

Generation 2

Lontreal Wiseman-Farmer

Rachel flinched as the small, rubber, rainbow-colored ball flew past her face and back into the hand of the boy behind her. “Do you mind?” Rachel turned around from the desk she was sitting at to glare at him.

Aden smiled and jumped down from the bed he was sitting on without disturbing a single sheet. “Hey, you are in my dorm room. You can’t be upset with the way I entertain myself in my own room.”

Rachel watched as he slowly paced the room. Aden was wearing his usual dark jeans and long sleeved shirt. The shirt was red with dark blue lines making the familiar plaid pattern. His boots were black leather and looked as clean as the room they were in. Rachel stood up, raised her arms above her head, and arched her back like a cat. Her black blouse raised with her stretching, showing her bellybutton and milky-white stomach. Her red hair ran down past her shoulders.

“I am only here because you need me to check your computer for you. I would rather be in my own room.” Rachel sat back down in the white desk chair she had been occupying for the last hour and a half. “It’s clean by the way. The Division has not hacked your computer. You shouldn’t be so careless when porting into their base. Now can you tell me what happened? Why did you leave your computer in a Division base?”

Aden looked at his phone and turned away from Rachel. “I want to wait until the newbie is here.” As Aden said this there was a soft knock at his door. Aden walked over and opened the door to a short blond girl in sweats and a tank top. “Hello, Elizabeth.” Elizabeth smiled and brushed past Aden.

Turning to Rachel, Elizabeth smiled and said, “Hi, my name is Elizabeth. Nice to meet you!” She held her hand out and Rachel shook it and smiled.

“My name is Rachel. How do you know each other?”

“He found me using my power to get my professor to give me a few days off.”

“So you’re a Pusher.”

“I have no idea what that is,” Elizabeth said.

Aden had been watching this conversation from the door and decided that now was the time to intervene. “How about everyone have a seat, and we can explain the terms to Elizabeth. I will explain the Division stuff as soon as she is caught up.” Elizabeth hopped onto Aden’s bed, and Rachel sat back in the white desk chair. Aden pulled the wooden chair that is provided by the school from the corner it was occupying. “Okay first things first, let me explain what you are.”

Aden leaned back in the chair and said, “A Pusher is telepathic. They have the ability to push memories and thoughts into another person’s mind. You and Rachel are both Pushers. You both also have another ability. Rachel is also a Phaser, meaning she can move through solid objects. It’s super annoying to deal with. You are also a Feeler. Feelers are like Pushers except they only deal in emotions. You are able to manipulate both thoughts and emotions.” Aden stopped talking and looked at Rachel.

“This is a lot of exposition don’t you think?” Rachel smiled and looked back at Elizabeth. “Anyway, Aden is a Mover. Basically, he is telekinetic. He is also a Porter, meaning he can teleport long distance and short.”

“I can also teleport other objects without touching them—watch.” Aden flicked his wrist and sent the rubber ball he was holding flying through the air straight for the wall next to his bed. Just before making contact with the wall, the ball vanished and reappeared on the other side of the room. Aden held his hand up and the ball flew back into his hand. “There are other terms and abilities, but they can be explained later. Right now I need to explain why I was running around a



Division base.”

“What is the Division?” Elizabeth asked.

Rachel sighed. “The Division is a government agency that keeps track of people like us. They also try to recruit others and police us. That would be fine if they weren’t morally bankrupt. They kill any of us who show a strong ability but won’t work for them. We have been doing our best to hide the double power thing from them. It only happens when both parents have an ability, so it’s rare at the moment.”

“Well, now that we have the exposition out of the way, I can finally explain the reason for this meeting.” Aden took another breath and looked out the window. His eyes opened in surprise, and he threw his arms out like he was pushing something away. There was a large crash like a car hitting a wall, then screaming. Rachel jumped up and ran to the window to see what had happened only to get pulled away by Aden. Elizabeth was also pulled off the bed. Both girls made contact with Aden’s hands at the same time and were instantly blinded by the sunlight. Aden ported them outside in the parking lot behind his truck. “Get in and drive. The Division knows about the three of us. They had a spy on campus, someone me and Rachel trusted.” He held out his hand and his laptop appeared. “This has all of the files I was able to steal. Use it to bring down the Division so that we can all sleep better at night.”

Aden turned around and began walking towards the wrecked car. He had managed to push it away right before it had made contact with the window. It crashed into the opposite building on the other side of the parking lot. As he was getting closer, he noticed a man walking towards it as well. They saw each other at the same time and stopped. “Don’t they teach you any subtlety? Throwing a car is a bit much, don’t ya think Brian?”

Brian smiled and started rising into the air. Aden backed away. He had never seen anyone actually levitate himself. He had never tried it because he could teleport.

“Are you gonna say anything? We were friends, man. Was that really just a cover? Do you really not care?”

Brian got to about twenty feet in the air then flew straight for Aden. Aden shot his hand out to the left, and the car next to him was now floating vertically in between Aden and Brian. Brian ran right through the car, his telekinetic shield making a large lens flare color when he made contact with the car. Brian went through like it was paper and rammed into Aden, carrying him into the sky. He began hitting him in the stomach so that Aden would not get enough time to think and teleport himself out. Aden’s teleportation wasn’t reactionary, but his telekinesis was.

Aden used his power to push Brian, and himself, into the ground. Brian flew down but was able to regain control and landed lightly on the ground. Aden focused and levitated himself in the air. He smiled and created his own telekinetic shield. Brian was floating a few inches off the ground and watching Aden with a blank stare. It took only a second for Aden to figure out why he wasn’t attacking.

“I am not porting away from this fight. I am going to kill you and send a message to the Division.”

Brian smiled and flew at Aden while launching cars from all directions. Aden flew at Brian and, just before making contact, he vanished and reappeared underneath him. He also managed to teleport a few cars off the ground and into the air above him. Brian looked down then used his power to push Aden into the ground. He then rotated in the air so that he was facing the cars and sent them racing after Aden. Aden hit the ground hard and scattered the cars before they could land on top of him. Brian crashed into Aden on the ground and began ruthlessly punching through the shield Aden had created. Aden threw him off and began punching back with as much force as he could muster. Their telekinetically powered punches made the familiar lens flare light as they came into contact with the shields that they had placed around themselves. While they were



throwing punches Brian was levitating a large truck over Aden's head. The moment it was in place, Brian allowed Aden to knock him away and dropped the car as he went flying. Aden teleported the car before it made impact, then he teleported on top of Brian and cocked his hand back to punch him. Brian had expected this. He sent a piece of metal shaped like a spear, created from the piles of cars they had destroyed, flying for Aden from behind. The metal went through his arm and blood sprayed out onto Brian and the ground. Brian lifted Aden up and threw him onto his back. He pulled the piece of scrap metal out of Aden's shoulder and raised it above his heart.

"Hey!" Brian turned to see Rachel standing behind him, near one of the wrecked cars. He looked into her eyes and saw them dilate, turning her eyes completely black.

"The metal is a syringe that will save you, but you have to—" Rachel flew through the air and landed on her back next to the truck she arrived in. Elizabeth was inside; she tried to open the door, but Brian warped the metal around the door before she could do anything.

"Nice try, Rachel, you gotta be faster than that to push me." He began walking toward her with the scrap metal held high when he was hit with a train. The train flew at him from the left and embedded itself into the asphalt.

"Does that work on you?" Aden said. Aden was standing up holding his injured shoulder. "The train was probably too much." Aden looked and started walking—

"Lontreal, can you tell me what started World War I?"

Lontreal looked up from the notebook he had been doodling in. "The assassination of Archduke Ferdinand. The squabble was between small countries backed by world powers. They started fighting then basically asked their older siblings for help."

Mr. Prahlow looked unimpressed with Lontreal's answer. "That is correct, Lontreal. Now would you mind looking up from your notebook so that I know you are paying attention please?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Prahlow turned back to his dry-erase board and began writing about the causes of the First World War. Lontreal looked at his stick figure doodles and wondered if maybe he should start actually trying to focus in class. The bell rang and everyone started to grab their bags and head to their next class. Lontreal packed up his notebook and walked out of the classroom. He walked down the hall of lockers and dodged the other high school students. He stopped at the last door on the right and entered the room. He sat down and grabbed his notebook to start doodling again when he noticed that all of the students were looking at their phones, and no one was sitting down. The teacher, Mrs. Rathje, was even looking at her phone, one hand over her mouth and a look of horrified curiosity on her face. Lontreal walked over to the group closest to his table.

"What's going on?" he asked Kevin.

"Dude, look!" Kevin held his phone out for Lontreal to see. There was a YouTube video playing. In it there were what looked like two men on a college campus throwing cars at each other and flying around. The video ended with a train appearing out of nowhere and smashing into one of the men. Lontreal looked at his backpack that contained his doodles and stories. He walked over, opened the backpack, tore out the pages, and threw them into recycling. He walked back to Kevin, who was watching it for the seventh time.

"Dude, let me see that again, it looks so cool."



Grandfather's Coffee Pot

Brenden Kleiboeker

"Alex, where do you want this box?" Janie struggled under the heavy set cardboard as she stepped into the threshold of her new boyfriend's house. They have only been dating for a little over three months, but she was more than excited to help move him out of the busy downtown Chicago area to the suburbs; a perfect place to rope him into a ring and a few kids.

"Just set it down in the kitchen babe, I'll get to it later," he replied from behind the TV set.

Leave it to a man to have his TV set up before everything is unloaded, she thought. She set down the box with a huff, letting the box hit harder than expected, causing the contents inside to rattle. Oh shit. Janie opened the box hoping nothing was broken inside. She had already scratched his car this morning and couldn't bear to have to break the news of two mistakes, especially when he loved that car more than her. Well, for now. Once opening the box she found a tin-rusted coffee pot sitting on top. That actually wouldn't have been too tragic if that broke, She laughed at herself as she felt Alex come up behind her.

"Phew that was a pain in the ass, but hey now we can play Call of Duty later." He placed a soft kiss on her cheek, trying and failing to keep as much of his sweat off of her as possible. "Oh you found the box with my Grandfather's coffee pot." Alex reached over Janie to pull out the rustic machine.

"You mean you meant to pack that?" She ruffled her brow then quickly smoothed out her face, feeling her reaction was too harsh.

"Are you kidding? I love this thing. I can remember sitting on my grandfather's lap every morning during the summer weekends; the smell of the brewing coffee filling the house." A small smile crept across Alex's face. "But we could never sit and wait to hear the loud buzz signaling it was ready because it always brewed more than the pot could hold."

Janie crossed her arms and listened as Alex continued.

"It was like a game to us. Who could sit the longest before going to check if it was overflowing?" A laugh escaped his lips. "My grandfather always won though because he'd had that pot for longer than I had been alive. He'd get me all riled up, making me think I sat too long. Before I knew it I'd be on my feet, racing to the kitchen only to see the pot half full."

"Awe babe," Janie touched his shoulder with a sweet smile. "What a cute story, but I think the pot is outdated and kind of an eye sore." Alex's smile had vanished only to be replaced with an open mouth. "I mean, I don't want you to get rid of it, but you definitely can't use it to brew your coffee. It's a hazard and especially if we are going to bring kids into this house."

"How is it a haz... Did you just say kids?" The subject switched just like that. Janie's face froze in a panic.

"No, no, no, I said cat. I can't have my little Snuffy running around here when we stay over and have hot coffee burn him."

"Well we won't have to worry about that," Alex shot back without even thinking about what he just said.

"And why is that?" Janie stared in confusion.

It was Alex's turn to freeze, except he wasn't as quick on his feet as his obsessive girlfriend and stumbled over his words, at a loss for a response. His head raced, but no matter what came to mind, he couldn't think of a believable excuse to cover up the fact that he accidentally backed over Snuffy earlier that morning.

"Alex, I asked you a question." Another small silence.

"Because babe." He wrapped his arms around her waist, giving her lips a small kiss. "I don't have a litter box or food bowls for him yet. We won't have to worry about that until I am settled in

