

# HyperVolt

# Chapter 1-Jackalhead

When I read the headline on the New Mexico Daily, I almost froze up like ice, even with the daily summer average temperature of 98°F. I couldn't believe it.



JULY 6, 2019

NEW MEXICO DAILY

A-6

Jackalhead, a widely known magician, was killed with a bolt of lightning that appeared on stage at Kansas City's Allen Theater. He was doing his latest trick, drinking a bottle of acid without death. Then, he was transitioning to his next trick of eating a tub of dry cinnamon, when suddenly came a gust of wind followed by a bolt of lightning which hit his hand and he evaporated into flames. Jackalhead's death was mourned by other magicians.

*Jackalhead—Born January 5th,1955; Died July 5th, 2019*

How the greatest magician of the decade gets evaporated by a bolt of lightning and not by a bottle of acid is beyond me, I just can't believe it. Now who do I get motivated by, his soul?

News, a very strange fact giving creation, reports that the new Jackalhead, his replacement, is doing poorly, and will soon be fired.

I have to face facts that he is either dead or this is just a trick. And the evidence tells us that he is more than likely DEAD.

Then my mom, who is really my aunt because my parents died for reasons unknown to me, told me that lunch was ready. I walked over, ignoring the smell of overcooked spinach with a side of cold beans. She is wearing her usual green dress with black, combed hair (being a perfectionist).

After lunch and a horrible yet secret vomiting, we heard a knock on the door. My mom looked out the peephole and saw some people who looked like government agents.

"We are looking for Henry Volk, son of Michael Volk," they told Mom, and she opened the door, knowing not doing so may result in pain and/or jail. I had no idea that my father was named Michael, but I cooperated.

"Henry, come and talk with me." I was very shy; I had never met the government agents, but I have seen some follow me, and some black SUVs parked outside and spying on me through the window, creeping me out.

They tell me that I have knowledge that they want. That they will come and take me to an interrogation room.

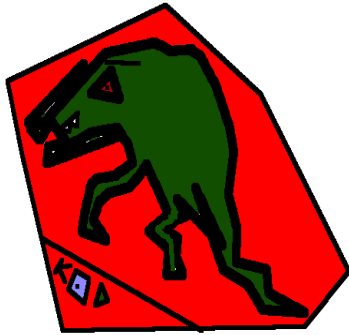
Unless I tell them right now.

The question sounds simple."How did you lose your parents?" However, because I don't know, I shrug, and say, "I don't know. I was very young." He then walks towards my mom and hands her a paper that makes her cry and pout and such. Then the extremely crazy stuff happened; the house started to shake. Then I saw nothing but darkness and evil wisps of flame.

# Chapter 2-Prison

It was me, and a boy whose eyes were purple and glowing with rage, and another whose hair was black with a strip of purple, matching the eyes of the other boy.

The three of us were handcuffed. And the only light was in the center of the area, and all there was beyond the light was a dark void.



A man came out of the void, looking furious. He had a name-tag stating Captain Markell and a symbol of a reptile which I have no knowledge of.

He asked the purple-streaked-hair kid about something called the 'Volk Incident'. The kid just shook his head. Then the officer moved to me and asked, "What happened on December 6, 1997?"

All I knew was that I was born on that day, so I shook my head just like the funny haired kid.

Then I heard in my empty head, "Your past is known by the K.O.D., my brother, and me. I am keeping it from you to protect you. They are doing this to figure out your power, which is unlimited, unlike mine, which can only allow me to speak to or control the minds of people at a distance for a limited time. You, on the other hand, could use your power forever, if death wasn't a part of life. This concludes my message."

I had two thoughts: How is he speaking to my mind? And do I have magical power? The answer is obvious. He is using magical power, and I must have a power, otherwise I wouldn't be here.

So I willed my mind to think, "I have a power. Demonstrate it in my mind."

Then all I imagined was myself electrocuting another person, and then him evaporating, just like Jackalhead....

# Chapter 3-Resistance

Had I been the cause of Jackalhead's unexpected death? Had I accidentally killed him by willing a wee bit of lightning right on his hand? Unfortunately, the facts tell me that yes, I unintentionally killed Jackalhead and that I am magical.

Knowing my new power, I will a million bolts of lightning to electrocute the officer at the exact same time. The result is a little pile of ash.

I next use the electricity to unlock the electronic handcuffs off of me and the others. I follow them both out the prison and towards a bus.

After a few days of bus-hopping we finally arrived in Wickshire, Connecticut, which is far from New Mexico.

We ate sandwiches that were from the kid with purple eyes named Kevin and we discussed with Ian, the purple-streaked hair person, who can't seem to keep up with the stuff he discovers.

Our destination is New Haven Station, where we will take a train to Grand Central Terminal. There we will take a bomb from an ICBM Silo and blow up the K.O.D. Master Base using my power to ignite the fuse and increase the power of the bomb.

Before that, we must take a train to New York. Ian said he told the conductor via telepathy to allow access to train 1579. He agreed, to our surprise and relief.

So after a few hours of walking we were at the New Haven train station. Getting a ticket was easy and without pay; Ian forced him with his mind.

The train was crowded, yet it was decorative. Ian said something about first-class, and Kevin didn't say much; he barely ever does. The ride was long and uncomfortable.

Hours later, we were at Grand Central Terminal.

The ICBM Silo was hard to get to. For one thing there was lots of traffic, people and cars! Another thing was the distance; 4 miles of tiring road. But when we finally did get there we were lucky. They evacuated because Ian planted an idea in the mind of the head officer, making him think that a fire was about to blow up some missiles, and so they were running like there was no tomorrow!

We searched and only found one stick of nuclear dynamite, a hand-held bomb of doom. It would have to do. Then, we found some beds and rested.

The next day, we had some breakfast pie from Kevin(who can create anything from matter), and hitch-hiked towards the base. Luckily, the base was easy to get to. The building, named Schmidt Enterprises, was tall, and therefore easier to knock over than smaller buildings.

"Steps are an easy way to categorize things", said Ian.

The only step I needed to know was Step 5, the step where I am important.

*Step 5(My job): Create the electricity to blow up the building.*

The steps were done without much difficulty, Ian took over the minds of anyone who came walking by. The building blew up successfully, the K.O.D. was killed, and best of all peace was released onto us. We celebrated a lot, and became close friends.

In the end, I didn't care about my past, for the future has more opportunities. I did, however, discover that the entire time I had been with Ian and Kevin that I had been with my cousins!

Yes, our life is perfect.