

Geist/Auge

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Idea list for upcoming characters and plot devices:

Geistpanzer/Ghostarmor: Mechanical armor that uses Geist like abilities, fused into genetically engineered, Geist soldiers, thus greatly increasing their destructive capabilities.

Zahlen Treiben: The "by the books" numbers-man for the entire Nazi organization. His calculative abilities are bar-none, top notch at worse, always able to deduce the success rate of any and all persons or things at will, for any and all given situation(s).

The Cryoanamnesis Chamber, the machine used to freeze Hitler, and for the storing, copying, and transferring of his and other people's memories for further study and usage.

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INTRODUCTION

Geist:

"The power that all beings can obtain when releasing their abilities to the fullest after a sudden realization of pride and/ or the lacking thereof, or a close encounter with death."

-- Mächtig Holunder

Auge:

"An all powerful artifact known to have control over all power in the world. It is said in ancient mythological stories, that an Auge is directly associated with helping force out a being's hidden Geist ."

-- Mächtig Holunder

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Mitch, as a normal eighteen year old senior on his last day of school would obviously feel jumpy and more so eager at the fact that he is about to graduate at the top of his class. Being the Valedictorian that he is, he'll be able to prove far more than his current worth with his speech. A speech that is supposed to both inspire and sadden. Though unlike every other day that his normal schedule has predicted, this day isn't going to provide the same general outcome like it normally has in the past.

On his normal morning route to Meister-Hoch Akademie, Mitch is going to stumble onto Ancients so evil, that the entire world will begin to crack under the pressure of their awakening.

--"The air is growing stale." Said Mitch Quietly. "This place-- this graveyard has never been here before. I wonder where it came from?"

These are the first words spoken by Mitch upon entering the mysterious graveyard. He wanders around

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for a bit, stumbling across from each grave to the next that he can see. With the occasional glancing over his shoulders at the entrance just to make sure it's no illusion, or the off chance he'll disappear forever; being stuck inside of a graveyard that doesn't even exist.

--"I really need to stop going with my brother when he goes to paint on other people's houses." Mitch said laughingly. "I think the fumes have fucked around with my senses."

As he continues on down a raggedy old pathway he discovered in some old brush, the clouds overhead begin to make way and shift into twisted versions of what was once a perfect oil painting of vivid colorings and shades, into that of the perfect nightmare. The darkness that creeps and lingers in the hearts, minds and soul of men, women and children. that is the kind of darkness you'd feel emanating from the horror of these clouds.

These clouds began to warp, twist, whip and circle around one given spot in the sky, as if they were trying to point Mitch into a specific direction. As is his curious nature, he ventures forth towards the direction he sees the clouds looming near. and as he grows closer and closer to the location, the atmospheric pressure grows denser and denser, Making it harder to breathe.

--"This place..what is this place?"questioned the young man."The farther I go in, the more it feels like my body is being ripped around, being torn apart from the inside out."

An ancient Grave Marker. That is what Mitch is

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seeing. The clouds, the pressure, the darkness all seemed to congregate around it. As if the center of the universe is flooding around inside of a simple stone structure; but not just that. Something is giving off the absence of life and death. One would figure that death is cold and life is warm. But what feeling does absence give off?

Not really thinking ahead, he stumbled upon the small stone structure. Looking about it as if it'd pop out and do something, somewhere, somehow. Though as each minute passed, the feeling of eternity swept through ever so flawlessly. One after another, it grew dull, tasteless and empty. One, two, three minutes of eternity bantering on through these nonexistent lands. Four, five, six, seven minutes passed and still nothing but the same old blank canvas of time being eroded away into sweet nothingness' ever-changing lullaby of emptiness. The bleak call of the timeless wind shuffling, rushing, hitting the old stone rocks in a somber yet sarcastic way thus began to pass on through overhead to the never ending, yet barren wastelands of the landscape' artistic wonder. As if to say that there is nothing here for anything of the normal. For anything of mortal kinds' eyes to bear witness to. Time that stands still, yet forever changing. This is one of the many unexplainable phenomenon that went on inside such as indescribable place. One cannot just bear the fruits of such wonders and horrors of an instance and not be scarred in some way or another. Branded by that of which no normal means can explain, or fix. With such a brand that not even the best of mere mortals can ever hope to comprehend.

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The fruit of the Geist.

As Mitch wondered about that marker for more than ten or fifteen minutes, a thought occurred to him.

--"If this place is as untouched as it appears, then I don't think anyone has even visited these graves in many 'a year."pondered the young adult."So I feel it's safe to assume that no one gives a shit about this place, and as such I could do this."

As quickly as his words easily left his lips, his leg extended outward as he kicked and toppled over the ancient stone marker. The moment the structure teetered over to the side and crashed hard atop the solid ground, a blinding bright light and a sound pitched so high that it could be heard for miles was striking Mitch in the ears. The noise soon penetrated through into his mind and soon thereafter, his body. His legs began to topple and weave from left to right, from front to back. That soon lead onto his core and up to his arms. Lastly, to his neck and head. This went on for a good minute and a half as he tried to counterbalance the issue, but to no avail.

In two minutes flat, Mitch hugged onto his arms and tucked away as he went plummeting to the ground beneath him. A few seconds later, he lost his eyesight and his pupils were replaced with the light of what one would call a 'snow' white. Shining through from the ground to the clouds, the light from his eyes shined brighter and brighter. Voices could be heard amongst the trouble, ringing back and forth about in

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his head, from every direction. They were spouting off words in some ancient dialect that resembled German. Some words could be understood. Those few words would translate out into being "The time for awakening is behind us. The time for order is nigh." as well as "You will bring about the darkness before time; before belief, and before hope. You will take away people's love, hope and what they treasure most as you replace it with fear and ultimate power leading on to our highest form of respect."

--**"Hey--hey!?"** rung a very familiar voice. **"What are you doing out here, passed out by the road, Mitch?"**

Mitch would slowly begin opening his eyes, and the smudged up silhouette of what appeared to be a person, would slowly start to clear up. The image would give way to Tick. A young man that is seventeen years of age. Standing over him, poking him with what appears to be a wet stick...with something gooey on the tip of it.

--**"G--gwahh!!!"** was the sound coming from Mitch' mouth as he jumped up and started swinging wildly into the air with the utmost shocked expression upon his face. **"Why the hell would you poke me with a gooey fucking stick, Tick!? I don't come to where you're passed out at, and poke you with a baseball bat covered in dog shit, now do I!?"** Mitch would stand up and dust his legs off, before realizing something was wrong.

--**"Where the hell am I? Last thing I remember is being in that weird Graveyard with a bright light."** questioned Mitch. **"I remember the Graveyard."**

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--"What are you mumbling about a Graveyard?" said Tick. "There's no Graveyards for a good thirty miles from here."

Those words struck Mitch hard in his ears. If anyone knew of locations around this city, it would be Tick.

Tick being the only one in his school who could instantly memorize people and places upon the instance of learning about them, brought about his name. He is like a Tick that latches onto information and feeds off of it until it gets boring, or old enough where it's relevance is no longer useful or worthy of his memory.

Information; a tit of unruly source of sustenance for Tick. The 'Human-Atlas' was a commonly used term in their school when talking of Tick. A term coined around when Mitch first met the guy.

It was his his first year at the Academy. So many new wonders, so little time to adapt. But, being the guy Mitch is, he was forced to change it into what he could handle. He never liked change. Change was weak. Change was petty. Change forced people out of comfort-zones in order to better suit someone else. So Mitch vowed to never be affected by any change, and to force others to bend around what he would do.

Ever since he was a young child, Mitch never liked

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change. The word alone made him cringe a storm. When his father died, everything changed. His mother grew resentful, hateful, spiteful over everything that reminded her of the husband she had lost. Even Mitch was a sign of utter disappointment and disgust for her.

One late evening, she just snapped and took a knife to his throat. She was getting ready to cut him until the neighbor saw what was going on in the window. It wasn't long before he came busting through the door and knocking her on down to the ground. Cops rushed in five minutes later; his mother was arrested and tried, while he was signed over to the man that saved his life. From that moment on, he swore to not ever have anything change again. To start over with his new family. To be fresh. To make everything adapt to him, rather than the opposite.

So, his life changed to his needs. Those needs being consistency. With trying to flow with something constant, Mitch needed to be in some sort of power. In school, that would be to study enough to make a difference with majority test scores. With his being so high that they would respect his word, he'd be able to alter how they run things. That is when he met him; Tick.

Tick was a transfer student from Japan. Though he did not originate from there. He was born in Washington, D.C. up in America. His father being in the Military, had his whole family constantly

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moving from place to place. Which gave him enough chances to memorize locations; from people, to landmarks, to addresses. He knew all of the United States, Japan and Germany by the time he was thirteen years of age. When he got into the Academy, he knew almost all locations on any academic globe.

They met while Mitch was using free time in the Academy to study up for a coming test. Tick would just walk through the doors, slam his hands into his long, white coat and stare at the ceiling with his head cocked upward until someone came up to introduce themselves to him. He seemed to be a pretty 'off' kid. But that was just a mere ploy.

Mitch would officially meet the kid in home room, and every other class that he had. Fate seemed to have it set that he would meet Tick no matter how, when or why. They would become rivals right away.

Tick insisted that they hurry up on to school, given the current situation of the speech that he'll be needing to give. So they rushed on to the last day of Meister-Hoch Akademie. The last day of their young lives and the pathway on to adulthood.

Chapter One

Part One

Meaningless Pride

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(Self entitled emotions will open the way towards meaningless pride)

Mitch who had just finished his grand speech over at his academy, reflects over the past events whilst he looks into his mirror. Bathroom door locked, water in the shower going and heating up. Mitch, puzzled, continues to ponder the events that had taken place inside of the nonexistent graveyard.

"Was it all a dream? I mean, it had to be, right?"thought Mitch. **"Nothing in this world exists like that. Nothing in this world can produce light like that. Nothing in this world can slow down time. Nothing is like that. Nothing can be. It's just not possible."**

The next morning, a loud and annoying ringing forced Mitch out of his slumber. His cell phone was ringing off the hook; he answered it and it was Tick calling him into the Academy as all Senior students were called in to help them with their last clean up before summer came. All senior students normally do it as it's tradition. He got dressed and headed onto the academy and went he got through the main doors, Tick was standing there, waiting for him.

Tick: Eh hh, sure took your sweet time getting here, didn't ya'?

Mitch: Hey, you try getting to school this early in the morning, and see how long yo-- scratch that.

Tick: Yeah. If I can get here this early, there is no reason why you shouldn't be here much earlier.

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Mitch: Yeah, whatever. Let's just get started with our cleaning.

The two young men would clean the entire school from top to bottom before being allowed to leave, though to Mitch it was odd that they were the only seniors there, doing the work. It would take them a good ten and a half hours to go through a decent portion of the school.

The hours would pass, and the darkness of night would slowly creep in over their heads. The crisp night air would wisp passed their noses from the open windows, as the crickets would begin their calming symphony. The young men finally reached a stopping point as they finally finished their cleaning.

Tick: Finally. That took forever to do. Now I know that I'll be sleeping like a log tonight.

Mitch: Yeah-yeah. I'm glad that you're excited and all, but doesn't our current situation seem any bit odd to you?

Tick: What do you mean?

Mitch: I mean that while we were told that it's a Senior's job to clean the school, we're the only one's here doing anything; not just that, but we weren't the only two who graduated. So, what's up?

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Tick: Now that you mention it, we've not seen any staff all day, either.

Mitch: You see where I'm getting at, now? Why are we the only one's here? It's very unlikely that they all had gotten sick, or all decided not to come in and give up their right to graduate. So why is it that out of everyone in this damn school, from staff to student, that we're the only people to show up?

Tick: I'm afraid that I don't have an answer for you. Out of all the events in my life, this is the only one that doesn't make much sense to me. I've even witnessed countless men getting their legs blown off in what was firstly described as a safe zone.

Mitch: Well it doesn't matter now. We're done. So I suggest we just lock up and head on home, wouldn't you agree?

Tick: Hell to the yes. I could use a nice shower, Hot Pockets and a crappy Black and White Horror movie anyway.

The two would put away their supplies, clean up anything they had dirtied up due to the cleaning, and then would get ready to head out of the main doors of the school. Simple enough to do. Tick would head on out as Tick would turn his back to him as he was locking the doors. As he turned back Mitch was already down the road far enough so that anything you saw of him was a darkish blurr.

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As Mitch walked down the main driveway of the school, something whizzed passed his head at an incredible speed, without even making any sounds. Even before Mitch could widen his eyes, an explosion occurred behind him. Right where he was just standing a moment before. A moment later, yelling could be heard coming from every and all directions. Yelling that sounded like orders. Orders being directed at Mitch. Before he could do anything, he was knocked to the ground and what appeared to be Military men rushing towards him, was caught in the corner of his eyes.

Soldier: Don't move...stay where you are, kid!

Mitch: Wh--what's happening!? What the fuck did I do!?

Soldier: You're in no damn position to be asking any questions you shit-stain. You're under arrest.

As the soldier's words came out of his mouth, a tall man in what seemed to be Laboratory attire for a Scientist hushed him down. The man would then calmly wander up forward, towards where Mitch could get a look at him.

Scientist: You're now property of zee "Alten Regierung", but you can call us AR for short.

Mitch: The fuck do you mean by property!? I'm a human being, not some tool or land you can just lay claim to!

Scientist: Oh, but that's vere you're vong. Everytink

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in this world is property. It just takes zee right type of person or persons to find out how to obtain it as their own. You're no different, boy. No one is.

Mitch: You think I'll just allow you to take me without a fight?

Scientist: It doesn't matter vut you tink. You're just yet another tool for our cause. Yet because we cannot use you until zee proper time comes, you're going into storage, child.

Mitch: Just wait until my dad finds out about this. He'll come looking for me.

Scientist: Oh, your vater will come looking for you? I really doubt that!

Mitch: The fuck do you know, moron!?

Scientist: I know more than you tink, child. Your vater vas very compliant with our demands. He easily told us vere you'd be at.

Mitch: There is no way in Hell he'd tell you jackasses anything!

Scientist: He vas a spy. He used to vork for us by gathering possible candidates for vut ve are calling zee "Geister" project. Zee same very thing he vas doing with you for all those years... Do you tink he loved you? No one vould love a monster like you. Your mother's own actions all those years ago vould easily

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prove it.

Mitch: Ho--how do you know about that?

Scientist: I know because I am. That should be enough of a reason. Do you know why your real vater truly died?

Mitch: He died because of a home robbery. They broke in and killed him. What of it!?

Scientist: It vasn't a home robbery. It vas you. You killed him with your own two hands.

Mitch: You're starting to sicken me, and you call yourself a Scientist. Blurting out shit without even doing your research!

Scientist: SHUT UP! You killed him just like you killed others countless times before that. You're part of an ancient race of humans vith powers of zee Geist. A power that can control all vith fear of their powers.

Scientist: So vut is it that you fear, child? Do you fear the power that you've been suppressing all of this time? Do you fear vut you don't comprehend? Do you fear not being able to control it if you fully unleash it, or do you fear vut zee true ancients would do, if they got ahold of you? The one's you heard talking in your head, at the Graveyard?

Mitch: That Graveyard wasn't real! Not sure how the

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fuck you knew about it in the first place, but such locations don't even exist!

Scientist: Oh, you naive child. To close your eyes, ears and mind to a truth right there in your face is as much of a crime as, say ...murdering your own vater. Vut you witnessed vas a reality. It vasn't an illusion brought on by your own adolescence and playful mind. It vas truth incarnate. The dark truth of this world, created many, many, many years ago by zee ancients. Believe vut you vant, but it'll only hurt you even more down the road...eventually.

Mitch: There isn't a reason for me to believe any of your so called truths. You've got no way to back up any of your claims. So why should I take your word for it? My father is dead, my mother is crazy; how can you prove this, then?. All you are, is a deranged stalker with a cult following bringing up easily disprovable statements as if they were facts.

Scientist: Believe vut you vill. All zhat vill be, shall be. Zhat is all you need to know, even if you don't believe it. Soldiers, take him away. Let us begin our experiments.

Soldier: Right away, Lord Wolfgang!

The soldiers would then rush over towards Mitch, throw him up towards a wall of the main gate still remaining, just to have his body bound in what appears to be a more modern day version of an Iron

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Maiden, fitted as a transportation device. Wolfgang would walk by it and with a loud, obnoxious clash, would slap the container near the top where his head would be.

A few moments later, he turned to face his men, and then let out a very menacing yet maniacal laughter that could put a chill down the spine of any well bred man. He was preparing for something.

Klaus Wolfgang: It is time, my men. Time for the world to meet vut Hell really is. Men, vomen and even children are too lax in zee world of ours. Zee Geist Project shall now start back vere our vonderful leader left off all those many years ago! This is zee day of final retribution, and zee key to opening up zee locks on our leader. Let's make him proud!

Klaus Wolfgang's soldiers, standing before him in a fear imposing yet orderly manner looked up to the sky, threw their arms up and said what no one in the world expected to be heard, ever again. "Sieg heil!". It was repeated many times over, louder each time than the last. "Sieg heil, Sieg heil, Sieg heil!" and the curtain closes on one mystery, and opens a door to the next.

Who are these people, truly, and what could their ultimate goal be?

Chapter One

Part Two

Faint sounds of the taint known as mankind, speaking words coming from the serpent's mouth. Eyes of gold, blood of evil. This can describe the actions of this new group of people, whose main goal is not entirely certain. But what is known is they are willing to go to very extreme lengths to obtain what they desire. No limitations or boundaries are set with them. As long as they obtain such possessions, they will hurt whomever they may choose. Even to go so far as to publicly attack one of the largest academies in the country.

Twisted words can be heard, as Mitch awakens to a dimly lit cell. The sound being a bit fuzzy, fading and cut up. What he heard, couldn't fully be understood. The true meaning of such words won't come to be understood until Mitch realizes what a being of true darkness is capable of. Then and only then, can those words hold any kind of meaning to him. Soon, his eyes began to clear up, and his head would slowly stop hurting. They must have knocked him out when placing him in the cell.

Mitch: W-where am I? Did I get forced to drink with Tick again?

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Soldier: Shut the fuck up in there, kid. You're not here for vacation, so have some respect while we work!

Mitch: So, it wasn't a dream. You all will be sorry, once I get out from here.

Soldier: You're in one of the most secure Governmental posts in the entire world. A kid like you wouldn't even make it to the fucking shitter without being filled with holes.

Mitch: Trust me. I'll be getting out.

Klaus Wolfgang, the main man in charge, would slowly wander up behind the soldier arguing with Mitch, put his hand on his shoulder, and speak light whispers into his ears.

Klaus Wolfgang: You need to keep you cool. Look into his eyes. They are different. His tone, his emotions, his stance. All changed from vut they vere a moment ago. I wouldn't think it safe to assume he is now but a child. His powers are now flooding in, and anyone of us could be killed in an instant.

With that, he pulled his gun out that he had on his hips, turned to walk away, stopped in his tracks and turned around. He went on to shoot the soldier in the back of the head. The soldier, now dead, fell limply to the floor. The thud would echo and could be heard all over the room.

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Klaus Wolfgang: Is there anyone else with anytink to say to him? No? No one? Vell then, clean up this fucking mess!

Everyone wouldn't even think twice as to stare at the gruesome scene laid out before them. Instead, they would turn around as if nothing had even happened, and would get back to work. It's obvious this isn't the first time such things happened. In a life such as this, you must learn to grow up real fast. You must learn to make the first move, or else you'd be making no moves at all.

The Nazis, the Alten Regierung, the Hidden Government, the Secret Society, the Illuminati. All different names for the same thing. The same collective group behind all incidents in the entire world. That same group mentioned in all textbooks regarding History, in some manner of speaking. Though what had happened in the first place to cause them coming out in such a public setting, just for one average High School graduate, risking their secrecy in the process?

Mitch, who had been gassed right after the incident, has just re-awoken in a new location. A sort of chamber, if you will. The chamber, holding many massive cylinder tubes filled with gallons of a thick and red gelatinous substance, would surround him. Cables would be strung up, connecting each container to the next, leading out to a machine five times the size of the chamber. The gelatinous substance would seem as if it were alive. Perhaps a better description of it, would be that it used to be alive, with strands

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of lingering energy, life, enveloping around it. That is what one would feel if in Mitch's position. Voices could be heard outside of the chamber, barley. The voices seemed muffled by the thick metal, and glass of the structure. Seems they are getting ready to start the machine, or so is what it sounds like to his ears upon that cold and hard glass. As soon as he notices one of the lower level Scientist moving towards a series of buttons, levers and lights, he backs away from the window, only to notice a monitor behind him, with the image of Klaus standing in what appears to be an office.

Klaus Wolfgang: This is now vut ve've been waiting for. To see if zee serum takes hold and awakens zee sealed Geist inside of his body. Men, turn on zee machine. It's now time!

The Scientist that was moving his way over to the control panel when Mitch noticed him before, reached over and pushed a switch down. Lights started to dim down while they waited. Once the lights stopped, he would then pull down a lever and all of the cylinder tubes began to have electrical currents pushed into them. The gelatinous substance then had an immediate reaction; as it swayed around in the containers, the texture began to change. From a gelatinous texture, to solid. The substance would then start to glow from Red, to a dark blue color as it forced all the energy in the chamber to react to it's presence. Mitch's body started to also react to the substance. He would cling his arms around him, onto his chest and fall down onto his knees, going semi-fetal position. The lights would

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begin to dim again, as the energy around and inside of him began to grow, and to move. Mitch, now not being able to withstand the pressure anymore lunged up, his body swaying, hanging around; an arch now in his back. A light starting to come out from nowhere around his face, developing from the darkness to form a mask, as the rest of the darkness starts to envelope his body, from the top of his head like a hood, connecting to the mask, down to his neck, then the entire lower half of his body. Now all covered in a liquid like darkness. No eyes are shown on Mitch who is now just floating, dangling there in the air as if on suspension wires.

The substance, now completely black rather than blue, begins to violently force out extreme electrical pulses that release powerful waves of force that are enough to shake the entire compound they are in. Mitch's body is now absorbing the power of the substances as well as the power given off by the Machine. Now being left without a power source, it has to make up for what it lacks, by taking over any electrical powered device from the area, which is causing malfunctions.

As Klaus orders the emergency shutdown system activated, Mitch, being unconscious at the time, breaks down the door to the Chamber with the swipe of his hands, and while he is powerless to stop it, he begins to viciously slaughter everyone in sight. In less than five minutes, all of the lower level Scientists have been brutally disemboweled and decapitated. It was a

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massacre. A blood bath. All the while, Mitch doesn't even know what is going on. It's as if he's sleeping through it all, and pure instinct and will power has taken over his body.

Chapter One

Part Three

Clouding judgment, a haze of wonders and sleepless darkness. Mitch, unknowingly killing off his captors, is floating in a sea of endless time, seeing nothing before him. Aware of not his own existence, or any other existence, he continues to float towards nothingness, trapped in his own mind. The only words he can hear now, is that of what was said before this happened. "Geist".

Mitch: G..e..i..s..t.. What is that? Is that who I am? Who am I, and what's my name?

Mitch is in a sea of self questioning and doubt. One in which will fill his lungs up, the longer he stays

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floating. What can he do, if he can't even remember who he is, or what he is?

Mitch: Do I exist, and what is to exist? What determines existence, and am I any different than nothing? Does a name provide an existence, and must I have one, to live? Is there any meaning to myself, or am I just space?

As Mitch is ever floating, a voice deep down the ways can be heard; a voice that gives off feelings of omnipotence. A voice coming from all directions, yet nowhere.

Voice: You are what you will yourself to be, as I am what I will myself to be. What are you doing here, and why are you being so weak willed at a time like this?

Mitch: At a time like this? What time is it like?

Voice: The time of action... The time of remembrance.

Mitch: Remembrance... of what?

Voice: Of yourself.

Mitch: ...My..self?

Voice: That's right.

Mitch: Myself.

Voice: You, who are only you and no one else. The

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being of difference.

Mitch: Diff--er--ence.

Voice: Yes, and it's time to wake up, and take hold of that difference that makes you who you are.

Mitch: But how do I do that?

Voice: Remember who you are!

Mitch: But who am I, and have I done anything worth remembering?

Voice: All you need to do is remember your pride. Once you do, it'll all come flooding back.

Mitch: My pride, hmm? Pride in what?

Voice: Yourself.

Mitch: It seems like I don't have much of a choice.

Voice: There we go, you're starting to get back to your old self.

Mitch: My old self? If this is what I am, then I can deal with that..

Voice: Good. Now it's time to wake up. It's time to take control and never look back.

Mitch: Okay. Whoever you are....wherever you are,

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thank you and hopefully we'll meet again.

As soon as Mitch accepted who he is, and fully began to place pride in his own existence, he begins to fade out of his mind, to awaken in the real world.

Voice: Oh, we will. We'll meet again, and it'll be under way worse conditions next time around.

Mitch, now coming to, into his own body and not hidden deep into his own mind, opens his eyes to all of the bodies piled up around him, and seeing all of the blood on his own hands, forced such a scream of terror and confusion to boil on up and erupt from his lungs, and out of his mouth, while his eyes would expand and bug, as if absorbing too much of the scene around him. He doesn't remember what had happened, and he isn't in the same form prior to what had happened, so he can't prove anything to anyone, including himself, regarding the whole ordeal.

Mitch who is now fumbling around to find a key on the many adjacent bodies tossed limply around the entire room, would come to discover that Klaus is the only survivor of what happened and has escaped through a secret hatch in the back of the room.

Mitch: I am guessing the one involved in these murders, is Klaus. Everyone here is dead except for him, though it doesn't explain why I'm covered in blood. All I know is that I have to find a way to escape from here, before he sends more of his men

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after me.

Mitch then makes his way to what seems like a damaged door of sorts. It seems something has hit it with enough force to damage the five layer security door seen before him. Without even trying, the door falls forward to the ground with a loud and heavy thud, allowing entry into an access tunnel.

Mitch: This is most likely the tunnel Klaus used during his grand escape. I must try to hurry if I have even a slightest bit of a chance in catching up to him.

Mitch then rushes into the access tunnel without any second thoughts, not even wondering what is in store for him as he presses on through Klaus' base. As he walks on through, a secret door located in the tunnel shuts behind him, forcing him to press on forward, with no way of going back. Mitch moves on through the tunnel, expecting anyone to jump out for him, but nothing of the sort happens as he passes on down through the tunnel. It appears he has walked miles of underground tunnel and has yet to see a single soldier.

Though as Mitch continues on, he stumbles upon what seems to be an old research Library, holding only but one book that is just laying on a table; it was titled "The Book of Ages", which seems to tell only of a man with an unusual power. The book read:

"It was Five Thousand years ago, a man with an

Geist/Auge

unquenchable thirst and a massive rage wandered the Earth, searching for anyone worthy of battle; he was known as the 'being of one thousand lives', a title he was given for constantly killing any warrior in his path. He also was known for having a mysterious power that aided in every single one of his victories. It was said that a mask would materialize on his face out of thin air while covering his body in the darkest of shadows, allowing him to bypass his own mortality. This is the very first known existence of a Geist.

Rumour has it that because this man couldn't find honorable battles, that he would spread his seeds of power throughout the world, creating beings just like himself to battle in due time. Eventually the seeds would awaken and grow inside the souls of men, women and children, allowing a new race of super beings to be born into the world of mortals.

Soon after, the elder grew tired of his powers, and wishing to have more, began to devour his own kind. This imbalance of power would cause a tear in the universe, called a riftial, that could devour all life as we know it, leaving nothing but darkness in it's wake. Fearing what the riftial could do if it began feeding, the other known elders gathered together to put a stop to the situation at it's core. The elders would then take the coming years to construct a device that could absorb and control the flow of power coming from the Riftal. This device, known as an Auge, would be thrown into the sky, to float as a moon, taking hold of the power of the Riftial, and saving the planet for at-least another day. The problem with this device,

Geist/Auge

though, is that it also seems to have an unnatural pull on the Geist, as well. It would then also control the power and flow of all Geist by limiting the birth to death ratio and how much power a Geist can get, not to mention who is born with the Geist, and who isn't.

To keep the Auge safe, and to make sure the Riftial never breaks out of the device, the original elder, the great elder, was sentenced to being sealed into the vector-graveyard. A graveyard only able to be seen by a Geist, and accessed, on the days of "Red Moon". This graveyard also would secure his power by absorbing it into the Auge, keeping it ever stronger. Ever working. Ever protective. Ever watchful. If anyone were to get control of this device, they basically would have the powers of a god. The world is filled with essence of a Geist; from the plants, to the sky. The Auge controls that power. The Auge controls life, death, growth and destruction.

Many years later since the records of the first Geist made way into our hands, a child has been noticed. The boy, with the same powers. He is a Geist, but instead of having control of it like any other Geist, the power has control of him. His father, part of our organization, has been fully cooperative ever since knowing the true power he possesses, and tossing some coin his way seemed to help a bit, thus he is allowing proper testing of the child's power, under our complete supervision, and after weeks of tests, study shows that the Geist takes hold during any immediate danger to the host's body. We're labeling it as a Para-Type Geist (Parasitic).

Geist/Auge

A year passes, and his powers are growing, and so is the will of his Geist. He has already murdered his father, and his mother knowing the truth, has begun to shun and even hate her own child, and too much attention has been brought into their life, thus we have to prematurely put the project on hold, and to do that we will send an operative in there to act as a safeguard for the child's well being if and when any harm is brought onto him for any reason.

Mitch, with a horrific expression seeping onto his face, finally had the ultimate question of his life answered; how his father truly died, and why it was that his own mother resented him enough to even try to have him killed, by her own hands, as well as why such a stranger would take him in as if was his own child. It was just as Klaus had stated, that no one loved him, that he was just some burden. He was just a test subject, that his own father willingly agreed to.

Mitch: My whole life was treated as some experiment. From birth, to now, they planned it all. That is why no one was at the school to clean up, either... They must've had some inside connection to the school. Someone who could control everyone. Teachers and students alike. Enough so that no one would notice an attack of that nature, at least. I just need to focus on getting out of here, rather than thinking on the past.

Geist/Auge

Mitch, though, couldn't help but think of the past, as he remembered what his adoptive father, the spy, had said to him.

"To be a rock is to be strong, unbendable. Nothing can ever change it. A rock will always be a rock. You can move it to another place and it will still be a rock. You can even break it, and it will still be a rock. My son, be like the rock and never worry about change."

Mitch: T-the rock... I have to be the rock, to be stronger, and never accept change. I will be who I am, no one else.

Mitch shrugged off any other restless doubts lingering around his head, and continued to march on forward, towards a light off in the distance, figuratively and literally. A light was barely noticeable, but there. As he ran down the long pipeline leading to it, he would think of what he'll do when he finally escapes the Hellish location. But all would come to a screeching halt, when what was thought to be an escape, was really a nightmare.

Klaus Wolfgang: So you've finally arrived. You sure took your time, child. I've been waiting so long, zhat I thought you had just given up and died. Khross, it's time for your show, my friend.

Khross: Nice to meet you, child, now it's time for you to learn that you cannot escape us. We planned your entire life, and you think you got away in our very own base?

Geist/Auge

Mitch: Where the Hell am I!? I don't recall ever doing anything to you, so why do this to me?

Klaus Wolfgang: You were born. That is what you did. Khross, I tire of explaining myself. It's your turn for words.

Khross: You were born with the rare and apt case of Parasitic control. What that entails, is your power can feed on the other powers of Geist as well as the Geist itself, and grow a newfound energy from that very ability. We discovered this, and directly reached out to your Father, who was part of our Organization since before you were even a wet dream in his mind. He agreed under pretense of freedom, to supply us with you, his only child. Our studies proved worthwhile, showing us that the energy that stores up in your body could be put to a more practical use for us. The use to store and replicate your powers, to create experimental Geist of our own. From the placement of Geist in the war machines known as the Exogeist, to a field test of those with the powers injected into their human bodies. Exogeist, one of the most prized possessions of the Alten Regierung. The Metal Reaper, of where you feel repercussions of, but never see.

Mitch: I don't give a shit about your life story. I will get out of here, and I will report you all for kidnapping.

Khross: Who do you think we are, kid? We've been around for a very long time. Do you think we're so

Geist/Auge

clumsy as to get by and have people notice us long enough to be reported? We're the Government. We are the people of change. We control the police, the schools, the Military, the Postal Service, everything. Did you notice, how we attacked in the open? In public? We even used the Exogeist to attack that little school of yours.

Mitch: I am having a hard time believing any word from some guy who wears clothes like that and still feels the need to get out in public.

Khross: You can try all you want to aggravate me, but it'll be to no avail. But I too grow tired of these talks. Orders are to retrieve the specimen, under any means necessary. Prepare yourself, boy.

Chapter One

Part Four

Mitch, coming together with the men he tried to get away from, finally realized the dire situation he is in. These men knew every action he was taking upon getting out of the chamber, from going into the tunnel, to reading the research journal, to stumbling upon where they were waiting.

Geist/Auge

Mitch: I am not going to give up without a fight. I might not be apt in the ways of fighting, but that doesn't mean I'll just roll on over for you or anybody else.

Khross: Good, I wouldn't want this to be so one sided, anyway!

Mitch: Don't blink!

Mitch, steadying his body, begun to rush towards Khross in an attempt to catch him off guard, but unbeknownst to him, he already knew what was going to happen, and with an easy swipe of his right arm, knocked Mitch back towards the wall.

Khross: What did you think was going to happen, with that? You blindly rushed in without even evaluating your enemy. It's time that I show you what you obviously don't know about me.

Khross, clenching his arms, begun to focus on Mitch, and then all of a sudden his arms, chest, neck, head and legs began to pulsate, and grow. His entire body was expanding. His muscles getting bigger and bigger, his arm and legs longer.

Khross: This is the difference between you and I. This is what our research has provided. I, the first artificially created Geist. Khross König. The Gott Riese. The God Giant!

The Gott Riese, a being mentioned in many lore

Geist/Auge

starting back since the middle of World War II was said to attack enemies of the Nazi Party, going into their camps, and destroying everything and everyone in a matter of minutes. Records recall the Gott Riese standing over fifteen feet tall, casting a shadow down over anyone who got in it's way. It was, though, only myth. The Gott Riese was a perfect name for Khross, as he fit the lore so perfectly.

Khross: Now I am not the Gott Riese that is mentioned in the great lore of World War II, but I am blood related to the man who the story is based on. He was just a normal man like any other. But words do twist, after all.

Mitch: Again with the life story that no one asked for!

Khross: You're such an impudent little pissant, thinking your words can reach me. Tis to laugh, tis to laugh!

Mitch: Can such a big eyesore even reach someone of my calibur? Can you even keep up!?

Mitch would take off running from whence he came, zig-zagging all around as he did so. Though the moment he blinked his eyes, he was done for. Khross was already in front of him.

Mitch: But--how can you move so fast? I didn't even see you lift a foot.

Geist/Auge

Khross: I'm part of Alten Regierung. If I couldn't move as fast as I was strong, they would have no need for me. So, I'm going to have to take you out now, kid. It's nothing against you, it's the job, sorry.

Mitch: You give this kind of respect, by apologizing, yet you're in this kind of life. Why?

Khross: Kid, how about I make a deal with you, hmm?

Mitch: What would that be?

Khross: If you can defeat me, I'll share with you my reasons.

Mitch: Sounds like a deal to me.

Both men, begin readying themselves, eyes start to focus on each other, no noises are being made, and then they move. It didn't take long for Mitch to get tossed back yet again, as his head flopped effortlessly around like a rag doll.

Khross: You're not strong in your current state. You'll need to transform, to access the Geist within you, if you want even the slightest bits of chance in defeating me.

Mitch: Transform? I haven't the slightest clue as to what you're saying.

Khross: You're having a hard time accepting it, aren't you? That you're not a normal human, right? That you

Geist/Auge

have a power deep down inside of you, that is just itching to come busting out?

Mitch: Not a normal human? I'm not some Alien you'd see mentioned on TV. I'm myself, not a monster. Me. Just like everyone else. No changes, no moving forward ahead of everyone else, nor dropping behind them.

Khross: How many times are you going to keep making yourself believe that? That you're no different than the common rabble known as everyday citizens? You're different than those trash. You could be one of us, higher up in the food chain, if you will!

Mitch: Khross... I AM NO DIFFERENT THAN TRASH! If that makes me trash along with them, then so be it...

Khross: I see that the rabble has made such a huge impact in your life. Did you know, that you hate change so much that you'd be willing to sacrifice others to preserve it? Did you know, that by doing so, you're actually causing change in and of that itself?

Mitch: W-what are you getting at, Khross?

Khross: You're always causing your life to change. You might believe this to be one path that is indestructibly the same, but you so very, very wrong, buddy. Each move you make, every breath you take, causes change. Change is inevitable. For you and everyone else, change cannot be escaped!

Mitch: I.. w-what..I..

Geist/Auge

Mitch, whose sanity is being grasped at like many little straws, began to question every action in his life. From birth, to now; as his eyes began to widen, the Horror of the situation flooded in at such a hasted rate. He finally realized how futile all of his efforts have been. It was in that moment, he finally reached his breaking point. He finally succumbed to the inner power trying its damndest to flood outward. The Geist has once again surfaced, but at what cost?

Khross: So the real battle begins! I can now stop holding back!

Khross raised his arms upwards while clenching his fists tightly, and at that moment a dark aura and a tempest of such twisted emotions boiled out from his being, as his body was cloaked in the same darkness that Mitch is enveloped in, then his Mask began to materialize around his face. His body then began to grow ten more sizes, before he stopped.

Khross: Truly prepare yourself for the worst, this time, because they don't call me the Gott Riese for nothing!

Mitch: ...

Khross: I guess you truly did forget yourself. Here I thought I'd actually have a worthy enemy to fight with. What a shame, it truly is. I guess I should just get it over with now, and kill you. We can obtain your "resources" after.

Geist/Auge

Khross stretched his neck before rushing in for the kill, as he then began to strike down with a force so powerful that could put even the planet out of orbit, if he truly wanted to. But something happened that he didn't expect. Mitch had blocked the attack with just his fist, holding Khross' own fist in place.

Khross: Oh, so I see. You're just not up for talking, it seems. This might actually be worth my time, after all!

Mitch: ...

Khross: It'll get boring if you don't say at least something, bo--

Mitch who isn't uttering a single word, vanished, and reappeared behind Khross, punching him in his back and sending him flying forward into a wall, crumbling the metal structure.

Khross: That kind of hurt, kid! I kind of get it, though, I think. You're not really you, but at the same time you are. It must be the work of that Barrier placed inside of you, keeping both sides of your power at bay without wrecking up your mind, body, and soul during it's use.

Mitch: ...

Khross: It must have created an alternative version of you. I knew something was up the moment you

Geist/Auge

transformed. You're the sadistic version of Mitch. An alter ego brought on by his body, the Geist and the Barrier as the medium.

Mitch: ...It seems you had to go and ruin the fucking game, you fool. Though I have give you some props for figuring it out so quickly! Way to go, man, you're not such a complete and utter moron after all!

Khross: Not like it matters any. Your body is still the same, so I can still complete my orders and obtain the resources needed.

Mitch: My body is still the same? How do you figure that? Is every Butterfly the same in form, just because it's a Butterfly?

Khross: What are you trying to say?

Mitch: I'm not trying to say anything. I'm telling you that I'm not mitch, nor is this his body. It's mine. Mine to control anyway that I feel the need to!

Khross: You seem to think that once another mind takes hold of another body, that it too changes with the mind. That is not how it works.

Mitch: Oh but it is. Plus when did I go and say I was just some other mind?

Khross: What, now!?

Mitch: Oh, you seem to catch on quickly. I like that.

Geist/Auge

Really, I do, though to cut corners and make it not so confusing. Let's just label myself as Sehens, short for Sehenswürdigkeit! I am the sight of the Geist, and the protector of it's host!

Khross: You have a lot of spunk.

Sehens: Why, thank you for noticing! I take pride in being so arrogant.

Khross: *Pride. Does he mean to say that such a being has it's own sets of pride?*

Sehens: You seem to be confused. Did my pride get in the way of your so called logic? I sure hope so!

Khross: Records state only the Geist's Host, the human, could be the one to hold pride. The pride is the driving force that gives us the ability to control the powers!

Sehens: Well then, your records are wrong. I am proof enough of that.

Khross: It must be some other emotion. It cannot be pride.

Sehens: Think what you will, but I'm growing tired of you, so I think I'll cut off your head and call it a day. I'll revel in your blood!

In a matter of seconds, Khross was thrown through many thick walls, until a giant opening was revealed as he

Geist/Auge

fell towards the ground below him. It was revealed that with such oddities in Mitch, his body did actually change. His speed was drastically altered and his strength was extremely powerful.

Sehens: You might have to kick it into a higher gear if you want to survive against me. I suggest you keep powering up.

Khross: What did you just say!?

Sehens: I already can sense it. I can sense that your power can keep on growing, that there is no limit in you. What might be the problem, is the rate in which you can change.

Khross: I guess there is no point in hiding it any longer, if you can tell it without me even trying. So be it. I guess this can't be helped.

Khross, already in a powerful state, began to mutter some words. "Wachsen, erweitern, und verbrauchen". With those three spoken words, Khross' body began to change, and his aura began to warp, as everything about him began to transform as words would appear all over him, as if they were tattoos; Glowing, moving, empowering.

Khross: Don't blame me for this. Don't blame me for the pain you'll be in soon enough, child.

Sehens: Oh, don't you worry your head off about it. I won't be the one leaving with a hole in their chest.

Geist/Auge

The ground about each of them would then begin to shake beneath them, as Sehens lifted his arms into the air; the air about him began to glow white, as were collecting and emitting a bright light. They would then shift about, gathering around his arms in the form of a sword beam.

Khross: W-wait, that move! That is--

Sehens: Yes, you're right, I can feel it. You've seen this before, haven't you?

Khross: Yes, I have. It's the lost technique of the Geist! It is Whitenoise!

Sehens: Well I never had a name for this. Not like I've lived long enough to learn it! Haha! What I do know is that it gathers this...power around me.

Khross: You idiot! It gathers Ghostsand, the sands of a long since departed Geist, and converts it into energy to be used for an attack. You mustn't use that move!

Sehens: Why is that?

Khross: It uses the sands, and those sands cannot be replaced once used.

Sehens: And I care, why?

Khross: The entire planet is made up of these sands.

Geist/Auge

Ever since the second Geist passed, it's sands were passed down from each generation, building up as part of the planet, from the core, on up. For instance, Water is just the sands, compressed down. The power in them creates special illusions that only Geist or beings trained for it, can see through.

Sehens: What are you getting at?

Khross: Whitenoise uses these sands for a powerful move, then erases it from existence. In turn it will eventually destroy the planet, and all beings inhabiting it.

Sehens: Why should I care about these helpless beings?

Khross: Even though we're Nazis that are Hellbent on dominating the entire world, we wouldn't want it destroyed. If you use that attack, I will be forced to kill you on the spot, rather than toy around with you until you and your power goes back to sleep!

Sehens: I guess I'll have to end this now, then. No time for games, my fine man.

Khross: Don't you do it!

Sehens: WHITENOISE!!!!

The sands about his arms began to illuminate even higher, as if they were lights from the sun. Sehens would then strike his arms at Khross, and a blinding light would radiate in all directions.

Geist/Auge

Khross: NO!!

Everything went white, and nothing could be heard. Eventually the blinding light would fade and bring about faint images for one another. Rubble, smoke, water and blood. The faintness would grow more clear and seconds passed, eventually giving way to the true picture. The area that they were in was demolished, and Khross' left arm, gone.

Sehens: So, what were you going to do, again? Destroy me?

Khross: Y-you bastard! You won't get away with this...

Sehens: It seems I already have.

Khross: You think I've survived in my line of work just by being beaten so easily!? It's time for you to realize my true nature.

Sehens: It doesn't really matter either way, now does it? What you did up until this point doesn't matter anymore. What matters is what you're able to do now. The past and the future are just locks and shouldn't have any place in the battle field. What matters in the end, is now, so don't linger on what you were once able to do, nor what could be. What will be is what is to come.

Khross: Such deep words coming from the darkness

Geist/Auge

inside that boy.

Sehens: In the end I'm Mitch, and he is I. We may think and act differently, and he is still new to this experience as am I, but we're still one, while separate.

Khross: You're nothing more than just manifestations of the darkness in his mind, body, and soul. Whatever you're thinking, is just emotions brought up from his own mind, not something you can originally create.

Sehens: Even so, I shall focus on the now, and all I need to know is that I speak, therefore I can justify my own existence. It's also time that I end this little game, before it grows out of hand.

As Sehens ends his last words to Khross, the entirety of the Geists' mask finally fills in, and a powerful gust of wind can be felt; It's origin? Coming from Sehens.

Klaus Wolfgang: Khross, be on your toes. He is reaching the stage in vich I had mentioned in our briefing!

Khross: I will, my lord.

Sehens: I don't know what to expect, here. So, this is like a game. A game of hide and seek. My powers are hidden, and I seek them out!

As soon as the last bit of markings filled itself in on the mask, his body began to pulsate and send out a

Geist/Auge

force each time the body convulsed. Sending a surge of energy out in all directions, as two horns began to melt out of nothingness, and form into his mask; black fire began to erupt out from the horns that would steadily burn like two bone-like candles, while his mask began to make yet another transformation.

It began to take a more humanoid shape, as if warping into a human's skull, as the mouth of it began to crack and gape open, breaking apart its older mask, to form a more wolf-like structure. It involved fangs created out of bone, as the hole leading down into what would be the throat was a never ending void of darkness; where it's eyes would be is just two pools of brightly glowing blood, spinning around in the sockets, while the rest of the skull would lead on into the black cloak of the body, revealing what was more like that of Grim Reaper Lore that would fold and move like cloth in the wind, but could take the shape of its surroundings like mucky Water.

Khross: So this is a Geist's true form?

Sehens: Ich werde zerstören Sie Körper, Geist und Seele, für immer wird es brennen!

Khross: So you're speaking the tongue of the Geist. I'm sorry but it'll take more than a threat to scare me off.

Sehens: Der Sand der Zeit wird dahinschmelzen Ihre Existenz!

Geist/Auge

As Sehens said that, Khross's entire body began to melt, and chip away into bits, and flew into the sky like particles of dust.

Khross: What is this technique? It's something I've never witnessed before!

Klaus Wolfgang: It is the Staub Schöpfer, the creator of dust, the eater of life. It will even rot away your bones, leaving nothing but a pile of dust in it's wake.

Khross: Thankfully we have a fail-safe in place for just such occasions.

Light began to fade away as a powerful aura shot forth, as his body began to contract in size, whilst being covered in a metallic substance, fusing in with the shadows of his Geist.

Khross: This is when things begin to grow interesting.

Sehens: Solche mühsame Verteidigung Taktik. So haben Sie Ihr begrenzen erreicht?

Khross: Far from it, but each time I grow in power it must double the power ratio to even make a difference. Once I get to a certain ratio, it's just easier to increase my defense and speed until the power is reached. But it matters not. Here is where you'll truly be fighting for your life, and I will be the one to give you the finishing blow!

End of Chapter 1

Chapter Two Introductions

Subconsciously Indulgent

(To give up to someone is wrong, to give up to oneself is evil.)

Geist/Auge

While the two powerful beings are off fighting, a bomb explodes far to the other end of the facility. Everyone in the area begins to scramble around, rushing around, to see what is going on, confused all the while. Three more explosions are seen scattering around the interior of the area, coming in and going off as if being created by nothing but pure air.

Soldier in Red: All soldiers remove the facility staff out at once, place 3 Elite Guardsmen near all doors and windows and get cover fire over at the hole in the wall! Anyone seen coming in through any of these are to be shot down at once! Do you all understand!?

Soldiers: Sir!

Soldier in Red: Have three out of every six Soldiers change to explosive rounds and two out of those three shoot the outside area in front of the hole, the others shoot their explosive rounds into the floor on the inside of the hole!

Soldiers: Sir!

As the soldiers began to carry out their orders, the explosions came to a quieting and otherwise eerily halt as from the shadows of the damage, a body can be seen, and a voice echoing out from all directions can be heard.

Voice from the shadows: I'm sorry, I can't play with you any longer my boys, but I've a job to do. I'll

Geist/Auge

just have to blow up this entire room with one go.

Out from the smoke, red could be seen fading in, from what appears to be where a person's eyes would be located at; glowing red, fading in and out. Then nothing as the entire area exploded into a massive orgy of destruction, fire and smoke.

Voice from the shadows: That my boys, is how you clear a room! Haha!!

Voice from outside of the hole: Oh quiet. Do you always have to get so excited when doing this? It's just a parlor trick. Those soldiers will be back in this dimension in little under an hour!

Voice from the shadows: Oh, that hurts. Really. When we get this mission over with, I'll be crying in my room all night, Rayne.

Rayne: Jacques, you always know how to liven a mission up.

Jacques: Eh, no problem. Tis' what I do melady!

Rayne: Let's just get this over with. I'm long overdue for a bath. Let's just find him and get him to our city safely. We need not screw up. We only get one shot at this before "he" notices that we're here.

Jacques: Fine, fine. Just fix all of this and close up the hole so no one that stumbles upon here will ever suspect anything.

Geist/Auge

Rayne: What would you ever do without me, Husband?

Jacques: Probably just touch myself in my sleep, wife.

Rayne: Awh so cute, just what I expected. A gross comment.

Jacques: I'm a man, dear. It's in our genetics. All men are gross. It's like a sport with us.

Rayne: Quiet! I hear someone. Let's hurry this room up.

A lone soldier a little late to meet up with his squad would come wandering in. He would be late to do his morning duties, and would have no idea of the battle that had just taken place. The room would already be fixed back to it's original shape. Cleaned up and fixed up.

Luke: Oh, come on now! I might be late but did they really have to head on without me!?

Jacques: My boy!! What are you doing here, in such an empty location?

Luke: W-who the Hell are you!?

Jacques: Does that really matter? Do you clearly expect to know of all the soldiers in this gigantic base?

Luke: I... I suppose not.

Geist/Auge

Jacques: So shall I request of you, to tell me your name, my boy?

Luke: I'm Lucas Archibald, but you may call me Luke.

Jacques: "Lucas Archibald" you say? The heir to the Scientific Temple of Generation Development?

Luke: So you've heard of me? I figured being as young as I am, no one would bother knowing of me or my name. I thank you.

As the two men hold their conversation, Rayne would sneak up behind Luke and hold a knife up to his back, after such she speaks his name in his ear.

Rayne: Luke... So, now that you two have made all buddy-buddy, why don't you take your cool new friends here to the control room for this sector?

Luke: So you all aren't part of us!?

Jacques: My boy, I hate to break it to you, but no. It's not our fault you're a moron. Now take us to the control room, so we can open up the By-Panel Gate.

Luke: But by opening that gate up, you'll allow the new prisoner to escape! He is dangerous, and we cannot allow him leave.

Rayne: Luke-Luke-Luke-Luke, don't argue with us and just get on. We can't wait here all day.

Geist/Auge

Luke: Wait a second, I know who you both are!

Jacques: Oh you do my boy?

Luke: You're the Knallen Ritter. The Explode Knight; and this woman here must be the Heilen Engel, the Heal Angel.. Our books told us that the Knallen Ritter has the unique ability to create endless explosions with his mind, as well as open up rifts in Space and Time while the Heilen Engel can heal any wound on anything, or any damage done, back to it's original form as well as deconstruct the very same things.

Rayne: You're a very smart one.

Luke: I will show you where the Bi-Panel Gate is, but you won't be able to access it even if we open it.

Rayne: Why is that?

Luke: Because it can only be fully activated by gathering all of the Captain Class Alten Regierung Soldiers, and the Overlord. Without them, you might be able to open up the power tunnels, but not the actual gate. Basically whatever your mission was, has failed here today.

Jacques: You might not be as smart as we originally thought.

Luke: Why is that? I just explained how your plan has failed from the start. How does that imply any such

Geist/Auge

intelligence?

Rayne: I'm the Heilen Engel. If you forgot what you just said, I don't need your Captains to open it up. My powers aren't just limited to reconstruction and deconstruction.

Luke: What are you getting at? If you're saying your powers can open up any door, then you're sadly mistaken.

Rayne: What I'm saying is that if it has ever once been open, I can recreate those exact conditions without having to obtain these so called Captains. Whatever has been, or is, my powers can reach for.

Luke: So this is their plan. Your organization knew right from the start what they would be facing. They had the perfect tools in their disposal to get the job done, and thus sent you two out here to accomplish it.

Jacques: So you see the trouble you and your group are in now, don't you?

Rayne: We planned everything out. We even knew what was going to happen to the T. We knew who would be in this room, and what they would do if we attacked. The only thing not planned was you coming here. Our sources couldn't predict you showing up.

Jacques: But if it was such a big deal, our goal would have changed dramatically. So you mustn't be a big issue. Our sources predicted how this would turn out.

Geist/Auge

A few changing variables here and there won't change the outcome one bit.

Rayne: On the contrary, your being here today has benefited us greatly. Rather than having to force the power on and use up more of my power in doing so, you can do that for us.

Luke: Just follow me. There isn't anything I can do about this now.

Jacques, Rayne and Luke make their way down series of very long corridors, passing up door after door, control room after control room along their way.

Rayne: You best not be pulling our chain and taking us in the wrong direction. It wouldn't be very wise to abuse our trust at this very delicate stage.

Luke: Do you really expect us to place the main Control Room on the first path? With all of these Control Rooms along our way, we can easily confuse any enemies who happen to sneak in. Also, I thought you said you saw what would happen?

Rayne: We decided to follow you, while we can most likely find our way back and find the exact route, we're leaving this up to you.

Luke: This is the easiest way to go, though there are tons of ways.

Jacques: I think that we're finally coming up on it.

Geist/Auge

The three of them would come up to a huge sliding metal door, layered in 3 specialized doors with a touch panel to the right and left hand sides.

Rayne: So, let's hurry up and open this.

Luke: I can operate one touch panel, and with your powers you can operate the other. Once we get in, there will be a series of machines that we'll have to activate in a special order. If done incorrectly, the alarm will be set off, and all of the soldiers in this sector will be aware of your presence.

Jacques: Then we just won't mess up. Her powers are great and can even recreate those exact conditions as well. Don't worry, you won't be in trouble by your superiors. In fact, you can come with us if you'd like.

Rayne: Jacques, don't you think we should wait to offer this to him, once we ask permission first?

Jacques: It doesn't matter. Either we take him, train him to work with us, or you wipe his memory of this situation. Which one do you think he'd want the most?

Rayne: I guess I see your point.

Luke: Let's talk about this after we get in. You go to the left hand side and use your power. I'm pushing my side now.

Geist/Auge

As Luke and Rayne settle into their places, Rayne begins to use her powers. The air grows thick and stale as everything began to grow fuzzy, as an image of a soldier appears before them, standing where Rayne would be at, in front of the left hand touch panel. Luke and the recreated soldier then press their panels at the same time, and the first door opens up.

Luke: It's time for the second door layer. This time we need to have Retinal Scanners scan our eyes. Don't let up on your power just yet.

The soldier that appeared with Rayne's power begins to just stand in place, letting the scanners light up his eyes, while making the most awful mechanical noises imaginable. Then the door opens, leaving nothing but the third and last one shut.

Luke: This is the last door, and it's on a timer. Every 30 seconds the door will open, then close 10 seconds later. This is to keep people from getting in unharmed, not meant to be in there. Jacques, you can use your dimensional powers to allow the ends of the door to shut elsewhere, while not closing here. This way we can go in as we please. Got it?

Jacques: Already done. Let's move!

The three of them rush through and enter the main Control Room. They come across the room mentioned with all of the computers; the machines.

Geist/Auge

Luke: Now we have to activate these in a special order. This will open up the room where the Bi-Panel Gate's power source is located in. Once we get in, we can turn it on. What then? How do you plan on getting him out of here?

Rayne: Our friends in high places will be dropping in to say hi.

Jacques: Then all is done here.

Luke: Alright, that weird soldier you created has finished turning on the computers. The door is open. Let's go!

Chapter Two

Part One

As the three of them go to turn on the Bi-Panel Gate, Khross and Sehens are still fighting for their lives. The room is basically destroyed by now. Holes are seen in the ground, walls and ceilings while debris is in every corner. Metal beams bending, breaking and falling all around. The two breathe heavily as they stand there, planning their next move, staring each other down. Then they move quickly towards each other,

Geist/Auge

vanishing for split seconds at a time, and reappearing while they clash their arms. The force from their speed and clashes make the room break apart with each hit. Shaking and shattering any material near them.

Sehens' Staub Schöpfer still in effect, constantly keeps eating away at Khross's body, and each time he has to gather more metal to cover up the wounds.

Khross: You're a lot harder to deal with than I had originally anticipated. But I grow rather tired of fighting you, and I suspect my master feels the same. So it's time to end this fight right here and now. It's time to use a technique I learned many years ago. The Herz Esser! From the inside, out, I shall feed upon your heart until your fear shows itself to me. From the outside, in, your body weakens and bends to my will. Then in between where reality fades and fantasy resides, it shall grasp onto everything you hold dear and strangles the hope out of the rest of your being... so be ready for the fear only God knows.

Sehens: It's really pointless.

Khross' eyes began to widen in awe as Sehens spoke to him.

Khross: Y-your language!?

Sehens: Yes. I may be yet another different creature than both Mitch and the Sehens you've been facing, from a time both distant and near, but that doesn't mean I'm not intelligent.

Geist/Auge

Khross: Then why have you been speaking a different language this whole time up until now?

Sehens: I just learned it.

Khross: What!? What do you mean?

Sehens: I'm a Geist far superior than a Geist, but I am one yet I'm not. I'm new yet old; I transcend time, I transcend space. Thus simplicities such as knowledge kneels before my will. The power your Master is seeking must've been the power of a Geist transcending the normal boundaries of two realities. Why else go through all the trouble of using Mitch's body at a young age, and everything leading up to this point in time?

Khross: Whatever you're saying doesn't make up for the fact that my Herz Esser. No reality can escape the fate of having a Heart. I don't mean a physical heart, I mean the heart that resides in a being's conscious. The one that regulates your actions, thoughts, emotions, memories and dreams. The one that in the end controls a being's power. Your power may be grand and far exceeds my own, but that doesn't stop you from having a heart!

Sehens: Then try out your little experiment on me. What's one more experiment to your death? I think I owe you that much before cutting the chains of life from your fleshy chest.

Geist/Auge

Khross: Shut up! I'm sick and tired of your arrogant, cocky attitude!

Sehens: Is it really arrogant and cocky if it's the truth?

Khross: SHUT UP!!!

Khross, now on a raging rampage rushes at Sehens, full force, hoping to land one final and ending strike on the being before him. Knowing that if it fails, he won't be able to continue on forward for much longer.

Sehens: Pitiful being. You expect such a low trick to work on me? I, the glorified king of Geists in this new world!? You belong to me now, piece of dirt!

Sehens backs up quickly and holds his arms up high towards the ceiling, spreading his hands and arms out as he walks towards Khross again. The air grows thin the closer he gets to him, then Khross falls to his knees, overwhelmed by the pressure and heat building up in his own body, making it harder to breathe.

Khross: What have you done to me, scum!?

Khross then starts coughing up blood, wheezing as he tries to get more air.

Sehens: I've found your strands.

Khross: Strands? Strands of what?

Geist/Auge

Sehens: The strands that bind all Geists together, and together to the moon. As such, beings capable of such vision can grasp onto these strands...and strangle them.

Khross: You don't mean--

Sehens: Yes, I do. I then can control your life force and use your own life as a weapon against you. All I did was grab onto it like a puppet and it's strings, and told it to reject your own existence. You're now being unborn. Rejected into the winds of all creation as if you had never existed.

Khross: I won't let a little thing like living stop me from completing my objective!

Klaus Wolfgang: Zhat is enough, Khross. It's time to pull out. Ve've got enough information for now. Call for a tactical retreat.

Khross: Y-yes my lord.

Sehens: You think you can just escape me?

Klaus Wolfgang: Vhy yes, yes I do. If you want to live as yourself, I suggest you back down until our next battle. Ve've got some interestink things in store for our next encounter young man.

Sehens: You aren't going anywhere, lowly being. I am the lord, the king of this world, of this realm and I'm not done playing with you like the toy that you

Geist/Auge

are.

Klaus Wolfgang: Our battle will have to wait. You see, I don't wish to destroy your vessel before the time is right.

Sehens: You pathetic piece of trash! How dare you speak to me as if you're on my level!?

Klaus Wolfgang: Oh, you're mistaken. I'm not on your level.

Sehens: Oh, so you've learned your place then, scum?

Klaus Wolfgang: Don't get me wrong, I may not be on your level, but it doesn't mean I'm under it.

Sehens: You mean to stand there and imply you're of a higher level than I, the lord of all is and ever shall be!?

Klaus Wolfgang: That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying I'm on a higher level than even that.

Sehens: You lowly worm! I'll teach you to mock your lord!

Sehens charges in, rushing at Klaus with full force while all of the Geist Sands begin to gather around him as he approaches.

Klaus Wolfgang: So you plan to do Whitenoise on me, no? Hopefully it turns out better than against Khross,

Geist/Auge

vere you only seem to damage the building around you.

Sehens screams louder as he comes closer, gathering more sands as he progresses, and then finally comes upon Klaus, and leaps forward with a mighty burst of speed and light, as he strikes him.

Klaus Wolfgang: Defense Crystal, vork your magic!

Out of nowhere a white crystal spawns out of thin air that can fit into the palm of any man's hand, as it takes the full force of Sehen's powers head on, stopping him and his power dead in his tracks, absorbing the power of the Whitenoise with ease, converting all offensive power it had into defensive power.

Sehens: What did you do to my Whitenoise!?

Klaus Wolfgang: I absorbed it.

Sehens: Nonsense, all you did was call out for a crystal. How can a simple crystal stop the most powerful being in all of creation?

Klaus Wolfgang: Vut is true nonsense is how you claim the title of 'strongest' ven it's obviously a lie, boy.

Sehens: I will make you eat those words, pitiful being!

Sehens, now even more pissed off than before, makes

Geist/Auge

yet another charge at Klaus, but this time gathering his powers into one place, for more so an offensive, direct attack than that of a magical one.

Klaus Wolfgang: Offensive Crystal, show your strength!

Again, out of nowhere another crystal spawns; this time of a bright red color, getting brighter and brighter while Sehens rushes closer and closer. When Sehens reaches Klaus, thinking that this time will play out differently, the crystal explodes with a raw form of energy, spouting it forward like a geyser of pure and powerful strength, hitting Sehens straight in his chest, knocking him backwards and unconscious. That hit also forced Sehen to revert back to Mitch, sealing his Geist yet again in a deep slumber.

Klaus wolfgang: Zhat is zhat. I vill now be on my vay. Khross, ve vill treat you later. Come.

Khross: Yes, my Master!

Klaus Wolfgang: Ve have to go now, as I suspect that "they" vill be on their vay rather shortly. In your condition you von't be able to hold them off.

Khross: Yes, let's be on our way.

Both Klaus and Khross get up, dust themselves off and in an instant are teleported out of the area by an unknown power while the ceiling begins to split open into four sections, showing a glass ceiling in it's place that is darker than night itself, until it began

Geist/Auge

to glow a dark blue hint, into a light blue one, then fading back into the dark again, repeating the process over again while getting faster each time. Then it went from light blue to a blinding light and then Mitch was gone.

Mitch would wake up in a room with many beds, and many windows with sunlight shining into the room from outside. Birds could be heard chirping from somewhere outside and a woman's voice could be heard.

Woman: Oh, it appears he is waking. Kids, give him some room. Chad! Put down his pants this instant!

Chad: Sorry, mam!

Mitch began to open his eyes, closing them again rather quickly due to the blinding pain of his eyes not quite adjusting to the light yet.

Woman: Don't worry, your eyes should adjust rather easily. A Geist's eyes are always so superb!

Mitch: Where am I? Better yet, who the Hell are you!?

Woman: There is no need to get so roudy. You're in a safe place, Mitch.

Mitch: You know my name!? I knew it, you're those Nazi pricks!

Chad: What's a prick?

Geist/Auge

Lizzie: PRICK PRICK PRICK!!!

Luna: NAZI PRICKS!

Woman: Children! What foul language you're spouting!
Go into time out, now!

Mitch: Let me out of this bed, untie me at once, you
Nazi bastards!

Luna: YEAH, YOU NAZI BASTARD!

Woman: LUNA!?

Luna: What did I do wrong!?

Woman: That's it!! Mitch, enough! You're no longer
there. Our people came and saved you after you were
Knocked unconscious.

Mitch: Do you seriously expect me to believe that load
of bullshit!?

Woman: It's the truth, young man. Also you're not tied
down. If you'd look, you'd know that.

Mitch would move his head around, to see not ties, but
covers, lightly placed over top of him.

Woman: Do you see now?

Mitch: But why can't I move?

Geist/Auge

Woman: Your body took serious damage, not just from transforming for the first time, but also because of Klaus and Khross. You're basically paralyzed from the neck down until my medicine takes hold into your system.

Mitch: So..you're telling the honest to god truth, here?

Woman: Yes, yes I am.

Mitch: Care to explain to me where I am at, and who you are for that matter?

Woman: OH!! Pardon my rudeness. I'm Claire and you're in sector H of our City. Sector H is where all of the hospitals and clinics are located.

Mitch: Your...city?

Claire: Yes. The City of Terra. The City of the Earth.

Mitch: I've never heard of such a place...

Claire: That's because no one knows about it. We're hidden away, sealed away from the public eye.

Mitch: But that's impossible. The entire known world stated to have been fully explored even thousands of years ago, and again hundreds of years ago has never once made claim of such a city ever existing. No history book. Not even the Internet.

Geist/Auge

Claire: You really think that people can't hide from 'explorers' many times over? We've been a secret organization for a very long time, and have our own means of preserving our secrecy.

Mitch: Wait, organization? City? Are you implying there is an entire city working together as an organization!?

Claire: See, now you're starting to get it. But we're not the only one. The people who took you, they also are part of a massive organization that's been around for a very long time. The Nazi organization. Their entire base is under the City of Motta. Their base, a massive underground city. The City of Iron Skies.

Mitch: So what is this so called organization for? What is it you all do?

Claire: Well we save the world.

Mitch: ...hu--hawaha!

Claire: W-What's so funny!?

Mitch: You seriously want me to believe that you all are just a bunch of super heroes or some shit? Don't make me laugh!

Claire: We save the world from people like Klaus Wolfgang, whose sole purpose is to control you, and in turn control the multiverse.

Geist/Auge

Mitch: The Multiverse?

Claire: Do you seriously not remember how you got hurt? Do you not remember your transformations?

Mitch: There you go again mentioning...a transformation. I'm not some transforming robot or evolving insect!

Claire: You are a Geist. You can't tell me you didn't hear the voice calling out to you. The voice telling you not to forget.

Mitch: How do you know what I've dreamt?

Claire: Because all of us here in Terra are Geists, and all Geists have that voice, that being, telling you how to survive. Did you at least get to see the body of the voice?

Mitch: Uhm, what now?

Claire: Oh, come on! Don't tell me you went through such a massive transformation and not even seen the true image of your inner self!?

Mitch: In my dream I was in what was more like a world of water, and I couldn't see anything else, and the only thing I could hear was a voice. This was before I went searching for my way out.

Claire: There has been no recordings of anyone making

Geist/Auge

a transformation so powerful like yours, and at least not seeing the inner self, the inner Geist that talks you into your powers.

Mitch: I don't know anything about that, nor should I care. All I know is that I heard a voice and nothing else matters.

Claire: I guess it doesn't. But it does mean that I'll have to study you during your stay to find out exactly what caused your tremendous transformation. Whatever it was, it wasn't a Geist, or at the very least not a known one.

Even more birds can be heard chirping out of the window, catching Claire's attention. As such she makes her way over to open the window letting fresh air in while she just stares outside at the city.

Claire: Have you ever wondered about why life is life?

Mitch: Um--what now?

Claire: How is it that Geists such as us exist in the first place?

Mitch: I just learned a little bit about this situation not too long ago, I'm not the best person to be asked questions.

Claire: The world is filled with sand.

Mitch: Oh, yeah. The Geistsands. I've heard that in a

Geist/Auge

dream I had before waking up here. I take it that it's important to life?

Claire: Unknowingly to most, those exact sands hold life, create it as well as take it away. We don't know why, but excavations provided us with samples of an ancient material that shows our planet having these sands for an extreme amount of time, but before that time, there was an unknown substance. What is the connection between the Geists, the land and the time before the sands?

Mitch: What does this have to do with me?

Claire: You may be the last piece to the puzzle. The piece that can connect the times of the unknown to that of the present. With your powers, we may be able to explain what existed before the Geist and why we exist now.

Mitch: Why waste your time with something that could happen, but is still a massive unknown piece? This could change so much for you. Even if it doesn't provide any answers, it still could change your outlook on life. If you did get results, it may be worse on you. Why openly promote change? Change is weakness. To force something to not change is to show great power.

Claire: Because if you don't try, you won't know. Dreams of the possible move us forward. Without dreams, without trying, and without change one couldn't find a happiness otherwise hidden.

Geist/Auge

Mitch would close his eyes, trying to imagine the concept laid before him, trying to think long and hard on a world built upon constant change.

Mitch: Sorry but I can't see such a place being good. Change has caused everyone great pain.

Claire: Change is inevitable. From walking down the road, to even eating, you are causing change. Brings to mind the Butterfly Effect.

Mitch: That's a sensitive dependence of initial conditions in which a small change at one place in a deterministic nonlinear system can result in large differences in a later state.

Claire: You're pretty intelligent and yet you don't invite change into your life. Why is that?

Mitch: I don't feel I should explain my reasonings to you.

Claire: I guess I can respect that.

Claire would turn around to face Mitch with an awkward looking smile as her head is slightly cocked to the left, as she walks over and sticks a needle into Mitch's right leg. It would make him cringe his entire face, his eyes widening the entire time.

Mitch: The fuck are you doing!? That hurt like Hell!

Geist/Auge

Claire: So it seems my medicine is finally taking hold into your system.

Mitch: You just stabbed me, and you're talking about--wait a minute--

Claire: Yeah, give it a minute. Think on it some.

Mitch: So how long will it take before I'm back to normal now?

Claire: Give or take a week. But even then, you may go into a sort of relapse or remission-based state where your brain will still think your legs are paralyzed. If it happens it could last anywhere from a few seconds to days before it lets up again.

Mitch and Claire would spend a good hour and a half discussing opinions, ideas and facts before the door leading in would begin to swing open and the sound of boots could be heard clomping on over their way while a voice was heard talking.

Man: Claire, what is his condition as of late?

Claire: Sir, his rehabilitation is coming along splendid. His condition is being reversed rather quickly. If it were anyone else, It would be safe to assume their rehabilitation time would be drastically higher.

Man: What of his other condition? What of the Geist we saw?

Geist/Auge

Claire: There are no medicinal techniques available where we can find out what that thing was.

Man: I suggest you invent some, then. Otherwise we can't move forward.

Claire: I'll try my best, sir!

Man: No, no you will not. You'll give it your best. My team doesn't try. They do without a second thought in their head. They do without a moment's notice. We do and nothing else matters!

Claire: Yes master Torran.

Mitch: Tch, that's how you speak to your own team? How pathetic.

Torran would feel a hand on his shoulder all of a sudden and as he turned around Mitch would be standing, barely, on his own two feet, gawking at him.

Mitch: If your team is as good as you're letting on, it's disrespectful to state the obvious. It's disrespectful to belittle your own subordinates!

Torran: What balls you must have to speak to one of the 10 commanding officers of Terra like that of common rabble. I did not speak out of line as is not possible!

Mitch: Y-you..are not a leader if you cannot lead with

Geist/Auge

more positivity than that. You're just someone with a superiority complex who gets off to the fact that people have to listen to you regardless of emotions. You're right, you're not common rabble. You're below that. That alone doesn't begin to even come close to scratching the surface of what you are, my man.

Torran: Kid, listen. I don't care who you are, but I treat all my subordinates with respect. If it belittles them along the way, they can suck it up. Trying might be good in that little school of yours, but here in the real word where we risk our lives and limbs to survive, trying is never "good enough". Not now, not ever.

Mitch who is standing more steadily now than before, began to glance over, staring down Torran with a hateful gaze as his eyes began to focus and lighten with a bright red light only seeable by Mitch himself.

Mitch: You will learn your place. A place that is not acting like a high-horse leader.

Mitch's voice, sounding wavy and echoey now, began to deepen in tone as well as he grabbed Torran's shoulder, when all of a sudden the entire building began to vibrate under a massive release of Mitch's power.

Mitch: You will learn just what I'm talking about, even if I have to crush every single bone in your useless shell of a body.

Geist/Auge

Torran: This kid is strong, even if his power is just seeping out randomly like this.

Claire: Yes, yes he is. Even when the medicine is still just taking hold inside of his body. He shouldn't even be able to stand like that, let alone grab you and cause such massive tremors.

Torran would turn around and tell Mitch that even though he is powerful, his mind nor body can fully control any of his power, and then would punch him in the stomach, knocking Mitch unconscious, or so Torran had thought.

Torran: Claire, you are to seal his powers away fully, until we can trust him. Tomorrow, get him ready for training.

Claire: But master! He can barely even stand. If it were not for his powers I don't believe he would have even wiggled a toe! It's too soon and too dangerous to send him out into training. With his powers sealed, he can't hope to make progress!

Torran: Don't question me. If he has the gall to stand up to me, he has the willpower to stand up and move forward.

Claire: But sir--

Torran: Enough, woman!!

Claire: ..Y-yes, my master.

Geist/Auge

Torran: First thing tomorrow morning, send him to the room. We will assess him and find out at what class to start him off at.

Claire: ((Knowing his current state, he'll be in the lowest class possible, if not dead. Torran...what are you planning this time?))

Claire looks at her master, nods, then goes to leave the room and closes the door behind the two of them, as Mitch goes back to his bed, closes his eyes and quickly falls to sleep. The sun eventually begins to set, as it is met with the night air that pours in through the open window of Mitch's room. The cool whips of air nip at the tip of his nose, awaking him from his slumber as his eyes start to flicker.

Mitch: If I'm to do some testing I should get ready. I assume it's pretty physical. I must get myself ready.

Mitch then got himself out of bed and made his way, stumbling his way, towards the door, exiting out and going down the rather long hallway towards a double door leading outside. As he pushed through the doors, heading outside, he was amazed at what he saw. The entire area in all directions as far as the eye could see was massive buildings; tall, wide, grand.

Mitch shrugged it off then wandered around looking for some sort of empty lot that he could train in. Once he found what it was that he was looking for, he started his training. He began to try his best to jog in his

Geist/Auge

condition. He would keep stumbling and falling all over the place. He did this for a good hour before he would begin to try to do some push-ups and set-ups, while having a hard time getting up and down for each set of exercises. Soon morning would come fluttering his way as birds were seen over head, going towards the westward side of the city.

Mitch would then hear loud sirens going off in the distance. He would assume it was from them discovering he had gone missing, but that wasn't the case.

Chapter Two

Part Two

Lights, sirens, scrambling; the sirens going off has sent everyone into a complete panic. Yelling can be heard in all directions regarding people being confused, scared and alone.

A man in a Black suit: The Lunar Waves are off the charts!

A man in a Red suit: How can this be!? Our sources predicted a smooth transition period! Why is it that the waves are reacting so spastically towards the

Geist/Auge

shift?

Jack: It's because we're most likely not the only group experimenting in this manner.

A man in a Grey suit: Oh, good morning, Captain. So, what do you think?

Lunar Waves are the pulsating force that play a contributing role in how the planet acts. They have a driving force as well when it comes to the paranormal and mysterious; for instance, the Geist.

Jack: I feel it's safe to assume those Nazi bastards came to the same conclusion as we did. Directing those Lunar Waves into a machine meant to concentrate and store the power, as one might be able to forge a key. While it might not be a physical key, it can still be used to force open the gate surrounding the moon.

This gate is no ordinary gate. Actually, it's no gate at all. It's a gathering of Lunar energy, keeping anything with the same type of power away.

Jack: Our hypothesis is that it works the same way that a magnet works. As of now our only working hypothesis to field test is that by default, all life is created with similar Lunar Wave lengths. As such when something gets close enough to it, it repels it away. We feel that if we can gather enough into the machine, we might be able to experiment on it, and alter its properties. Thus changing how the other Lunar Waves react to it. But, imagine if a machine

Geist/Auge

similar to ours in design, began to also absorb the waves. What do you think would happen?

A man in a Grey suit: It would bring a lot more waves in at an incredible rate.

Jack: If I'm correct, with this amount of powerful waves being concentrated down into the planet so quickly, it's causing our machine to also pick up on the enemy's waves, while also making Lunar waves attracting by more than .75 percent. You don't need me to tell you how bad that is for the planet. It would cause massive deaths on a scale larger than any war or illness ever could.

A man in a Yellow suit: What might you have us do?

A man in a Green suit: Yes, what are your orders, sir?

Jack: It's simple, really. Shift the amount the machine can absorb to a lower ratio, while slowly releasing the waves collected back into space. We must hold off on any further Lunar testing until this matter can be dealt with. I'm sure I'll be getting word any minute now from the higher-ups regarding a plan of action.

A man in a Blue suit: The plan seems to be working, sir! The meter seems to be leveling itself out.

Jack: As I suspected. This machine picked up on their machine's waves, and began to connect to each other. May it not be directly through our computer, but

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enough so that it joined waves. Causing a change so bad it began to alter the amount and speed at which these machines gather waves at. But no need to worry, now.

As Jack was explaining everything to his subordinates, a door would immediately slide open and a man holding a letter came rushing in.

Messenger: Sir, you have a letter from the Masters.

Jack: Proceed.

Messenger: As you request. It reads,

"As you're now made aware of, the waves have increased in amount and speed over the last few days. Our reconnaissance team has discovered that your prediction was true. The Nazi organization has in fact been working on the same Machine that we have.

Now it was obvious they would come to the same conclusion as we, but that doesn't explain how they obtained very similar designs. We fear that we have an informant in our ranks working for them. Until further notice, an investigation will be underway. Until as such time is needed, the Lunar experiments are hereby cancelled and everyone is to be reassigned for new work.

We apologize for the trouble, and hope the investigation provides fruitful."

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Jack: So it was as I suspected all along. We have a mole. Good thing I was prepared for such troubles.

A man in a White suit: What do you have planned?

Jack: Simple, but I cannot give out such information at this time. (I really doubt it's one of my own men, as that would be too obvious and too few of people in total to question. As such it would allow us to quickly find the mole. It is most likely someone in one of the larger ranks. Most likely of Captain level who can easily obtain access to the labs. Our security cameras show no one, so it also leads me to believe that they also have required a safety keycard. It slightly narrows it down to on duty, stationed Captains within the city itself.)

The sun in the sky began to fully illuminate the entire city by now, while Mitch decided to head on for his testing.

Mitch: Now is as good as any, to get shit done.

The door to the training room would slowly creep open and from it entered Mitch, limping all the while.

Torran: You sure took your sweet time getting here.

Mitch: Your point being?

Torran: I guess there is no point beating it into you when you're already here. Whatever the case may be, you're here to be tested. As such I will be observing

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you and when your grades are posted, it'll determine your ranks here in the city. Ranks determine authority, as well as how much money you'll make, and what amount of respect is given on to you by the others living in this city with you. Ranks are everything, and everything else is below that.

Mitch: So if I want to be able to do anything, I need to obtain a high enough rank so if I want a service provided, I must have an equal or higher rank, right?

Torran: Oh, you catch on quickly. But having a quick learning mind doesn't mean you'll get a good rank so easily. Your body must be on par with your mind or higher if you wish to succeed. Just like ranks, your body must also work the same. Nothing less will suffice.

Mitch: So let's get this over with before my body does actually give out. If I can do this and obtain a high rank in my current condition it just would mean my rank would have been even higher if my body wasn't in such duress. So let's get going so I can prove points to you all.

Torran: I like that spark in you. Shows spunk that a warrior needs to survive out in the real world. Though you lived a pretty much sheltered existence even if it was being used against you by the enemy. Just remember this young man. They planned every single event in your life down to the T since birth till now. It means you'd have to drastically change a great deal to make a difference when fighting against them. They know

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your entire life because they created it. They made you into who you are today. It's time for you to push past those planned boundaries. Anyway, your first test is the agility screening. From this point you must run north until you find a large corridor. In the walls, ceilings and floors are the sensors to record exactly how fast you are. Once you reach that position, your next test will begin; voices will explain the rest. Get going!!

Mitch heard a buzzer of sorts ringing really loud as he was told to run, and as such he took off at a great speed even in his current and pretty painful condition.

He would run for a good 15 minutes down an extremely long hallway or more like a tunnel, before coming upon the corridor explained to him by Torran. As was explained, voices could be heard echoing around the area.

Voice: You are now at 3 doors, and this will test your premonitions. While most premonitions come from dreams whilst you sleep, some can come just by giving a specific situation some serious thought. When trying to use such premonition skills, first clear your mind and close your eyes, but not enough where your mind is blank. It's just like meditation. If your mind is blank you could lose yourself forever.

Voice: Think of something soothing and relaxing in which you can focus your mind on. When doing that, think that your eyes can collect up into your forehead

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like a third eye. Using that, imagine what is beyond the door, but not the door or the walls themselves. Boundaries must not exist or else your third eye cannot focus properly. You might then see something which no mortal should ever see.

Voice: Now, use the third eye, and look passed the door, the walls, into the space beyond that and you should have a premonition. It should tell you which room to go into for the next test.

The moment the voices stopped, Mitch did as was instructed and in that moment he saw where he needed to be, and as quickly as he closed his eyes, he rushed through the middle door, but nothing was there.

Mitch: I thought I saw a shine of sorts, but this is just an empty room.

Voices could yet again be heard as they spoke out to Mitch.

Voice: This room is locked with a special power, that keeps the shrine from appearing in this realm. When it's locked away it lingers between locations from once place in our city, to here.

Voice: Where it lingers is a realm only one man can open and control. We asked of him to create a key that would open the space up for a split instance on this day during your test. As was asked of him, he accepted.

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Voice: The key was then placed into a being and it is your job to use your third eye to find a way to attract this being onto you. Once doing so you must by any means obtain the key. You have one day before the key is lost and you cannot continue forward.

Voice: We will leave you with this. "Defeat to defeat, defeat for defeat".

The voices then began to fade out as what appears to be a massive wave of heat came pushing into the room, and a blinding light explodes from the middle. It soon faded rather quickly to shape into a faceless beast of darkness with what seems to be ancient, white, magical texts sprawling about on it's body.

Mitch: It's hard to tell what it says, but I think the text says something along the lines of seal, lock, and key. Such a fitting enemy.

The entire room was now empty of the white light that originally busted through out of nowhere, as the being just stands there, gawking over at Mitch.

Mitch: E-exactly what am I supposed to...do here? If I'm supposed to fight this thing, why isn't it moving yet? I can't just beat up on something if it doesn't even make a move.

The being then suddenly began to speak out.

Shadow: If you can't even make the first move, what good are you as a person?

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The sound of that voice, was something Mitch recognized all too well. Something he's heard a few times, already.

Mitch: I get what those voices were saying to me, now. If I recall I heard your voice both times I...changed...into whatever the Hell that thing was. So, the key was sealed into you, afterwhich you were forced to manifest out, or wherever it was you originated from. So, then. I defeat you, and I get the key. Thinking back now, you're actually a part of myself. I don't exactly remember where I learned of you being a transformation, but it's as if it's been a part of my memory since before I can remember.

Shadow: You're indeed a very fast learner, boy. But you're still leading your life into inaction. You have a day to defeat me and yet you're spending some of it, trying to wrap your head around what is going on, and explaining what is transpiring. Does it really matter what is happening, or even for that matter, will happen?

Mitch: What are you getting at?

Shadow: I'm saying that what matters is action. You can't truly base yourself on what has happened, or will happen. All that matters is now, and what you do now will determine what you'll do now, tomorrow. Don't think. Do. Too many people are held back by their own trivial forms of inaction, causing the world around them to disintegrate. Let's just do things now as they

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come, and think later!!!

As the words were rushed out, the shadow vanished, and appeared right behind of Mitch, getting ready to strike his first and yet finishing blow, or so he thought.

Mitch: Did you forget something? I'm a quick learner.

Mitch twisted his body around with such quick ease, even after being in such a dreadful and painful condition. He rushed towards center mass of the being, bearing the palm of his right hand hard into the word on his chest meaning key, releasing a ton of force up, tossing the being up off the ground at an angle.

The being was surprised and a little bit scared at how quickly Mitch knew what to do in their battle.

Mitch: If all I have to do, is fight myself, to get the key, it's simple what I must do. To get the key, to defeat myself, is to understand where I stand, to know myself. Your only true enemy is your own mind, body, and soul. What is funny is that you didn't know me as well as I knew me. Sort of sad, actually. I trained myself so as to not depend on changing to be stronger. If I hadn't done so, then maybe...just maybe you'd have defeated me and been your own being outside of the limits of my mind.

Shadow: You may have won this battle, but soon enough you'll face the pain of knowing all your work has lead to your inevitable fate due to inaction. What you

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don't realize is that change comes in all shapes, sizes, and forms and that even if you don't personally make an effort to attract those changes to you, they still come. As I am now a part of you, so is change. The sooner you realize this, the quicker the pain will go away once you notice.

Mitch: This is coming from a being who didn't even know the move I was about to make!? Don't make me laugh. If you're supposed to be me, you'd not have lost so easily, and don't try to tell me you took a dive to teach me some grand lesson on life! That just isn't like me, and you know it. Grand lessons being taught enforces change as a way of life, and I'd never accept those words!

Shadow: Who are you trying to convince, me or yourself? Just because you felt the need to lock yourself up because life decided to take a shit on you, doesn't mean change is bad. It's funny, though.

Mitch: What is?

Shadow: You locked your own self up, and the only key in sight? It's change. Something you knowingly did on purpose, to make it that much harder on yourself to accept that key.

Mitch: You talk a big game like you know me, but still you know you're just some figment. Some twisted and warped reality in my mind that decided to take root. If anything, that transformation probably came out as some weird mutation from back in the Nazi

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headquarters, that eventually gave way into making you a functional self living in my head.

Shadow: There you go again, trying to make logical meaning of a situation when there is none, by socialistic terms, anyway. You just need to accept that it happened and rather than fight for understanding, move on and fight for each passing second. Don't dwell on anything that isn't directly before you.

The shadow being began to fade away as it spoke those words to Mitch.

Shadow: For now, go on to the next test.

Soon there was nothing. No being, nor voice of the Shadow, and soon the room began to shake as the Shrine appeared in the center, which faded into existence from nothing.

Mitch: I guess I should go to this Shrine.

The Shrine was a man holding the moon above his head, with a carving in the moon of another man holding yet another moon, but upside down.

Mitch: Is this supposed to mean something to me...or to anyone?

A females voice can be heard echoing across the entire room.

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Voice: The moon, sometimes thought of as a key to another world. Sometimes it's thought of as a mirror. I on the other hand, honestly, think it's just the moon. A piece of rock floating around our planet. But to each their own.

The voice started to clear up, as a person, the woman, walked up from behind Mitch.

Woman: You might think of it like I do. someone who tries to logically spell things out to make it seem like it makes sense. But with what we've both seen, do you really expect to lie to yourself so blatantly and have others believe it as fact? Anyway, hello. I'm Rayne. Out of the two who saved you from those nasty Nazis, I was one of them. Jacques, my husband, was another. But he was far too 'busy' to come give you a proper greeting.

Mitch: Does this little conversation take any points away from my test? If so, please do hurry up as I couldn't care less about this, at this current moment.

Rayne: All work and no play makes Mitch here a dull boy, wouldn't you know? Anyway this is actually part of your test. We have to see how well you work with a group. The Shrine here...is really just for looks. It holds deeper meanings, yes, but it's not really a test. The actual test was it showing up here, to prove you defeated a part of yourself that wanted nothing more than to control you. While each Geist has their own and they speak true words, they eventually will try to consume your mind. It's all based on your

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pride.

Mitch: Pride?

Rayne: Pride. It's a shifty subject. You can hold pride for many things, but the moment you lose that pride, it's like you lost something that actually helps define who you are. Pride is something that helps drive Geists and helps create and control their powers. You'll eventually come to grips with your pride, as have we all here in the city. But to those who didn't, comes a grim fate. Well, multiple fates, really. It depends.

Mitch: Depends? On what?

Rayne: If you lose your pride, you begin to shift into one of two beings. A Blank, which is a mindless, imperceptible Geist that is barley in any reality, barely detectable by any forces, or the twisted version of yourself, known as your Shadow. These Shadows use twisted forms of pride to fulfil their own desires. Normally not even pride at all, but the polar opposite. Such as Guilt, or humility. Something that would drive a sane person mad, and to drive them into committing horrible acts of pain. Sometimes even the Seven Deadly Sins are reincarnated through these Shadow's will. Those are the worst of the worst.

Mitch: Does this play into my corner at all?

Rayne: Yes, and no. You who easily defeated your Shadow self, would more than likely fall from old age

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before turning into such a vile creature, still has a chance at being twisted. It depends on each given situation. Something your Shadow spoke truth of. It's something you cannot truly plan for, that the only thing you can do is push forward when it comes. Anyway it's time that you follow me. We've got to get started. These tests are far from being over.

Rayne would then make her way through very thick double doors as she walked down a long series of hallways, not stopping at any of the rooms they're seen passing on by.

It seemed like this hallway went on forever with many rooms along the way until finally they came upon a dead end. No rooms, no hallway, walls only. Rayne would place her left hand on the wall facing her, when all of a sudden it began to sink down into the floor, revealing a massive room of tables, computers, monitors and more, with many men and women standing in the center of this room.

Rayne: Guy's, I'm glad you all could meet here so quickly. It's time. I'd like you to meet your training partner for the next three months. From here on out the pressure will be all centered on you all. This is the Sofort Handlung Kader, or the SHK for short. That means out of everyone in this city, it will be our job to get sent to the front lines before anyone else. Think of us as the special group whose job it is, to get things done before they take a turn for the worse.

Mitch: Wait, what about the tests I'm in?

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Rayne: Your test will take a very long time to complete. This is part of your test, as well as the longest portion of it. While it is called a test, you'll still be putting your life on the line to complete it. Think of it like running a field test for the Military where you are firing guns. In normal situations they will have blanks, but in some situations the weapons will have real ammunition. Same concept. During this portion of the test, you'll be thrown into very real, and very dangerous situations that if you don't complete...you will die.

Voice: If you're just now thinking about death, then you're in the wrong place. Every single person in this room, neigh--dare I say in this entire city, has been put through near death situations. Mitch, if you don't mind me calling you that, you're here for your very specific set of skills, and the fact is that those skills were realized in a very near death state, or so part of it was, at the very least.

As Mitch turned around to see who was talking to him, what he saw baffled and confused the young man. Who was before him was a young, female child. Possibly around the age of 12.

Mitch: What is a child doing in a place like this? Shouldn't she..be..like, I don't know..playing like normal children do?

Child: Don't begin to judge me solely based upon my age or stature. I'm a very talented individual, more

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so than quite a bit of the people in this entire city, low ranking, to highest ranking alike. I am here, because my skills provide everyone with a never ending source of power. This power keeps everyone's physical and mental state in the utmost best condition it can be in. Think of it like being healed. I'm this squad's healer, so to speak.

Mitch: It doesn't matter what you can do. You're a child who doesn't need to be here.

Child: My power can also take away from a person just as easily as it can give onto it. I can provide a free showing for you, if you still think I don't belong here. An up close and very personal showing.

Rayne: There's no need for such rash attitudes towards one another.

Mitch: Nah, if the child wants to beat up on me, I say let her do it.

Rayne: Well, if you're not worried about getting hurt, then I'll allow it this once. Everyone, spread out! A spar is about to begin!

Mitch and the young woman walked towards the center of the room to meet each other off before getting ready for their little sparring battle.

Mitch: I'll let you get in what you think you'll need to get in, before I decide it'll be enough.

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Child: Such a gentleman, aren't you? Hold your pity for those who deserve it. Before long you'll be on your knees, praying to your God that I feel like stopping to spare your life!

Mitch: Well if you want to come in swinging hard and fast, then fine. But you'll just tire out quicker.

Child: You sure are arrogant for someone just now learning he even has a Geist in him. I've had mine since I was born, and learned to use it by age 5. We'll see how far arrogance gets you by the time this is over and done with.

Rayne would signal that it was time to start the match and the moment she did, the child would rush to Mitch's blind spots as she was planning her tactics against him.

Mitch: Oh, pretty smart to rush into blind spots of an enemy. Gives you time to plan your moves while confusing the enemy all the while. But--I hate to point it out to you, it only works if the enemy wasn't already expecting it.

Child: The Hell you talking about!?

Mitch: You're small. The only thing one could do from your distance, with your height is to rush out of sight.

Child: Keep on acting all high and mighty. Soon it'll be my body standing over you.

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Mitch: I can't wait.

The child would then hold out her hands, calling forth a force of power pooling up around her hands, as she then would flick one finger out towards Mitch.

Mitch: A finger flick...really, now? Wow.

As soon as those worlds slipped passed his lips, the floor from underneath him began to crumble, leaving mud in it's wake, as he quickly sunk down into the ground below.

Child: Oh, did I forget to mention something? I can give or take away power from any living or nonliving objects. So basically our very surroundings is my weapon. I don't just heal, I destroy all the same. They call me the Sowing Reaper, Mitra Vitali.

Chapter Two

Part Three

Mitch was a normal 18 year old senior at a normal,

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everyday high school, graduating at the top of his class. It was until a fateful encounter at this mysterious graveyard, that then turned his entire life and world upside down. Now, fighting the forces of an unknown power deep within him while running from a powerful Nazi Organization, Mitch is recruited by another organization fighting the very same people he is running away from, who just so happens to have the same type of power he is finding himself with.

It is at this time he is tossed into a series of difficult tests, that have lead him into the clutches of a very powerful yet angry 12 year old girl. Mitra Vitali, the Sowing Reaper of Terra.

Mitch: Very impressive. While it may be true that I am just now finding myself with this power, I don't really need it to fight. Not you, at the very least, young lady.

Mitch would then break free out of the hole in the ground, and slowly start making his way towards Mitra. Mitra, now obviously surprised at this, began to panic.

Mitra: How can someone of your type be walking towards your own death? You should be scared! Running! Crying! Hating me for my power!!

Mitch, not even hesitating, continued to slowly walk forward.

Mitra: Why do you insist so much? Use your brain,

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idiot. I am stronger than you. I am smarter than you. I have more experience than you do. I am better than you. Why aren't you running away?

Mitch: Because it'd change who I've been. If I run, I'm running back into change. If I run forward, I run towards change, but if walk forward at my own pace, I stay who I am. Someone who isn't weak but not running in any direction to get somewhere faster.

Mitra's eyes began to widen, as her rage grew. She threw her arms up to her sides as she was staring Mitch in the eyes.

Mitra: If that's how you want it, I will just end it right here and now!

Mitra, now focusing the full force of her power, pools it all into her body, as her Geist form materializes around her body, as if it looked like water particles splashing into water from nothingness. She would then focus the palms of her hands at Mitch, which would suddenly send mitch clutching his body to the ground below him.

Rayne: Mitra Vitali, stop this at once! That is a direct order.

Mitra: No, Captain. I'm afraid I won't be listening to you. He will die, as is his obvious wishes.

Voice: Whose obvious wishes might that be? Mine, or Mitch's? Mine would more so be your death than his

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own.

A voice can be heard around the room, one that no one but Rayne and Mitch has heard of before. The voice then centered in on Mitch's clutched up body, as Mitch looked up towards Mitra.

Rayne: But--how? We sealed his power up, and him defeating his shadow should have subdued the being inside of him. But why is it he's back, using Mitch's body?

Mitch: You talk about power, and talk a big game, but you're only proving one point. Mitch is weak. Does that really say a lot about you, little girl?

Mitra: Y-you're not Mitch. Who the Hell are you?

Mitch: I'm no one special, really. But you're talking about being better than Mitch, that you have more experience than he does. Do you have more than I do?

Mitra: Of course. Some second personalty won't make you stronger than myself!

Mitch: I already grow tired of you. It's time you see the power of what a true GEIST can do!

Mitch would stand up and clutch his hands, as the power instantly pooled up around his entire body, cracking the walls, floor and ceiling in the room bit by bit as he transformed into the same being right before his transformation into the Ancient Geist

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during his escape from Klaus.

Mitra, witnessing this transformation and the power it held was with a loss of words as she stumbled back, eyes wide, mouth agape, sweat running down her face. She was scared for the first time in her life, seeing a being an uncountable number of times more the beast than she, herself, was.

Mitch looked over at her, head cocked loosely to the left.

Mitch: Shouldn't you be on your knees, praying to "God that I stop?"

Right then and there, Mitra would fall to the ground, screaming and crying, something never done in her life.

Mitch: Scared, aren't you? Scared that you might end up dead here, just for picking a fight with someone new?

Mitra would slightly look up at him, eyes red from her crying.

Mitch: You won't be dying here today, or to say the very least, by my hands. Your power will be very useful in the upcoming battles to come.

Mitch would then step back, his transformation fading out into the area, as he fell conscious and dropped to the floor.

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Rayne: Someone get the two of them to the Infirmary, asap!

Man in a hoodie: Right away, mam!

The man in the hoodie, with the help from another guy in a black tanktop rushed over to Mitch and Mitra, then rushed them over to the Infirmary as was ordered.

About a few hours later, Mitch's eyes would begin to flutter as he began to open them, and realized he was no longer in the same place that he could remember being in.

Mitch: W-where am I? What happened?

A familiar voice: You're in the Infirmary. You and I both got pretty shook up during our little skirmish.

Mitch knew that voice and turned to the left to look, and to his surprise he saw that it was Mitra.

Mitch: I remember being tossed back and that's it.

Mitra: You released your Shadow, to everyone's surprise. From what Rayne mentioned before leaving to check back with her students, that the president of Terra had your Shadow sealed from you, and then when you had beaten your shadow in your previous test, it should have vanquished it and allowed you access to your proper Geist powers when they took the seal off. But seeing it gave us enough proof to know that your

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power is greater than anyone expected.

Mitch: So did one of us win?

Mitra: Technically it was a draw. Your shadow left me alone and then..vanished. That is pretty unusual for a shadow to do. They're normally known for relishing in other's torment and always using their powers to the fullest, for any reason. May it be to kill someone who started a fight, or to start a fight. But there has never been a shadow in existence, that just leaves someone alone. You in your entirety...you're a very unique person. Both you and your shadow. No wonder they tried to so hard to get you.

Mitch: I don't plan to stay forever or anything. Once I learn more about these people, I'm going to finish my fight with those Nazi bastards once and for all. Then, when this is all over and done with, I'm going back home.

Mitra: So basically you plan to use everyone, just to get what you need to know?

Mitch: I didn't ask to be here. It's not like they can't exist without me. They were around without me before.

Mitra: Well you have a point.

Mitch: I'll help you, I'll help everyone that needs to be helped if it means I get my answers and get closer to that prick of a Scientist.

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Mitra: Scientist? You don't mean Klaus Wolfgang actually is taking an interest in you?

Mitch: You didn't know? Seems everyone else knew where to find me, and thus I think they knew he was behind it.

Mitra: Why exactly would he of all people lead the mission in getting you to them?

Mitch: Is there a reason why he wouldn't?

Mitra: Yes. Yes, there is. He is a descendant of Adolf Hitler himself. Someone like him wouldn't sully his hands with this sort of thing. He is known to give orders and not anything else. If anything he's the top of the top, of the top when it comes to their organization. One could say he is Adolf Hitler himself. Everyone there fears him, and those who don't..well they don't last all too long.

Mitch: Well he was there. I remember something about him the most, when I was in that trance like state. Well...it was more so like a dream so I can't really call it "remembering", exactly. "Crystals".

Mitra: Crystals? You mind trying to elaborate a bit more for me, please?

Mitch: It's sort of fuzzy, but what I can make out from it, is that they had the power to withstand whatever I had become. Anyone not in my position would

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just shrug it off, classifying it as just another random dream. But knowing what I know, seeing what I've seen, I don't have such luxuries anymore.

Mitra: You might want to report this to Rayne, immediately. She might know something or might know someone who does... Speak of the Devil, there she is.

As the two were talking, Rayne wandered in through the doors.

Rayne: So it seems you two are getting along. What's up?

Mitch: I need to know something. Who is Klaus Wolfgang and why does it feel like you're hiding something from me?

Rayne: So, you know he's not just some Scientist, hmm? Well, I guess it's time to let you know what I know. Klaus Wolfgang is a descendant of Adolf Hitler himself, and is the leader of the current Nazi organization.

Mitch: Why is he taking an interest in me?

Rayne: Well that's sort of hard to explain, because we don't know. All we do know is that your power's resonance is higher than that of all other Geist's. That means whilst yours is stronger, yours can actually manipulate that of other people's powers. We had a theory, that your Geist is the building block to everything. But the videos we pulled after hacking

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into their database didn't provide the answers. Their machine they used on you wasn't replicating your power, it was made to pull it out of it's seal. Not just your shadow, but the entire Geist.

Mitch: What does that mean?

Rayne: It means that they are trying to get a full transformation. To bring out the Geist's full power. As far as we're aware of, that is impossible. Not only would that destroy your body, but also raise Lunar Wave input to a crazily dangerous amount.

Mitch: Lunar Waves?

Rayne: Lunar Waves are a source of power between the Sun, Moon, and the Earth. This power helps regulate the magnetic force between the three. While the sun is a contributing factor, though, the moon itself is the big hitter. Increasing Lunar Waves would in turn destroy the world if it were to reach a specific number. Each person's transformation in fact raises the number of Lunar Waves being drawn to the planet. What we don't know is why they are trying to draw out your true power. Destroying the world isn't something they do.

Mitch: Does Crystals have anything to do with any of this, because I had what I think was a sort of dream, of this guy having Crystals. He uses them against my Shadow.

Rayne: I have no recollection of Crystals. This might

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be something new, or something they have been able to hide from us. But back onto the topic at hand. Let me explain that the moon isn't just a moon. Research suggests that it's a gate. A gate to what? We have no clue. But the Lunar Waves have something to do with it. But what we know from watching the security footage, is that they are doing the total opposite of what is needed to unlock that gate. Turning you, and the collecting of a massive scale Lunar Wave. This is something new to them and to us.

Mitra: Maybe they know something that we don't? There is a possibility, right?

Rayne: Possibility? Yes. A big one? No. We have gone to great lengths and measures to infiltrate their systems. While it's possible, it's highly unlikely.

Mitra: Maybe Klaus Wolfgang has finally gone off his rocker?

Rayne: That I'm more inclined to believe, at least until we can get more information on this. While this is meant to stay a secret between leaders, we've decided to do some recon work. We're going to be having a meeting between all leaders in order to decide how to go about this. I made it a point to request your presence, Mitch.

Mitch: You want me there? Why? It's not like I can shine new information on this ordeal.

Rayne: That is irrelevant. He is interested in you and

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so we must be ready at a moment's notice. If you're going to be a part of our crew, you'll have to know what we do, and we have to know you. Maybe knowing you, will help us understand this situation at a new angle.

Mitra: No harm in trying, Mitch.

Mitch: I suppose not. Any word on if I can join in?

Rayne: Word or not, you're coming. I have to act if I feel the need to, don't you agree?

Mitch: Yes. That you must.

All the way in the Nazi headquarters, Klaus Wolfgang is sitting in a chair, speaking to himself. Something is going on, while Klaus and Khross sit and discuss the current happenings thus far.

Klaus Wolfgang: Everytink is going as planned. Soon we'll be able to gather our forces, and strike, vilst they scramble to find information out that isn't even there to find out. Plant a little false information and evidence, and it's like a moth to a flame.

Khross: I'm sure, sire, that this plan will work as efficiently as you foresaw. Nothing will be getting in our way.

Klaus Wolfgang: Of course, boy. Vithout a doubt. This is vat our master plan revolves around. The Scientific Temple of Generation Development has played the

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biggest role in this. If not for that, we'd be nowhere.

Khross: Sire, that is the most genius creation in all of the Heavens itself.

Klaus Wolfgang: That it is. Being able to use my own ancestor's body, to gather their memories into my own. Adolf Hitler, I can't repay you enough.

khross: If you don't mind me saying, you are Adolf Hitler. You're repaying yourself and himself everything back by using his plans.

Klaus Wolfgang: ...I might as well start the procedure and obtain more vital information.

Klaus Wolfgang turning around in his chair, would turn toward his desk, and with a press of a button, the bookshelves behind him would begin to sink into the floor, revealing a long cylinder tube of metal and glass.

Klaus Wolfgang: My Führer, my blood runs in this machine with you. We're now one with each other.

Khross: He would be proud to know that his work was continued so long after his death, in such a magnificent manner. The machinery created is a tribute to his memory, his life, his power, and let's not forget his grand scheme.

Klaus Wolfgang: We might as well get started. This

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time shan't be wasted upon meaningless words meant for flattery. We got to start operation Ironhand.

Operation Ironhand, the utmost well kept secret in all of Nazi and German history, is now going underway. The starting plan consists of separating many factions of enemies far and wide under many differing pretenses, and then when the iron is still hot, you strike them where it hurts, hard and fast. That is only a small fraction of what Ironhand was created to do.

Klaus would then press a button, and the entire room would begin to vibrate, to shift, as it was moving up floor as if it were a massive elevator, going it's way to the top of the building. Klaus would then open a door leading outside to the roof, revealing a massive army of heavily fortified Airships.

Klaus Wolfgang: It's now only but a matter of time before we begin our next phase. Zee var shall soon be ours, Khross.

The next day at Terra, Mitch and Rayne make way to Central Command for the upcoming meeting to determine their next plan of action in regards to the possible mole within their own ranks. The two of them enter the main doors, and find themselves in a round room with 7 giant monitors hanging on the walls. Each of them soon flicker and turn off with a snowy, silhouette of a person fading in and out on the screens, and then they began to talk.

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Screen 1: Rayne, what is this intrusion? Why did you bring this..child to the meeting of officers?

Rayne: What, did you just expect because it's a high ranking meeting, for me to not bring out hopefully one of our secret weapons against Klaus?

Screen 2: Yes, we did. You follow orders, you don't act out in accordance to your own agenda, not while working for us!

Screen 7: Silence! Now isn't the time to be bickering between one another. We have far more pressing matters to discuss.

Rayne: Right away. I shall start this meeting off with a question. Out of all of us in this room, which one has actually come face to face with Klaus?

Screen 1: The only person would be that young man, correct?

Rayne: That is correct. We have discovered that from the video footage, they are doing the opposite of what we've been doing, and yet using our own machine to do it. Now one could speculate that they are purposely aiming to destroy this planet, but that is so far left field that I am more inclined to believe they are doing this to trick us. To keep us looking at this rather than something else entirely.

Screen 2: Any evidence to back up these speculations?

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Rayne: Not directly, no, but what I've learned from Mitch here is that they have something we didn't even know about. Crystals. These Crystals are said to negate our powers in someway, or at least are powerful enough to harm a Geist with ease, or so the information states, that is.

Screen 5: How could something like that even be created? A Geist is far from something scientific. How would an organization known for their technological advancements, be able to create something that Science can't even begin to grasp?

Rayne: Beats me, but I'm taking a guess and saying that they modified the original designs to factor such a thing in. Also I'm going out on a limb here and assuming a slight possibility, that these Crystals actually use our own powers against us, rather than creating or negating them. That could easily explain the power Mitch saw from such a Crystal. It would drain you of your power, while using that power at the same time.

Screen 1: I knew we chose you for a reason. Your logical thinking brings to light all kinds of chances. But now we must find out how to go about locating the mole, as well as getting the factual data to provide if your theory is correct.

Rayne: Well I spoke with Jack of the Research Department and he deduced that it must be some high ranking officer, more so of Captain level or higher due to the cameras not being activated to capture any

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suspicious persons. He also deduced that it wouldn't be anyone from his Department due to it being far too simple to locate a mole with such few members. We've also decided to check all Keycard logs of the Captain ranks. Lastly and foremost, our plan of action is to send Mitch, Mitra and the rest of my team to do some reconnaissance work around the Capital. This should force "their eyes" on them, because we feel they are planning a sort of attack.

Screen 2: How exactly can you figure?

Rayne: The Nazis are very intelligent organizations of people who made it their key technique to confuse others. I fear they are planning to attack whilst we scramble to find this mole, and scramble to figure out about these Crystals, as well as about their other plans. This would undoubtedly spread us out pretty far which would be the perfect time to strike, and since the window of opportunity is built solely upon how much they do to pull us away, I feel it's a pretty small window, and they must be planning something big to make up for such a small opening. I fear they must be closer to us than we think, not counting just the mole.

Screen 3: What do you mean?

Rayne: I mean, they are already aware of our location. So far they obviously have the upper hand here, even with what I've been able to discover, and as such there are a few key locations in which we must search in. Around Terra, in the Capital, and around the lands

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between the two.

Mitch: You're assuming they are near there because it's the perfect hiding spot, correct? Even I don't know where we are, but how you're discussing this leads me to believe all 3 are close enough for an enemy to get an advantage on us. I may not know this area, but the Capital I know like the back of my hand.

Rayne: Good, then we need to hurry up and get going. I will make the necessary arrangements, while you can head back to the homeroom. I will be there to assign the rest of the needed students to this mission upon my return.

Screen 2: Just don't let your guard up for any moment. We will inform Torran of the situation, and have him make the needed preparations inside, while you all make yours outside.

Mitch: I'd like to make a request, while we're still here and at this.

Rayne: What would that be?

Mitch: While we're out on patrol, I'd like to have some help on a little research.

Screen 2: Research? Research for what, exactly?

Mitch: Before coming here I had a little time to read up on a Geist, but what I'm assuming is that a Geist can place their power into an object, thus extending

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their range, and weaponizing said object to a further degree than what it could have originally been used for. I would like to research potential sealing techniques, in order to learn if I can remove myself of this problem, and then go back to my normal life.

Screen 2: Why would you want to remove such a wonderful power?

Mitch: Have you ever made a promise to yourself, and have something out of the blue come and break it for you? Well, I promised to get stronger, then from that moment on, never change. This dreadful curse has put my easy going life in jeopardy. If I may remove it, I'm fairly certain everyone will leave me alone and I can go back to my home.

Screen 2: I'm sorry, but you're far too impor--

Rayne: I will help you with this research, Mitch.

Screen 2: Rayne, the Hell do you think you're doing!? He is a tool we must use.

Rayne: He's a human, in which you have to give humans the freedom to experiment, to live their own lives to the fullest, by their own choices and determination, else they become people like Klaus who was forced into such a bleak existence, which leads them to know only of one path to tread down from.

Screen 2: Whatever. We just need to get this started. It's time to move out!

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All of the screens in the room would then begin to flash, and shut down in order from the first screen, onward to the last, following the lights in the entire room fading out into a pure darkness, with the only light shining in from the now opened doorway that Mitch was about to go through.

Rayne: Just remember this, Mitch. Change is something that will happen. It's evolution. Just like a fish has to grow legs and become a human, a human has to change to move forward, else what good are those legs you have on you, huh?

Mitch: I'll take in consideration what you said, but don't assume that you're the first person to say such a thing to me.

With those last words spoke, Mitch would go of the door, back to the homeroom where everyone, including Mitra, was waiting at.

Mitch: Everyone, listen up. We will be heading out on a mission upon the return of Rayne. She will be assigning spots for this mission. Be ready.

About an hour after Mitch warned the fellow students, Rayne wandered on in through the door with quite a bit of paper work, following closely by, a group of men and women carrying many baggages, most likely gear prepared for them for their trip.

Rayne: Listen up! This isn't some test for the class,

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it isn't some graded effort, it's not some vacation, or a field trip, it's the real deal, and as such if someone isn't well prepared, they could easily die out there. With that said, you all will be ready by the time we leave out for our mission. Not a single one of you will leave here without knowing your body and skills to the best of your ability. We were given permission to use the Time Regulation Room. As the name implies, it regulates time by using your Geist powers to basically slow time down. But, we're going to go a bit farther than that, by merely stopping time in there itself. As such until we leave the room, time itself will barely move at all.

Mitch: That..makes no sense. It's impossible to slow or even stop time. It'd be a bit more possible to go back in time than what you're stating will happen.

Mitra: Our Geist powers are extremely versatile. The power varies from person to person, sure, but one thing we know is that it doesn't take much of it to affect the world, and with every single one of us using the smallest portion of our powers, which in turn trains our mind and body, we can slow time down for just that room. Now I assume to get the proper training done for our bodily portion of it, you'll be using Jacques to open endless realities in all directions for that room, correct?

Rayne: You are correct. With this we'll not be cramped when training. Now one thing's for certain, we won't take years to do this. That can easily corrupt your mind, but I think a month of training in here at

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extreme levels should provide rather useful results.

Mitra: What will my job be in this exercise of sorts?

Rayne: Well given you've no reason to train, your job is to help the others. Sound good?

Mitch: Wait, why doesn't she have to train?

Rayne: It's because she is our most powerful ally, yet. If she actually went full power during your fight, it'd take less than time can actually be counted to in the smallest interval, for her to destroy your body and leave nothing left for the Scientists to experiment on.

Mitch: WHAT!? You can't seriously expect me to believe that load of bullshit, can you?

Rayne: Out of all of our current Terra members, she is the only one who doesn't have to transform into her Geist when fighting any opponent. Not counting she has never transformed a moment in her life. All Geist have basic abilities that can be used without any transformations occurring, and all basics from every person, mixed with their max transformation couldn't even handle her weakest basic ability. We don't even allow her to change.

Mitra: It's my turn to inform him now, mam. My basics are only basic to me. In reality, they are highly advanced abilities that would take anyone a million lifetimes to understand, let alone to learn. Did you

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know, along with my power to heal or destroy the existence around me, I can actually control it as well? My sword, Ernten Rosen , I can control the blade to actually become the surrounding air. By being able to do such a move, there is no limit to my cutting range. Imagine if one were to breathe in the air at this point, do you know what would happen?

Mitch: I'd assume it'd cut them up from the inside and out.

Mitra: Specifically, I don't do it with such emptiness. My enemy is my enemy, and so I make the pain as enduring as possible, and as traumatic. The moment they breathe it in, it'll go into their lungs, their bloodstream, into their muscles, their eyes, their brain, their nose, their teeth, tongue, hair, everywhere. Then, I revert it back into an actual blade. You can imagine without my explanations as to what that would do to someone.

Mitch: So, basically all vital organs, wait, no, their entire body is sliced up in every possible way, shape, fashion, and form, from all directions. Basically blending the person in a fine powder or mush, correct?

Mitra: You've got it!

Everyone then started to go on towards the Time Regulation Room. Once everyone was inside of it, the door would automatically seal itself, while lights would appear in every direction, and everyone then passed out then and there. As soon as everyone

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regained consciousness, the entire room was drastically different. It was no longer a room, but a massive, endless world of decay, and the red sky of death looming overhead for as far as the eye could see.

Rayne: This is the location I've chosen for your training. A battle field. This should toughen you up for when we're in the real thing.

Chapter Two

Part Four

With a loud clanking, the door they had originally entered began to creek open, and one by one each of them began to walk out of the room, and now with their training complete they're ready to embark on their mission.

Rayne: Guy's, listen up. Our first location shall be the Capital. Mitch, Mitra and myself have been talking not too long ago while you all finished up your training, and determined that they are most likely

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going to be somewhere in the city. Our plan is to force them to think we have the jump on them, thus they should pack up and leave to the lands between Terra and the Capital. This should give us enough time to pick off some of them before they know what's hitting them. Understood?