

**The Adventures of
Roberto Alex Xander
Tigerblood the 57th**

By Dash, Sloan, Colette, and Arel



The first thing I can remember is my sergeant assigning me to my bed and giving me my uniform. I was three. I remember learning to walk together in a straight line with my classmates. One step out of perfect order and we'd get a slap on the wrist from the sergeant. I didn't have many friends. The only people I had to turn to were my sergeant and nurse Gaby. Nurse Gaby always fixed up my cuts I got during training and gave me lollipops. She was always very kind to me. Once I tripped and fell on a tree root while we were running in the field and I twisted my ankle and cut up my leg. Nurse Gaby got me right and she gave me her special lollipops. By the time I was 4 I was learning the pledge of allegiance and how to run and climb. But about three months into year four everything changed. We had to go through 4th year boot camp. We had to go through an obstacle course where we crawled through the mud underneath barbed wire. We had to climb over dozens of tall wooden hurdles. It felt like an impossible task, but failure is never an option. Things started really picking up when I was six. I remember firing a rifle for the first time and learning first aid. Firing a rifle was exhilarating to say the least. I had paid very close attention to the sergeant's instructions so I felt confident in what I was doing. I hit three out of five critical shots on the target. The best results in the class. As I would later come to find out, I was in a special military program. At that point I had completed around three quarters of my basic training. I only had about a year left until I could start special training. I spent the rest of year six perfecting my shot and getting stronger. I got a lot taller that year too. I went from three foot five my fifth year, to four foot two my sixth. I was also starting to stand out in my class in height and maturity. But what really made me stand out was my shot. I had the best shot besides the sergeant. Over the final few months of basic training I was entered into the conversation for best in class for our basic training class. As soon as I heard that news that was all I thought about. I was working day and night to get that title. A few months later was the day before the training phase reassignment ceremony. I was so sure of the fact that I was going to get the title. I was feeling great the whole day. Around 1200 my sergeant came to tell me I didn't get it. Another kid in my class, D.D. He got the title instead of me. Over year seven I began to resent him, he was my only real competition in my class. Year 7, 8, 9, and 10 were filled with training.

Once I was about twelve I got my first simulation mission. I was in a squad tasked with capturing an enemy flag. There were two teams of us, red and blue. We were using electronic weapons that didn't have bullets. through the whole mission I excelled among my team. I had the best shot from long range out of anyone else in my class. Through the rest of my childhood up until I was 13 I was continuing to train with my class. my whole life was trying to accomplish the goal of being a perfect soldier. I didn't have many friends but my resentment towards my classmate D.D. slowly grew into a friendship. D.D. Was my best friend starting year 13. He and I would go to the range and practice our shots all the time. Our instructor even started letting us pair up on missions because he noticed how good of friends we were becoming.

Once I became a full-fledged teenager my sergeant started assigning me and my classmates to real field missions. the first of which Was a team sent out to defuse a riding situation in downtown Atlanta. we got there in military trucks it was our first time ever being fully geared up. We tamed the crowd by calming everyone down and stopping the violence that was happening in the center. After the mission was done I was exuberant. D.D. and I had never been that excited to go to anything before. it was our first time leaving the base in our whole lives. I'll never forget The look on our Sergeant's face watching us leave camp for the first time. he fully raised us from when we were babies to now. even though he gives us a hard time a lot of the times he was definitely all of our father figures. Through the rest of my early teens I was assigned various more missions to go on and that included leaving the base. I started Get a feel for what the real world is like.

As I approached the end of my teenage years I stopped being treated like a child on the base and was treated with respect and admiration. I was still the top of my class beside D.D. Now the kids in basic training looked up to us like their idols. getting older also came with getting more serious assignments. We were tasked with things like assassination and infiltration. We had several times where we had to infiltrate an area to diffuse a situation before it went from bad to worse. We still had to have rigorous regular training. every day still at the range.

As soon as I became 18 I was assigned somewhere else. I had to leave the base. where I spent my whole life and grew up. I was assigned to Help out with a conflict going on in the middle east and europe. So I was leaving home and my country. It was really difficult for me to accept leaving. But a few months later I was back in America. D.D and I were on our old base for months just waiting for an assignment. We stuck to training the little ones. The basic training kids. We became the sergeants.

5 years later

Using the back of my hand, I reach up and wipe the sweat from my forehead, which continues to run down into my eyes and sting them, impairing my vision. The mud squelches under my black combat boots, the thick humid air causing my white t-shirt to cling to my chest and become transparent.

I stare up at the trees above, the leaves and branches entwined together to create a breathtaking canopy of rich greens and warm browns, casting moving shadows across the forest floor. I realize I lost the rest of my training group and start to run, hoping to catch up to them soon. I race down the path, flying over rocks and roots, my heart pounding and my chest heaving. Out of the corner of my eye, I see something that doesn't quite fit into its green and brown surroundings. Startled, my concentration falters and my foot catches on a gnarled root. I crash into the ground, the side of my face slamming against a sharp rock jutting out of the earth.

I push myself up into a sitting position, assessing my body to see what damage was done. Just as I'm sliding off my boot to determine if my sore ankle is broken or just twisted, a drop of red liquid lands on my leg. I reach up with my hand and touch my face and that's when I feel it. Blood. A jagged cut runs from my left temple along my cheekbone to the middle of my face, stopping right before it hits my nose and under the center of my left eye. Tearing off a strip of fabric from the bottom of my sweat-soaked shirt, I start to regain my footing, pressing the makeshift bandage to my gash as I stand up, leaning on a nearby oak for support. I test the weight on my ankle, but quickly recoil as it starts to throb, the pain causing me to inhale sharply and my vision to blur for a second. Looking around, I see a stick nearby, just out of arm's reach, that I could utilize as a crutch.

With my hand still on the tree for support, I hop on one foot across the forest floor to the stick, putting it under my arm and gently settling my foot back on the ground. The rough bark scratches and scrapes my side as I hobble farther down the path, but I don't even notice, the thoughts of the new mystery object in the woods haunting my thoughts, preoccupying every inch of my mind.

A chilling sensation runs along the back of my neck as I muse over what I could've seen in the woods. I only got a brief glimpse of it, so I'm not exactly sure what it was, but out of the corner of my eye I could make out that it was huge and the color of the moon. It definitely wasn't something that belonged in these woods. After what seems like hours of walking, I finally catch up to my training group, my body aching and my ankle sore.

"What happened to you?" DD says when he sees me. I stare down at my disheveled state, my sweat soaked shirt torn, exposing my bare chest. My cloth bandage is bloody and ragged, and my provisional crutch starting to splinter at the ends.

"I was running and tripped over a root," I reply, looking down at my feet in order to hide my flushed face. I can feel my skin start to heat up in embarrassment and guilt. I'm not going to tell DD about the mystery object in the woods, I don't want to worry him. Nevertheless, I have a sinking feeling that the thing in the woods isn't something to be ignored. I need to go back for a more thorough look. I want to go now. I want to bolt away from my training group, from my training coach, from everyone, back into the woods, back to the moon-like mystery object. My legs come alive with energy, my heart starts throbbing. I start to turn, start to step in the direction of all the answers to the questions racing through my mind. I feel as if I'm moving through mud, my movements slow and my head foggy. In the distance I hear someone call my name.

"Roberto?" they say again, this time sounding closer. A hand rests on my shoulder, giving me a gentle shake, and I feel hot breath on the back of my neck, snapping me back to reality.

"Roberto, are you okay?" I turn my head to the speaker, only to see it just DD.

"Yeah, yeah I'm fine." I reply with a small smile, placing my hand on his and letting out a contented sigh. I'm so grateful to have him as my best friend, he's always looking out for me and putting my best interests first.

Smiling, we both turn to face the path, my hand on his arm for support, his opposite hand holding my discarded combat boot.

...

The stone is smooth and cold against my bare hand, the sunlight shining through the trees and casting a bright glow onto the wall in front of me. So this is what I saw in the woods last week. A huge wall, towering over my head by about fifteen feet, almost impossible to climb without a rope or ladder. Looking around, I see a vine laying near by. Picking it up, I tie the end around a heavy rock and throw it over the wall, holding on to the end so I don't lose it completely. Putting my feet against the wall, I pull myself up using the vine as a rope. Once I get to the top, I switch positions and slide down the vine. My feet hit the ground with a soft *thump* right next to where I threw the rock. Cutting the vine loose from the rock, I coil it back up and put it in my backpack for future use. Pulling my black hood up over my head, I look around and assess my surroundings. All around me are tall buildings that look they scrape the sky and bussetling streets filled with vehicles and people. I've never seen anything like it. Walking further down the street, I see different shops and restaurants, people and animals. The lights, the sounds, the colors, it's all so amazing but terrifying at the same time. *Where am I? What is this strange world beyond the training camp?* I have even more questions then I did when I first discovered the wall. There's a truck parked by the side of the street selling tacos out of the side window. I cross the street and walk over to the man in the truck. He gives me a strange look as I walk up to him, my black hood pulled low over my eyes and my black cargo pants and black combat boots standing out on this hot summer day.

Standing on the tips of my toes, I lean into the truck window so the taco man could hear me better.

"What is this place?" I say in a low whisper, looking around to make sure no one heard me.

"Do you mean Los Angeles?" He response, a slightly amused tone laced through his voice.

"Los Angeles." I repeat, musing over the words. Slowly, I lower myself back onto my feet and start to walk away, my head still hung low in order to prevent others from seeing my face. Los Angeles seems safe enough, but what if there are other people from back over the wall, lurking around. If my identity is discovered and reported I could be in great danger. I can't help but wonder why this beautiful city is being kept hidden from the rest of us in the training camp. Why is it such a secret. Is there something the government doesn't want us to know? I start to run back down the street, away from the man and his taco truck, away from Los Angeles, away from this new world. My hands pull my hood low over my face as my boots pound against the pavement. Reaching the wall again, I pull the vine out of my backpack and throw it back over the wall, climbing up and over, returning to the secluded world I know so well.

...

“DD! DD, you have to listen to me. You’ll never believe what I found last night.” I say, running down the hallway of the training facility and grabbing DD’s shoulder once I catch up to him.

“Roberto, calm down! Are you okay?” He replies, looking at me with a concerned look on his face.

“Yeah, I’m great. I’ve actually never been better!”

“Okay, what did you find?”

“This huge city filled with buildings that slice the clouds and men who sell tacos out of the side of a truck!” DD lets out a soft chuckle at these words and shakes his head with disbelief.

“Roberto, where did you even find that? Cities are huge, everyone would’ve known about it by now. It just doesn’t exist.”

“But it does! I promise! It’s just over the huge wall in the woods. I visited it last night.”

“You went over the wall? That’s prohibited!” DD responds, his eyes filled with disappointment.

“Wait, you know about the wall?”

“Yes, they told us about it during our training session last week. That must’ve been when you got lost.”

“Oh. Anyways, DD listen, I promise I’m telling you the truth. There really is a whole new world out there and it’s all just over that wall. It’s beautiful! Next time you should come with me and I can show you!”

“Next time? There will be no next time. Roberto, if we get caught over there we could get in huge trouble. That’s not something we should risk.”

“I promise to be careful! We can go in the night, nobody will be awake. Please, just go one time for me?”

“Fine, just this one time. But if we get caught, I’m going to be so mad.”

Beaming, I pull DD in for a hug. I can’t wait to explore this new world with my best friend, and to unlock all of its secrets with him too, whatever they may be.

Annotation #1 - One technique I chose to use was the first person point of view. I chose to use this because when a story is in first person, the reader is able to see the main character’s thoughts and feelings toward different events and subject that are brought up. This allows the reader to feel more connected to the character and have a deeper understanding of what they are going through.

Annotation #2 - Another technique I chose was to use longer, descriptive sentences with lots of commas. I used these because they allowed me to describe things a lot more than shorter sentences did, and by being very descriptive the reader can imagine that they are actually in the story. Occasionally I would use really short sentences in order to convey how important or sudden something was.

Annotation #3 - The wall in my story is a symbol of how what has been keeping him from the truth for so long and when he sneaks in and out of the training camp to visit LA, that is another symbol of him going back and forth between his two worlds because he is stuck between doing what is right and going against his upbringing or continuing to do what he was raised to do and ignoring what is right.

5 Years Later

“Roberto Alex Xander Tigerblood and Dainty Damien were not seen this morning,” a commander said.

Everyone looked around, staring at each other not quite knowing what to do or say.

“Why do we not know of their whereabouts?” the commander spoke again.

The room stayed quiet. About 20 people here and no one speaks.

“Where are they dammit?! Why are we not able to track them anymore?!” The commander yelled, but again no one spoke.

I’m pretty sure the last time I saw them was during training, but I’m really not sure. I don’t think I should say anything, what if he gets mad and fires me? I would probably be killed. That’s the scary thing about being in this business. If you slip up, your life is over. You’re executed and replaced faster than you could even imagine.

Of course we do try to keep this under wraps. If any of the soldiers found out about the truth, they’d know what really happens here. We can’t risk that.

Suddenly I hear a voice from the back of the room. A woman probably in her mid 30s stood up. Everyone turned their heads.

“Um- I believe the last time they were here was during their training. We do have cameras in there to monitor everything... I could check them if you’d like?”

The woman stuttered as if she was afraid of the commander.

“Yes, go do that now. I want everyone else to check the chips. I want status reports of their locations, and progress. If this takes a turn for the worse, I’ll need the strongest soldiers we’ve got.”

Everyone scatters, In all my years here I’ve never seen so much chaos. People running to their desks, their faces slowly illuminating with the glow of the computer screens. The woman

that spoke up earlier immediately ran to a filing cabinet and grabbed 2 envelopes, one red and one black, 2 manila files with pictures hanging over the edge, being held on with paper clips, and a small blue box that I've seen before.

The box contains fingerprint stamps and chip copies of everyone that's gone in and out of the organization. When a new soldier comes in, they have to be examined to make sure they can actually handle the job. During that examination, they will have their fingerprints taken. Then, they must have a chip put into them. A small incision is made in the soldier's neck, then, a doctor will insert a special chip made just for that person. It has records, a progress tracker, and a location tracker that lines up with that specific soldier's identification and DNA.

The thing about these chips is that they are surgically implanted into you. It's almost impossible to have them taken out, unless you are battling someone that knows about the chips. That's why it's so important to find R.A.X.T.57 and D.D. If they somehow make it out into the real world, we'll be sent to retrieve them, and they'll know that taking out these chips can make a soldier drop dead.

I try to follow her, but I'm struggling as I shove through people yelling into headsets and others trying to grab papers. I manage to make it through the doors and into a slightly less busy hallway. Again, pushing past people I jog up next to her.

"Hi, uh do you need any help?"

"What? Oh, yes please-" she seems stressed and out of it, and if I were her, I know I would be too. If she isn't able to locate them, it's going to be hell.

"I'm Christian." I say, grabbing the door for her.

"Katie, thank you."

I follow Katie into the security room. She swipes her I.D. card, then her security badge, and puts in a 4 digit code into a password protected lock.

"Security's well protected." she says.

"I can tell."

I shut the door and she rushes to a desk. She places the folders, envelopes, and the box on a long counter that wraps around 3 walls. I walk in, looking around. I've never been in this room before. It's interesting. There are no windows, the only light is provided from the giant wall of

TVs in front of me. I count them. 15. To my left there's a smaller office which I can assume belongs to the head of security here. Just as I look over at it, Katie's walking inside. She stops in front of a large wooden desk and disappears from my vision. I slowly approach one of the windows to the office, and see her on the floor. She's typing a passcode under the desk, and it opens a smaller compartment with a small silver key in it. She grabs it and leaves the office, closing the door behind her.

"You aren't part of security are you?" she asks me.

"Nope. Mainly tracking of current soldiers, but sometimes I get to work with head commanders and retiring soldiers to find the new wave."

"I could tell. You got oddly excited about the TVs." she laughs.

"Yeah, I just wanted to see what it was like in here for myself."

"Alright, well we don't have time to chat, we've got work to do."

Katie walks over to the counter where she set down the items. She pulls over a large black leather office chair for me before she sits in hers which is identical. She hands me the red envelope.

"I need you to read this and tell me what it says, I've got to get this information into our system."

"It just says Roberto Alex Xander 57th and has a few stickers on the paper."

"Those aren't stickers, they're progress stamps. What color are they?"

"Um, he has a green one, a black one, a red one, and a yellow one."

"God. Okay, can you read the black envelope too? I know who it belongs to, I just need the progress."

"So this is Dainty Damien's and he has the same ones."

"Okay. This will be harder than I thought."

"I don't get it, what's the matter?"

Katie rests her head in her palms before looking up at me and speaking again.

“D.D. and R.A.X.T.57 have been through all 4 of their training courses. They progressively get harder, and if they have all four of their progress stamps, it means they know everything we’ve got to teach them. It means they’re the best of the best. Hand me that box and the folders.”

I hand her what she requested. She picks up a hand scanner and turns the folders to the back. There’s a barcode on each of them. A red light flashes twice and their files pop up on two different screens. There are pictures of D.D. and Roberto. Under their pictures it has a note in small writing. It says “Highly Experienced” on each profile.

Katie reaches over me and grabs the box. She opens it and takes out what looks like a roll-a-dex. I watch her scroll through them all before she stops at the divider titled, “Highly Experienced”. She takes out two tiny plastic bags.

“Put the lid on this, press that button in front of you, and tell me when a map comes up, okay?”

“Which button?”

“That green one.” she says while pointing at it.

I do as she says while she opens one of the bags. It has “D.D.” written on it. She inserts it into a machine in the wall about 4 inches under one of the TVs.

“Okay there’s a map. Is that red dot D.D.?” I ask.

“Yep, and according to this, he made it out into... the real world...?” her voice trails off.

She uses the mouse to click on the red dot (D.D.) and a drop down selection pops up. She clicks on a history one which says the last time he was in the facility. A notice on the screen shows up. *Would you like to see the last known security footage of this soldier?*

Katie selects yes and a new window pops up. It’s in the training facility. I was right. We watch about a minute and a half of nothing before a person comes into frame. The person touches the wall that was designed to keep the soldiers in, and normal people out.

“Is that D.D.?” I ask.

“I don’t know, I can’t make it out, but according to his tracker it is.”

As we're talking, something else enters the frame. No. Not something. Someone.

"Who's that?" I ask.

"I can't tell, but I think they're... arguing?"

Another notice comes up on the screen. *We have added tracker data. Would you like to know the two soldiers in this footage?"*

Katie and I look at each other for 2 seconds before looking back at the screen. Katie moves the mouse and clicks yes.

Loading... Please hold. Loading... Please hold. Loading... Please hold.

My leg is bouncing from the anxiety. The screen flashes again. A new window is opening.

"Why is it taking so long?" Katie mutters.

The screen loads.

"It's Roberto." We say at the same time.

Another red dot pops up on the screen with the map. It has a different number than D.D.'s. Katie grabs the file and reads the chip I.D.

"It matches. That's Roberto. He and D.D. are together. In the real world." She says.

5 Years Later Therapy

I wake up and notice that D.D is getting dressed to go out.

"where you going?"

I want to go out" D.D said

"Fine, let me get dressed." I said.

I take off my pj's, and get dressed in a cool white tee with some navy pants and some fresh AF1's .

I look out the balcony and I see D.D is already on the street, I take the elevator down, and meet up with D.D. Were walking down the city of LA looking around, you see all kinds of people

Crackheads, tiktokers, you can run into some interesting people, but mostly they're all kinda crazy.

My hand around D.D's shoulder, and his hand around my waist, we walk down the street.

Looking back at the Penthouse, it looks crazy that we could be in such a place, it's a tall white building, and what's cooler is that there's a pool at the top.

"Where do you want to go?" I said

"Let's go get some tacos." D.D replied

"Where though?"

"Let's go downtown I heard there's a good taco truck down there" D.D said

I nod my head with approval, we walk down to the subway station, we jump the turnstiles.

"HEY," a voice behind us yelled.

"RUN" D.D and I said while looking at each other and started laughing, and running.

"YOUR GONNA HAVE TO PAY"

We ran down to the train level. Lucky for us, the train was already here, and had already opened its doors. We jumped at the exact moment that the doors were about to close.

The train starts and, through the window of the train, we can see the security guard coming down the stairs. D.D and I start dying of laughter.

"Yoooo, that was so close" I said

"I know let's do it again" D.D replied

"Definitely"

We wait on the train until we reach downtown LA.

We walk out of the train station, and get back to the streets, where more tik tokers with their cameras are found. Downtown looks more beautiful with all their decorative street signs, the lights that are hanging from one building to another, and the sun is about to set which makes the look of downtown more beautiful.

"check it out, it's right across the street" D.D said surprised

"Let's go!" I said

We head to the truck

'¿Qué van a querer compadres?' The guy in the truck said to us.

We look at the menu at the side of the truck... we have no idea of what's in the menu.

"What do you recommend?" D.D asked

"first time?"

We nod yes

"Ok if you guys want something basic, get tacos. But if you guys want something exquisite, than I would get the quesa birrias"

"Ok, Can we get dos ordenes de quesa birrias" D.D said

"¡Claro que sí!"

We sit on the bench waiting for our quesa birrias. A good 12 minutes passed.

"Compadre, vengan paca, ya están listos!"

"Ok" me and D.D reply at the same time, and laugh at each other.

“Enjoy,”

“What’s your name?” I asked

“Gerardo”

“Thanks Gerardo”

“ No problem,” Gerardo said.

We grab our quesada birrias, and head to a park in front of the truck.

(...A phone rings....)

“ this is Gerardo.... I found both of your little experiments here at a park in LA...send the wave now.” Gerardo said with seriousness.

This park looks beautiful at night, when you walk in, it looks like an endless path of trees followed by more trees. It’s almost like a base to a castle. The small brick wall being the fence, and a playground. In the distance I see a pretty large and plain field of pure grass, above this plain terrain there's a hill, probably as tall as a two story building. And it has a little tree at the top of it.

“Let's eat up there.” I said

“ woah... that's a pretty big hill.” D,D replied

“ I know, but I bet the view is crazy from up there.”

“Ok”

“ How bout this”

“What?”

“I'll race you up there”

“bet” D.D said with a chuckle

“ Ready”

D.D nods yes

“ 3...2...”

D.D takes off running

“ Hey, come back, you cheater,” I said, chasing after him.

We run up the hill, eventually we get up.

“ aghh, agh, beat you” D.D said while laying down on the grass

“ Yea cause you cheated.” I replied, while also laying down.

“Still beat you, though.”

We lay with our bodies pointing in different directions, and our heads side to side. We look at each other, and I'll I can think about is what I would do without him. All this time we spent together, doing missions, living together since birth, going through the same training to become super soldiers. And the feelings I have felt for D.D. Have been with me for all of that time.

“So, you tryna eat?” D.D said

‘ Yea” I replied

We sit up and start eating our tacos, and in the distance, I can see a beautiful sunset.

“D.D check it out.” I said

D,D turns around and now both of us find ourselves shoulder to shoulder. Looking at this sunset. From this hill is almost like looking at it, from a skyscraper, I see in the distance, you can see a main road that leaves a direct view of the sunset. With dozens of buildings tall and small, at the sides of this beautiful sunset. It almost looks like the sky has three sections, the top one being blue, the one in middle being light pink, and the bottom one being a mix between bright orange and yellow. That yellow being the sun.

I look over and I can't stop looking at D.D, I mean he's perfect, I love the way that he smiles, I love the way that he looks at me, I love the way that we both been there for each other since the first day, and the way his brownish eyes look, his body is nicely built with a few muscles here and there, but mine are bigger, these small details are the things that attract me to him.

And looking at him and his qualities, and all this time that we spent together, I feel like I should ask him the question.

I reach for a small box in my back pocket of my navy pants, it holds a beautiful ring that I bought for D.D. My hands are sweaty and I feel my breath shortening.

I get in front of D.D on one knee.

"Hey" I said with a smile

"Hey, what are you doing?" D.D asked smiling

"D.D... I've been meaning to tell you this..."

"Ok what is it?" D.D said with his face resting on his hand, and with a smile.

"I love you, and I want to be with you the rest of my life"

I pull the ring out of the small box.

"Roberto Alex Xander Tiger blood the 57th. You want me to marry you?" D.D said with a light chuckle

"Uhh... yeah, I mean that's what I'm doing" I said sarcastically

"YES... I will marry you Robeto Alex Xander Tiger blood the 57th." D.D said excitedly

D.D comes running to me and hugs me and we both start rolling down the hill. Were both laughing and hugging each other.

We get back to the bottom, and I find myself underneath D.D. He goes in for a kiss, but before I could grasp the taste of his lips.

A voice in the distance starts to talk.

"Well look at you, pair of love birds, what a waste of soldiers you are." Our old boss said with disgust, through a screen that is projected by a new wave of supersoldiers. They look like toddlers.

"Sorry to break to you guys, but you're dead... New waves get rid of these finished soldiers."

The toddlers come rushing towards us, but they later shape shift to older people as if they went from 5 to 25 in a matter of seconds. They start coming at us.

"Ready?"

"Ready" D,D answered

We rush back

"How many are there?" I asked

“ 12” D.D replied

“Alright you get 6 and I get 6”

D,D nods yea

“ I love you” D,D said

“ I love—” I get tackled by one of the soldiers

“ Roberto!” D.D screamed.

I take the one that tackled me, I duck a left hook, left hand across his face, he goes down, I take the chip out of his neck.

“Thats 1”

Two come at me with long bladed trench knives, I grab two that I have instored inside of my pants. I pull them out. And it begins. We go back and forth, blocking and attacking, one of them gets lucky and hits one of the knives out of my hand.

one throws their knife at me, I duck like in the matrix but instead of letting it fly by.

I caught it midair.

I used the momentum of the knife to do a backflip. Both of them start running towards me, one coming from my left and the other coming from my right, they jump, with their knives above their heads ready to drop it on top of me.

But before they do, I throw both of my knives with my hands doing an X shape after I throw them. They both drop like flies.

“That's 2!”

Three more came rushing towards this time we're going toe to toe.

The first one that comes at me hits me right in the chest.

“ AGHHH!” I yelled in pain

The other two joined and eventually I was getting stomped on. One grabs me and raises me up, my vision looks blurry for a bit and all I can see is fist coming right at my face.

“This is it” I thought to myself.

“GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!” D.D yelled

D.D gets three of the guys off of me. And helps me get back up.

“ Thanks... I owe you one”

“ Don't worry about it” D.D said while getting face to face with me.

“ How many did you count?”

“ 8... How bout you?”

“ 3... Wait that means there's one lef—.” I said worried, but it was too late.

The bullet landed exactly at the back of D.D's head and he dropped on top of me, the fear sunk into me, his head resting on my left shoulder, I dropped to my knees, to prevent D.D from falling down to the ground, I dragged him behind a rock and the sniper kept shooting.

“D.D, D.D, D.D... STAY WITH ME, STAY WITH ME, STAY WITH ME, STAY WITH ME, PLEASE DON'T GO, PLEASE!” I said sobbing.

It was useless no matter what I said or tried to do. He was... He was gone.

Then all of a sudden a boiling anger takes over me. I grab D.D's gun, and I rush towards the sniper, he kept shooting, but with all this anger inside of me I didn't care what that sniper did.
ALL I WANT TO DO IS KILL HIM.

I get to him, he runs in fear.

I jump on top of him and look deep into his eyes. And finish him off with D.D's gun.

"Are there any other events that have happened in your life?" Drew asked

I take a deep breath " No...No.... That's pretty much it." I replied

" Ok...Well I think—and that's our time... see you in the next session" Drew said while getting interrupted by the bell.

"Yea...I'll be back." I said while walking out of the room.

Annotations #1: One technique that I chose to use in my quadrant was Point of view (POV) but in this case I specifically used 1st person POV, in this part of the story, like all the other parts of the story, is in first person. The reason being is because I felt that it would be easier to explain/capture the setting and emotions that were happening through the eyes of our main character (RAXT 57th).

Annotations #2: Another technique that I chose was my sentence length, I mostly favored shorter sentence length, and more use of commas. The reason for short sentences is because I reader other sci-fi novels and realized that they write in longer sentences and for me it makes it hard to grasp the full context of the story so that's why I decided to go with shorter sentences.

Annotations #3: Another technique that I chose to use is the excessive use of dialogue because I know that dialogue is easier to read, and adding too much context to your story almost kills the whole purpose of the characters. Context is good, but I wanted to add more depth into our characters in my section of my story. I wanted more interactions, and when the story ended, I wanted it to sink in with the reader.