

Echo

By Lock

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Echodyme Hikazu doesn't have many friends. That's because most people are scared of him. What is to become of poor Echo. Please read.

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1 - Chapter 1 Hi, my name is...

Chapter 1 Hi, my name is...

My name is Echodyme but all of my friends, which I have few of, call me Echo. Most people won't even say my name unless forced to. You wanna know why? Because I'm a Dual-wielder. I'll explain what that is in a second. My best friend is Gear, the smartest techno genius in the state. Maybe the world. Gear could hack anything, anywhere at anytime. When he found what he was looking for, he would vanish without a trace. Gear is 17 years. Black hair, gold eyes and around 6 foot 3 inch and actually looks the opposite of what you may imagine. He had a light tan and works out, giving him a very fit and good looking body. Me, on the other hand, is around 6 feet tall and is well built. But nothing compared to Gear. Normal skin tone, brown hair, blue eyes. I'm much quicker than Gear. So when I ask him to race, he just say I'll win anyway. It makes me feel a bit better cause that means I good at something, besides making people fear me.

Now, I'll explain the Double-wielding thing to you. Most people are born 100% normal. Some of us are born with "Clins". Clins are pretty much plasma blades that are in our hand. Mostly in the hand that we write with. Some are just random. People born with one Clin are called "Singles", and the fear factor toward them are about 50/50. They are loved and feared. But I'm not a normal nor Single. I'm what people call a "Threat". I was born with two Clins. One in each hand, or ontop of each hand I should say. Overall, we're call "Clin-holders". Each Clin-holders' blade may be a different color. Some maybe blue, some purple, and some green. There are also many other colors, but gold, silver, black, and white, or clear, are pretty rare. I have two gold blades. The reason people fear me is because over 50% of rare Clin-holder are criminals.

"Hey, Echo, school's about to start. Let's go!" Oh, look, it Gear. I'll talk to ya later. School about to start.

Chapter 2. Coming soon.

2 - Chapter 2. Well?

Chapter 2 "Well?"

"Are you going to hack the school system today?" I whispered to Gear. It was first block, math class, and we always sat in the back of the room. We both had an A in math so the teacher didn't mind if we talked. As long as we talked quietly.

"Yeah. I really need to bring my english grade up. I swear, Mr. Hotomi has something against me." I gave a light chuckle. "Why do you need to know? You want me to raise some grades?"

"If you want too you can bring my drama grade up a grade or two." Gear smiled and the bell rung. "We're you off to next?"

"Science," Gear said, stacking his book together.

"You know what you have in that class?" I picked up my english book off the floor and placing it on top of my binder. Gear picked up his books and slid them under his left arm.

"I think a 80, but that can all change pretty quickly." I picked up my books and held them against my chest. I know, guys don't usually hold their books against their chest but I choose to show about 10% of my feminine side.(Which everyone has.) And NO, I'm not gay!!! Anyway, I followed Gear out into the hall and all the loud talking, coming from the kids, stopped. The kids around the doorway stepped away, and everybody looked at me. A even saw a Clin out. The chicken who held that Clin wouldn't come close to me.(Just for the record, Clins are drawn out on top of the hand and stay there. So you basically have a sword built on top of your hand.)

Gear moved behind me and gave me a small push.(Gear and I made a deal when we first met that between classes, I would clear the halls and he would protect me for any guys wanting a fight.) I stepped forward and the entire group of children moved over against lockers, walls, and doors. We walked down the hall to the science room and stopped in front of the door.

"Maybe they haven't been let out yet," Gear said.

I peeked into the window next to the door. The teacher was asleep on his desk and the students had taken advantage of it and had a old fashion spit-ball war. I knocked on the window and the spit-ball snipers froze. The eyes were flooded with fear, just like everyone else's eyes. They stared at me for a second and then rushed to their seats. Gear opened the door and stepped in.

"Go on, get out. The bell rung five minutes ago."

All the kids grabbed their stuff and ran through the door like a stampede. As the last few kids made their way out of the science room, I made my way in. I stood next to the door, and waited for the okay. Mr. Leth was sound asleep on his desk. Gear gave a wicked smile and slammed his books onto the oak wood desk, making a thunder-clap sound. Mr. Leth sprung up.

"Who, what, when, why, and how," Mr. Leth straightened his big-rimmed glasses, "Oh, it's just you."

"Drink some coffee, Mr. L. You need it." Gear looked over at me and gave a quick nod. I nodded back, turned around, and walked across the hall to my English class.

Chapter 3. Soon to come!