

CHAPTER 3

DAY 1

The next morning, everyone woke up early, ready for their first day of school. Gojo, as expected, was brimming with excitement. The three of them left their room together, anticipation buzzing in the air, and made their way toward the school.

* * *

Yash and his team entered the school, walking along a long pathway lined with small trees and bushes that led to the center of the campus. As they approached, they saw a large timetable board near the library, displaying the week's lecture schedule.

Surrounding the library were small buildings housing classrooms. After finding their schedules and the locations of their classes, students started rushing to their respective classrooms.

Yash discovered he had a Power lecture, Prathamesh had Human Aging, and Gojo had a Weapons lecture.

"Oh, Weapons! That means it's Miss Ronson's lecture, as Vedant mentioned yesterday. Damn! I'm super excited for this now," Gojo said to Yash and Prathamesh.

"Good for you. It looks like we all have different lectures. So best of luck, guys. Let's meet up again at the end of the day," Yash said.

"Yes, see you all later," Prathamesh added.

Everyone then dispersed, heading to their respective classrooms.

Yash checked his class location: PB-1, which stood for Power Building, 1st floor. It became clear that each subject had its own dedicated building, with different classrooms for different years, possibly even different teachers.

Yash found the Power Building, a modest three floor structure. He entered and made his way up to the 1st floor. Each floor had only one large classroom. The entrance to the classroom was opposite the teacher's stage and board.

Yash took a seat on a bench, looking around. The classroom was spacious, with the benches arranged in a tiered fashion, descending from the entrance down to the teacher's stage. The walls were adorned with photos and motivational quotes, likely related to the subject of powers.

A boy with a bold appearance and a confident demeanor sat beside Yash.

Just then, the teacher entered the classroom. All the students stood up to greet her in unison, showing their respect.

"Good morning, students. I am Beacky, and I will be teaching you Powers Theory," she introduced herself and then seamlessly transitioned into the lecture.

"Let's dive straight into the fascinating topic of powers. Powers that naturally occur all around us. Here's a basic question to start: what are elementals? Has anyone heard this term before?"

A girl stood up, raising her hand confidently. "Elementals are the five basic elements in our dominion: fire, water, air, rock, and lightning."

"Correct!" Madam Beacky affirmed. "These five elements form the foundation of our world. Harnessing or controlling powers essentially means mastering these elementals. These fundamental elemental powers are known as Primal Powers. To summarize, there are five types of Primal Powers: fire, water, air, rock, and lightning."

“However, there exists a rarer and more powerful category of powers known as Enigma Powers. These are exceptionally difficult, almost impossible, to achieve. Only a handful of individuals throughout history have managed to attain Enigma Powers. So, in essence, powers can be divided into two broad categories: Primal Powers and Enigma Powers. Primal Powers, as we discussed, include the basic elementals. Enigma Powers, on the other hand, consist of time, mind, void, dark, and cosmic powers.

“Up until now, we have only seen a few individuals capable of wielding Enigma Powers, predominantly those related to time and mind. Historically, there were five legendary figures who mastered all five Enigma Powers. You will more likely to be told about them in your history subject, next year.”

The students listened in awe, their eyes wide with amazement. The information about Enigma Powers particularly piqued their interest, filling the room with a palpable sense of excitement.

Madam Beacky continued, “Understanding these powers is not just about knowledge; it’s about recognizing the potential within you. Each one of you might have the capability to control one of these Primal Powers. Through rigorous training and dedication, you may even uncover latent abilities that could lead to Enigma Powers.”

The classroom buzzed with excitement and curiosity as Madam Beacky’s words resonated with each student, filling them with anticipation for the journey ahead.

“Do you think you can ever achieve any of the Enigma Powers?” came a whisper from the boy sitting next to Yash.

Yash turned to face him, with his eyes alight with determination. “Of course, I’m sure that one day I’ll definitely learn one of the Enigma Powers.”

The boy chuckled. “Sure, let’s see about that.” He extended his hand. “Hi, my name is Sunny.”

“Hello, I’m Yash,” he responded, shaking Sunny’s hand.

Throughout the lecture, Yash and Sunny exchanged whispered conversations. Sunny's voice was calm yet strong, exuding confidence. His demeanor matched his bold appearance perfectly. As they talked, Yash discovered that Sunny was not only calm but also friendly and approachable. His words and mannerisms reflected maturity and a gentlemanly nature, making it easy for Yash to see that Sunny was someone he could respect and trust.

.....

Types of Powers:

Primal Power – fire, water, air, rock, lightening.

Enigma Power – mind, time, void, dark, cosmic.

(till now only mind and time powers are achieved by few people after 5 legendries)

.....

As soon as the class ended, everyone began to file out of the room. Yash and Sunny left the building together. Suddenly, they heard a commotion coming from a nearby lawn. A crowd of students had gathered, drawn by the noise.

Three boys were bullying another student, hitting, kicking, and pouring water on him. The scene was heartbreaking: the bullied boy was crying, his broken spectacles lying beside him on the ground. Judging by the timing, it seemed all of them were first-year students, as only the first years were free at that moment. The students gathered around watched with sympathy but no one dared to intervene.

Yash felt a surge of anger. He was about to step forward and defend the poor boy when Sunny grabbed his arm. "Don't even think about it," Sunny said sharply. "I know you want to stop them, but it's not our business. This is our first day, so you're feeling bad, but things like this happen all the time. You'll get used to it. If we want to avoid trouble and not end up like that guy, it's better to ignore this and act like nothing happened."

Yash disagreed with Sunny's advice but realized he might be right. Confronting the bullies could lead to more trouble. Reluctantly, Yash nodded and stepped back, his fists clenched in frustration.

The situation escalated as the bullies demanded one of the onlookers to kick the poor boy. The student refused at first, but the bullies threatened him, and he reluctantly complied, delivering a weak kick.

Then, one of the bullies turned to Sunny and called out, "Hey, you! Kick him too, or you'll end up just like him."

Sunny's eyes narrowed. He glanced at Yash, who was seething with barely contained rage. Sunny sighed and stood his ground.

"Do you want to end up like him?" one of the bullies sneered, stepping closer to Sunny.

Sunny replied in a firm voice, "If you enjoy this kind of behavior, keep it to yourself. I'm not part of it." He took a deliberate step backward.

The bully's face twisted with anger. "You think you're tough?" he growled, swinging a fist towards Sunny's face with a scream, "Let me show you who you're dealing with!"

In an instant, Sunny's training kicked in. He shifted his left leg slightly forward and raised his left hand, redirecting the bully's fist upward and away from his face. Simultaneously, he tilted his head to the left, dodging the punch entirely. Without wasting a second, Sunny swept his left leg into the bully's front leg, causing the bully to lose balance. With a powerful push from his right hand, Sunny sent the bully flying backward, landing hard a few feet away.

The atmosphere changed in an instant. The remaining two bullies, shocked but undeterred, lunged at Sunny. Sunny dropped into a defensive stance, ready to face the next assault.

The sudden burst of action jolted Yash into motion. He sprang to his feet, ready to support Sunny. Just as the two boys prepared to fight, a loud, authoritative shout pierced the tension, "What's going on here?"

Teachers and guards were rushing towards them, their faces stern with anger. Chaos erupted as students scattered in all directions. Sunny grabbed Yash's wrist, urgency in his eyes. "Run!" he hissed.

They bolted, weaving through the panicked crowd, dodging teachers and guards. Their hearts pounded as they sprinted away, finally slowing down as they reached the canteen, out of sight from the commotion.

Breathless, they leaned against the wall, trying to catch their breath. Sunny's face was a mix of relief and lingering adrenaline. "That was close," he said, a slight smile playing on his lips.

Yash nodded, his respect for Sunny deepening. "You really know how to handle yourself," he said, still catching his breath. "But you were the one who wanted to avoid trouble. Why did you fight back?"

"Not reacting to something wrong happening near me is one thing," Sunny replied, his voice calm but firm. "But being forced to participate in it is unacceptable."

Yash smiled, admiration clear in his eyes. "That's a solid principle. I liked the way you stood up to them. But let's hope we don't run into those bullies again."

Sunny nodded, a determined look on his face. "Agreed. We have better things to focus on."

Both stood there for a while, catching their breath and calming down.

Sunny glanced at his watch. "It's almost lunchtime. I was planning to meet my teammates at the canteen. Why don't you join us for lunch?"

"Sounds good to me," Yash replied.

“Great, let’s find some seats and wait for them,” Sunny said as they headed into the canteen.

Yash and Sunny found a table and settled in, waiting for Sunny’s teammates to arrive.

The unexpected events of the day revealed a lot about Sunny—his practicality, maturity, and the strength to stand up for what's right. Yash admired how Sunny handled the situation with a calm yet firm demeanor.

As they sat there, the tension from the encounter with the bullies began to fade, replaced by the anticipation of meeting new friends and sharing a meal together. The canteen buzzed with activity, but amidst the noise, Yash felt a sense of camaraderie growing between them. He knew this was just the beginning of an eventful and exciting journey.