

Star Academy - The First Year

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Felix Lend is an exceptionally gifted student with a mysterioius background. Listen to Felix tell his story.

(I probably won't finish it. I never really played Star Fox.)

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1 - Beginnings

“Welcome to Star Academy, students. Not like you’ll be here long.”
The principal got a huge laugh out of us.

“Yeah, I know, this is only a two year school. But expect the course to be vigorous because of it. All of you students are going to this school to become engineers or fighters in the army. But you know that already, or you wouldn’t be here. Any ways, you know that the Academy only recruits the best of the best, and we take a class every year from every planet in our system. Now, I know that the courses may be hard, but I expect you all to overcome it. Your first class is going to be in workshop 1S, which is down the hallway and on the right. Remember; don’t let the work overcome you because there is no returning back to the program if you are forced out. Everyone, dismissed!”

I looked around at my fellow classmates. We were a large class of thirty, but the older class only had thirteen kids left. I knew I wasn’t going to drop out, but the rest of the class will sag under the workload. I’d best choose my friends carefully...

I carefully chose my place at the front of the classroom half of the workshop. All my years of studying personal relationships may finally pay off. After all, the nerds always sit at the front. The athletes sit at the back, where they hope the teacher won’t call on them. But they don’t know yet why the upper class is more than halfway gone, with more yet to drop out.

They need both skills in the academy. Those poor nerds will drop out from physical stress; the jocks, from mental stress. I am strong. I will not fail.

2 - The Gravity of Space

“Hello class,” the teacher greeted us as he walked in. “Welcome to Advanced Applied Physics. Or as the upper classmen call it, the Gravity of Space. Let’s get started. Open your textbooks to page thirty. You should have read the first section over the summer.”

Backpacks rustled and books thumped on the table. I slid mine out quietly, showing them all a quiet nerd. They’ll see who I really am at the obstacle course. I flicked open to page thirty and studied the diagrams. I already knew this stuff, but I knew that the slackers would have trouble with it. I read the entire textbook over the summer. Pulling out a separate notebook, I leaned on my desk and copied down the major points of the section while the teacher spoke about the subject to the students. I noticed my fellow classmates in the front had the book open, but were not taking notes. I smirked, waiting for the teacher to get them. They were looking around too easily to be paying attention.

“You, up front, do you think you know this already?”

Checkmate.

“No...no sir.”

“Then why are you not taking notes? Your first quiz is tomorrow.”

“Yes sir.” The poor kid pulled out a notebook and started writing with a shaking hand, his hind hoofs clattering nervously on the tile floor. The rest of the nerds followed him.

Heh.

Basic applications of gravity between two objects, how to nullify your pull. Easy physics, I could have skipped this chapter. I had learned it in independent study two years ago. The teachers here have had a lot of experience, both teaching and in the field. I have to make them think that I am new at this, or life will be tough. I checked the reflector I built in my belt, running simple diagnostics in my head. My bracelet contained a small laser and my paralyzer gloves were hidden in my school uniform on the inside pocket. Since this school expected weapons, it wasn’t hard to sneak them in. But I am only to use them for defense, not for showing off. If I do, I’ll blow my cover and they won’t let me in. Even through all this thought, I wrote yet more notes in my clear handwriting.

3 - Nickel + Magnet = Movement

And these schools are supposed to get invaded this year? My father was such a nut case, taking his revenge on these schools. He's the fool mercenary to get himself jailed. It's amazing that he can even keep connections to the outside.

The teacher switched from lecturing to having us complete a lab. We had one hour and forty-five minutes to get a metal ball from the starting point to the ending point, which was placed on his desk at the front. We were allowed only to use boards and whatever nontechnical objects in the room he gave us permission to use. I was put in a group with three jocks and a nerd.

The nerd, a sparrow, was busting his brains over the machine. "We can't use the boards because of the loss of velocity due to friction on the boards. Can't use any machines or lift the ball to bring it over. Let's see...No that won't work...Neither will that..."

I sighed. "This is a physics class. He's probably got a magnet in here. The ball's made of nickel. Magnetism is a natural force, not a machine. We can use it. Have them set up the boards while I find the magnet." I walked around, searching in the closets. I finally found a magnet and brought it over. Dragging it under the ball and the boards, I guided it towards the goal.

"No one can use a magnet now! Already been used," the teacher explained. I looked at the time. It was only six minutes after start. I sat down at the start point with my group. The jocks started talking about the obstacle course.

4 - One bird's nightmare...

“They say that the obstacle course uses real lasers. They burn you if you hit them.”

“I hear that we have to be able to lift heavy metal gates. They increase the weight each month.”

The nerd looked at me nervously. “Do you actually believe those rumors?”

“Yes. This is army training. We may have to trespass and enter enemy territory. Unless you want guns aimed at your tail feathers, you have to learn how to avoid detection. You may also have to fight in hand-to-hand combat, and you’ll definitely have to use a gun. They expect the best of the best in physical and mental strength. People who can play it by ear are excellent for this job too. They’re the ones who end up as leader.”

The sparrow shivered. “I hope the rumors are false.”

I looked at him. “Guess what. They don’t. The obstacle course is the only reason that half of the class is here. Some don’t have brains at all like you. They are bodies and extra hands.”

The sparrow misinterpreted my reasoning. He nodded at me.

I got up and browsed the textbooks along the sides of the class. The other groups were starting to finish up. I picked one up and skimmed through it. I read it last year.

5 - I'm not most folk.

"It's a good book, but you won't get into it for at least a month." The teacher had snuck up behind me.

"Probably, sir. But knowledge of physics can't harm me yet."

The teacher laughed. "You were in the group that finished first, weren't you? Felis Lend, if I'm not mistaken." I nodded. "Good job. Most folk don't remember magnetism."

"Well then, I guess I'm not most folk. Besides, magnetism is fun. I went through a phase experimenting with it," I explain. He nodded, still grinning.

I walked over to my group, the jocks still talking and the nerd looking bored. I waited, making sure my face showed no emotion.