

PRE-WARNING: This story contains several terms and names without explanation or description. This was done purposely to make the reader use their imagination.

PLANET: Eerk (IRK)

SECTION: A-84

PINPOINT: The junkyard

TIME: A.D. 2720

Mike Rektho (wreck-THO) rummaged through the old Aircruiser engines. Mike was a human boy of about 10 years. He was short, skinny, and had dark brown hair and green eyes.

His dad was a human from Aketrekonia (a-ket-rek-ON-yia), and his mom was an Earthen human. His dad came to Eerk because his planet had too many Skreshers (skresh-ERS). Sometimes after Darkening, his dad would tell him stories about the Skreshers and their red eyes and green claws. When his dad was a kid, he had to go out at dawn and harvest Meetwheat without getting Skreshed. Mike's mom had lived on Earth until the Trash War, with soldiers fighting in polluted places, some dying just from excess polluted air and lacking Freshenizers™. The Trash War casualties exceeded all the previous wars, including the Revolutionary War, the Civil War, and World Wars 1, 2, 3, and 4.

But this is getting off-topic.

Mike gasped with excitement as he discovered a Tri-kart engine. Its shining rekorium casing gleamed in the setting sun. Rekorium is a metal found on Eerk's seventh moon, the size of Earth's moon, now a Space Force military base.

Mike picked up the rekorium engine and hurried to his shed on the other side of the junkyard. His shed had several customized and upgraded machinery, including a magne-bike with an upgraded rocket, a 2688 Hover Tesla with a double Poket-Rocket™ engine, and a Tri-kart that ran on hydrogen.

Rekorium has several interesting properties, making it an ideal metal for engines and casings. It cannot be melted with fire, but boiling it in water and holding it to a magnet makes it melt like butter in fire.

Mike swung up the rusty door of the shed and pulled a switch near the door, lighting up the dark, rusty room. It was a basic Lanturn Lamp™ powered by a CenturyBattery that had 74 years left, with the remaining time until it was drained displayed on a red LED panel that made it look like a TimerBomb, as Mike thought. He made a beeline towards a large aerogel table in the middle of the room.

Aerogel was the universe's lightest solid, making it easy to move but difficult to keep in place. He had put sandbags on the legs of the table to stop it from shaking and moving around. The shed had a small door on the back that opened into a Porta-Portal-Potty with a link to his family's home. Mike was just about to start working on the Tri-kart when an Enforcer smashed the door open. Enforcers were cyborgs in tech suits who worked for the Government. They had LaserPistols, SilentSnipers, and DartRockets. This Enforcer was a [Ground Trooper Level 14] as his tech suit had painted on its side.

Mike began quivering. A trooper's level was how many kills they had. This one had evidently gunned down 14 people and wanted to level up. He raised his gun and was about to pull the trigger when a voice shrieked, "Stop!"

Surprised, Mike craned his neck to see who it was. To his great surprise, it was an old lady who always was near the junkyard and often criticized people who entered the junkyard. She had often told him to go home and be careful, so he was surprised to find he was sticking up for him now.

“If you harm that boy, I will see to it personally that you are wiped off this planet,” she declared shrilly.

The Enforcer laughed cruelly. “Why should I listen to you, old bat?” he growled. “Because” said a confident voice. “She’s not alone.”

A teenage boy stood defiantly in front of her, matching the Enforcer glare for glare and holding a gun of his own. The old lady smiled and patted him on his shoulder.

“That’s my grandson.” The teenager also commonly rummaged through the junk, and now that Mike remembered, the old lady had always been a little less critical of the teenager than the other ones.

The Enforcer raised his left wrist and clicked a button on the finger joint of his tech suit. A tune emitted from the suit, and he began to radio for help. Before he could say a word, the teenager pulled the trigger of his gun and blew apart the Enforcer. It wasn’t bloody or gross. The Enforcer seemed to be a robot.

As soon as the Enforcer’s wires stopped zapping and sparking, Mike rushed over and removed a data chip the size of a bean in the Enforcer’s temple. He dropped it on the ground and crushed it with his shoes.

A loud beep from the Enforcer made everyone stop what they were doing and plug their ears. A recorded message began to play. “Citizens who have destroyed this Enforcer, prepare for

termination. A tracker has been activated inside of the hardware, and an Enforcer swarm is making its way towards you. You shall now be terminated any way the Government sees fit.” The people in the shed stared at each other, horrified. They didn’t waste any time, and each began to bulk up the defenses of the shed.

The teenager grabbed large pieces of metal leaning against the wall and nailed them to the door, leaving a few choice gaps for the barrel of his gun. Mike began building several other guns, excited to show the Government who they were dealing with. The old lady simply walked over to the door and kept watch through the peephole. In about thirteen minutes, she reported that several Enforcers were charging at the shed.

They all moved into position as they ran, which was the cue for Mike, the teenager and his grandma to also move into position. And then both parties opened fire. The barricades in the door of the shed held. The teenager was using two guns at once. One of them was the one he brought, but one of them was Mike’s. Mike was also firing and firing very rapidly. He was so thrilled to finally be fighting back against the cruel Government that he wasn’t even concentrating on his sniping and fired several shots into the air.

While they fought, Mike and his allies noticed that multiple other people snuck into the shed, grabbed a gun, and joined them. One of them was Darryl, a boy who went to Mike’s school. They didn’t learn much at the school, with Enforcers blasting anyone that made a snarky comment or misbehaved.

The fight was going well, with 3 Enforcers down and 6 to go when suddenly an Enforcer laser hit the old lady.

“Grandma! No!” The teenager cried as he knelt in the soft dirt beside her. The old lady was wide-eyed and trembling, but she smiled.

“I’ll be okay,” she said weakly. “I had a few Enforcer skirmishes back in my day. I know how it feels to lose a member, and I won’t go out without taking a few with-”

“Stop talking and keep firing,” said Darryl. “There *are* only 4 enforcers left, but these are tougher than most. Their DartRockets are double-barreled.” Mike gulped and kept firing.

Soon there were no Enforcers left. Everyone cheered and high-fived after the last one was blasted over. Mike was amazed that everyone had stood up for him. Afterwards he asked his dad about it. “Why had they all helped me?” His dad thought about the question for a few moments before replying, “I guess people are more loyal when there is a crisis.”