

# Joker216's First Original Story

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*A story with my original character, Akuro Heavest.*

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## 0 - Explanation and Prologue

Well, I had to write a story for my lit class and also had to create my own character.

I created an alien from the planet Nicos in the Milky Way Galaxy named Akuro Heavest. He's the main character and is very emotionless in his current state.

The story involves other characters created by some classmates of mine.

One is Martha Smith, a 16 yr old nerdy fortune teller who smokes and the other is Lamont Jackson, a boy who wishes to play football professionally.

I was against using other classmates characters as I would then have to find some way to connect them to the badass Akuro Heavest but alas, I would've failed if I did not use them so I had to. The story is sort of comedic with some serious stuff.

Anyway, here is the beginning of the story.

### Prologue

On a distant planet far off in the Milky Way galaxy, two parents argue over their Son. The father holds a seven year old by his shirt and forces him to face his mother. At the same time, the mother curses at the Son. "He's a pitiful waste of Niconian breath!" exclaimed the mother. The father broke in with, "You've failed us so many times unlike your brother who actually makes something of himself you pathetic excuse for a Niconian!" the boy looks at his mother with wide open eyes then looks back at his father as a shiny tear escapes his left eye. "What did I do to deserve this?" thought the boy as he wiped the sorrow from his eyes. Then, a shattering blow hits the boy in the neck and he falls into a temporary state of unconsciousness. With that, the mother opened a strange pod as the father tosses the boy in and locks it. The father then hurled the pod into the deep reaches of space.

# 1 - The Story Begins

## The Story Begins

It was a peaceful night on Planet Earth. The grass was freshly wet with dew and the winds were blowing delicately, making the trees sway slightly. The sky was filled with gloomy, grey clouds but no rain at all. The grey clouds parted as a bright light flashed through the horizon. It made a rumble so loud that it shook the strongest mountain. It busted in two pieces and a small figure began to tumble as the light flickered and began to fade. The light left behind two pieces of what appeared to be some sort of space pod meaning that the figure that had just landed on a small patch of grass was an alien. Although ethnic to Earth, the alien had the characteristics of a human. It had flowing, black hair and lightly toned skin. It was very small, looked to be around the age of seven, and appeared to be male. He remained where he was and slept through the night.

The next day, the boy awoke and stared at the yellow orange horizon. His red eyes were wide open and his mouth remained dropped. "Where am I?" he asked himself. He felt the emptiness in his heart and began to sob. "Why am I here?" he asked again. Then, he flashed back to where he fell unconscious at the hands of his father. "What did I do?" he asked as he felt the bruise on the back of his neck. He rose to his feet and began to cry for Hiro, his brother, to come save him. "Hiro!" There was no reply and he began to burst into tears. As he wept, he came to the simple conclusion, "They've left me for dead." "They don't love me anymore," he continued. His teary eyes began to harden and his tearful expression turned into an emotionless glare. "It's my choice now, I vow to never screw up again for as long as I live," he declared. "I am Akuro Heavest, and I vow to find you Hiro," he again declared as he set off to find his brother.

He traveled all over Planet Earth throughout his life, hoping to find his brother. Unknown to Akuro, he wasn't on his home planet, Nicos, and so he never knew where he was going. He simply trusted his own judgment and obtained what he needed to survive.

Twenty three years have passed since Akuro landed on Earth. This is where the story begins.

Next Time.

The Coming of the Fortune Teller

## 2 - The Coming of the Fortune Teller

### The Coming of the Fortune Teller

Akuro was walking along the side of a road, as he had gotten used to since he had no knowledge of operating a vehicle as so many humans had by this time. The sky was light blue that day and the winds were very strong as well. Akuro came across a large building that read Twilight Town High School in large white letters across the front. He noticed a horde of students flee the high school as a deafening bell was heard. Among those students, Akuro noticed a peculiar young girl holding textbooks stacked into a small tower. While noticing this, Akuro began to think, "I should just keep walking." "Look out!" shouted the girl as Akuro and her collided causing her to drop her textbooks. She began to shuffle quickly to place the books back in their proper formation. Akuro stared for a split second and then continued walking his path. "Hey you!" said the girl, "You could help me out here you know." Akuro looked back and stared at her with his piercing red eyes. "Might as well help her or I'll never hear the end of it." Akuro thought. He glared at the books as they shook for a short second then reformed the small tower the girl had dropped. The girl stared at the books dumbfounded then focused her attention to Akuro as he began to walk away yet again. "Hey! Wait mister" shouted the girl as she shuffled in front of Akuro's path causing him to stop where he stood. "How were you able to do something like that?" asked the girl hoping for an answer. "Humph, I can't tell you that," replied Akuro. The girl glared at Akuro wanting him to tell her. Akuro simply stated, "I don't have time for this," and continued around her to walk his path. "If you won't tell me then I'll just follow you until you do," declared the girl as she picked her books up and continued after Akuro. He began to express his frustration with the fact that the girl was annoying him to the point where he wanted to just tear her in two in his head. "Why is this girl so persistent?" he wondered, "She's really annoying and is getting on my last nerve" he thought calmly. "Hey! I heard that," shouted the girl. Akuro froze in place and looked back at her. "You heard my thoughts?" he asked curiously. "Yes, especially the part where you said you wanted to kill me," she replied. "Can you really blame me?" "You're very spoiled seeing as how just because I wouldn't tell you how I did what I did and you're pestering me to find out," he declared. The girl was fuming at that point as all girls do when you reveal the truth about them. "Anyways, how did you hear?" he interrupted her as she almost began to rant. The girl then paused and offered a compromise, "I'll tell you but in exchange, I want to know your secret mister." Akuro then felt like he had walked right into this predicament and then replied, "I'm able to manipulate any object that I see fit." "Whoa! That must be very useful," she said. Akuro then wondered why she was so calm about it. After all, it isn't every day that someone tells you they have a special power. He then broke in, "Now you tell me how you heard my thoughts." The girl then triumphantly declared, "I'm a fortune teller." Akuro then began to get a little curious, "Then do you know my name?" "No, I can only hear thoughts if there's nobody else around and can only predict bad things that will happen," she replied. "What is your name?" she asked. "My name is Akuro, Akuro Heavest," said he. "What is your name?" he countered. The girl replied with, "My name's Martha, Martha Smith."

Next time...

The Tragedy of the Has Been Footballer

### 3 - The Tragedy of the Has Been Footballer

#### The Tragedy of the Has Been Footballer

Martha decided to follow Akuro because she stated that he was “interesting” and could possibly encounter adventures with him around. Akuro looked at her as he was walking and noticed a box in her pocket that read “The Good Stuff.” He manipulated the box and held it in front of Martha’s face. “What is this?” he asked her. “Those? They’re cigarettes silly.” She replied. “Ssig-er-its?” pronounced Akuro. “Don’t these cause harm to you humans?” he asked. “Yeah but they sure do make you feel good,” she replied. Akuro stared at her in disbelief but calmly shrugged it off as she pulled a cigarette out and proceeded to light it.

“Would you like to hear what’s going to happen in the near future?” she asked Akuro innocently. “Sure, why not? It’s not like anything you predict will be anything I’ll encounter,” he replied. She began to tell Akuro, “We’re going to meet someone really soon...and that person is going to ask us to help them out because this individual is running away from some crime lord.” “And???” said Akuro, “Is that it?” She continued her prediction, “He’s going to die.”

Akuro sighed, “That’s it? What a waste.” The girl then got angry with Akuro. “You know, you could at least pretend to care that someone’s life is going to end you selfish piece of...” Akuro then sighed again, “Why is it that the feminine species always complains when you don’t give them the attention they think they deserve?” The last comment had pushed Martha over the edge and she began to attempt to scold Akuro which failed terribly.

Then a young boy could be seen running towards them in the distance. He was a boy of African American ethnicity and wore a football jersey with the name “Jackson” on the back and was wearing faded blue jeans complete with brownish white tennis shoes. “Is that him?” whispered Akuro to Martha. “That.....is him,” she said. “Hmph! Guess it’s about to happen then,” declared Akuro. The boy made his way to Akuro and Martha and began to ask them for help. “Please man, you gotta help me!” said the boy. Martha looked at Akuro who seemed very uncaring and didn’t want to help the boy. “Come with us,” said Martha as she looked to Akuro, “This guy will help the both of us.” The last comment caught Akuro’s attention and he stared at Martha and the boy. “I can’t believe this. This girl really must be that foolish,” thought Akuro.

Two men dressed in baggy black pants and long black t-shirts with white hats on were running towards them while at the same time yelling, “We gonna show you what be happenin’ to punks who be duckin’ us Lamont!!” Akuro then made his decision to help the boy out and simply lifted his right foot up which collided with one of the men. The man fell to the ground on his face and Akuro placed his foot on the back of the mans neck and began stomping on it. The other man pulled out a pistol and aimed it at Akuro and fired it while yelling, “What now punk!?” Martha screamed and covered her eyes while the boy got on the ground into a duck and cover position. Then Martha looked through the opening in her fingers and saw that Akuro was still standing with the bullet in front of his forehead. The bullet then fell to the ground and Akuro continued his assault on the man. He started with a roundhouse kick, jabbed him

in the stomach, then grabbed him by the throat and began strangling him. Akuro began to feel another being controlling him. "This...isn't...possible. I thought that was just a Niconian myth?" said Akuro. He released the man from his death grip and the man immediately ran away. Martha shook the boy and told him to get up then they both walked over to Akuro. The boy looked dumbfounded, "I thought you got shot, man?" Martha noticed Akuro struggling with something. "Are you alright?" asked Martha with a worried tone. Akuro grabbed his head and began to shout in pain. "It's happening!!" he shouted. Akuro then fell to the ground and shortly after, he passed out. A car then could be seen stopping at the scene with dozens of the men's subordinates exiting the car to grab the boy. Because they noticed Martha and Akuro and thought it was too risky to let them go, they opted to take them as well. Martha urged Akuro to rise and save both her and the boy but there was no response. The men then covered Martha's mouth with a white rag and lifted Akuro and threw him in the trunk of their car. Before Martha lost consciousness, she heard a final gunshot and a scream.

Next time...  
The End??

## 4 - The End??

New Chapter!!

The End??

“.....Ungh.....ugh.”

“Where am I?” “Why am I here?”

Akuro woke up and looked around to see bars. He attempted to move but noticed his arms were bound to a chair. “These humans must not realize what they are dealing with,” said Akuro calmly. He quickly broke the restraints and rose to his feet. “These bars are a nuisance,” he said as he made the bars split. He then began to flash back to where he collapsed in front of Martha and the boy. “H-he’s locked away...inside me,” thought Akuro. “Th-that monster...has been inside me this whole time,” he thought again. “I understand now. That’s why they did it.” Akuro remembered back to when his parents were arguing. He realized that they hadn’t been arguing about him, the Niconian, they had been arguing over the fact that he wasn’t harnessing the power of the great beast, Gol, a monster the size of the galaxy who had tormented the universe back in the time of the legendary Wukong. Wukong was the protector of the Milky Way galaxy back in the time of Jesus Christ. God placed Wukong as the protector of the Milky Way to ensure that Gol never succeeded in his goal which was to eat every planet with life. Wukong fought Gol but lost the battle. He decided to pull his trump card out and seal Gol within himself. After the incident, God had decided for Wukong to relinquish his title as protector to live as pure energy and live for generations to ensure that Gol never be released. With each generation, Wukong switched bodies. He eventually made his way to Nicos and entrusted his soul to a Niconian baby boy. That baby was Akuro Heavest.

“Well, the universe sure is full of surprises,” said Akuro, “Enough of this, where is that girl?” He questioned whether or not he should save Martha but in the end, he decided to save her. Akuro then realized that he was floating in mid air. “I...can fly now? Well, again, the world is full of surprises,” he declared as he began to break the ceiling to escape the cell he was in. He then continued, by foot, to a certain door with a large “G” in Old English lettering. He opened the door to find Martha with her hands bound together and a Caucasian male wearing a black suit with a white hat that read “Fresh to Def” across the front. “Man, didn’t we lock you up and say we won’t let you out?” said the man. Akuro paused and stared at how ridiculous the man looked with his pink rimmed sunglasses and his excessively long chains with diamond crosses. He then noticed that the man had silver and gold teeth. “I’ve never seen someone who looked so pathetic,” said Akuro to the man. The man then attempted to rise to his feet and strike Akuro but then started running his mouth. Akuro got tired of listening and simply punched his lights out. “That was strange,” said Akuro as he proceeded to free Martha from her restraints. “What happened to you!?” she shouted. “None of your business,” replied Akuro. He then noticed a piece of paper on the man’s desk and saw the name Lamont Jackson crossed out in red ink. “I guess that boy who whined for help was this Lamont Jackson,” said Akuro. “Was he the one?” he asked Martha. “Yes, that was him alright, I heard a gunshot before I passed out so he probably was the one they shot,” she replied. Then Lamont appeared in the doorway in crutches. “I’mma finally get someone to notice me,” he declared. “I’ll be the greatest football player ever,” he declared once more.

Akuro then looked to Martha, "It looks like you were off by a long shot." Martha then looked at Akuro angrily and for the first time in his life, Akuro laughed at her playfully.

Two years had passed since that day. Throughout the two years, Martha was diagnosed with cancer and dropped out of her adventuring with Akuro. She died 5 months later. Lamont Jackson had finally become the football star he had always dreamed of becoming but was one day caught dog fighting. He denied all charges and the jury found him guilty and the judge sentenced him to thirteen years in prison. As for Akuro, he continued his search for his brother, Hiro.

Just as he vowed, he will find Hiro, no matter what the cost.