

The Resistance

Chapter 1: The Awakening

I open my eyes and see the whole wide world. “Ahhh,” I exclaim, “another huge day. C’mon Sarah,” I say, “Who’s a good girl? You are, yes you are.” If you’re wondering who Sarah is, she’s my dog. The best jet black Labrador in the whole world. You see, we’re The Resistance, me, Sarah, Charlie, and Cyber.

It all started one day. A day when the sky was so beautiful, it shined over the whole world. That’s when it started. We couldn’t stop them. No one could. The giant, black Spriffers, all they did was tear up the world. We’re the only ones left. Me, Sarah, Charlie, and Cyber. While Charlie and I are only 12 years old, we’re tough. And it’s gonna take more than a couple of Spriffers to stop Steven, Sarah, Charlie, and Cyber.

Chapter 2: The Hideout

They left alone the mountains, because they couldn’t move them. I’m gonna admit, it’s pretty hard to move a mountain range. Anyway. . . the hardest place to find us is the Appalachian Mountains. So take a guess about where we went. Surprise, surprise, it’s the Appalachian Mountains.

Our hideout has gardens, and trucks full of healthy food, trucks full of junk food, and trucks full of dog food. To be precise, we have 50 trucks full of healthy food, 20 trucks full of junk food, and 60 trucks full of dog food. We also have 90 trucks full of nice, cool, refreshing, water. I’m making you thirsty aren’t I?

Some people thought they would play along with what they called our “childish games”, and drove us the supplies gradually over time. Eventually, after about two years, we got the amount of supplies that we have now.

We try to brainstorm ideas for exterminating the Spriffers, but all the plans aren’t possible because all we have are two chain guns, three stun-guns, two handguns, and a truck and a half full of ammo. Okay, I’ll admit, it does sound like a lot. But, if you knew how powerful a Spriffer was, you’d faint. They would barely have a dent in them if we used all of our weaponry. About ready to faint?

We salvaged some toys and trinkets from the town’s rubble to keep us occupied

while we sit through the long and boring days when there's nothing to do but sit there. Sarah and Cyber seem pretty happy at the moment, because Sarah's a jet black Labrador who loves to play fetch, and Cyber's a Golden Retriever with a synthetic leg (that's why her name is Cyber) who loves solving puzzles as long as there's some sort of treat at the end of it. I'm quite on the contrary. I'm eager to find a way to get rid of that failed technology that call themselves, Spriffers.

Chapter 3: The Spriffers

The Spriffers were originally the US military's new little "play toy". But they got completely out of hand. They gave them too much human intelligence, and they had so much that they almost developed brains.

Then, the Spriffers were left alone one day. They started pulling out their plugs, and alarms sounded. There was nothing the US military could do but sit there in horror. They knew it too.

They didn't even try because they knew it was over. The end of the world. But not for us. No! We're still fighting. Well, not literally, but you know what I mean.

Chapter 4: How Charlie and I Met

Charlie and I have been friends since we were in first grade. We just walked up to each other and said in unison, "Do you want to be friends?" And from then on, we've been best friends. A couple years later we got Sarah and Cyber.

We were like the "four" musketeers. Until . . .until the Spriffers came. Like I said earlier, we couldn't do anything. They blocked out the sun and killed our parents . . . No, they killed everyone. Everyone except us.

We thought this would happen one day and made a shelter in the mountains. Of course, no one listened or cared. But some people were sympathetic, and they gave us our supplies as I explained earlier.

The four of us are still friends, of course, and the Spriffers can't take away that too.

Chapter 5: The Death of a Certain Someone

Three Days Ago . . .

“Charlie, Charlie. Come Quick!” I said.

“What is it?” Charlie asked.

“It’s Sarah. She looks sick.”

“That’s not good. Do you think she’ll be okay?”

“I don’t know? I hope so.”

“I don’t know what we should do. I’m at a dead end.”

“Do you have any ideas?”

“Nope.”

“Steven, I can’t let this happen. I have to tell you the truth.”

“What is it?” I cried.

“I . . . I . . .”

“What?!” I sobbed

“I fed her some grapes because she whined and begged. I didn’t know they were bad for her. I’m sorry, I really thought they were fine for her to eat.”

“You know what, I accept your apology, but next time ask me before you feed her. If I knew that was the problem. I would’ve given her a remedy that I have. It’s a common mistake that a lot of people make. Don’t feel too down Charlie.”

“Hello,” came a strained mysterious voice.

“Hellooo?” the voice came again.

“It can’t be.” I whispered to Charlie.

“Is it another survivor?” asked Charlie.

“Someone else is alive? Finally.” came the voice as the man came into view. He was a tall, scraggly man wearing rags of clothes.

“Listen to me. I have an urgent message.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“Beware . . . Beware . . .” he started to croak, “Beware the T.S.T.U.” Were his last words.

We watched in horror as he fell over with a “splat!” and the whispering tendrils of death consumed his body while it faded with the shadows.

Chapter 6: Beware the T.S.T.U.

I bet you thought Sarah was gonna die back there. Well, I used the remedy that I made on her. It was made of tall dry grass, rabbit tails (for taste), mint leaves (for digestion), ice, and peanuts. All chewed up into a nice neat compress for her. So yeah, Sarah’s all right. Anyway . . . back to reality. We figured out that the T.S.T.U. means the Technology Superior To Us. It’s got to be the Spriffers. But I don’t see why he would warn us. We already know about them. I guess the oversized stalkers are planning an attack. That’s our best bet. If they’re planning an attack, we’ll hit them harder. After all, they may be “superior”, but that could also be size, not intelligence. Also, I’m not about to be killed by some big black doofus.

Chapter 7: Who Knew Victory Could Be So Sweet

We have a plan. The Spriffers will never know what hit them. We’re walking down to where we think their base is. It’s a beautiful sunny day where the rays of sunshine climb down upon your face, and you feel all the warmth you possibly can. It’s the best day to kick some big, black, metal butt.

Our plan is to infiltrate their base and catch them by surprise.

We’re at their base. I’m going to throw Sarah the stun-guns one by one. When she clamps down on the stun-gun it’ll shoot the prongs deep into the wall and one by one it will create an electric, bungee triangle. Then Charlie will have Cyber drag the ammo, bag by bag and scatter it outside the triangle. Uh-oh, the Spriffers are waking up. Let’s hope this works. “Sarah, fetch” I yelled to her softly. She formed the triangle with the stun-guns. So far so good. “Charlie”

“I’m on it” he called in a half whisper. Cyber scattered the ammo. Our hope is that the Spriffers get attracted to the ammo. Then they will hit the wire after I flip the master switch. Which I have to do now . . . Done. Alright you get the point. Now to electrocute some Spriffers. This is gonna be fun.

They're up and walking to the ammo. It's working. It's actually working. You should really see this. The Spriffers are going bouncing tonight. "Whoop" Bounce to this side, bounce to that side, bounce to every side actually. "Charlie are you watching this?" "If anything, closer than you." He could hardly contain his laughter.

"You know what Charlie?"

"What?"

"Who knew victory could be so sweet?"