

“Oh my God!, What in the living Syria is up with this place?!” I exclaimed *way* too loudly while entering my new school, Lincoln High School. I’m from the Cynuss system, five reptures (a repture is roughly 2.3 light years) away from the Galagus system, and second closest system to planet Earth where I found myself on a field trip.

What I saw before my eyes wasn't anything close to what I would see, in any high school anywhere near my home. . While there were still some people who were strongly conservative in Robra Nña, I was one of the liberal majority Robra Nña , my little, and very liberal town. It’s just outside A big city, named Nas-Ti-Orted. Nas-Ti-Orted is about the equivalent of 21th century San Francisco. In my eyes, it looked like a jail cell.

Robra Nña’s majority (about 70% liberal “hipsters”) have been known to pioneer, sometimes shunning other cities, countries, or maybe even a whole planet. There are usually about 60 million people living in a Cynus city. Our system has about 50 or 60 million people as an average, but Ti-Orted brings the average up with a populace of 78 million, and counting.

“Do you see that?” I asked rhetorically

“What, Laropsa? The woodwo--Oh. Em. Gee,” my friend Savilina said as she was entering the main hallway.

“They actually have lockers! SNAPSHOT,” the chip taking oral commands inside my brain flashed the camera installed in in her retina.

It was like looking at a 21st century historical artifact, but the artifact was the size of an entire school. The outside was brick painted over in a clear, bright blue, with grey lettering: "**LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL.**" The dusty, tile floor felt so unnatural compared to the synthetic choices we have back on Southfay where I was born and raised.

Our hosts spent a good part of the day was showing us around, giving us our schedules, etc. After school, I walked with Savilina to a mediocre but all-expense paide

hotel.

Not much time for “funny business” before settling down on the couch enjoying a Coke. The first day, our only class was History. The teacher went on and on about the Syrian War. Ever since the oil rush of 2300 in what now would be Southern Canada, the Americans took control of most of Russia, and the Middle East. So basically, Syria was one of the last countries in the Middle East, standing their ground. Eventually, they had a militia-based, rebellion army, not unlike the United States in the 1700’s

So, before the newly named Americans; Re’Senvous e.g. "powerful rebels" in Madagascar took them down in 2443, the Syrians were a demon-like culture fighting with anything as low as a kitchen knife. The point is, Syria was a dystopic battlefield in the 25th century, therefore the phrase “Hell” was minced from this because of the amount of rage and wars fought there.

I woke up at quarter to eight to the sound of a squirrel being honked at by an out-of-control driver. Cassandra, our neighbor, apparently had a party that Sav went to (that I didn’t know about). Savilina wasn’t normally a partier because of her strict parents. Her parents are probably on winter vacation to the Fleurida system, (like Florida, but the French were another exception to, more or less world domination) two million miles away. Sav's parent's owned a house, that was passed down from Sav's Mom's side, in Fleurida ever since the French surrendered to The Re’Senvous, and prices went down.

“What time is it?!” Savilina said as she groaned and she winced at the sun a little before 9:30.

“Nine twenty. By the way, were you at the party, next-door, last night?” I asked.

“Uhh...Um, well all I remember was having a few beers and walking...oh shit!” she vaguely recalled.

“What is it? Almost everybody has had at least, *one* underage beer” I tried to assure her.

“Shocked” Page 2 of 5 6-8

“No! That’s definitely not, it! I remember somebody bringing tabs - and taking one and, and.....” she trailed off wishing she didn't remember, what she remembered.

There was silence. From her description of the tablets I could tell she must have taken a drug called uipotia. Uipotia is basically cocaine that you eat. Its name derives from a famous football player; Mike Uipoti. He was reported to have put “crack” cocaine in Cannabis. Basically, under the influence of uipotia, you see the future instead of the past. The opposite of what people back in the day would call heroine.

Sav said she went into a major trip, but was freed by Caylel my neuroplasmal surgeon friend. Caylel tried a risky technique involving injecting her with a radioactive neuroplasm. Caylel was at the party and eventually engaged in some 'relations' with Sav. Sav was vague on that because of the alcohol and uipotia (maybe even other drugs). Savilina mentioned that she saw a “grim setting” in her trip, but personally, I think it was just a bad side effect

Then we got up and headed over to our normal, run of the mill field trip life. Normal, except that we were at a nearly fossilized high school. Mr. Perry was our English teacher and the start of our day. After 3 periods had passed, we had lunch at 11:39 a.m.. The cafeteria had many options, but I went with a dehydrated “Porla” fish, a specialty of my hometown planet of Eather.

Our field trip will be over at the end of the week. While I came accustomed to the ways of space, something about planet Earth brought me in.

I checked the news on an old Macbook-Air. Another case of aliens attacking the Galagus system was reported, but rather than a small terrorist attack, CNN.com speculated this might be the start of a war, against the rivaled Goßmatask group.

I got an email from Stu Klanfiregith, one of my friends back in Nas-TiOrted that he got a full scholarship to the only remaining public NCAA school: University of Michigan. Stu Klanfiregith competes in collegiate Folang.

Folang is bowling with a football. You throw the football 18 yards and try to knock down as many bowling-like, pins that’ are square and blue, as you can, each time you throw the ball. Before the fifth throw, each "pin" counts as three point. After the

Folang is bowling with a football. You throw the football 18 yards and try to knock

down as many bowling-like, pins that' are square and blue, as you can, each time you throw the ball. Before the fifth throw, each "pin" counts as three point. After the fourth throw, everything counts as 1 point. As to what size ball to use: Size 3 for Youth; Size 5 for Adults; Size 7 or 8 for professionals.

Stu was offered a starting spot on the Horiot Rog's roster (with a partial scholarship). Stu turned it down because he was offered a full ride to Michigan and has a chance for a starting position on the Folang team. Stu also is choosing the U of M because their academics are still, suprisingly, cerebrally rival to many other colleges.

Stu and I hooked up for a year and a half, but he moved to the Galagus system. Two years later, we are still good friends.

Back to school, after lunch was not quite as challenging though, I still saw some kids struggle. That is, until a pleasant teacher named Hector Wails taught a low-key session about the transitions between "Wars: Then and Now".

He followed it with a [www.PeopleChannels.com](http://www.PeopleChannels.com) video about modern crimes.

Mr. Wails approached me after class and thanked me for my relative attentiveness. Other kids were zoning out.

I noticed a new kid in school who looked like he was from a foreign planet. He seemed intelligent, but not particularly obvious about his intellect, and personal life.

Cassandra and Savilina apparently made a good friend today.

"Hey Laropsa!" said a pretty lady standing with Cassandra and Savilina.

"Well, my name isn't" I started to introduce myself.

"She's doing fine. Why don't we go to that cafe.? My Grandfather tells me stories of this huge coffee franchise on Earth, Starbricks or something..." Cassandra cut me off.

"Okay. I'll grab my wallet, I followed her lead.

We headed in the direction of a rented 2800 car called a 'Silverado'.

The pretty girl seemed interested in me when she greeted me.

"My name is Delilah" she nearly shouted.

“Ohhh, cool... what system are you...”It seemed like I was always getting cut off today. Just then, our car exploded.

There were big, yellow flames rising up from a pile of auto parts. OUR CAR HAD EXPLODED! THANK GOD nobody was in it! Debris was flying everywhere as some security guards and teachers rushed out of the building.

We went back to school only to see everyone perfectly silent. No one appeared to have been brutally injured. Only Delilah had a piece of mysterious debris stuck in her shoulder.

After school, Cassandra, Sav and I ended up catching a bus, watching a chick flick, and talking about boys.

“I think I’m going to ask out that new kid” I said quietly.

They all sighed and tried to seem peaceful (for my sake) for a minute, before giving me their reasons not to, and to ask him out. We gossiped and “truth-or-dared” until about midnight.

As soon as we got ready for school, I noticed a gloomy, blank feeling all around me. Cassandre mentioned, in her “trip” on Uipotia, that she claimed that she saw a burnt orange fade, outlining the ignited piece of metal in the sky.

The next day the school was on fire - in a blaze. I saw the new kid giving orders. I realized he was trying to take over this city and maybe, even the whole of Earth.

His type was everywhere. Our school was going to leave in two days using the highway system, but this could change everything.

We ran to the hotel and locked ourselves in our rooms with food from the Subway buffet. I checked the news on the Mac. Nearly half, 48%, of the planet has been infected by (taken over by?) these space alien spies. They could be anybody.