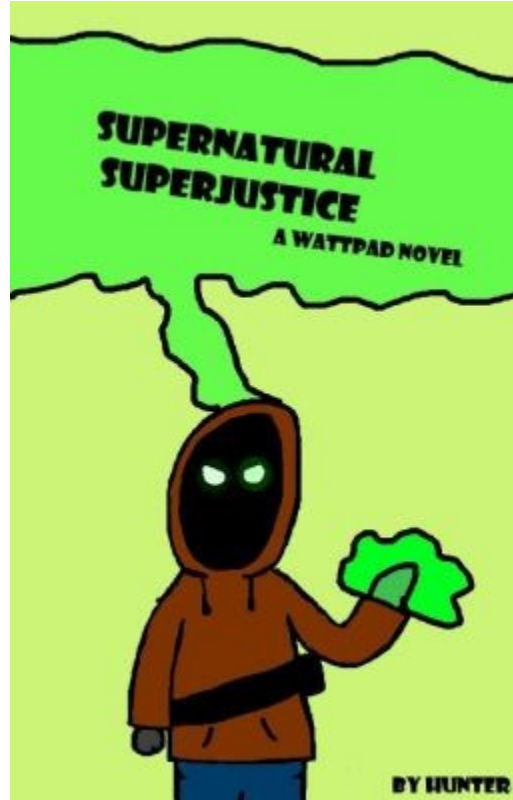


Supernatural Superjustice

by Hunter



Last published March 02, 2015

PDF made on July 15, 2020

This is one of my unfinished works that I actually didn't delete because it was an ongoing series. I am still amazed by the potential this one had. Essentially it is inspired by traditional superheroes and the Pendragon series which I read in 6th grade. This was written when I was 13, right after the final release of *Minority Isle*. This also contains many errors and an embarrassing writing style, but I have left it unedited for historical sake.

Please keep in mind that this ends abruptly at the unfinished Chapter 4 which I put in. Besides that, enjoy!

Chapter 1 - Humble Beginnings?

"GOOOOOD MORNING, CITY OF DARK BROOKE!" Screamed my alarm clock like a banshee right into my ear. I woke up and attempted to turn it off. I tried to reach for where it always was on my nightstand but I couldn't find it. Finally I felt of it and "BAM!" I slammed it into the wall. I got up and put on a pair of jeans. "Mr Randall Bankston what did you just throw in your room?". It was mom. "It wasn't anything, mom. Don't worry.." I mumbled sleepily.

I looked in my closet and put on a black t-shirt and a dark brown hoodie. I went into my bathroom and brushed my teeth while I looked into the mirror at myself. Looking good.

I raced downstairs with some books I had to study the night before. I hated studying, but my mom forced me to do it anyways. I shoved them all into my tiny backpack full of crumpled papers that get smashed every time I zip the thing back up and then repeated that exact process. "The bus is here.." My mom called to me from her room. "Okay.. Bye mom." I said to her while grabbing my wallet and phone. I headed out the door and entered in the noisy school bus and sat down by my best friend Grant.

I met Grant in kindergarten, so we had known each other forever. He was 14 going on 15 just like I was. He was more athletic than me and played football instead of basketball. I had stopped playing basketball a year ago after our old coach left. Almost everybody left the team that year afterwards.

"Hey, Grant." I greeted him as I sat down. "Hey." He said back. We rode to school and everything went as usual. Stupid Literature class then History, then we went to snack. After that, we went to algebra and I almost got so frustrated that I looked like a constipated gorilla who was about to have his guts spew everywhere. We then went to science class and had to dissect frogs. I almost puked when it became lunch time and lost my appetite from the class before. I sat down with nothing but a drink beside Grant. Cheeseburgers were on the menu today and he was digging in. "So," He began while gobbling down some food.

"What have you been doing lately?" He asked. It's an everyday question that he asks. Every time I ask him why he keeps using the same question he either doesn't reply or says "I dunno."

"The usual.." I answered.

"Studying like me? Ha." He chuckled.

"Yup. That's basically what has been going on in the Bankston Household." I said slowly not seeing the humor anymore.

Suddenly someone busted in the cafeteria. It was a man wearing the uniform for the drink machine suppliers, so I thought it was just the regular every-day supplier. I looked back at Grant to begin talking again, but he was focused on keeping his eyes on the supplier. The supplier was holding a clipboard and was looking around suspiciously. He looked to his clipboard and began to write stuff down. Another supplier came in with a trolley that had several plastic crates of soda bottles. The one supplier with the clipboard continued looking around but once my entire focus was on him, he continued to write on his clipboard and then went up to our lunch lady. She was asking him, "How can I help you?"

He remained silent and handed her the clipboard. I could see now that it was a blank sheet of paper with some scribbles that I couldn't make out. She looked horrified as I silently took a sip of my drink and looked away. Grant hit me on my shoulder as I looked back up. The supplier looked straight at me but then away. Suddenly there was a big ring that made me jump. It was the bell. Thank God.

The day went on good and then we left. I went home and Grant came over to play video games for a little while. We played the ninja fighting game *Call of the Warrior* and I beat him with some awesome combos. The week continued from Monday to Wednesday.

The entire Wednesday went on normally like every other stupid Wednesday. The same routine. This was until free period. I was waiting on my mom to pick me up and me and Grant were wondering around the school and avoiding the hall monitor who would always tell us to get back to class. Grant bought the newest weekly *Dark Brooke Academy Journal*. We were sitting in the library reading it when someone entered the room. It was Mason Lynch, the football-dedicated steroid addict who liked to pick on people. He walked up to Grant and slammed the newspaper in his face and sat down with us. "Hey, punks." He said. "Reading some gay magazine or somethin'?"

"Leave us alone!" Grant said a little angrily while he pushed Mason's temper.

"SHHHH!" went Mrs. Cobblesnitch from across the room.

"You're about to get a foot stuck up your ass, douchebag!!" He yelled; Everybody had their attention on us. Suddenly someone else entered the library. It was the same suppliers from Monday.

Mason balled his fists while Grant picked himself off the chair. Mason swung at Grant but missed and suddenly a distinct, brief noise of surging electricity came to my ears. Mason screamed for a second and hit the ground. The two suppliers were now visible behind Mason. They had stun guns aiming straight at me and Grant!

Everyone began to get nervous and couldn't move. The second supplier then reached in his uniform and got out a real pistol. My heart was beating like crazy now. Grant grabbed the

chair while the first guy tried to stun him, but hit the chair-shield. I dove right behind Grant and he ran towards the door. The second guy screamed "Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt!"

Grant whispered to me clearly with some instructions:

"Randall. Stay calm and think. Focus on the pistol that he is holding. Think of something you want it to do."

"What! Are you crazy, Grant?" I said with great fear and confusion in my voice, speaking mostly gibberish.

"Do it!!" He whisper-yelled.

I didn't want to get my butt kicked by my own best friend so I tried to anyways. I tried to think of the pistol he was holding. A Beretta M9..

Suddenly a loud noise of clinging metal thundered the room. The pistol was shot straight out of his hands and odd looking electric sparks went everywhere as it flung into one of the wooden bookshelves. Grant then ran up to the guy who was looking stupidly around at whatever happened. He threw the chair straight into his head and knocked him out and a bloody tooth flew out of his mouth. Grant dodged the second supplier as he tried to shoot another electric surge at him.

Grant headbutted the supplier and grabbed his stun gun and shot the second guy as he hit the ground.

"Memoria extermina!!" Grant cried and he slammed his fist into the ground now wearing some kind of glove. I had to shield my eyes because some bright, red flash came from where he had the impact. It became brighter until I just had to close my eyes. Everyone in the room except me and him passed out on whatever surface. He ran to the emergency exit in the back of the library. "Come on!" He demanded. "But-" I began questionably, but he interrupted me.

"There's no time! Come on!" He yelled. He opened the door and I followed him outside. In front of us was the forest of Dark Brooke, to our left was the kindergarten playground, and to our right was the open road. He ran straight into the forest and I followed behind him. I didn't even realize I still had my backpack on at this point. He led me past many bushes and trees that nearly cut my neck off because they all had long thorns on them. He led me past a thicket and then slid down into the creekbank of the Dark Brooke. I came down and nearly sunk past my knees in mud, but I kept myself high enough. We reached a larger part of the Brooke and he halted. I stopped behind him while I tried to catch my breath.

He pulled on an exposed tree root and then the mud suddenly swept to the sides and a dark, rounded hole appeared. It was twice the size of a fat rabbit hole, but still pretty small.

Before I could start asking questions again, Grant crawled into the hole and gestured for me to come inside.

I squeezed myself inside which was a miracle. It was a big open tunnel with crudely made mud-stairs leading down. I could barely see anything below because there was no light. Grant began to walk down the steps and I followed behind, trying not to lose sight of him. "Where exactly are we going?" I asked finally since Grant was more relaxed.

"You'll have to see it first.." He replied confidently.

I had a lump in my throat dying to know more about what the heck is going on..

He kept on walking down the steps and a minute passed. I looked behind me. Black fog was surrounding me and Grant as we walked even further. We reached bedrock that had a dark blue hue to it. I rubbed my hand on the crude stone wall. It was smooth and shiny.

I looked back and continued following Grant as close as possible. Suddenly something came into view. It was a dead end! Grant walked up to the wall and stopped. I finally caught up to him and did the same. He got his backpack and unzipped it. Suddenly a bright, emerald-green light flashed out of his backpack. He pulled out a strange Orb.

"Where did you..." I began, but couldn't finish because I was confused and amazed at the same time. He ignored my expressions and walked to a small, round crevice and as he got closer, the orb grew brighter and brighter and suddenly an odd sound of jumbled pitches came from it as he put it in the round hole. The stone wall turned to a bright green hue and split into 2 halves. They both crumbled into the walls to the side. Behind the no-longer-there wall was a huge opening. Water surrounded a greenish colored temple made of stone bricks. There were shining bright green lights that lit up the entire exterior.

I was shocked at the beautiful sight. Grant smiled and looked at me. He then continued walking towards the temple. I followed him. We reached a greenish-colored stone-slab door styled along with the rest of the exterior. He pulled a lever that was on the ground and the door opened and uncovered a giant greenish room, of course.

"Welcome to the Universal Guardians." Grant said with another smile as we walked inside.

When we walked in, lights suddenly turned on and the room grew much more visible. On one of the walls there was a dark grey outline of a large rectangle carved in the wall. On another side there was an odd, chrome structure that was shaped like a telephone booth, but was completely chrome or some other shiny metal. There was light illuminating the structure barely.

"I have many things to tell you..." Grant sighed and began to tell me things *finally*.

"We're related, Randall. We are not humans, either. We're known as the Guardians. Our heritage goes a *long* way. We came from the first six guardians. These ancient guardians all had unique abilities that the others didn't. The first is the spellcaster. They can use verbal commands to manipulate the matter around them, but they are also very limited and cannot use too much of their power or else they will go through something known as 'Spell Sickness', depending on how deadly the spell is. I am a spellcaster. The spellcasters were the first guardians created."

I nodded and was listening to everything clearly.

"The second guardian to be created was the Aviator. The Aviator has the ability to fly for easier navigation to places that needed to be guarded, and as an advantage in fighting off enemies. The Aviators have a small population, unfortunately." He continued.

"The third guardians were the bi-locators. They were specially designed to have the ability to morph and create 2 clones of themselves at one time. Like 'Spell Sickness', if they have clones for over 10 minutes, they begin to weaken, or much worse, they can also die. This is called 'Locator's Sickness'."

"The fourth guardians were the telekinetics. They were able to use pyrokinesis and telekinesis. That is you, Randall. You carry this ability. Telekinesis allows you to manipulate matter that is around you with your mind, and pyrokinesis is for manipulating fire but is basically a simple factor of telekinesis. Telekinesis is a wonderful advantage, but be sure not to use your power too often or lifting large objects because you can get 'Power-Mind Sickness', much like all the others. This can be deadly. The more you try to push your powers will strengthen your ability and reduce the chances of gaining Power-Mind Sickness. I will talk to you later about this."

I nodded again while I sat down with Grant to listen more.

"The fifth guardians were the Pursuers. They were made to have extreme speed. Most Pursuers are trained and made athletic so they can reach speeds up to 144 Kilometers Per Hour, which is 90 miles per hour. Pretty fast for a human."

"And the sixth guardians were known as the Shapeshifters. The Shapeshifter Dynasty went extinct after the Dark Pacific Supply War of 1975.."

"What's that?" I asked.

"The Dark Pacific Supply War took place very early in the morning on April 10th, 1975. A ship that carried important documents and blueprints of a U.S Government Project was raided by a group of pirates who decided to take the blueprints and create the Project themselves for some horrible intentions. The blueprints were for a Time Machine that would

be used by historians worldwide. The documents were for the mathematics behind the creation of this Project."

"So, we took part in this battle?"

"Yes. Reinforcements were unavailable and we had to make our move. The pirates escaped with the blueprints and we almost were discovered. You see, the Universal Guardians must keep their powers a secret or else they will become discovered and tables would turn. People we meant to take care of would be frightened by our forces and try to attack."

"So those pirates still know who we are today?"

"Somewhat.. We still don't know where they are creating the Time Machine at. That's what brought us here. Those people, the suppliers, they were undercover pirate "Scouts" that they have. They were searching for us. It was a dumb move because there are many other Guardians out there in other regions. If they are looking for us, then they must have something going on. We can't go back and interrogate those pirate scouts because the police would be there by now."

After he said that, it brought me back to complete reality and I thought of my mom.

"Wait! What about my mom? Wouldn't she be looking for me?" I asked.

"Every time an emergency happens for the Universal Guardians, the parents of the Guardian will disappear until the Guardian is done with whatever incident occurred, or any police or other emergency service disappears. Your mom will be back to pick you up, so will mine."

Phew, relief. She would be very ticked off at me. Full-blown pissed. I had one last question.

"What about the Shapeshifters? How did they go extinct?"

"The Pirates somehow managed to eliminate them. Until the Mother Planet decides whether or not to give birth to more, we will have to live without Shapeshifters. We must focus on our generation and defend this planet. Meet me here tomorrow at free period." I nodded and we hid our tracks. Grant reversed what he had done by closing the doors and the stone wall. We exited the double-sized rabbit hole and he pushed the tree root back in its place, closing the hole like it was originally.

He led me out of the forest and then he gave me some object that was in his backpack. It was a rod about 2 feet long made of some odd metal.

"Do not let anyone see these items. They were created in space, and they could give away the Universal Guardians. This is a dowsing rod. You can use it to locate the temple in the forest if you get lost."

"Okay." I said and took the rod. I could see sirens from where the police had come. "I will take care of this." He said while looking at the sirens.

"Revertentur!" Grant commanded.

Suddenly a bright light flashed and I was teleported into a car. It was my mom's car, and she was driving. "How was school?" She asked like always. Everything seemed peaceful so far.

"Good." I replied. I looked outside, everything looked normal. This was strange. *Awfully* strange.

I had to try and think this through. What the *heck* is going on! I finally kept myself calm by thinking of Grant. I still had so many questions, and then I thought of how dangerous it was when the pirate scouts discovered us. I could've been stunned and taken to some torture chamber.

We made it home, and I did all my homework. I sat in bed for the rest of the day, thinking about the Universal Guardians. How was Grant my brother? How are we not human? What the heck is a Mother Planet?? My questions soon put me to sleep.

Chapter 2

I woke up the next morning by my alarm still making noise on the wall I chucked it at. I got up and did the same routine as yesterday. I made it to school with Grant and we did the exact same things as yesterday. I passed Mason Lynch several times and he acted normally, even after being stunned the day before.. I still had no idea what happened after what Grant had done. Maybe he forgot everything that happened to himself. He was doing the usual, being the stereotypical school bully. Mugging some cash from the nerds in our school, and attempting to skip every class there was. I didn't know if that was something that the Universal Guardians fought against or what, but Grant had never mentioned who exactly our "Bad guys" were, other than the pirates who stole the blueprints and stuff.. Me and Grant ate at lunch alone at a table in the corner. I decided to ask some questions while I still had the chance.

"Grant.." I whispered. "Since we're alone, can I ask you something?"

He winced around and looked back to me. "Okay." He said in a low tone.

"What are we gonna do tonight?" I asked.

"We're going to train." He answered, still wincing around to be 100% sure we were in private.

"Look, I know it may seem a little ridiculous, but we're vigilantes. If we get caught and snitched, we'll most likely have the entire military on our tail. We don't want that." I nodded. It was the cold truth. We couldn't have *anyone* else know about it. I began to think about my mom. Good thing I remembered telling her that I was signed up for some community service at the school for some extra bucks and to pick me up later. If I didn't do that, I would be screwed during my training.

"You're gonna be meeting a friend of ours tonight, too." He informed.

"Who is it?" I wondered.

"His name is Anthony. He's a bi-locator." He answered.

"I also hope that you can shoot a gun or two, because we might need to practice your accuracy."

I nodded and continued to eat the slop we always have at school. Just another school day, I guess. I would never think of myself the same as a genetic superhero. I went to the library as usual and studied for a big math test (I hate math) that we were going to have the next day. I never was good at math, but it wouldn't matter now because I was part-time superhero and that seemed to be all that mattered. Mason Lynch entered and slammed the door again. He was pissed off about something but it wasn't me this time. He sat down around all his fan girls and his fellow jock friends. He was the most popular kid in school for being so tough and "handsome" but still, he liked to pick on the new kids we receive almost every year. I wondered whether or not he still remember anything from yesterday, but everything seemed like a flash-and-forget.

I got up and knew that Grant was probably waiting on me since it was free period. I noticed that Mrs. Cobblesnitch was asleep so I sneaked out the back door and closed it. I went into the wilderness and concealed myself. Then, I fished inside my backpack for the dowsing rod and pulled it out. There was a small, rounded bump on one end of the strange metal rod. I rubbed against it and suddenly the end turns to a light blue color and a small buzzing noise was emitted. The rod jerked towards a direction and I followed the way it was pointing to the northwest. Soon, I reached the Dark Brooke. Today was dryer than yesterday and the mud was somewhat turned to dirt. I let myself down the slope and strolled across to a higher point in the Brooke. There it was. The tree root. I pulled on it and noticed that my rod was now buzzing loudly. I muffled it in the pocket of my jeans. The hole appeared and I crawled in. It was nothing but darkness so I took out a flashlight and turned it on as I walked down the mud steps that soon turned to dark blue bedrock. The air got thicker and thicker as I started heaving more air than before every time I inhaled. I finally reached the bottom and the stone doors weren't there. In all its beauty, there sat the strange temple from before. I heard people talking, and one was Grant's voice. It sounded like only 2 people having a conversation.

"Ha bi jajahu se mizzuala xerviok?" One said somewhat as I went inside the building.. I could see Grant and with him was a dark-haired, well-built kid wearing sweatpants and a white t-shirt. He clearly worked out before he came.

Grant was speaking some strange language I never heard before. Definitely didn't sound human.

"Fahhu jakku dahj Randall be se mizzuala xervokken." He noticed me and stopped talking.

"There he is right now."

The other dude turned and stared at me with a friendly face. "Hey, I'm Anthony."

"Nice to meet you." I said and stuck my hands in my hoodie pocket.

"Alright. I guess we'll start training. We've gotta go back up to do this though." Grant reached for something on the stone floor and it was clearly a deagle. Me and Anthony followed him up and talked about our experiences in school and Anthony's story. We crawled outside and shut the entrance up. We walked along the Dark Brooke and reached a big log with a bunch of lined up bottles on it. "Alright. You know how this works, Randall. I've seen you do it before."

He gave me the gun. I cocked the gun back and aimed. I fired and glass shattered everywhere.

"Nice shot!" Anthony complimented.

I aimed and shot another bottle, but missed.

"I didn't try that time." I said.

I shot again and hit it this time, and went trigger happy on all of them.

I missed another one but broke the rest. Anthony and Grant seemed pretty impressed.

"Lemme try." Anthony muttered.

I gave him the deagle. He aimed and tried to shoot, but the only noise was the clicking of the trigger. "Darnit. Out of ammo." Anthony said.

"Do any of you have ammo on you?" I asked. I had nothing.

"Nope.." They both said.

Yes. We had to walk *all* the way back to the Brooke. We opened the rabbit hole and minutes later we entered the highly private temple. Grant pushed an ancient-looking button inside the temple and the mechanical noise of something rotating rung my ears. "Watch and

learn this temple inside and out, Randall. You'll own the temple if I die or am captured." A rectangle of bricks was visibly rotating in front of Grant.

"Well let's hope that never happens." I replied as the rotating wall halted. It was a small arsenal of many other weapons which included their ammunition. He grabbed another box of rounds for the Deagle.

A distinct noise came from behind me that sounded... Strange. It sounded like an arcade sound effect but it wasn't. I turned around and saw a silver-looking metal globe I hadn't noticed before.

It lit up and a pseudo-graphical North America continent appeared. The model flickered and projected another image. It was zoomed in on Dark Brooke. Grant walked up to it.

"Xour Mother Planet. Ozzehu exera." Grant said in some language with the accent like he did earlier.

The globe flickered again and brightened. It was showing an image above the entire region of the abandoned part of town. The globe dimmed and lit up only one area like a radar. The lit up area slowly moved for a few seconds, but faded into the same dim lighting as the rest of the map.

"Well, looks like we've found something." Grant said.

"What language were you speaking, Grant?"

"Guardian language, but, traditionally, Xerjok."

"How did you learn it?"

"I didn't. You'll learn it. You have to wait. For now, we must hurry."

Grant paced towards a bookshelf and grabbed a red book that was titled, "*LATIN DICTIONARY*" in all capitals.

"Okay.." He said flipping to a page.

Me and Anthony were standing beside each other near Grant.

"Revertere ad veteris regionis."

Everything turned green around us and a loud thump pounded the ancient temple's foundation. Everything turned to a bright lime-green. I shielded my eyes and felt the warm

and humid temple sensation disappear. I felt a bitter cold for a second and opened my eyes. We were standing in the middle of the bad part of town. 2 darkened figures were frozen under a lamppost. We stood staring at them. Grant pointed at them and did something the men in black would.

"Cassamus." He said and made a fake gun gesture at them and shot the finger gun. They fell to the ground and passed out afterwards. "Well, that was quick." I said.

"Yeah. It doesn't take long. By the way, spellcasting isn't exactly my thing though."

"But you were born with the traits from the Mother Planet, were you not?"

"Yeah. If I ever get the chance to visit the Mother Planet, I would ask her for a trade swap."

"You can do that?" I asked.

"Yep." He answered. "We better get moving though. Ask your questions later."

He started jogging to the old bridge. There were 2 big "ROAD CLOSED" signs blocking the way. The bridge had collapsed years ago.

Water was rushing under it with concrete slabs to hold the water. The community had always wanted a bigger "city-like" part of the town, but when they attempted to make it, it went way over budget. The bridge collapsed, and the materials were too expensive to pave roads and build sidewalks. Atleast the excess water from the Dam gets leaked out into where the old bridge lies. We followed Grant to the steep fall. We were in the edge of the neighborhood, so two people had wooden fences against the edge. The wooden fences were blocking the concrete ramp leading into the water. The ramps were somewhat steep, but decent enough to navigate on if you're careful. Grant peeked over the fence. "Guys.." He whispered. "Look."

We looked over the fence. 2 suspicious people were hiking along the ramp on the other side of the bridge. They were entering the thick jungle-like woods that scraped against the flowing water. That's another problem for the town. The canopy has overgrown into the water.

"How do they expect to get in that overgrowth?" Anthony wondered out loud.

"I dunno. Maybe it's not that thick over there." Grant answered in a guess.

They disappeared into the overgrowth.

"Yep. Alright, let's follow them." Grant commanded.

I was a little scared. Those might've been the same guys wanting to capture us. I also wondered what might happen if we stay out here too late and our parents... Hm.

"Don't worry, Randall. We'll be back in time one way or the other." Grant read my mind.

I didn't talk, a little creeped out about what happened. Grant then gestured for us to stay quiet since we were about to track them. We didn't say a word. Grant was the leader we had to follow. He grabbed onto the wooden fence to the right side of the fallen bridge. He began to slide down to the bridge. I went next, and Anthony was right behind me. I almost yelled something as I slid down the cold concrete ramp and almost hit the water. Grant quickly picked himself up but I couldn't. He looked back and grabbed a stick out of the water. He checked to see if it was sturdy and dried it off. He pulled himself to me and helped me up. I almost lost my balance and slipped, but I followed close to Grant. Anthony was pretty experienced like Grant was, and already was following us. We reached the collapsed bridge. Huge chunks of gravel, hard tar, and concrete were jagged and pointing over the water. Anthony took the lead and leaped to a high concrete chunk. I took the same path behind him. Grant took another path and was next to me. The concrete was wet and slippery, and I almost tripped but quickly responded and held myself up. We finally made it to the other side. Leaves were plentiful on this side as the forest is dominant here. Grant gestured to stay quiet. We followed him but he halted. He whispered a spell. He began to walk again into the forest. He must have used some spell to enhance his tracking because in no time, 2 figures were in sight again. Grant ducked and we did too behind a large branch that covered the entire ramp that was starting to flatten.

The 2 figures looked back suspiciously and I ducked further behind Grant. It was the same 2 guys who came to capture us the day before. They turned back around, finally.

"So can you tell me now why we're coming back here?" One of them said.

The other one didn't reply and they walked right out of my hearing range. Grant whispered something to us. "Listen, we're gonna take those guys out once we find where they are going."

We nodded.

Grant turned away from us and brushed underneath the large branch. We took the same exact path as the 2 pirates did. Grant started to pace while in his crouched position to get closer to the guys. He stopped again as he entered another path of weeds and branches. We came behind him.

The 2 guys reached an opening. The area was clear, except for forests all around the area to keep the place discreet. They entered a dark tunnel. Grant gestured us to follow him very closely. We obeyed and came up to the tunnel. I peeked inside with Grant and noticed several flickering lights at the very end. You could see the shadows of one of the pirates reaching the end. There was a doorway leading into a concrete room. Grant raced inside but stayed quiet. We mimicked him. We started to gain up on the guys who were still in the darkness, more precisely, the middle of the tunnel. Grant peered back at us and gestured us to attack on him.

Grant waited a few more seconds, then ran up and snapped one of their necks. The other guy turned around shocked. I ran up to him but he had an AKM in his hands and was about to fire. I flinched a little, expecting him to shoot. I kicked him in the crotch and did a Jackie Chan kick to the face. He fell and dropped his gun. I picked it up. Grant looked at me. "Well done." He whispered. He went up to the concrete wall and focused his hearing into the wall. He looked at us while he did this.

"Okay. No ones in there." He answered. We marched to the door and I tried to open it. It was locked. Grant got something out of his pocket that jingled. It was a pair of keys that the pirates had. He unlocked the door and opened it. Inside was dark. Grant tried to hit something on the wall. Suddenly, the lights flickered on and revealed a big... Laboratory. Grant looked at the computer.

"Yes!" He said. He looked up to the sky.

"For you, the Mother Planet."

He went to the computer that was off. I turned around at Anthony. "Here." I said. I gave him the gun so he could guard the doorway. I walked up to the computer that was turning on. Windows XP.

The computer was locked with a password. "Dangit.." Grant said.

He started to say something in Latin. "Technicae mutationem!" The computer flickered a blue screen several times and the computer was forced onto the account. "Yes!" Grant cheered. The computer had several files on it.

"Hm.." Grant said.

There were two interesting files:

OBJECT_FILES 2014

ORDERS

Grant took another thing out of his pocket. A Data chip. He shoved it into the Data bay and a command prompt appeared.

"FILES TO TAKE:"

He typed in OBJECT_FILES 2014 and ORDERS.

They were copied onto the Data chip. "Okay. This is all we need, guys. Maybe these two files will shine some light."

He took the data chip. Suddenly an alarm flashed red beside the computer. A loud alarm noise rang twice. Suddenly the concrete wall opened up 2 square spaces. At the same time, 2 turrets popped out of the wall!

"GO!!" Grant said. Anthony aimed at the turrets as they started to shoot automatically at us. The bullets trailed an inch behind both of us. We ran out of the tunnel and Grant slid a little bit into the shallower water. I followed him and we took a small animal trail into the forest. I kept following Grant and we were finally lead back to the Dark Brooke a few minutes later. I stopped running and caught my breath. Anthony did too. Grant turned around. "That was a close one."

Yeah. It was.

Good thing we made it. We talked for a little while and Grant said he will look at the info tonight. To see him again tomorrow. I got home safe that night, we only took an hour getting to that tunnel and back. He also said he'll give us a download link on our emails for the files tonight, so I might check that out on my laptop. Anyways, I went back home and went to bed, waiting for the email.

Chapter 3

(Note from Hunter: I am making an addition to Supernatural Superjustice but it will take a little while. It's basically the files off of the computer from the last chapter. It will be out some time and it will be called OBJECT_FILES 2014)

I woke up the next morning with the laptop closed in my lap. I uncovered myself and looked at the files which proved pretty interesting... I wrote everything down onto a piece of paper and sat it on my nightstand. I got too sleepy and didn't even wait for the e-mail, I simply passed out. I resisted to get up but I ended up doing so anyways. It was Friday. December 19th, 2014. Almost Christmas. Christmas lights were set up all around Dark Brooke, and it was starting to get really cold. Good think we would be out for New Year's Break until January 6th. This meant enough time for us to really get something done as the Guardians.

I ate breakfast and got ready as usual. Almost missed the bus today. The day went as usual, nothing out of place. I talked with Grant to find out what we'd be doing today. He had told me since we triggered an alarm, we might be in danger.

"Well," He began,

"Since we did trigger the alarm, a record gets sent back to the island that the pirates are from. I have something to tell you later about the orders file."

The day went on and it was time for study hall. I sneaked out of the library and towards the Dark Brooke as always. I took out the strange rod that Grant gave me, took a deep breath, and followed it.

I started to hear the noises of rushing water. I swooped past a grand patch of trees and noticed lots of water. It must've rained last night, and I never realized it. The water looked deeper than the actual mud banks, so I put the tip of my foot in, and I about slipped into deep water!

I held onto a branch and picked myself up before I got swooped in. The Dark Brooke has been turned into a rapid. I noticed that the banks have eroded overnight which is making the rapid even deeper.

Ugh.. This is gonna be harder than I thought.

I walked down the stream with the dowsing rod until the humming noise was as loud as it could be, and the rod was completely bright and shiny with a green tint.

I saw the tree root lever that we pull to get inside of the Temple. It was on the other side of the rapid, of course.

I put the dowsing rod in my backpack and punched a tree in anger. This sucks, I wanna learn more about the Guardians.

Then, it came to me. I looked up at the tree, it looked way too stable.

I looked around and.. yeah! A dead tree log was slumped beside an extremely old but still living tree. I moved out of the way and focused...

I never did say anything, but somehow I was thinking out loud in a strange language..

Xubutzu kezu nutzpu xuxzu jexuazu!

Suddenly the log rose and I felt my muscles contracting all over my body, I saw nothing but a highlighted green outline of the dead log. I heard my heart pumping and I could see where I moved the log. I pulled it with my mind and slammed it into the ground, suddenly I felt exhausted. The black and green turned back to the earthly colors again as I fell to the ground and tried to catch my breath.

I looked up, the log was perfectly placed like a bridge across the rapid. I picked myself up off the ground by pulling myself up from the tree beside me.

When I finally crawled into the cave it was extremely dark. Suddenly I heard some pit patter behind me.

I turned around and saw a figure.

"Hm... Randall, isn't it?" The feminine voice said.

I didn't respond.

"Don't be so tense, geesh, it was just a simple question."

She dropped a stick and it rolled towards me, up close it was a torch.

"Well, it's dark in here.." She said.

"Yeah.." I replied.

"Well, what are you gonna do Randall?" She pointed in the dark at the torch like I was an idiot.

"What do you mean??" I asked with a shortened temper.

"The torch. Are you gonna light it?"

What was this girl talking about?

"But I don't have a lighter.." I answered.

She laughed. "You don't need a lighter you nut! You're telekinetic!"

"But *how* do I light it?"

"You've got to think! You possess telekinesis AND pyrokinesis!"

I looked down at the torch and thought:

"I want this to light on fire..."

Suddenly everything in sight went to a bright red and yellow, with the torch being outlined green. I tried to say something.

"What the heck! This is trippy!" I said with a distorted voice.

"Xubu saject nahull tapoom!" She replied.

I was about to lose my sanity but suddenly a hallucination of fire coming out of my hand came.

I touched the torch with my burning finger.

Then everything lit up, and I teleported back up from the kneeling position. I was awake again, I guess?

The torch was lit on the ground, brightening the area.

I could see the girl now. She was pale and redheaded.

"So.. Who are you??" I asked her.

"Call me Jade." She replied.

"Well, hi Jade.."

She laughed like what I said was cute. Not like "OMG that boy's cute!" but like she was calling a baby or a puppy or something cute.

I didn't know if she was a Guardian or not.

"What's your dynasty?" I asked her suspiciously.

"I'm a pursuer, silly goose."

I gave her a fake smile and started to walk down a little uncomfortably. She was following.

Even if she wasn't a Guardian, she already knows where our hideout is.

I just hoped that Grant would be down here to let me in, because I still don't have the orb. Finally I reached the bottom where the stone doors were.

Jade brushed by me and was doing something I had not seen before.

A piece of jagged stone was hanging out and apparently it was jointed, because she knocked it against the stone doors and it made a loud noise like an old-fashioned doorknob.

Suddenly the doors crumbled open, and inside the green light revealed Grant & Anthony again.

"Great!" Grant said as he hugged Jade.

"I'm glad y'all made it." Anthony added.

Grant looked towards me. "Did you see the files?"

"Yeah." I answered.

"As long as those guys don't know that the 2 pirates are dead, we'll keep getting update logs and stuff from them. We'll have to keep reading." Grant informed.

"So what are we doing?" I asked.

"Well, right now I guess this is the world's shortest family reunion. We're all family in a way."

After we all got done talking a little bit, we went into the temple.

"Randall, follow me. You guys stay here." Grant commanded.

I followed Grant and he walked up to one of the temple walls following the cross path that went through the entire room.

There was a yellow-brick wall like the rest of the room, except this one had four buttons.

He pressed the buttons in a pattern and suddenly the wall went flying up into a small ceiling slot above it.

Grant grabbed a strange looking tool beside the wall and descended. In the dark, it produced a green light that brightened the darkness. It was an alien-looking lantern, being made completely out of a strange looking brown & grey stone that had been carved in the shape of a lantern.

"Where do you get these things?" I asked Grant as we slowly strolled down brick steps.

"The Mother Planet provides them. Everything we have here on Earth is sent by the Mother Planet."

"How??" I asked, still utterly confused.

Grant didn't answer yet. We reached the bottom of the steps and we were in a dark room.

Grant turned around and pulled a string. Suddenly, lights all around. Light Purple & Green lights.

There was a bed made out of the brick material in the center of the room. Several tables made out of the same material as the lantern were placed in the corner of the room.

Grant carefully placed the lantern on the ground and motioned me to keep on going.

I stopped whenever I reached the bed.

I looked back around.

"Alright, Randall, lay down on the bed."

I looked towards the bed again, no questions asked, and tried to lay down. It was nothing but brick, so it was cold and hard for a bed. I hadn't noticed the extra details: There were two brick extensions on each side of the bed. Grant had disappeared, too.

I laid there for about a minute in the light.

Suddenly, the lights went off, and then flashed back on. There were only two green lights however, and they both were in front and behind my body.

I saw three figures gather around me, and they were all in robes. I was about to freak out, but I knew it could only be Anthony, Jade, and Grant.

The robes were made of a strange fiber that looked more like grayish-green grass.

I heard someone clear their throat.

Grant's voice began.

"You're going to be fine, Randall."

Then there was a pause for a minute as I just sat there.

Finally, Grant's voice began again.

"Zran Xerjakk, Zran Xerjakk, mizza brojer."

"Zran Xerjakk, Zran Xerjakk, mizzoric brojer zunno xou."

One figure placed a bowl on one brick extension, while another did the same. One that resembled Grant's build came around. He had some kind of smudge stick it looked like, but it was the same fiber of their robe. It was lit with a green color.

Inside of both bowls were yellow spheres with the strange greyish-green fiber tied to them like tails.

The figure picked up a tail from both bowls and motioned for me to open my arms, so I did.

He placed a tailed ball in both of my hands while they still connected to the rest in each bowl.

He raised the smudge stick and lit the spheres in one bowl, then did the same to the other. I began to feel dizzy and disoriented.

He then held the smudge stick like a cigar and took a puff. He nodded like it was excellent.

He took it out of his mouth and raised my arm. He put my arm over my mouth and placed the smudge stick in it.

I inhaled the essence and in an instance, I felt like I wasn't there.

The entire room looked so blurry, like it was pure water. The water vision rippled, and I could barely feel my hand being placed into the sphere again.

I felt like I was rising, like I was completely out of body..

Then, there was nothing..

Unpublished, Unfinished 4th Chapter

I am Xjergiko. Son of the Mother Planet.

It happened 63 years ago.

We live on the Mother Planet as one race. As a tribe. I was a young fellow when it happened, being the son of the Chief. My father ordered me to practice farming. Every seed we plant, we are bringing life to the Mother. It protects us from hunger and keeps us cheerful, while benefiting our Mother.

Then, it happened. Days before we had gained word that strange, pale, but similar creatures who can fly had visited the Mother... But then, more words came forth... These creatures were threatening the northern tribes of Hedgox, who were the best traders of any tribe in the land. After they shut their gates, the creatures were angered and started besieging the Hedgox tribes. It was said that the creatures possessed magic, allowing them to fly and spit fire from their hands. They even had these creatures made of some stone that they carried around which shot explosive fireballs over the Hedgox walls.

That's the end.

While I never got around to finish the story (the unfinished chapter last being edited in March 2015), this was also around the darkest period of my life. The abrupt end to what was a passionate story here was due to my own experiences in the world at the time, as I was now homeschooled and entered the beginning of what I call the “Dark Teen-Age” for me.