

The_Farasha

By Lanathae

Submitted: June 6, 2006

Updated: June 6, 2006

is is probably does not follow the plot of the films or the comics or anything so I probably have done a hell of a lot wrong. This is just arandom fan-fic that I wanted to write. So yeah, I'm sorry if you don't like it and correct me if you want to but

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0 - Prologue

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it and correct me if you want to but I can't guarantee that I won't kill you if you do... as I am such a lovely
person (note the sarcasm)
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<u>Prologue</u>

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The man moved through the warehouse quickly. A wind whistled through the fallen walls making the air chilly and dry. A wind whistled through the fallen walls making the air chilly. Sharp specks of dry snow fell with the wind, irritating the skin on the man's face, but did not settle, just grouped in holes and cracks in the old walls.

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“Professor, there ain't anyone here.” The man growled into a communicator on his wrist.

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“Cerebro says that it's in one of those buildings, Logan.”

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The man grunted slightly in a sigh and kept walking through the flecking snow. Up some old rusted stairs that looked like they were going to give way were some offices. But they were all abandoned long ago and didn't give a clue to anything.

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In his mind he had already given up until he reached a door that he couldn't open. Metal sliced through his skin and claws ripped through the door making a satisfying screech. He then preceded the rip the metal door off it's hinges and through it to the side. The doorway lead to steps that went down, under the offices and further into the ground.

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At the end there was another door. But this one was much different than the old rusting ones that were in the offices, this one was newer than anything else there and locked by a electronic lock. Knowing what to do to the lock to open it the man suck his middle finger at the door and pressed his nails deep into the electronics. The door unlocked at the controls for it smoked and the man pushed it open.

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The room that he as lead to had no resemblances to the rest of the warehouse that looked like it had been abandoned for years and years. This room was modern, one light flickered on from the door being opened but it hardly did much. The walls were dark, covered in a metal it seemed, and one wall seemed

to be a completely made of machinery, like a huge computer, but what the hell was all this doing hidden under a warehouse.

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But that was not what the man concentrated on, what he saw was the only thing that was trapped between the four walls of that room. There was a girl resting in a seat raised from the ground, her body seemed lifeless.

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She had her eyes closed but they seemed to flicker through her sleep. Her hair was strangely blue with no hit of it being dyed. The only skin that was shown was on her face, and that was so pale, as if she had never been outside.

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That she wore was plastic and covered the whole of her body like a second skin. There were parts that were wrapped around by white bands that were attached to the suit that stuck to her skin. On the left hand side of chest a name “Devon Alvar” with the numbers 369720 underneath and on the right there was there figure of a butterfly, all stood out bright white on the darker blue.

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But what was most noticeable was that there were white covered wires coming out of the suit, out of her skin. They ran down past the seat and were plugged into the wall.

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Sharp claws ripped through the wires and the man lifted her still sleeping off the seat.

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At the Institute the man carrying the girl walked into a room followed closely behind by a man in a wheelchair. The girl was put on an examining table.

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“She doesn't respond to anything.” Wolverine mumbled.

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“Thank you, Logan, but I think that this is not just an ordinary sleep.” The man said, placing his hands near the girl's head as the standing man rolled his eyes at the obvious answer.

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Professor Xavier struggled to make a connection with her mind like he had done with so many other people. “It's strange.” He said, almost to himself. “Her mind is not like any that I have ever seen before.”

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“What d'you mean, Charles?”

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“Well, firstly her mind is completely blank, but there is something else there that I can' get to, it's being blocked in a way that I have never seen before.” The man ran his hand over his bare head and sighed.

“How did you say that you found her?” He asked the other man again.

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“She was plugged into the computer on the wall, by wires.”

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“Well, lets try that then, I see no other way.” The professor said, moving to the outlet on the wall that was linked to Cerebro.

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“But I broke the wires.” Wolverine protested.

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The man in the wheelchair turned on the outlet and the screen started to flicker. Suddenly the screen flashed with the figure of a butterfly. The wires that still hung around the girl, still attached to her skin, started to move and were lifted from the ground. They flew straight to the computer as if it were a magnet almost hitting the professor on the way.

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"Logan, were the computers that she was plugged into before turned on."  
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The man shook his head. "Didn't look like it." He said. "Is she taking all the power from the computer then?"  
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The computer screen flickered once more and then went blank, shutting down. "I think that might have been it." The professor said. "It seems to me that this girl takes power from electrical circuits." He said.  
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"Do you think that she'll wake up?" Wolverine asked.  
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"Maybe once she is fully charged." The professor said. "Let's leave her."  
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The girl finally opened her eyes and the wires fell from where they had attached themselves to the wall, feeding off all the electrical energy that the outlet once had.

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She looked the room, not recognising it. Her mind was filled with this room, the only thing that she had ever seen. She fell off the table and into the corner, hugging her legs to her in all the strangeness of the room.

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But no, there was one other thing in her memory. She tried to think about it, she searched her mind to open that file that was that only thing that she had. A savage pain ripped through her body and a sign in her mind said that she could not open the file. It asked for a password...

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She didn't understand it, nothing, everything was strange.

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The door to the room opened and someone came in. All the woman saw when she came into the room was a girl huddled into the corner.

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The woman stared as she saw that her skin was covered in strange markings, like tattoos, but they seemed to move slightly, twisting around themselves.

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"Hey." The woman said, crouching in front of the terrified girl.

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The girl looked at her and the markings started to fade away. "Hey." The girl said back.

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"Are you ok, how do you feel?"

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The girl just stared at the woman for a few moments then again repeated what the woman said. "Are you ok, how do you feel?" She said, in a little voice.

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"Do you understand what I'm saying?" The woman asked.

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The girl just stared again, her light blue eyes didn't seem to see anything, they just stared. "Hey." She said again, not knowing what to say.

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“Common, come with me, my name is Ororo.” The woman held out a hand to the girl who looked at it for a few moments and then continued to stare at the woman.

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The girl looked behind the woman in front of her to where the computer was. The wires started to move again and attached themselves to the computer again. This time they did not search for power, they looked for information.

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The woman stared at the eyes of the girl went from light blue and terrified to calm and completely white.

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“My name is...” The girl said, her voice in a monotone, but this time it was her own. “The...” She searched every scrap of file in her mind and downloaded the language that the computer had.

“...Farasha.” She finally finished.

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“Can you understand me now?” The woman asked.

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The girl's eyes went back to blue and nodded her head. "Yes, I can understand you." She answered in full English, trying out her voice.

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"Well then, Farasha, will you come with me?" The woman asked again holding out her hand.

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"Yes, where do you wish to take me to." The girl asked and held her hand out as well, but did not touch the other woman's.

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"The professor." The woman informed her. Storm took the girl's hand to help her up.

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The woman lead her down the corridors and up some stairs to the rest of the mansion. People started

the stop and look at the girl, dressed completely in blue plastic, trailing white wires, but the girl herself was oblivious to this fact.

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Ororo opened the door to the Professor's office. "Sir, she woke up."

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The man in the wheelchair turned around and smiled. "Hello, Devon." He said to the girl but she didn't reply, just stared blankly.

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The woman looked at the girl who didn't seem to do anything and then to the Professor. "She calls herself The Farasha." Ororo informed him.

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The girl looked up when her name was mentioned. "Hello, I am The Farasha." She said.

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White; ">

“She couldn't speak when I first came into the room, but then she plugged those wires back into the computer and she can speak perfectly now.”

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Your computers had English as their default language.” The girl said.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“How old are you, Farasha?”

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“I have been alive for 14 years 11 months 12 days 5 hours and 21 minutes.” The girl said.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“How do you know that.”

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“It's part of my system's information.”

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“Do you know where you were born?”

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“I do not have that information.”

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Do you have any family.”

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“I do not have that information.”

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“What do you know?” The man asked.

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“Her name is Ororo, you are the Professor, the computers here have English as their default language and the room where I woke up in is 5 meters below us.” She said. “Do you wish for me to continue in more detail?”

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“No, that will do, do you know anything from before when you woke up?”

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“No, I don't.”

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The man seemed to think for a few seconds. “Does the name Devon Alvar have any meaning to you?”

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“That name is unknown to me.”

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“What about the number 369720?”

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“Unknown.”

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“What is the significance of a butterfly?” The professor asked.

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“The_Farasha translates into the butterfly.”

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“Ororo.” The professor said.

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“Yes?” Strom answered.

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“Find something else for Devon to wear and find her a room.”

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“Yes Charles.” The woman said. “Comon Farasha.” She said and the girl nodded.

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Storm took the girl to a room and left her there while she went ask people for cloths to lend.

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The girl looked around the room and then saw something on the wall that caught her attention. She sat down by it and looked into it, there was a pair of holes in the wall, but she could

not get her plastic covered fingers into the holes no matter how hard she tried, she could feel that they head so much power, she just wanted to get to it. She concentrated until she could access the power without having to be in direct contact with it. She shuddered as she absorbed the power.

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“What are you doing?” Storm asked, slightly worried as she saw the girl sticking her finger

 into the mains.

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“Charging.” The girl said simply, her eyes blank again as she absorbed the electricity.

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“I have brought you some cloths.” Ororo said, putting them on the bed.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

The girl turned look at her and her eyes went back to being blue. “Cloths?” She asked.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“Yes, for you to were in stead of that.” She said.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“In stead of what?” The girl asked, standing up and looking at the cloths.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“This.” Ororo said, pinching the blue plastic.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
The girl looked at herself. “Is that not me?”
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“No, take it off and you can wear these, I'm sure that they are much more comfortable.”
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The girl scratched at the skin tight cloths and found how to detach them from her body. The girl looked at her hands, now not covered in the blue and touched her skin. "This is..." She mumbled, searching the language she downloaded for a good word to use.
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"Weird?" Ororo suggested.
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The girl didn't say anything as the woman handed her the cloths. As she did the woman's hand touched the girl's just briefly and the woman got a glimpse of the markings that were there come back again.
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"Wait a second, Farasha." She said.
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The girl stared at the woman as she stopped for one second and then went back to what she was doing.
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"I mean, please stop." Storm said. "Hold out your hand."

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The girl held out her hand to the woman who took it again. As soon as she did it the markings came back on the girl's skin and started to spread up her skin for where Ororo touched her. The girl didn't seem bothered by this at all, she just stared into space.

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The woman let go and the skin faded back to it's normal pale colour. She then tried touching her again, only to have the same effect.

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"Sorry for that, you can carry on." She said. "Will you be alright by yourself?"

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```
<font color="Black">"Yes, I will."</font>
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
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```
<font color="Black">Storm left and the girl looked out of the window for a few moments, what she saw
did not seem to stop, and it frightened her. She turned away and picked up the suit that she had been
wearing from where she had left it on the bed. She looked at what it said. </font><font
color="Black">"Devon Alvar..." </font><font color="Black">She thought back to the file in her memory, it
asked </font><font color="Black">for a password again. She gave it the name, but it was incorrect.
"369720." She tried the number under her name, but that was also incorrect. She tried "Butterfly" and
"The_Farasha" But they didn't work either.</font>
</p></div>
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
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```
<font color="Black">The girl put down the suit and looked at the palm of her hands. On the underside of
her left hand were the same numbers printed on the blue plastic. 369720. She wanted to know what they
meant, but she didn't have any memory to try and decode it with.</font><font color="Black"></font>
</p></div>
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<!--Section Ends-->
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<a href="http://validator.w3.org/check/referer"></a>
Document created with <a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/">wvWare/wvWare version
1.2.1</a><br>
</address>
-->
</body>
```

</html>

1 - The Intruductions and an Email

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<title>
Chapter 1
</title>
</head>
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<!--Section Begins--><br>

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Chapter 1
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
“You know what the best thing about this place is?”
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I thought for a second. "The wireless internet connection?" I took my fingers out of my mouth while I answered the question but then replaced them straight again and continued to bit them.

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The girl sitting next to me hit my around the head and the head her knees to her chest again. "No, I guess that it's because we are all protected, you know, away from normal people." Serina said and I nodded.

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"Yeah, but I don't really know anything apart from the Institute." I said.

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"Well, you probably know the Internet more than anyone else, you have seen all the sites dedicated to hating mutants."

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I looked down; I had deleted all the images of them from my memory. "I keep away from them now..." I mumbled as I fiddled with the glove that I wore on my left hand. I had cut off the finger of it so that it only

covered my palm. That was the only thing that I wanted covered by it.

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We went quiet for a few moments. We were sitting on the sofa in one of the lounge rooms, the window in front of us poured sunlight into the room making it so hot. But the wind that the window brought was just perfect to cool us down. I pulled my shirt around me, moving it to parts of my skin that I felt were getting too exposed to the sunlight. My skin was so pale that it burnt very easily.

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I still felt uneasy going outside, I got scared of wide places, they seemed strange to me, made me uncomfortable. But I was glad to look at the scenery from the safety of the Institute.

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“Hey, Eskill is online.” I said as I felt it happen in my mind. <i>Heya</i> <i>Ez</i> I said to him.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“Are you online <i>all</i> the time?” The friend beside me asked.

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Are you online *all* the time?</i> The boy that I was talking to asked.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Yes." I answered both of their questions.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>You know, if you shouted I'd be able to hear you </i>Ez informed me.
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<i>I know, your in your bedroom on your laptop</i> I replied.
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Tell Ez I say hi." Reni said.
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Rena says hi

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I say hi back

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"Ez says hi back." I informed her.

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Damn, you type too fast ><<

<p><div name="Body Text Indent" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

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I don't type ^^

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Urrr am I going to get all your thoughts again, it takes me ages to read when you do that...

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<i>Hmm... all my thoughts eh?</i> I grinned and thought about the expression on the boy's face when his whole screen was filled with computer codes that he would have no idea about.

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"Farasha, I'll kill you!" A voice above where I sat shouted so that we could hear.

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"What did you do now?" Reni asked.

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"Um... I think that I overloaded his computer with umm... stuff..." I went back to thinking and let my mind travel into Eskill's computer. I deleted all that I had out there and allowed it to restart.

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"Thank you." The same voice called down to us.

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<i>I'm still going to kill you</i> the boy said to me.

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<i>Hmm that so?</i>

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<i>Yes, very very soon</i><i>...</i>

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<i>Ok then</i><i></i>

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<i>...Hey Fara?</i>

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<i>Yeah, Ez</i>

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<i>Can you get into the Institute files?</i>

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<i>Yes</i>

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<i>Have you ever tried?</i>

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<i>I did once and then promised myself and Xavier that I never would again</i>

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Why?</i>
</p></div>

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<i>Urr... there was a really nasty virus protecting it</i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>And you got it?</i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Yeah, made me sick for weeks! ><</i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Lol!</i>
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<i>Don't laugh, it really wasn't funny, it was the first time that I had ever got a virus, I don't know what I would have done if I didn't have a backup memory.</i>

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<i>How many times have you ever gotten a virus?</i>

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<i>14 times so far.</i>

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<i>Wow</i>

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<i>Yeah, I keep getting them because I am always putting on sites that I support mutants, and so people send them to my inbox.</i>

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<i>Doesn't the school have virus scans?</i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Yes, I would never go on the internet if it didn't have a really good fire wall.</i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
<i>Hmm... </i>
</p></div>

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<i></i>
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"I'm getting burnt." I informed the girl next to me and stood up.
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"Ok." She mumbled at my leaving.

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I walked out and immediately I felt someone take my hand. I looked down at the small girls that stood there.

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“Heya.” I said.

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“We wanna play with your skin.” The little girl said. The girls didn't have their powers yet, but their mother was a mutant and so there a lot of chance that they would both be mutants too.

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I sighed and crouched down so that they could look at the patterns that my skin made whenever they touched me. I raised both arms and the two girls started to play. One of the two started to undo the glove on my left hand but I placed my other hand on hers to stop her.

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"Not the left hand." I said to her gently and the girl went back to poking at my arm. "Hey, not so hard." I said to the other girl who giggled. "Do you want me to get a brose?" I asked her.

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Then from under where I had rolled up my white sleeves can another black figure on my arm along with the rest. Though this one was not a pattern, this one was a butterfly. It flew down to where the girl was making my skin change. The girl promptly poked the butterfly but it only burst into three smaller ones that flew away and disappeared.

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"Ez!" I said, standing up and turning around giving the boy behind me the closest thing that I could do to an icy glare.

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"What? Wasn't me." He said innocently.

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"Hmm, I see, your offline." I said, reconnecting myself to the internet in my mind.

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“How observant.” He joked as he walked past.

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The girls started giggling and I looked down at them. “What?” I asked.

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“Nothing.” One of them lied as they kept laughing.

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I sighed. “Eskil, I'll kill you next time you do this.” I called after him as he walked on, knowing perfectly well that he had put the word “Idiot” on my forehead like he always did. I looked at my hands, they were covered with the markings again, I got them from just shouting. I looked down at the girls again. “Is it gone.”

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They nodded, and this time I believed them.

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“You still can't control the markings?” A voice behind me asked, but it was more of a statement having just seen that.

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“Sorry, Professor.” I said. “It's just that Eskil wrote idiot on my forehead again.”

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“Oh, I see.”

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“Nah, but I can control it, look.” I held my hand, now clear of markings since I was calm, to him.

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The man touched the skin of my palm and no markings came up. Then he looked up to my face. “But you concentrate so much that they appear on your face.” He started.

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“They do? Damn, I thought that I got it that time.” I laughed.

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“Keep trying, Devon.” Xavier said and wheeled on.

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I walked down the corridor to find a mirror to make sure that the work idiot really was off my forehead, remember once when Ez kept it on my face for almost a week, after that time I didn't let his computer turn on until he took it off. That had made him sorry.

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Suddenly in my ears rang with someone singing “HELLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOO!” as if she was right next to me but I knew that she wasn't and I knew that everyone else had heard it just the same as me. And that could only mean one thing. That Song was back.

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I walked in any direction hoping that it was the right one to see the guys that had returned and then, just by chance, I did walk into the group.

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They were in the main part of the mansion but still wearing their suits from the mission that they were on.

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“Hey guys.” I said to the three of them. “Had fun?” I asked.

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“Yes, it was a lot of fun.” Songbreeze said smiling, flicking her blond platted hair behind her.

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“What do you mean?” Moonshadow mumbled, her arms folded. “We didn't do anything.”

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“Whatever, see ya'll.” Arch Angel said, walking off.

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“Urr, he is such a pretty-boy.” Moonshadow mumbled, using the term as an insult.

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“Yeah, don't get much more prettier than Warren.” Song joked.

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“Am I not pretty?” I asked them.

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They turned to me. “We're talking about boys, hun.” Song informed me.

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“Oh.” I said.

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“Awww you guys are back, you left and I didn't know where you were and... and...” A voice behind us said. “And I don't know.”

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I looked around and saw a girl with her head down but looking through messy copper hair with faded green eyes.

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“Oh, sorry Maeve.” Song apologised to the girl knowing how easy it was to set her off. “We were called out on the mission really early.” She said as her excuse.

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“Oh, I see.” The girl said and walked off.

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Song and I sighed in relief. “Hmm... food must be ready soon.” I said walking to follow Maeve. “See ya guys.”

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“See ya Farasha.” Song said waving and Moonshadow mumbled that she'll see me later.

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I waved behind me and kept walking, logging back onto the internet at the same time. It seemed that my email address had a new email, but the sender was unknown. I walked in the kitchen where lots of the others were starting to gather and sat down on one of the bench chairs.

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The email said “for mutant supporters” and I eyed it for a few moments before I opened it. It said “Hey, please join the rest” and there was a picture file. I downloaded the jpeg and made sure that I didn't carry any viruses. It seemed safe, so I opened it and looked at it in my mind.

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The picture was a woman. Her hair was pail purple and her eyes were orange and the pupil a slit like a cats. She was obviously a mutant, I could see that for sure. But that was not the thing about the picture. No, the fact was that there was only the head. A man's blood covered hand held the hand tightly, almost ripping it off the scalp. The woman's eyes were half closed and her mouth was lolling open, her skin was covered in broses, she had suffered a lot before who ever it was had killed her.

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I fell off the chair that I was sitting on and fell to the floor. I shut my eyes but the image file just would not go, even after I had closed the window the image stayed just below my eyes. I cried out and felt the marking that started to burn away at my skin me as I crawled on the floor, the other students around me not knowing what to do.

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I gasped for breath and then felt some gentle hands on my head. I blacked out, seeing nothing, feeling nothing.

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When I woke up I was in my bed in my bedroom. I felt so weak. I knew that that image had no virus on it but it still made my body feel sick. I raised a hand and felt my face. Just on the side of my right eye a wire was connected to the skin. I looked and saw that it was leading to a laptop.

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I ripped the wire off my skin and then felt my left hand out to my bedside table where I knew were a pile of cables. I took one and put it on my left temple, I immediately felt the power surge into my body from the mains that the wire was plugged into. I sighed in relief when I had plugged the other one onto the skin just under my collar bone on that side.

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I closed my eyes and let my mind drift away with the calming feeling of charging. My body storing that electrical energy for whenever I would need it.

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I was so zoned out that I didn't notice when someone came into the room. Only when she rested a hand on my forehead that reacted with marks, she knew that I was awake.

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I let my eyes go back to being blue so that I could see her. "Heya Jean." I said weakly. "Did you delete the file?" I asked.

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The woman nodded. "I'm sorry that you had to see that." She said, trying to smile.

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"Did... did you see it?"

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The woman nodded again. "I just wish that I could forget things like you so easily." She said, brushing my messy hair out of my face, not caring that black marks flickered across my skin where she touched it. "You should stop opening files when you don't know who sent them."

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I smiled. "I know. Curiosity killed the cat, I guess."

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"Yeah, just don't get killed." Jean said, getting up and walking out of the room. "And say thanks to Ez next time you see him, he leant us his laptop cos it was the closest."  
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I closed my eyes. "Yeah, that was nice of him." I agreed.  
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## 2 - Chapter 2

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Chapter 2
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“Devon.” A voice called to me and I looked out onto the real world rather than the digital one that I spent
so much of my time in. “Farasha.”
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“Um, yes?” I asked in a sleepy voice.

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“Would you stop logging on while I'm teaching.” Storm said, standing by the white board that that had been wheeled into the room.

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“Oh, sorry.” I said and tried to concentrate.

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“Did anyone work out what *x* was?” The woman teaching maths asked.

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I was the only one that put up my hand.

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“Apart from Devon?”

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I put my hand down, Ororo had gotten used to me knowing everything that was going on with maths. Storm proceeded to work the answer out on the board and I looked out of the window while that rest of the class struggled to find what the answer to the question.

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We all walked out of the classroom when it was finished and travelled to our normal places. I sat once again with Reni on the sofa and sighed as I sank into the soft fabric.

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“Hey, you all still going to go and see Song tonight?” Reni asked.

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“I still want to.” The voice below us said. Maeve had sat down on the floor by our feet because of the lack of room on the sofa. Reni and I always got there first.

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“Oh yeah.” I said, looking down. I remembered that Song was going to be singing at her bar again tonight and we had all promised that we would go and see her perform. She liked it when some of us were there as well, it made everyone feel happy.

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But I didn't do very well in crowds. I had never gone with them when they went to see her, I had always stayed at the Institute and listened to them all talk about it when they came back. I never showed them that I was jealous, but I knew that I wouldn't be alright there, no matter how much I wanted to go.

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“Oh, common, Fara.” Reni pleaded with me. “Song would be soooo happy.” The girl sitting on the floor looked up at me.

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I looked away from them both. “You know me, guys...” I sighed.

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“Just come once.” Quinn said. “I don't really like crowds, but I still think it's fun.”

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I looked back at my two friends and smiled. “Fine, but I doubt that you'll ever be able to get me out of the Institute ever again.” I joked. But I was true that I never left the school unless I really needed to, I stayed out of most shopping expeditions unless I was out of cloths or needed something for my computer.

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Yes, I did have a computer as well as having myself, but that was only backup and kept memories that I wanted to keep on it. I was always scared that I might have all my memories deleted again so I put pictures and conversations and anything that I didn't want to forget there.

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“Wow, this is a first.” Maeve mumbled.

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“Don't be sarcastic, Quinn.” Reni said. “This is amazing, we are all gonna have such a good time.” She grinned.

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I sighed and sank into my mind, letting my eyes dissolve into white, dead from the real world as I flew around the place that I was at home.

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There was another email waiting for me. Sender unknown.

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I was about to delete it without looking at it, I was going to do what I had promised Jean. But then I saw what the subject of the email was.

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369720

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I stared at it for moments that seemed like lifetimes. That was the number on my hand, the number on the suit that they found me in. I had spent two years trying to find the significance of that number, but finding nothing.

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No one apart from a handful of people at the Institute knew about it. I didn't know how anyone else would know. Unless...

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A voice outside my mind said something to me and I shook myself back into consciousness.

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"What was that, Reni?" I asked the girl next to me, squinting in the sunlight that was so bright from the window facing the sunset.

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"I said your mouth's open." She said.

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"Oh sorry... it's just that..."

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“Just that what?” A voice from below me said. Maeve was sitting on the floor as there was no more room on the sofa.

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“Um... nothing, <font color="Black">Quinn.” I mumbled to her.</font>

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<font color="Black">I went back and looked at the email again. It really did say 369720. There was no way that I could ever let this be deleted.</font>

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<font color="Black">I opened it with a shaking hand and waited for it to load.</font>

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

<font color="Black"><i>Dear Butterfly 369720</i></font>

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<font color="Black"><i>I am glad that you are still alive.</i></font><font color="Black"><i></i></font>

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<font color="Black"><i>See you soon.</i></font><font color="Black"><i></i></font>

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<font color="Black"><i>From Dragonfly 369721</i></font>

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<font color="Black">I just stared at the words for so long that they lost all meaning. Only then did I notice the picture file that was waiting to be downloaded. </font><font color="Black">I opened it and waited.</font><font color="Black"></font>

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<font color="Black">The picture was of me and someone else. I was wearing the suit that I had been found it, and I looked down at the floor. I was holding the other person's hands and we were facing slightly towards each other and slightly forwards. The other person was a boy, the same height and had the same colour hair as me and wore a blue plastic suit just like mine but for a boy. But the number on his chest was 369721, his name </font><font color="Black">was </font>Anguis<font color="Black"> Alvar</font><font color="Black"> and the picture that he had on the right side of his chest was not a butterfly, but a dragonfly.</font>

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<font color="Black">I opened my eyes wide and jumped into the air from where I was sitting and flew over the edge of the sofa.</font>

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<font color="Black">“Hmm? Why is Farasha flying?” Quinn asked from where she was sitting and sat on the newly vacated place on the sofa.</font>

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<font color="Black">"I- I need to go find the professor." I said, flying as fast as I could. I was in the corridors below the school, getting desperate and still running as fast as I could. I hadn't flown in so long that it took all my electrical energy from my body and I felt drained and tired, but I needed to show the professor this.</font>

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<font color="Black">Suddenly I hit something in the middle of the maze like corridors. It was soft and seemed startled that I had ran into it. I looked up and saw Warren looking down at me. The full weight of what I had just seen dawned me and I walked backwards a couple of steps, felt my skin burn with marking and for the first time ever in my life I felt my eyes prickle as tears streamed down from them.</font>

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<font color="Black">As I walked backwards I fell over and started to shake. I felt so bad, I was out of electricity, I couldn't stay like this, and what I just seen would not leave my mind, I didn't understand it, at all.</font>

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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

<font color="Black">"Devon, are you alright?" A</font><font color="Black"> soft</font><font color="Black"> voice above me asked.</font><font color="Black"></font>

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<font color="Black">I opened heavy tired crying eyes to the person that was crouched in front of me.</font><font color="Black"> Warren smiled at me and reached his hand forwards and put it on my shoulder. For the first time ever the markings under his hand cleared away on my skin rather than appeared. </font><font color="Black">I stopped shaking and looked at him.</font><font color="Black"></font>  
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<font color="Black">“Are you ok?” He asked.</font>  
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<font color="Black">I looked down. “Yes, thank you.” I mumbled. “Please, where is the professor?” I asked him.</font>  
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<font color="Black">“Come with me.” The man held his hand to me and I took it. This time when our skin touched the patterns reappeared on my arm like they always did.</font>  
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<font color="Black">I stood up and Xavier wheeled around the corner just as we started walking.</font>  
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<font color="Black">“Devon, are you alright?” He asked, having felt that I had been upset.</font>

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<font color="Black">“I need a printer.” I informed him. “Then I can show you.”</font>

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<font color="Black">We found a printer and I stood by a mains outlet so the I could have some power to connect to the printer with my mind. The three of us waited as the page went slowly through the machine and came out finally, the ink still wet and the page warm from being in the machine.</font><font color="Black"></font>

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<font color="Black">“This is...” Xavier said to himself as he looked at the image before turning to me.

“Do you have any idea who he is?” He asked me.</font>

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<font color="Black">"No, I don't." I said. "It looks like this was taken </font><font color="Black">just before you all found me." I said. "I got this in another anonymous em</font><font color="Black">a</font><font color="Black">il. The message in it said Dear Butterfly 369720. I am glad that you are still alive.</font><font color="Black"> See you soon.</font><font color="Black"> From Dragonfly 369721.</font><font color="Black">"</font>  
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<font color="Black">"Can you trace the email back?" Warren asked, looking over the professor's shoulder.</font>  
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<font color="Black">"I'll work on it, but I already doubt it." I said, looking down. I clenched my fist and felt marks emerging there. "I just want to know what this means."</font>  
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<font color="Black">"Hmm, well, if you believe that the person with you in the picture is the person who sent the email then I think that your brother is trying to find you again."</font>  
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<font color="Black">"Are we sure that he's my brother?" I asked.</font>  
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<font color="Black">“It looks pretty obvious to me.” The professor said, handing my back the page.</font>

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<font color="Black">I took it and held it close to me, the paper crumpling in my hand.</font>

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<font color="Black">“Lets just hope that this person does not have anything against you.” Xavier said. “Warren, take Devon back to her friends.”</font>

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<font color="Black">“Yes, Professor.”</font>

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<font color="Black">I sighed and walked with Arch-Angel back to where my friends were sitting as if nothing had happened. I put the page into my pocket, not knowing if I should tell them or not.</font><font color="Black"></font>

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## 3 - Chapter 3

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Chapter 3
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I still didn't really know how I agreed to this. I walked slightly behind the other guys as we headed to the
bar were Song would be singing. Storm and Moonshadow were with us, by request of Xavier and they
walked at the front. When we saw the door I felt my blood run cold, there were a lot of people.
Moonshadow looked over and saw my skin flask with marks that almost immediately went back to my
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normal skin.

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“Is she going to be ok?” She asked, turning to Ororo.

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Storm looked back at where I was with my head down. “Yes, we’ll keep her to the edge of where everyone is.”

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Moonshadow nodded and we all walked through the doorway. I followed Maeve to the back and was then followed by almost everyone. We all sat around a table at the back, I sat between Ez and Meave and everyone else piled in as well around us.

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It was not long until Songbreeze came out. When she saw us all watching from the back she smiled in our direction. She introduced her song and then started to sing. The guys on instruments kicked in after she had sung the first verse by herself. As she sang everyone watched silently. As she sang happy songs everyone smiled even slightly and in the sad ones everyone watched as if they were going to burst into tears. Everyone went back to talking and walking around when she went off to have a break.

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“Fara, enjoying yourself?” Ez asked.

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I turned to looked at him. “Yeah, this is better than I thought that it would be.” I smiled.

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Ez looked down. “I’m really glad that you came.”

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I looked at him feeling a bit confused by what he was saying but then ignored it. He could be weird if he wanted to. I looked into the crowd. It was actually quite nice being able to look though it, with my friends it didn't seem to intimidate me. I looked through at all the unfarmilliar faces, it seemed strange but not uncomfortable.

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Then I saw something at made that markings on my skin suddenly appear. A boy, my age, stood in the crowd. His hair was blue and short, and his face was almost the same as mine.

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"Fara, what's wrong?" Ez asked frantically when he saw the markings on my skin.

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I didn't hear him, I gripped the table with my hands for a few seconds. The boy saw me and stopped. He looked at me through the crowd, no one else seemed to notice him. I saw him turn and he started to disappear in the crowd.

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I couldn't let him get away. I flew from where I was sitting, over the tables and tried to push my way through the crowd.

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I heard someone say. "They're mutants." To my side and I felt someone hit me so that I fell to the floor.

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Then the chaos started.

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A group of men pushed the table that the other guys from the Institute were sitting on. Maeve stared at them as they started to get closer, and more people joined in. Reni immediately stood up and put a force field around everyone apart from Maeve who could not be stopped now. Reni tried to call for me, but I couldn't here her, not now.

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Maeve stared wide eyed at the people that were getting closer and closer. Suddenly she screamed, one that everyone could here. The people closest to her stopped walking with a shocked look on their face. The first man seemed to bust open from the inside, but slowly. Blood splattered everywhere as the men were ripped apart one by one.

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By that time I was too far away from them to be effected by the waves that Maeve gave off. I was struggling through the panic of people to find the person that I had seen. Everyone seemed to be running to the exits, pushing so that it was blocked with people and I felt like I was suffocating.

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Breathing quick breaths I felt someone purposefully put their hands on my shoulders. I spun round, but I didn't see anything, I only felt the quick prick or a needle, and all my fears disintegrate into darkness.

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I opened my eyes and felt weird. I looked around at the room that was pretty much bare. I was in a chair that was moulded into my shape, I lifted my head up and saw that next to me there was an identical chair right next to me, and there was a boy in it.

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I tried to stand up but there was something that kept me in that chair. I looked down at myself, I was wearing it again, that blue suit. The wires were re-attached to me, all over my skin. I could feel them pulling at my mind, taking everything with them. I tried to pull away from them, but the wires were too



attached to me.

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“Don't try and struggle.” A voice beside me said. It sounded so sad and soft. I looked at the boy identical to me sitting next to me. “When they've finished they'll let us go.”

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I stared at him, I didn't have any memory of him at all.

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“Hmm, they were saying that they can delete your mind again, you have something protecting it.”

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I remembered all the security measures that I had taken to make sure that my memory could not be deleted, but I could still feel them looking at everything that I had there.

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“Hmm, now they are commenting that you don't have any useful information, all you have is memories and... songs.”

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Yes, I always had songs in my mind so that I could listen to music whenever I wanted to, but I didn't see how that was not useful, I quite liked it.

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There was suddenly a small sound in the machine behind us and the wires in my skin were drawn out and I could move. I stood up slowly, feeling blood rush to my head.

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The boy stood up with no problems. I looked at him, he was just the same as me. He looked back at me, and smiled. “Have you really forgotten everything?”

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I nodded.

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"Can I... see what it's like." He asked, reaching out his plastic covered hand to me. "What it's like outside here?"

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I looked at his face, he seemed so desperate. I took his hand in mine and allowed him access into my mind. I watched him as his eyes went completely white like mine did. At first he had a calm expression on his face as he looked through the memories that I had but then his face changed, it turned hurt, angry even. I wanted him to pull back from my mind but he wouldn't, he just held my hand tighter, hurting me.

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Then I felt it all go, again, I was left empty.

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He let go of my hand and I slipped to the floor. Nothing in my mind apart from knowing that there used to be something there. The only thing that remained was one file, that asked for a password every time I tried to open it.

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<a href="http://wware.sourceforge.net/"></a>
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1.2.1</a><br>
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## 4 - Chapter 4

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White; ">
I did not know how long I spent in that room. I seemed to almost forget that the other boy in the room
had erased all of my memories. Anguis did not have any other name than the one that was printed on
his suit, unlike me. I knew that my name was The_Farasha, but he only knew the one that he had been
given.
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We were supposed to be exactly the same, we were born at the same time from the same mother, but the way that we thought was completely different. I guess that he was jealous of me as I have more of a free will than him.

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Once or twice a day we were taken by people wearing white and covering their faces to be washed and fed. But apart from that it was just me and my brother in a room that I learnt very quickly to hate.

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Anguis was impossible to live with. I hated him and tolerated him. The other people were annoyed with me as they could not extract the file from my mind but I never saw any of them, they communicated through Anguis.

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I did not know how I could be related to such an asshole.

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One day, or night, I could not tell in the sealed room that I had lived in for however long I had, I was doing what I always did. I sat on the ground feeling really bored. "Aaaaaanguis?" I asked the boy.

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"What?" He asked, turning to me from where he was standing.

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"What is in the file?" I asked him.

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He didn't say anything, but I knew that he knew. And I knew that he knew that I knew that he knew.

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"I will give you the file if you tell me everything." I said, smirking slightly.

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He walked over to me and sat in front of me. "Everything?"  
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I nodded.  
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Anguis sighed before starting his story. "In the beginning, before you were taken away, you worked for a man and held half of a plan for a machine, and then-"  
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"What's the machine?"  
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The boy hesitated and I knew that he was asking the others what to say.  
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"I'll know if you are not telling the truth." I warned him. He was easier to read than a book.

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"It's to be able to be able to control mutants." He said at last. "Even the ones that are telepathic and stuff. So that they can work for the humans. You know, like us."

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I looked at him, shocked. "And you think that this is a good thing?"

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"I guess so." He mumbled.

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I felt sick.

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"You said that you would give them the file now, now I've told you." He said and the wall behind be

came to life, wires stuck themselves into my body and I tried to resist but the pain was too much. I called out, but I already knew that there was nothing that I could do. My mind was still human, even though I thought like a machine, they could still take whatever they wanted by force. But that file was so deep in my mind that I would probably die if it was ripped from me.

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Though the blinding pain that was controlling my whole body I did not notice the sudden sirens that filled the room with their noise, or the panicked face of my brother as the wall collapsed in, or the people who filled the room.

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Suddenly I felt the wires that dug into my skin stop tearing at my mind. I opened my eyes and saw a man, he had sliced through them.

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“Heh, just like old times, right.” He said in a gruff voice.

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I stared up at him, having no idea who he was. “I have no idea what you are talking about.” I said as he pulled me up to my feet.

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“Ah shoot.” He mumbled to himself. “She's lost her memory again.” He called back to the others as he helped me to walk.

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“Not again.” A woman with white hair sighed. “Oh well, we still have everything on the computers at the institute I think.”

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“Ahhh...” I sighed as I felt my mind collapse from the strain that it had been under.

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When I woke up I remembered everything.

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I sat up in my old bed and looked out of the window, almost as if everything had been a dream. Then I remembered, and I flew down the stairs to the basement. "Over here." I heard Xavier's voice in my head telling me where he was. I walked into the room where he was and saw that Anguis was there as well, sitting on the same examining table that I had first woken up on. However, different from how I first was, Anguis looked extremely pissed off. And I was surprised to see him here.

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"He says that he will not talk to anyone but you." The Professor informed me.

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"Yeah, not as friendly as you are." Logan smirked. "Little country matters this."

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"Oh right." I said, nodding to what he was saying. I walked over to my brother and slapped him as hard as I could with the back of my hand. He fell off the table and looked up at me from the floor. "Don't act like such a child." I said to him.

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“Devon.” He said with his sorry expression.

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“What?”

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“I don't like it here.”

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“Don't complain or I'll throw you outside.” I threatened him.

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“O- outside?” He asked.

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I grinned and grabbed his arm. “Excuse me, professor, I'll be back in a sec.” I said with a grin on my face.

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“Your not going to-” he asked but I was already gone, dragging my brother along with me. When I was upstairs I didn't care about the looks that everyone gave me because firstly I was back after being gone for so long but also because I was pulling along a person exactly identical to me who was wearing a strange blue-plastic suit.

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I pushed Anguis out of the front door and held the handle so that he was unable to get back in. I watched him stare at the sky for a few moments, senescing the terror that he was feeling. He turned back to me and I watched as he pressed his pale fingers to the glass and his pleading face whimpering for me to let him back in.

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I sighed and pulled him back in. He almost collapsed in relief of being back inside. I pulled him back down to where Xavier and Wolverine were waiting for us.

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“Sorry, that just had to be done.” I said, helping a very shaken Anguis back onto the table where he had been sitting before. I cleared my throat. “This is Anguis, as you can see he is my twin brother and where as I am butterfly he is dragonfly.” I started informing the two adults present.

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“Ok.” Said the professor.

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“We were both being used as computers for storing the two halves of a plan for making this machine that can make it so that mutants can be controlled by humans. Kinda like how they used us as computers.” I carried on. “But we can’t get to them because we don’t know the passwords.” As I spoke those words a sudden thought hit me.

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“Anguis.” I said, turning to my brother who was deliberately looking away from me. “You know your password, don’t you?”

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<!--Section Ends-->

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## 5 - Chapter 5

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Chapter 5
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“You know your password, don't you?” I said, turning to my brother.
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The boy looked away from me. "No." He mumbled. He was such a bad liar.

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"Don't lie to me!" I warned him. "Or I'll take you outside and lock you out."

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He looked back at me with a fearful expression. "I know it." He said softly, his voice hardly making any noise. "It's Morfran, it's the name of an ugly demon." He mumbled, looking at the floor. "But it doesn't mean anything without it's second half."

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The boy went silent again and then looked back at me. I smiled at him for the first time ever. "Thank you, Anguis." I said, I put my hand on his head and rustled it through his hair. He smiled back at me.

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"Well as long as we have both halves of the plan then it should be safe." Xavier said.

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I shook my head. "The people took a copy of all my memories." I told him. "They will be coming here every soon."

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"What do you propose?" The Professor asked me.

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"Anguis and I should go away from the Institute." I said, looking down. "And then we should be separated." The boy turned his head and stared at me, protesting. I looked at him and shook my head.

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"Hmm, could the file not simply be deleted?" Xavier asked.

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"They can." A small voice to my side said, Anguis was looking down again with his eyes closed. "But... if they were the carrier would die." I sighed deeply.

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“Well, I guess we can safely rule that possibility out.” Xavier mumbled.

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I looked down. “But if you think about it, I would rather die than mutants having to work for humans.” I mumbled. “Only one of us has to die. Anguis has never lived any sort of life so I guess that I...”

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I felt a hand on my shoulder and look up. “Don't kill yourself just yet, kid.” Logan mumbled. “We're not gonna let you die cos of this.”

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“Logan's right.” Xavier said. “We can't ever think of that as an option.”

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I shook my head. “Fine.” I stood up and took my brother's wrist. “I'm going to go and introduce Anguis to the others.”

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“Ok.” Xavier said as he wheeled out of the room. “I’ll call Ororo to get him some cloths ready.”

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“Be nice.” Wolerine growled.

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I smiled at the comment. “I’ll be nice, but I can’t promise that the others will be.”

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I took my brother up to the rooms and found Storm already with a pile of cloths ready. “Hello.” She said to the boy. “I’m Ororo.”

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Anguis didn’t say anything but looked at he with a rather vacant expression. I hit him again. “Your are supposed to introduce yourself.” I hissed at him.

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My brother turned to me. "But I don't want to." He said.

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I hit him again. "You don't have to be so rude!"

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"I don't like you now you have your memories back."

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"I don't like you, now put those cloths on." I told him, pointing at the pile that Storm had placed on the bed.

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"What?"

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I sighed deeply. "I'm sorry `bout this, Ororo." I said to the woman.

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"It's ok." She laughed. "Will you be ok now."

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"Yes, thank you very much." I said and then turned to Anguis. "See, that is how you address someone older than you."

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Anguis didn't say anything. I helped him out of the blue suit that he was still wearing and into the cloths that Storm had borrowed off other people.

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"These feel weird." Anguis complained.

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“Well your gonna have to wear them.” I said. “I’ll go and show you to the others.” I pulled him downstairs and saw the guys sitting on the sofa like normal. “Hello peoples.” I said to my two friends as I leaned over the back.

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“Fara, your back!” Reni said, turning round to hug me, not caring that it covered my skin in marks.

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“Hmm, someone was saying that you had come back.” Maeve looked behind me. “And they also said that there were two of you.”

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Anguis hardly heard when he was mentioned, he was just staring at me. “You... your skin.” He said.

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I looked at him. “Don’t you do that?” I asked him. I though for a few moments. “Wait a second, no you



don't." I grabbed his hand that was almost transparent from being so pale. Every time I touched his skin it did nothing, but what was more, this didn't affect my skin either. "That is so weird."

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"Don't call me weird." The boy said, snatching his hand away. "You the one who's skin goes weird."

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I noticed that the two girls on the sofa had absolutely no idea what I was talking about or who I was talking to. "Yeah, well, this is Anguis." I said, pushing the boy in front of me for them to see. "As you can see he is my brother and he is an absolute bastard and you are all allowed to beat him up as much as you want." I grinned.

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"Why?" Maeve asked.

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"Because he deleted my memory again cos he was jealous and wanted me to be unhappy. But I got it all back cos I had it backed up on the computers here."

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The two girls looked at him. "You deleted her memories?" Maeve repeated.  
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"That is so uncool." Reni said.  
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I allowed the two of them to case Anguis and beat him up until Song and Moonshadow came into the room and broke them apart. After they found out that he boy had deleted my memories they joined in.  
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I sighed and sat on the sofa, I allowed my mind to sink back into the wireless network that the Institute had. My inbox seemed to be overflowing with junk that I deleted and then noticed that Ez was online.  
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<i>`sup</i> I said to him.  
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There was a silence. <i>Your back?</i> He asked, finally.  
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<i>Yep</i>  
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<i>Hmm, great, how was it?</i>  
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<i>What?</i>  
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<p style="text-indent: 3.12mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">  
<i>Wherever you went?</i>  
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<i>Umm... really boring, I got locked up in this room with my brother who is a complete and utter prat and he deleted my memories cos he was jealous and there were these people who tried to force a file out of my mind and then the guys came and rescued me.</i>

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<i>... you type too fast</i>

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<i>I don't type ^</i>

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It was nice that things were back to the way that they should be, but I could just tell that it was not going to stay like this for much longer.

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## 6 - Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

I was in my room and sat in front of my computer. I downloaded all the files that I had made today onto it, I transferred conversations that I wanted to save into word documents rather than sound files as they were too large and filled up my head so easily. I adjusted the music play lists that I had and then settled back down to what I was doing.

Anguis was already asleep. He had demanded that we shared a room. It annoyed me sometimes, how he didn't like being too far away from me. I looked back at him, he looked so much nicer when he slept, it almost made up for him being such a bastard when he was awake.

Something tapped on the window just before I went back to what I was doing. I unplugged myself from the wire going from my neck to the computer and walked to the window. It was night, and everything seemed so still outside. I opened the window slightly, I felt a softly cold breeze on my face that was refreshing after being inside for so long. Only then did I look down at whatever had knocked on the window.

I saw three people, all of them were dressed completely in black and one of them jumped onto the wall of the mansion as soon as they saw me open the window. I stood back from the window. How the hell had they gotten past all the security? And Xavier would know anyways that they were here, wouldn't he?

Whoever it was reached the window and pushed it open and walked into the room. I was almost by the door now, but I couldn't go without Anguis. I ran to where he was sleeping and grabbed his arm, but he didn't wake. I stared back up at the man and suddenly felt really really tired. I fell to my knees but tried to stay awake. I could not see the man's face, but I didn't need to, I knew everything already. He was a mutant.

I woke up and straight away started to scream in pain. I opened my eyes wide but they were covered by something and I couldn't see anything. I could feel though. I felt all the needles that had been stuck into my skin. They had not been slipped under the skin like they normally were, the people who did this had never done it before, and they didn't care how much it stung.

I quieted down but I could hear soft whimpering to my right. Anguis? I called out to him.

Farasha! He cried at me. Farasha, please help me.

Anguis, it'll be okay, my guys will come and get us, okay?

I couldn't concentrate on anything with the amount of pain that weighed down on my body and my mind. I could feel them ripping the file from in my mind. I could normally be able to eject the wires from my skin, but they were too deep in me. They were so almost there, the file was almost out of my head.

I'm sorry, but the X-Men will not be able to find you here. A calm voice said to us through some speakers that were in front of us.

I tried to move my body but I was tied to the wall. Let us go! I shouted, but I knew that it wouldn't do anything. I could still hear Anguis suffering beside me.

Then be nice, give us the file. She said. Give us the file and everything can stop.

Don't listen to her, Anguis. I called to my brother.

Fara, I'm- I'm gonna delete it. He said.

Don't you dare, Anguis, you hear me! I shouted at him.



Yes, please don't, Anguis, just think of the effect that it will have on your sister here. The voice cooed at him.

Shut the frack up. I shouted at the voice as another wave of pain ripped through my body.

There was some buzzing on the line but then I was too much in pain to hear it or even care. Then the speaking started again, but I couldn't care less. Anguis had stopped screaming.

\*\*\*

I opened my eyes wide. I was still in that fixed position but the current was no longer running through the wires. My eyes were still blind but at least the pain had gone. I moved my body around to try and become loose. To my surprise I was able to loosen an arm until I could slip it loose. I pulled off the blindfold over my eyes and blinked at the light of the white room.

This room was not like any of the others that those people had had me in. There was something different about it, and something too still about the room that it made me uncomfortable. I looked to my right, Anguis was there, I guessed that he was still sleeping.

I pulled off the restraints on me and fell to the hard floor. I gritted my teeth at each movement as the needles under my skin moved around, cutting through tissue and damaging muscles. I pulled the wires out slowly, in the end it took me almost an hour to get the first few out. I didn't care about the blood that was being squeezed out of the holes in my skin, I just kept on going until all of my body was numb with the stinging pain.

Struggling to get to my feet I leant on the wall next to my brother and took off his blindfold gently and then dropped it to the ground with shock. His eyes were still white, as if he was plugged in. I took out all of the needles in his skin, noticing that none of them worked any more, but still, his eyes did not change.

I lay Anguis on the ground after I had released him from the restraints and ran my hand around the white walls for the door. In one part the wall didn't push against my hand and I was able to push the wall away. Looking out at the corridor there was no one there again.

Trying to carry my brother with me even though I felt so tired I walked along the empty corridors until I found an exit to where ever it was we were.

In some forest in North America I lay Anguis on the ground and waited for someone to find us. They

would have to get here some time, in the open Xavier would be able to see me.

\*\*\*

Hey Logan. I said in a weak voice as the man walked up to where I sat with my brother's unconscious form.

Hey kid. Wolverine answered in a gruff voice. What's up with him?

I looked at Anguis. I don't know, he just won't wake up. I stuttered, starting to cry for the first time after everything had happened.

Oh. The man said, not knowing what he should do.

He's not dead. I almost shouted the words at him.

Wolverine picked up the thin boy's body with ease and carried him back to the jet. I followed him, stumbling as my tired legs tripped on rocks and the uneven ground. In the jet Storm helped Anguis into one of the seats then helped me.

Devon. She said softly to me. Farasha.

I looked up when my second name was said. Yes, Ororo.

Are you alright? She asked, her face full of concern.

I nodded. I just don't know about Anguis & He won't wake up. I started to cry again and Ororo held me to her. I never really liked people comforting me like this, but I just didn't care as my body shook with sobs.

## 7 - Chapter 7

### Chapter 7

I sat on the small metal chair in the examining room and looked at the ground. As soon as we reached the institute Angus was taken here and put on the examining table. All I needed to do now was to wait for the professor. I hadn't even been bothered to change into my normal clothes, although I hated the plastic suit that the people put me in more than anything it still felt more comfortable to me than normal clothes did.

The door swung open and I looked up to see a man in a wheelchair enter the room.

Hi, professor. I said sadly.

Good to see you again, Devon. The man said as he wheeled to the table that my brother was lying on. Without saying anything more the man placed his hands on the boy's head and started to concentrate. I looked to the man that was leaning on the frame of the open door and he nodded at me. Looking back at

Xavier his face seemed to be struggling and then he released his hands.

I m sorry, Farasha. He said.

But- I stuttered. But he s not dead!

No, he s not dead, just in a coma. I just can t seem to re-connect his mind and his body. The man said sadly. In time, maybe it will do that on it s own, we just have to wait.

I sat back in the chair and ran my fingers through my hair.

But how are you, Farasha? Xavier asked, turning to me.

Not too bad& The- the needles went really deep, but I got them all out. I ran a hand over one of my arms, the blood had dried on the plastic and was starting to flake off.

And the file in your mind? Did they get that.

I had almost forgotten about that. I searched deep within my mind for it and then found a file that I could not open. Yes. I said. It s still there.

Hmm, good. The professor said, moving towards the door. You should get some sleep. He advised.

Do you need help? Logan asked.

No, I ll stay here. I said and the other two nodded.

I ll tell the children not top disturb you till tomorrow. The professor said.

I nodded as they left and looked at my brother. He looked so peaceful like that, as if he was having a good dream. I didn t know what I would do if he died.

\*\*\*

The night something woke me from my sleep. I didn't know what it was. I looked around the room. Everything was how it was when I fell asleep, it was so still.

I looked behind me. There was a computer outlet in the wall like in most of the rooms that were in the basement of the institute. I walked over to it and stood in front of it. I moved a plastic covered hand and touched the hard screen before turning it on. I stood there until it loaded and then allowed my mind to venture into it. I moved along the waves of information without thinking, I hardly knew where I wanted to go, but another part of me knew exactly where it was heading.

I stood in front of the file that led me to the records that the institute had on mutants. I had tried to get in once before and I remembered the virus that protected it and how much it had damaged me that time before.

But still, I needed to go into that file for some reason.

I started walking again and slipped into the file. The virus attacked me straight away and I almost collapsed with the sudden pain all around me. But I kept going, I didn't even know why.



Another part of my mind logged on to the internet and I started to copy the files and send them to someone that I didn't recognise, but for some reason I knew the address.

I didn't understand why I was doing this. It hurt so much, but I couldn't stop.

Outside my mind, in my real body I felt hands grasp hold of me to pull me away from the machine, but there was nothing that they could do to stop me doing whatever it was that I was doing. It was too late, I had copied all of the files, and almost as soon as they were received the email address was deleted.

I opened my eyes and saw people above me, shouting at me, asking me what I was doing. But I couldn't hear them, and I wouldn't be able to answer them anyway.

\*\*\*

I groaned and rubbed my eyes. Before I opened them I realised that I was in a soft bed, not the examining room that I was the last time I remembered.

Moving my hand out of the way of my face I looked around. I was in my room, light poured in from a window and everything seemed normal.

Except for the fact that there was someone at my computer.

What the hell are you doing here? I asked.

Hmm, de-bugging you. The boy said simply.

Then I noticed that there were wires going from my head to the computer. It was strange, I was almost used to the rough treatment that I had been given that I hardly noticed Ez scanning my mind and deleting the virus. Also I noticed that the file was gone.

What& what happened to me? I don t understand. I said.

The file that you couldn't get into your mind was not the old one that you had. Eskill informed me. It was one that programmed you to get into the Institute files and send them to whoever. I was able to get to the file after the program was activated and delete it from your system without damaging you.

What? So the file, it's gone.

The boy nodded.

& shoot. I mumbled. They got it. I stayed quiet for a while, not knowing what to say or what to do next. But Ez? I asked the boy after a while. Why are you using *my* computer?

He didn't answer straight away but looked at the machine that he was sitting in front of for a moment. It's nicer than mine.