on the ground.)

"I know you tell the truth. Now, tell us where Bendy is." Race told the twin.

(One enlarges her hands and grabs Race, picking him up off the ground)

"You'll found out soon enough." One assured the Brigade leader as Tel-E and Pyra were about to attack. However, before they could do anything, One held Race in front of her as a human shield. "Careful. At least one of us wouldn't wanna hurt this guy."

(Tel-E and Pyra back off as One turns Race back to her)

"Now, Race, can I take your powers?" One requested. "If you say yes, I'll release you from my grip."

"No way! I don't care if you'll let me go." Race refused.

"Can I not not not take your powers?"

"Uh . . . Yes."

"Then would you object to me not asking if I can't not take your powers?" One questioned, sounding even more complicated.

"Um . . . Yes?"

"Thank you."

(One lets Race go as he discovers his speed is gone while he runs slowly at her. One uses his speed to knock him to the ground. She then stretches her hands out to grab him and toss him into the air and she charges at him even faster, knocking him out as he rolls over to the girls)

"Race!" Tel-E cried, picking him up by the arms.

"Oh, we're not done yet." I declared.

(Beauty transforms into Ruff to try and hit Oh by forcing the earth to lift up above her, but she dodges by morphing into Race and running around. She then runs back with her sister as they run around the team and stop on two different ends as Oh morphs back to normal)

"Care to take another guess at who's who?" The twins asked us in unison.

(Nator recovers from the earlier attack)

"You can't trick us for long." Nator insisted.

"As my sister would not say, we've been tricking you for longer than this, Nator." The twins taunted the cyborg.

"You only have your super cool advantage if we don't know which is which." I reminded the twins. "Tel-E, who's the defenseless truth teller?"

"Give me one moment, and I'll give you the answer." Tel-E informed us, looking at one of the twins.

"I don't think so." One of the girls said, revealing herself as One, using Race's super speed to run next to her sister.

(Oh transforms into Nator as One uses Race's speed waves to increase Oh's speed as she rockets out one of her arms at Tel-E, which hits her at an enormous speed, knocking her out)

"Tel-E! No!" I cried as One utilized Bendy's powers to stretch her arm over to us and grab the Knowlgian while her sister morphed back to normal.

"How are you gonna beat us without your telepath?" Oh questioned us as only Nator, Pyra, and myself remained standing.

(They mix themselves up again as One uses the super speed)

"Okay, if you think I can't do one better than you, then you haven't met my Neutron Destructinator!" Nator announced, revealing a cannon weapon from his chest. A blue ball of energy began charging as he spoke. "Even with super powered abilities, there's only a five percent chance of stopping this baby. But just to be safe, which of you is Oh?"

"I'm Oh . . ." One of the twins replied, raising her hand.

"Then the other one is my target."

“ . . . Or I'm not Oh.”

(Nator fires at Oh who reflects the large blast of energy back at Nator.)

“Yeah, I guess I wasn't in that five percent.” Oh mocked the cyborg.

“And it also seems you forgot that admitting to lying is impossible for my sister.” One added as she and her sister mixed themselves up again.

“Okay, so that weapon didn't fly. But get a load o' this!” Nator announced, as part of his shoulder produced a binocular-like device that was positioned over his eyes. “My Bio-Detector can analyze DNA AND give me the name of the person it belongs to. So choke on that!”

(As Nator looks at the girls, they each take out a bag of hair and take some out, holding it in front of them. Nator is sure Oh is One and fires an energy cannon at her. She reflects it back at him)

“What? How . . . my Bio-Detector said you were Tiffany Boole!” Nator cried in disbelief over his invention's failure, pointing to Oh.

“We heard you go on and on about a DNA detection device you made last week.” One reminded Nator.

“So we thought we'd each carry some of each other's hair, just in case we didn't wanna mess with your machine.” Oh added.

“Looks like your mech suit isn't as great as you once boasted, now is it.”

“Boy, Nator, you are slower than a traveling salesman today.”

(Beauty talks about how clever the twins were thinking while Nator kept trying to fight with his inventions. Nator keeps trying to think of what he can use from his body, but everything fails as the twins mix themselves up again)

“Anything else you wanna put against us?” The girls asked.

“Nator, we need to come up with a plan.” I asserted.

“Yeah, it doesn't look like anything of yours is working.” Pyra added.

"I can make it work! Just lemme think of something!" Nator insisted.

"You can think. I'm doing things the old fashioned way."

(Pyra flies above the twins and shoots fire at both of them as Oh morphs into Bendy and blocks it with her hand. She extends it up to grab Pyra as One stretches her arm to grab Pyra too. Together, they throw Pyra down to the ground as Beauty hits Oh with her hair and wraps it around her. Oh morphs into Pyra and disappears into the air. She reappears as Bendy, stretching her hands out to hit Beauty. She blocks the punches with her hair, but One uses Race's powers to increase Oh's speed as she punches Beauty into Nator.)

"The limited speech notwithstanding, we really must thank you for giving us these powers, Nator." One commented as we were all not in very good shape.

"It's the only thing you created that actually works." Oh remarked.

"But as much as we'd love to see you pretend to be smarter than us, we really have a business transaction to get ready for."

(As Beauty wonders what the twins meant about Nator giving them their powers, Oh morphs into Race as the girls run around the trio, creating a vortex, sucking away their oxygen, leaving them too weak to fight back. The girls pick up Race and Tel-E)

"And just so you'll have a little extra help, we'll be taking these two as well." Oh informed us as Race.

"You never know what else Cyhack would be willing to pay for." One commented.

"Can't . . . let you . . ." Nator mumbled, trying to recover from the vortex.

(The twins run away as the trio later recovers)

"Oh man. I wish me and my sister could work together that well." I commented, getting up.

"Yeah, I'm sure you'd rule the city with her." Pyra remarked as Nator appeared all the more frustrated.

“Gah! Idiot! This is all my fault!” Nator screamed as he got up, about to run off. “I gotta go after ‘em now.”

“Slow down, Nator. We’re all upset, but we really need a battle plan against those two. They’re just too smart for us now.” I acknowledged.

“Well, we only have three hours until their meeting with Cyhack. Anyone here wanna try something?” Pyra inquired.

“I know what to do.” Nator said. “I may not have anything right now that can take them down, so I just need to invent something even bigger and better that they’ll be running away for real.”

“Okay, unless that invention’s a time machine, I don’t think you heard me when I said IN THREE HOURS.” Pyra reminded him.

“Yeah, and I don’t think new weapons are the key to this. One and Oh seem to know how to counter them both with their powers and by just being smart. We need to outsmart them somehow.” I suggested.

“No! Let me come up with something! I’m sure I can make something of my own that’ll be too good for them.” Nator insisted.

“Why do you need to outdo them yourself? Why are you so obsessed with them getting the better of what you invent?” I asked.

“Because One and Oh are my responsibility! And I should be the one who fixes this! It’s the only logical solution!”

“Your responsibility? Does this have something to do with what they said about you giving them their powers?”

(Nator is not feeling good about himself, but he begins telling the story)

“Since grade school, me and the Boole twins were always the smartest kids in math and science, and we’ve constantly tried to surpass the other. We also liked technology, so it only seemed natural that we would try to impress each other with what we could make.” Nator explained. “But then I got an idea for something that they would never beat. It was a mechanical body

that could provide a person's brain with life support to allow a person to survive and talk in it."

"Right. You mean your mech suit." Pyra acknowledged.

"Yeah, but it was still in a primitive form. And I had no way of testing it. But then one day when a car slammed into me, my regular body was falling apart, so the only way to save me was to have my brain put in this new body. Well, apparently, my brain was able to move the limbs like it was totally organic. After that, I felt like I could add this human skin and even include weapons. Well, it turns out when I finally revealed it to One and Oh, something didn't go quite right. They got a close look at it, and all of a sudden, I guess I wasn't paying enough attention, but I lost control and electrocuted them both, destroying their science project too."

"So that's how they got their powers." I inferred.

"Yeah, and how our rivalry escalated, 'cause they just started messing with me even more beginning from that day. And since I gave them those abilities to enhance their sick and clever mischief, I have to be the one who stops them."

"I admire your desire to be accountable for what you did, Nator. But you don't have to be the only one who tries to undo their damage." I affirmed.

"Yeah, this isn't a trial." Pyra added.

"Well, Bendy may have been joking about me committing a crime, but I'm definitely guilty of opening the door to trouble for them." Nator argued, still feeling down. "I guess I took our rivalry too seriously. I just thought if I could make something so cool, I could prove I was smarter than them. But it didn't work then, and I guess it isn't working now."

"Nator, you don't always need to make the fanciest things to prove you're smart. Sometimes you only need to make the smartest decisions. And sometimes the smartest decision isn't to fight with everything you've got."

"To me, fighting has always been the most logical method of winning a battle. And logic is the only way I know to think." Nator mentioned.

"It's okay to think logically, because it's what makes the most sense. And of course you'd wanna fight your opponent. But a wise man once said there are alternatives to fighting, or at least only fighting. I mean, just like a stealth video game. In that, there's violence involved, but the key to progressing is to not fight. And it's alternatives like that that help you learn to do things differently. And the more new things you learn, the more smart decisions you can make, and the smarter you become."

"So what are you suggesting I do?" Nator asked after giving this a bit of thought.

"I just think that it pays to be creative and think differently. I mean, when you think of something that doesn't work, naturally, you'd have to think of something different."

(Nator's Charevo Fairies appear)

"Ah! What? I'm hallucinating again?" Nator asked, surprised by what he saw.

"Uh, Nator, you can choose to believe the Charevo Fairies don't exist, or you can pay attention." Pyra told the skeptic who still had trouble understanding the logic of the Charevo Gene's magical qualities.

"The most intelligent person can be the one to know when he is wrong." The Intelligence Fairy informed Nator.

"With only logic, there can be only one result, which works well when an enemy anticipates a different result." The Logic Fairy noted.

"Information on a subject works for who knows it and against the one who doesn't think of it." The Data Fairy concluded.

(The Fairies fly back into Nator as he still isn't sure if they're real.)

"Okay, I feel like we can beat them even without gadgets and excessive force." Nator informed Pyra and I.

"That's what I wanna hear." I told him, ready to go.

"But it's not like I'm about to abandon logic altogether. If we're gonna beat 'em, we have to find 'em first."

"Well, it's not like they stopped to give us directions to where they'll be. We don't have any way of finding them." Pyra acknowledged.

"Not necessarily."

(The trio goes back to the evidence room to watch the twins' video. They mention the photo they attached containing their location of the meeting with Cyhack. They look at the photo of their Charevo Emblems as they print it out)

"They said we could find the location in this photo." I mentioned, looking at the picture.

"But it's not saying anything. It's just the marks on their hands." Nator said, having trouble reading between the lines. "Unless . . . maybe there is something I'm just not seeing."

"I still think the pattern of the marks is saying something. Nator, do you remember which Charevo Emblem belonged to who?"

"Well, like they showed them in that video, that first one is Oh's and the second is One's. Why?"

"Well, maybe it's not the emblems we're supposed to look at. What if instead of reading it as Oh's emblem, it's just a zero? And instead of One's, we have a one?" I suggested as I wrote on the diagram.

(Under the Charevo Emblems, Beauty writes their corresponding numbers. This results in the diagram saying 01000010 01100101 01100001 01100011 01101000)

"One-million-ten? One-million-one-hundred-thousand-one-hundred-one? One-million-one-hundred . . . okay, do I even have to go on? What is this supposed to be?" Pyra questioned my idea.

"I don't know. I'm just spitballing here." I told her.

"Hang on." Nator said, taking a look at what I wrote. "This looks like binary."

"You think so?"

"All ones and zeroes, eight bits each, it looks like it to me. Maybe this is how their message was to be decoded. It's like using reduction for proving NP-Complete problems."

"Alright. What does it say?"

"Let's see. B, e, a, c, h. Beach."

"The beach? That's where Bendy's date with One was."

"Of course. That's where the twins are meeting." Nator realized. "Ha! Hello world! We got it! Neat, sweet, and NP-Complete."

"See? Now, was that so hard?" I asked, proud of the cyborg.

"Thanks, Beauty. You sure know how to help a guy think." Nator commented with gratitude.

"Yeah, can we maybe pat ourselves on the back after we save our friends?" Pyra suggested.

(The trio goes to the beach and find One and Oh playing a dice game with cups. Beauty uses her shapeshifting character Copi to turn into Cyhack. She approaches the twins)

"One and Oh, I presume?" I said, posing as Cyhack.

"Cyhack?" The twins uttered, surprised to see her.

"You're early." One acknowledged.

"We weren't expecting you in exactly another two hours." Oh added.

"Yeah, well, the Cyhack don't wait too good with someone else holdin' what the Cyhack built." I explained, trying to imitate the cyborg villain as best I could. "Now, you said you got my earthquake weapon. So where you keepin' it?"

"We'll show you. But first, how much are you willing to pay to get it back?"

"So you really think you can charge me for my own invention? You're lucky I don't just blast you two and take it from you right now." I mumbled, trying to act tough.

"Yeah, because you obviously know where we're keeping your device." Oh sarcastically replied.

"We hear you consider your weapon to be worth quite a large sum. I think it's only fair you pay that much for it." One argued.

“Well, I ain’t payin’ for it up front. I ain’t got any cash on me. Of course, the Cyhack has had a history of stealing a good amount o’ dough. It’s not like I couldn’t pay ever.” I mentioned.

“Sorry. No money? No weapon.”

“Hey! I need it more than you! Once I have it back, I’ll be able to properly get back at that punk, Nator for beating me earlier.”

(The twins look intrigued)

“A real fan of Nator’s, it would seem. And I thought I was the only one who liked making him look like a fool.” Oh commented, impressed with me.

“Alright, since you’re out to humiliate Nator too, how ‘bout this? You agree to give us a percentage of the money you steal for the next year. We can make a little I.O.U for that.” One suggested.

“And if that amount at the end looks too small, we’ll just come pay you a visit and be very nice about it.” Oh noted.

“Alright. Deal.” I agreed.

“Good. Now, follow me.” One told me as she and her sister turned around to lead me to the device.

“Alright. But you better show me where you’re keepin’ those Neo Brigade kids too. I’d be happy to raise the percentage if it means I get three prisoners.”

(As the girls are walking, they stop and look back suspiciously.)

“How did you know we captured three of them?” The twins questioned me in unison.

(Beauty realizes she made a mistake)

“Oh. Uh . . . well, didn’t One capture them and take their powers by asking in that video you sent?” I asked, trying to sound like I was right.

“We only had the stretchy one.” One clarified. “And how did you know I was the one who did it?”

“And how did you know my sister could steal powers by asking for them?” Oh inquired.

(Beauty realizes she probably shouldn’t have been so specific when mentioning One’s powers.)

"There's only one liar here." Oh declared.

(Oh morphs into Nator and fires an energy cannon at Beauty, causing her to morph back into Copi and morph back into Beauty as One stretches and expands her hand, grabbing her)

"Well, look what we got here, Elsa. Beauty seems to be stealing your bit." One commented.

"Which isn't worth as much as what you've stolen." I remarked. "Now, where are my friends?"

"They're nowhere you need to know about." Oh answered, not talking.

"I'll tell you where they should be is somewhere with a location we could've made more cryptic. How'd some blonde like you figure out where we'd be?" One asked.

"Who said I was the one who figured it out?" I inquired.

(Nator's arms rocket out to hit both One and Oh as his arms returned to him.)

"Was someone talking about me just now?" Nator queried with a smile.

"Oh, look, Sis, it's another girl dressed as a robot." Oh joked, pointing at Nator.

"I'm impressed that you discovered our message, Nate. But come on. Can't you just accept that we're smarter than you?" One questioned the cyborg.

"I don't need to prove anything. I'm just here to make you answer for what you've done." Nator affirmed.

"Is that a rematch? Very well."

(One and Oh mix themselves up with super speed. Nator, Beauty, and Pyra are facing them down)

"Can you guess who's who?" The twins asked in unison.

"Be careful, guys. This time, we're thinking before we fight." Nator cautioned Pyra and I.

(The two groups stare at each other, waiting for the other to make the first move)

"Ugh. Is anyone gonna do something?" Pyra asked with impatience.

"Not 'til we know which is which." Nator reminded her.

“Hey, Pyra, can I take your powers?” One of the twins requested with a grin.

“Finally! There’s One!”

“Pyra! No!” Nator cried as Pyra ignited herself to fly at the twin who spoke.

(Pyra flies at Oh who negates her attack, sending her back)

“One wouldn’t give herself away that easily.” Nator mentioned.

“Gee, thanks for telling me.” Pyra mumbled, not happy.

“Well, now that the secret’s out . . .” One began before she suddenly utilized Race’s speed to run into all three of us, knocking us down.

(Oh transforms into Beauty and forms the ends of her hair into metal blades that spin around. One increases its speed with Race’s speed waves as she knocks into Pyra and turns to Beauty and Nator. She’s about to hit them too, but Beauty forms a powerful water cannon from her hair and shoots it at Oh’s hair, causing her to have no control of her weapon. She then shoots Oh back as she morphs back to normal. Beauty and Nator are about to fight them again, but Oh runs to her sister and mixes them up. Beauty, Nator, and Pyra look at who is who. One of the twins runs up to Beauty)

“Can you guess who I am?” The twin asked as she ran to attack, knowing I wouldn’t have time to think of if I should attack or defend.

(Beauty thinks she should just block her, but she instinctively attacks as the twin reveals herself as Oh who reflects the attack back at Beauty. One runs back at Oh and mixes the two up again. Another twin runs at them and reveals herself as One who uses her stretch powers to attack Pyra who disappears out of the air and reappears to shoot fire at her, but she withstands it and runs into Pyra, knocking her out. The twins mix themselves up again.)

“Well, that’s one/One who performed well.” One of the twins commented as Pyra just couldn’t recover at all. “Anyone wanna try taking another shot?”

"Beauty, throw me over them with your hair." Nator whispered to me.

"Are you sure?" I asked, unsure of his plan.

(Nator nods and Beauty throws Nator over the twins as they look at him as he appears inactive.)

"As my sister wouldn't say, you seem to be getting desperate." One of the twins laughed as they both looked at me. Nator appeared not ready to attack, and he could've struck them while they weren't looking, but he had something else in mind.

"Hey, One!" Nator called from behind.

(One turns to him as he blasts her with energy. Beauty is about to slam One with her hair, but Oh morphs into Race and charges into Beauty and Nator.)

"Very clever, Nator." One commented as her sister helped her up and morphed back to normal.

"I'm sure that's bound to work a second time." Oh remarked.

"Too bad you didn't use your opportunity on a better attack."

(The twins mix themselves up again)

"She's right, Nator. We need a way to beat them if we can tell them apart." I informed the cyborg.

"Don't worry. I have a better plan this time." Nator assured me. "Just get ready to attack."

(Beauty forms part of her hair into a stone fist.)

"Do you really think you can tell us apart again?" The twins mockingly queried.

"You two seem so sure you'll win. Why not taunt me by letting me ask you some questions?" Nator suggested. "Which one of you is Oh?"

"She's Oh!" The twins laughed, answering together.

"Alright. Now, what would the other one say if I asked who was Oh?"

"My sister would tell you I was Oh." The twins replied, still remaining ambiguous.

“Okay. Now, what would you both say if I asked which of you was Oh?”

“I would tell you she was Oh.” The first twin answered, pointing to her sister.

“I would tell you I was Oh.” The second twin replied, appearing less ambiguous as the two looked at each other.

“Uh oh.” The twins uttered.

(Beauty launches her stone fist at One, hitting her away. Oh is about to run at Beauty, but Nator launches his arms out to grab her by the arms. Part of Nator's arms open and deploy some cables that restrain her legs, pinning her to the ground.)

“Careful, Elsa. Any force against my arms will only result in electric shocks. You'll have to stay still if you don't wanna get shocked.” Nator warned. “Who's the smart one now?”

“This is impossible. You . . . you . . .” Oh stammered, trying to think of something to say.

“Having trouble speaking the truth?” I remarked.

“You win now, I suppose.”

(One uses her speed to charge into Nator and Beauty. They try to attack her, but she dodges them)

“You haven't defeated us yet.” One declared as she stretched her arms at me. However, contrary to hitting me, her arms stopped midway and retracted back as if she had no way of using Bendy's powers at all while One looked at her arms.

“Huh. Looks like your powers are only temporary.” I commented.

“I don't mind. I can just take yours.”

(Beauty knows she can make her questions confusing, but Nator looks confident)

“You know what? That is a smart move, taking our abilities. But before you go for us, why don't you copy your sister's powers?” Nator suggested.

“Nator, what are you doing?” I asked, concerned.

“I mean, with us, you'll have all the offense. But with Oh, you'll have defense, not to mention become any of us to use our

powers. Why not ask for her abilities to become more powerful. It is the most logical move."

"He makes a good point, and seems to know what he's doing, Sis." Oh commented.

"Hmph. And I actually thought you were smarter than that for a moment." One scoffed. "Maybe I will borrow from my sister. Twins do share quite a lot, after all."

"Go ahead, One. Let's see how much you're meant to share." Nator challenged her with a smirk on his face.

"Oh, Oh, can I borrow your powers?" One requested.

"I wouldn't say yes." Oh replied, saying yes in the only way she could.

(The twins grin at Beauty and Nator as they're sure they can't be stopped, because they can't get the better of them by knowing who's who if all of their strengths are in one person. One is about to speak to them, but she finds she can't speak, grabbing her throat)

"What? What happened to her voice?" Oh asked, still restrained.

"Ho ho. Who's one step ahead of who now?" Nator chuckled.

"What are you talking about?"

"Yeah, you didn't do anything." I acknowledged.

"Didn't I? I knew One could gain power by asking for it, and for her to do that, she has to speak. When she gets another person's powers, she also gets their weaknesses. With her powers, she can only tell the truth. So if she has Oh's powers, she can only lie. And with both powers, you can't have statements be both true and false. And when you reach an impossible statement, all you can do is stop." Nator explained his ingenious strategy.

"So if she has to tell both a truth and lie, she can only be a mute." I realized out loud.

"And therefore, she can't steal anymore powers as long as she has Oh's powers."

(One tries to run at both of them and run around them, creating a vortex, but Beauty sticks her hair out to trip her up as she falls and Beauty traps One in a cage with her hair.)

"How is this happening? There's no way you could outsmart us!" Oh exclaimed.

"I think I just did. Oh, and when I said my arms wouldn't shock you if you didn't try to break out . . ." Nator began as his arms that trapped Oh gave her some electric shocks, giving her a great deal of pain as she screamed and lay in a weak state while Nator's arms rocketed back to him after leaving her unrestrained. ". . . That was a lie."

(Beauty talks about how Nator started thinking in a clever way to beat the twins)

"Okay. That was pretty awesome. You actually outwitted them." I complimented the cyborg.

"I didn't do it by myself." Nator reminded me as he smiled.

(The two walk over to the twins as they're beaten on the ground)

"Well, since it worked for Nator, I'll ask myself. Where would you direct us if we asked where our friends and the earthquake device were?" I interrogated the twins.

(The twins point to a barn near the beach. Beauty and Nator go there and find Bendy, Race, and Tel-E all tied up with the earthquake device on the floor. After they are all saved, the police arrive later to arrest One and Oh as they're put in a police van with a Charevo Gene neutralizing field that cancels their powers while they're inside.)

"You know, I'm starting to think maybe we should've told Cyhack to meet us earlier." One noted.

"Yeah, nice scheduling, Tiffany." Oh sarcastically commented.

"Our powers have been neutralized. So I can't tell. Are you still lying?"

"No. I'm as honest as I can possibly be with you. Maybe you should ask me a question that'll give away my level of honesty."

“Hey, you answered Nate’s question too, you know.”

“Yeah, well, it takes one to answer and two to verify.”

(The twins get taken away in the van)

“Thanks again for stopping them, Nator. I don’t know what I’d do without my powers.” Race said with gratitude.

“Hey, I can’t take all the credit. If I was alone, my only plan would’ve been to exhaust all my weapons.” Nator explained.

“You mean someone actually convinced you otherwise?” Bendy remarked.

“I honestly don’t know if I could’ve faced them without you, Beauty.” Nator mentioned, turning to me. “Thanks for showing me how to think differently. Who would’ve thought creativity is a useful way to help you think and be smart?”

“See? You thought you needed all your big machines to prove your intellect when all you needed was the one human part of you that’s left.” I acknowledged, pointing to Nator’s head, indicating his brain.

“Hmph. That being said, I think someone’s fingerprints just earned a place in my biometric security access files.”

(Beauty talks about this makes Nator the last person in the Brigade to accept her as part of the team)

“Well, it’s great that you’ve finally opened up to new thoughts outside of straight logic. Does this mean you’re ready to believe more of the legends behind the Charevo Gene?” Tel-E inquired with hope.

“Oh, not a chance.” Nator casually replied.

“Hey, I’m just glad you can stop obsessing over the Booles now that they’re in jail.” Race commented.

“Knowing Nator, I’m sure he’d work them into a conversation when talking about the greatest of evil.” Pyra remarked.

“Hey, he can talk about ‘em all he wants after today.” Bendy argued. “Listen, Nator, I’m sorry I didn’t believe you about Oh. Next time you tell me something about someone you know, I’m not thinking twice about it.”

“Don’t worry about it. Your date led me to put them in jail. I don’t think I’d get to fight them as villains if you didn’t let them kidnap you. Besides, I didn’t even know them as well as I thought I did.” Nator said, putting water under the bridge.

“Still, the whole thing was on me, man. Are we good?”

“Bros before Ohs, dude.”

(Bendy and Nator give each other a fist bump)

“Way to go Neo.” Bendy uttered in satisfaction.

“Hey, guys, it’s about three o’clock now. You think Cyhack’s gonna show up?” I inquired, looking at my watch.

(The Brigade looks out to the beach and find Cyhack looking around for someone)

“Ha! There she is!” Bendy laughed. “Look at her. No one’s there to meet her.”

“What do you think, Race? Are we ambushing her?” Tel-E asked.

“Yeah, let’s get her.” Race said.

“Hang on. Hang on. I have a better idea.” I interjected, transforming into my shapeshifting character Copi and morphed into One. “Let me lead her into the barn and you can all jump her.”

“First, ask her on a date. Let’s see if she’ll do better than Bendy.” Pyra suggested.

(The Brigade has a good laugh while Beauty goes off to Cyhack as they’re about to pull one on her. Beauty says she hopes to do more stuff like this with the Neo Brigade)