CHAPTER 10

**NEW YEAR - NEW LECTURE**

Today marked the beginning of a new academic year, the start of Yash's second year at school. Yash, Prathamesh, and Gojo were ready in their room, eager to dive back into their school life after a refreshing break at home. The campus buzzed with energy as students returned, exchanging stories and laughter.

Yash felt a renewed sense of excitement as he prepared for his day. He and his friends headed to the school building to check out their schedules. Yash noticed that his first lecture was a power theory class. However, unlike previous years, he would be attending it alone today.

As he studied his schedule, he saw a new designation: PB-2 instead of the familiar PB-1. A smile spread across his face as he anticipated the new experiences and changes that came with transitioning from the first year to the second year.

Entering PB-2, Yash scanned the room and chose a seat at the back. He noticed a boy already sitting there and decided to sit beside him. The boy looked up, and Yash gave him a friendly nod.

"Hey, mind if I sit here?" Yash asked.

"Not at all," the boy replied with a smile. "I'm Visharad. Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too, Visharad. I'm Yash," he said, settling into his seat.

As they waited for the lecture to begin, Yash glanced around the classroom. The structure was similar to his previous class, but there were subtle differences—the walls were painted in vibrant colors, and new photos adorned the walls, adding a fresh feel to the room.

“Good afternoon, class,” a voice rang out, capturing everyone’s attention. A teacher walked in with a welcoming smile. Yash and Visharad exchanged glances, their excitement palpable.

“Let's begin with your first lecture of the second year,” the teacher announced with a chuckle, instantly putting everyone at ease. The students leaned in, ready to listen him.

"Until now, you’ve learned a lot about powers. I trust that you’re all at least familiar with the different types of powers and some basic concepts. Today, we’re going to dive into an important aspect of power theory—the Levels of Power." The students perked up, sensing the significance of the topic.

"Excited, are we?" the teacher chuckled as he wrote on the board. "You all know about the two types of power: Primal Powers and Enigma Powers. Mastering a Primal Power occurs in three levels. These levels are: Level 1: Manipulation, Level 2: Shrink/Expand, and Level 3: Creation/Destruction."

"The names of these levels might be somewhat self-explanatory, but I’ll go into detail about each one. Level 1 is Manipulation. This means if I have fire power, and I light a fire with a lighter, I can manipulate that fire in any way I want. With my creativity, I can create different attacks with the fire around me or use it for various tasks. For example, farmers can use water manipulation techniques to irrigate their fields. Essentially, at Level 1, you can manipulate existing elements around you."

"Next is Level 2: Shrink and Expand. At this level, if I have a small flame from my lighter, I can increase the amount of fire. If I have one bottle of water, I can expand it to five bottles. However, when I stop using my power, the water will revert to its original state of one bottle, and the same goes for the fire. Conversely, I can shrink five bottles of water into one. The extent of expansion and shrinkage, as well as the duration for which we can maintain this state, depends on our strength and stamina. In short, mastering Level 2 allows us to expand or shrink the elements."

"And finally, Level 3, the most challenging level, comparable to achieving Enigma powers. At this stage, even if I have no lighter or water, I can create fire or water from nothing. Conversely, if I have these elements, I can completely destroy them."

The students were captivated by the explanation.

"It’s really amazing, right?" Visharad whispered to Yash.

"Yeah, really!" Yash replied, his eyes wide with excitement.

The teacher continued, "However, no one has been able to achieve Enigma powers. Because of this, we still don’t know if there are any levels in Enigma powers, or what they might be."

**Levels of Power:**

**Primal Powers –**

1. Level 1 – manipulation
2. Level 2 – Expand/shrink
3. Level 3 – Creation/destruction

**Enigma powers –** no levels

Confusion rippled through the classroom as the teacher dropped this bombshell of information. Furrowed brows and puzzled expressions appeared on the faces of the students, each trying to process the implications of what they had just heard. It was as if a veil of uncertainty had been cast over their understanding of the world and their place within it. The mystery of Enigma powers loomed large in their minds, igniting a spark of curiosity that would drive them to seek answers and unravel the secrets hidden within the depths of their universe.

"As we bring this lecture to a close, I trust you've all grasped the key concepts and found some enjoyment in our discussion. Remember to jot down any important points for your reference. You're dismissed now, feel free to head off to your next class or enjoy a break."

With that, the students began to gather their belongings and file out of the classroom, eager to move on with their day. Yash and Visharad exchanged a few words before parting ways, ready to tackle whatever awaited them beyond the confines of the classroom walls.

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Yash and his friends gathered at their usual spot in the canteen during lunchtime, their laughter and chatter filling the air with warmth and camaraderie.

“Hey, guys! How’s it going?” Ram bounded over, his eyes sparkling with excitement as he waved enthusiastically.

“Hey, Ram!” The group greeted him in unison, their smiles widening at his infectious energy.

As conversations flowed freely, Mikasa, usually quiet and reserved, found herself joining in with the banter, her laughter adding to the lively atmosphere.

Beside Prathamesh, Srushti sat, their connection known only to them, a delicate balance between friendship and something more.

Suddenly, Visharad appeared, greeting the group with a friendly smile. “Hey, Yash,” he said, joining their circle.

“Hey, Visharad,” Yash responded warmly, introducing him to the rest of the group.

With lunchtime coming to an end all too soon, the friends reluctantly dispersed, heading off to their respective lectures.

As Yash watched his friends go, he couldn’t help but feel a twinge of nostalgia, grateful for the familiarity and comfort of their companionship as they embarked on another year together.