

Sunday, February 14, 3018 - 9:29 AM - Moon: Zecromia's moon

Bodega landed on the moon, but nothing was there just moondust. Then the intercom turned on, "Federation pilot, please leave the area or you will be destroyed!" after the intercom shutted off. Bodega replied,

"This is a stolen Federation ship, I'm on your side." After a while a camouflage barrier open up revealing an factory and ships flew out to Bodega's ship. They open communications with his ship,

"If you truly not with the Federation tell us, why are you here?"

"My grandfather sent me here to meet, Keyon."

"I see, follow us," then Bodega powered up his ship and followed them. The black market on the moon was built on an old Glittering Lolestine refining factory. Bodega knew that refined Glittering Lolestine ore is sold for a good price on the market, and maybe he can find some and sell it. They covered the factory with a camouflage generator which is powered by Chabcocite, which this camouflage generator can block out any Federation scanners. There was a docking bay to the right, but the pilots wanted to follow him.

They landed in a auto shop and Bodega got off his ship. They came out, and Bodega noticed they were rebels. They wanted the Federation to stop their actions in the galaxy, and they needed a high rank Federation ship. They offered him a new ship with good weapons and higher shields. Bodega had to refuse, but they offered to transfer the Federation's ace pilot ship's engine to the ship that they were offering. Bodega had to agree, because it had better shields and it had fast speed and good weapons.

They wanted a name for it, but Bodega had nothing. They were gonna call it the scrap bucket for now. The rebels escorted him to Keyon. He was a bionic person with a sweater covering his parts and a hoddie covering most of his face. His left arm was made of Kesnalt metal. His bionic hand had three huge fingers. You can see his hair dangling from the hoodie.

"This is Keyon, this is the guy you wanted," and before they left, the rebels gave Keyon a pouch of credits and for a brief second the pouch said "payment".

"So, your Keyon, my grandfather sent me." Bodega said

"Your Bodega, the teen who attack the Federation and kill 24 Federation personal." Keyon said in a glitchy voice.

"Yes I am, I need supplies to take on the mothership attacking earth."

"I can tell, that's not your mission. You want to go to a prison camp on Mars. That's were your parents are."

When Bodega heard this, his job got easier. Now it turned into a prison break from a siege on an mothership.

"So, Keyon what do you have?"

"How about this, give me about 200 credits and I'll give you a full set of equipment. Ok?"

"What's in this package of yours?"

"Let's see," Keyon pulled out a metal crate, and he opened it revealing a cache full of goods, "I have something I call a Grabby-Grabby, also a Embrion Blaster, a very cool Locary Visor, a Laz-hatchet, a Vidscreen, and a

Flanjer-5000. Come on kid I'm giving you a good deal here, and I'll also throw in some orange Ewheirhil armor pieces."

"Keyon, I have to accept," after counting credits and doing some paperwork, he was ready to go out there to rescue his parents. On the way out carrying his equipment he saw someone about his age. He wore a yellow jumpsuit with armor plates on his chest, elbows, and kneecaps, also wore a red cape.

"Hey Bodega, no time no seek," Bodega could not believe it. It was Tan Blacheman, Bodega's friend from earth. "Hey Tan, how has it been buddy."

"Good, beside the Federation separating my patents from me on earth after the start of the invasion. How you been?"

"Same as you, well besides the Federation it was the invaders," they both laughed for a while.

"Saw that ship of yours, and I know you can't fly."

"Ya, I don't have my control helmet. When I got the new ship I only brought with me the engine."

"At Least it's fast."

"So, wanna get out of here? Also how did you get here if the Federat--"

"You don't want to know," after they headed to the ship and flew off to Mars, and of course Bodega told Tan his mission. This is the origins of Bodega.
To be continued.a