

ULTA 4  
by Levi Worth

# Ultra 4

Levi Worth

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All rights reserved. Characters in this book are used in a fictional way, even though I named them after many of my friends. So these are just made up characters, okay, but with the same first names of some of the best friends a guy could have. So there you go. And we didn't do any of the time-travelling, sumo wrestling, or other cool stuff described in this book.

(Even though we might if given the chance.)





## Prologue:



**M**y name is Levi. That's all I can tell you without them finding me. Even if I tell you my middle name, they'll find me. Oh yeah, I almost forgot. I'm a time traveler. You might say, "Oh, that's so cool! I wish I could go wherever I want, whenever I want." Yeah, buddy. So do I.

Instead of going wherever and whenever I want to, I go wherever and whenever I *have* to. But before I tell you all about being on the run in an awesome time machine/spaceship, I have to tell you how I got on the run in the first place.

It was the year 2048. Humans and Aliens alike were starting to fear a massive red giant that kept getting bigger and bigger without showing any signs of stopping. The market for time ships started to explode. But I was a different case. My home planet, Earth, was the third planet next to said red giant, and I didn't have enough money to buy some time (Get it?).

I was sitting on my lawn, wondering how to get a time ship when suddenly, out of nowhere, came a giant spaceship (with a license plate dubbing it "The Ultra 4") landing majestically on my front lawn. Then, an old man who looked oddly familiar stepped off the spaceship saying, in a wheezy voice, "There's no time to explain! Get on the ship and leave me!! NOW!!"

The last sight I saw as I got on was the old man holding his arms up to the sky and saying, "Go! Don't come back until-"

I never heard those last words. Until far in the future.



## Chapter 1: New Home



A few weeks later, I finally got accustomed to my new living quarters. I usually woke around 10:00 AM, cooked some Atomic Eggos, and got dressed into a blue zip-up hoodie, some green cargo pants, and some blue, dark blue, and white tennis shoes.

One day, I decided to stop by the interstellar mall just to check out what was there. As I was walking through the Pet Care department, I happened to spot a Pet Store and Kennel. Out of curiosity, I decided to go in.

When I got in, I saw the most lovable, fluffy black dog staring up at me with big, loving brown eyes. I immediately knew that I wanted it. So, I walked right up to the counter and said, “I want that one.”

The lady working there looked like she couldn’t believe what had just happened. “That one?” She asked, pointing to the dog that I had just asked for. “Are you sure?”

“Absolutely sure,” I said, wondering why she had asked that. “How much?”

Once the lady finally got over her shock, she told me how much the dog, a custom collar, and a leash cost. In the end, I paid \$47.98 because I also bought a bowl and some dog food. When I got back to the Ulta, I named the dog Jackie and gave her a doggie haircut and a bath.

It wasn’t long before disaster struck. I wasn’t used to having a pet, and I wasn’t prepared to imagine the destruction she wreaked upon my new home. As I walked through the ship, I started to notice the trail of destruction Jackie had left behind her. It seemed to lead right to...

“The loading deck,” I whispered breathlessly.

I knew there was only one thing to do. I geared up, and jumped out of the Ultra. I started to get sucked into the River of Time, but managed to just grab hold of Jackie right before I got sucked in. And just like that, my world went black.



## Chapter 2: Stranded



I woke up somewhere in the middle of a battle zone. Most of my clothes were still on me, but Jackie was nowhere to be seen. Just as I was getting my wits about me, an explosion rocked my world. Down and down the bombs came. Over and over, they hit the ground. Like a squid punching the earth, they fell.

Then the strangest thing happened. A large goose climbed to the crest of a hill. . . . and quacked. Suddenly, a fleet of geese descended upon me. But just before their talons met my face, gunfire lit up the air!! A sound like a thunderclap made me clap my hands to my head in pain. I felt something wet trickling down the side of my head.

I removed my hand and looked at it. It was covered in a liquid that was as red as flame. I suddenly realized what it was. “Blood,” I muttered, my head still throbbing from the sonic boom, or whatever it was.

Out of nowhere, I was hit by a wave of flame and radiation. My eyes went awash with color. “Oh No. . . .” I said worriedly. There was a flash of white light, and I passed out.





## Chapter 3: Med-Bay



I woke with a start. I looked around and found myself in a sparse, clean environment. I started to panic when I realized Jackie wasn't with me. A Latino/Hispanic kid about my age with short brown hair entered the room.

"You don't have to be afraid, you know," he said. "Your dog is just at the kennel. She's fine."

When he said that, I started to relax a little bit.

He then said, "Anyways, my name's Jose. What's yours?"

"Levi," I told him. "Where am I?"

"You're in our underground bunker," Jose explained exasperatedly.

I could tell he was losing his patience when three more kids around my age entered the room. "Jose," said one with long, dark brown hair, stepping forward. "Stop giving the rookie a hard time and explain what happened."

"Fine" Jose said, preparing to explain, "So basically, you got hit by a Nuke."

"Then how am I alive?" I asked.

"Apparently someone wove radiation-resistant microfibers into your clothes. Someone knew this was going to happen, and wanted you to live through it."

"The old man. . ." I muttered under my breath.

"Um, is he delirious or something? Cuz, he's acting real strange," said a boy with a shaved head and pale skin.

"I'm not delirious," I protested, "Do you even know what that word means?"

"Ummm, No. But-

“Enough, Jonathan,” said a Vietnamese kid. “For your information, the word delirious means ‘in an acutely disturbed state of mind resulting from illness or intoxication and characterized by restlessness, illusions, and incoherence of thought and speech.’”

“And, who, exactly invited the walking dictionary again?” asked Jose.

“Um, if I could just butt in real quick, I didn’t catch everyone’s names. . .” I mentioned.

“Oh, my mistake,” said Jose, “This is Aaron, our resident Hobo. . .”

“I am NOT a Hobo,” Aaron, the long haired kid, muttered.

“Can I continue?” Jose asked.

“Wha- Oh, yeah,” Aaron said hurriedly.

“Anyways, this is Alex (The short Vietnamese kid raised his hand in greeting) and Jonathan,” Jose continued.

“Jose, why didn’t you tell who you were? asked the one with a close-cut hairstyle (whom I now knew to be named Jonathan).


“Because I was smart, and told him my name as soon as I entered the room,” Jose replied.

“Oh,” Jonathan said sheepishly.


“Now Rookie, in case you haven’t noticed, we have a situation on this planet,” Jose mentioned. “You probably saw some of the mutant geese when you arrived. Am I correct?”

“Yeah,” I replied. “Where did they come from again?”

“If I knew I would tell you,” Jose said. “Anyways, it was a normal day...”



## Chapter 4: FlashBack



“**Y**eah!! Get wrecked, Scrubs!” I said, pumping my fist in victory. My name is Jose, and I was making the most of my summer one day at a time. In other words, I locked myself in my room every day and played video games until I got hungry. Even when I did get hungry, I just went to the kitchen, got some food, and went straight back in, locking the door behind me.

I had just finished a particular satisfying gaming session, and my stomach had started to rumble. So, I pulled myself off the floor from where I played, and went outside. I was immediately blinded by a blazing light. “Mom!” I shouted, “Why is it so bright in here?”

But when I opened my eyes, I didn’t see my kitchen. Or any part of my house at all, in fact. It appeared that I was in an entirely new world. It was beautiful to say the least. The grass was the perfect color of green. There were floating islands everywhere, with waterfalls flowing out of them. There were wonderous trees that went up and seemed to go on forever and ever!

But before I had time to fully comprehend what had just happened, cables shot from all directions! One, around my arms and chest, another, around my legs, and a final one, around my waist! A very large goose walked out from behind one of the gravity-defying trees, and to my suprise, said (In a very nasally voice), “All right, boys! Let’s get this flesh-bag picked up, and made ready for a transplant!”

I was too terrified to even speak. A transplant? What did they mean? Where they going to cut me open?! Unfortunately, I did not have any more time to consider this because one of them suddenly whacked me over the head with a large billy club, and I suddenly became very nau-

seous. My head started hurting, and my vision blurred. I started to feel my eyelids droop. Maybe if I just closed my eyes...



## Chapter 5: Kidnapped



I woke up with my head spinning. I was strapped to some kind of table. It was cold. Very cold. I struggled to get free, but was unsuccessful. One of the guards came towards me with a large scalpel. “Let’s get you started.” He said maniacally.

Suddenly, someone with long brown hair dropped out from up on the rafters. “Come on!” He yelled, while slicing my bonds off with a large hunting knife, “Unless you want to get cut open!”

“Who are you!?” I demanded.

“Just come on!” he yelled impatiently.

“All right, All right!” I said, deciding that this random person was the only way I was getting out of here.

We began to climb up the ladder leading to a hatch that would get us out of there. When the stranger opened the hatch the world I saw was very different from the wondrous landscape I had seen when I first arrived on this world.

A dismal mood seemed to have settled over the land like a blanket of fog. It looked like a vast expanse of brown and grey. It didn’t really look like the kind of place I wanted to go vacationing.

He suddenly looked to the sky and started waving his arms, while calling out, “Over here!!”

“What are you-” I started to ask, but faltered when I saw the giant battleship flying towards our location. “What is THAT?!” I asked, pointing at the huge behemoth of a machine.

“That, my friend, is our ticket out of here!” he exclaimed, smiling. I took a closer look at the ship. It seemed to be made out of pieces of old

rusted scrap, along with other things, like some crushed cars, and even a few old navy battleships. Wait... Battleships?

“Did you guys seriously make your ship... Out of other freaking SHIPS?!?!?” I asked, dumbfounded.

“Yep.” He answered, “and it’s almost here, so be sure to get out of the way.”

“Get out of the way?” I asked, still amazed at the fact that they built their ship out of other ships. Too amazed, apparently, to notice that the huge ship was slowly advancing. I suddenly saw that it was building up a wall of dirt, that was beginning to reach all the way up to a tiny porthole, which I realized I could jump through.

“What are you waiting for?!” he yelled at me. “Get out of the way!!”

I ignored him. I needed my full concentration for the stunt I was about to pull. I started running towards the ship.

“What are you doing!?” He screamed at me. I kept running, and prepared to jump.

“STOP!!” He yelled, causing me to falter as I started to climb up the large mound of dirt that was growing steadily larger.

*“It’s now or never” I thought to myself, while preparing to jump, “3... 2 ... 1!”*

I flew through the air and actually managed to make it through the porthole.


No sooner than I had gotten up off the rusty iron floor did about 3 people burst into the room.

“Who are you, and how the HECK did you do that?!” one of them demanded.


“Um, my name’s Jose, and think that I’m the one who deserves some answers right now. Who are you, and why did you save me?”

“Ok, Ok! We’ll answer all your questions. So, first things first, My name is Aaron (The one with long, dark brown hair pointed at himself while he said this), this is Jonathan (The one with the shortish hair waved), and Alex (The short Vietnamese kid waved), and we saved you

because every human being is important. It is a small band of us, against a huge army of geese. We are all that is left. We are the Ultimate 4.”



## Chapter 6: TimeShift



“Ok, that explains a lot, but it doesn’t make that much sense. How did most of the human race get wiped out?” I asked.

“That’s a good question, Jose,” Aaron said, “but that makes me have a question. How did you get to this world?”

“Well, I was in my room playing video games, and I got hungry, so I went outside to get some food. But when I went outside, everything was white, kind of like a blazing light. When it cleared, I was in this kind of paradise. After I took it all in, the geese jumped me and knocked me out. When I woke up, they were about to cut me open. But then Aaron came, and he can tell you what happened from there,”

“What do you mean by everything was bright?” Aaron asked.

“I mean exactly what I said,” I replied, beginning to get agitated, “Everything went white, and then the geese, and after that I was here.”

“TimeShift,” Alex muttered under his breath. I looked over at him, and saw that he had working out an equation for at least the past thirty minutes.

“Alex,” I asked, gesturing at the board, “What’s this?”

“This,” Alex said proudly, “is my life’s work.”

“Sometimes,” Alex explained, “a human accidentally stumbles into a unstable area in the time-space continuum. When that happens, he or she may be catapulted into another time, space, or dimension.”

“So what you’re telling me is,” I said, “I just so happen to walk into a unstable area in the time-space continuum that just so happens to be right outside my door, and randomly get catapulted into another FREAKING DIMENSION?!?!?!?”

“Yep,” Alex said.



“Ok,” I said, accepting the facts set before me, “So I’m in another dimension. No big deal!”

“Well, actually...” Alex said, trailing off nervously.

“What is it?” I asked anxiously.

“TimeShift.” Alex replied gravely.

“TimeShift?” I asked, “What’s that?”

“Imagine a wall on wheels that’s right beside another wall. Sometimes, if a very large vehicle or some other powerful force hits the wall, then naturally, it would move,” Alex stated, “Right?”

“Right,” I said, “So what made me shift dimensions?”

“We’ll probably know soon enough,” Alex said forebodingly.

“What do you mean?” I asked, suddenly confused.

“Well, think about it,” Alex said. “Wouldn’t the two walls the force hit move out of the way?”

“Well, yes...” I said, beginning to see where he was going.

“And do you think that the force moving it would stop?” Alex asked.

“So you’re telling me that a force broke through the time-space continuum and is barreling towards us at this very moment?” I asked.

“Pretty much,” Alex replied. “Now as I was saying-”

Suddenly, a shocking explosion shook the floor under our feet. I managed to keep my footing, but the others weren’t so lucky. Jonathan practically got decked, and Alex crumpled to the ground as if someone had hit him over the head with a wooden mallet.

“WHAT’S GOING ON!?!?” I screamed, having to yell at the top of my lungs just to be heard over the sound of rending metal and explosions.

“IT’S COMING!!” Alex yelled, with a dazed look in his eyes.

“WHAT’S COMING?” I asked, my eyes starting to water because of the explosions filling my eyes with red and orange, yellow and blue. The explosions seemed to heat the very air around us.

Alex looked up at me, the flames reflected in his eyes. When he spoke, it was almost a whisper, but the explosions seemed to cease and our world just paused as he prepared to speak.

“The Force.”



## Chapter 7: FlashForward



“And after that,” Jose said, continuing his story, “You fell out of the sky, but we’re still none the wiser about who actually sent the nuke.”

“Ok,” I said, “Can I go see Jackie? You know, my dog.”

“Oh, right,” Jose said, “I’ll go get her.”

“OK, thanks,” I said, relieved to be able to see my dog again. “And by the way, could you get me some clothes?”

“Sure, I’ll be right back,” Jose said, leaving the room.

I dropped my head onto the pillow, thoroughly exhausted from the ordeal that I had been through. I closed my eyes. A flutter of images zoomed through my head. Flame or Fire. Shattered Glass. A Hooded Figure. Falling, Falling, Falling.

I was yanked back to the present by a loud voice announcing that my dog was back.

“I’m sorry, she just sprinted in here,” Jose began.

But I wasn’t paying attention. Jackie was all over me, licking my face, nuzzling my arm. I laughed and petted her happily.

“Oh, and here’s your clothes,” Jose said, handing me a ragtag assortment of socks, shoes, shirts, and pants. “They’re not very good, mind you, but they’ll do.”

“Thanks,” I said, sifting through the bundle I had just been given. “Is there anywhere I could put these on or...”

“Oh, right,” Jose said. “Your room’s this way.”

“Thanks,” I said, getting up off the cot, walking after Jose. “Lead the way.”

“It’s not much,” Jose began. “But it’ll do. Feel free to take a look around.”

“Thanks,” I said, looking around the room. “Could you leave for a minute? I need to change.”

“Sure,” Jose said preparing to leave. “We have a meeting at 8 o’clock sharp, so be sure to get to the meeting room; there’s a map on your ArmTech®. Oh, and feel free to give me a call with it if you need me.”

“Thanks,” I said while putting my clothes in the drawers. “And by the way, what’s an ArmTech®”

“It’s this thing,” Jose said pulling up his sleeve. On his forearm rested a strange looking device that looked rather like a smartphone strapped to a long fingerless glove. “It does all sorts of things. You can call people, view maps, and even order a pizza. Not that there are any more pizza restaurants on Earth,” he added, while tossing me my own ArmTech®.

“Thanks,” I called after him, while turning on my ArmTech®. I created a profile, naming it Levi, and put it on. I got dressed into a white, sleeveless shirt, and some green pants, not unlike the ones I had been wearing when I came here. I took a good look around my room. It had been decorated with some posters that had the words “Viva La Revolucion” under a white fist with a red and black background. I had a bed that folded out of the wall, which I thought was extremely cool, and some guns hanging in a holster on a peg. There was also a target on the wall in the shape of a goose. I had a chair and a fold-out desk with a Cintiq computer on it.

“Not much?” I said to myself, “Yeah, right.”

I grabbed the two guns and strapped the holster around my waist. I shot a few rounds, and discovered that the duel pistols weren’t even normal guns! They shot beams of light, and every time it hit the target head on, the laser made a little *Psheew* sound.

Eventually, I decided to see what was in the chest in the corner. When I opened the chest, there was a smooth black case inside it. I opened up the case and inside was...

“A Cybernetic Sword...” I said, extremely impressed. “Wow.”

I strapped the Cybernetic Sword to my back, and admired my new look in a door-mounted mirror.

The ArmTech® on my wrist buzzed. I looked down at it. It was 7:57.

“Oh No,” I said to myself, “I’m gonna be late!”

I dashed down the hallway, glancing down at my ArmTech® as I ran. I slowed down at the door just as my ArmTech® beeped happily at me saying, “You have reached your destination.”

I walked in the door, and prepared for my first meeting, as part of the Ulta 4.



## Chapter 8: The Meeting



“You’re late,” A sharp voice said, ringing out in the silence of the meeting room, “The meeting started twelve seconds ago.”

“Oh come on!” I protested, looking up at the speaker. It was Aaron. “That’s barely any time!”

“I know. But if your team was under fire, and you were just twelve seconds late, just twelve seconds, they could all die,” Aaron said gravely. “Next time, don’t be late.”

“OK,” I replied feeling sheepish.

“That’s *Yes Sir* to you,” Aaron said, “I am your commanding officer. Respect me. Respect the system. And we will respect you.”

“Yes Sir!” I replied, sitting down.

“Now,” Aaron said, officially beginning the meeting. “We have two new recruits-”

“What do you mean *two* more new recruits? Aren’t I the only new recruit? Who else is there?” I asked.

“Jose arrived shortly shortly before you. You have both achieved the rank of Corporal for not dying. And do not interrupt me,” Aaron said snappily, seeming like he was putting on a front.

“Now, as I was saying, we have two new recruits, and they have to be initiated. Alex, please bring me the branding iron,” Aaron said.

“Wait, branding iron?!” I asked, suddenly feeling scared.

“Yes. In order for us to recognize you as one of our own, we must be able to look down at your wrist on your nondominant hand, and see your brand,” Aaron explained.

“Does it hurt?” I asked childishly.

“Not if you don’t look at it,” Aaron replied, with a somewhat evil grin on his face.

“I have it right here, Sir,” Alex said, emerging from the closet with a large contraption that looked like a machine gun.

“Now,” Aaron said in a calming voice. “Just look away and it will all be over soon. We’ll do it on three, OK?”

I nodded my head reluctantly.

“OK, on three...” Aaron said, in his calm voice. “3!”

The iron burned into my skin. I screamed in rage and pain, and back-handed Aaron on accident. He got up off the floor and mumbled to himself, “Happens every time...”

When I looked down at my hand, it had a new symbol burned onto my wrist. It looked like this:



“Well,” Aaron said, starting to smile, “Welcome to the team.”



## Chapter 9: New Home....Again



It took me about three weeks until I got used to my second new home. I woke up at 5:00 sharp, and went to bed at 8:00 sharp. I had Weapons Training every day, and Battlefield every other day. Weapons Training was where I was given a random weapon each day, and told to practice using it.

“In order for one to be great,” Alex kept telling me, “One must first be good.”

But during Battlefield, I got to use my own weapons. I had Freetime to practice using any weapon of my choice, and I decided to first become skilled with the weapons I carried with me, rather than just random weapons. I was soon able to best any foe I faced.

Except Jose and Aaron.

We were so evenly matched, that none of us, not even Aaron, who had years and years of experience, could best each other. We just fought and fought until we could no longer swing a sword or pull a trigger.

“Nice job, Rookie,” Aaron said, smiling, after one very difficult practice session.


I spent a lot of time playing the simulated spaceship games. They made me feel like I was back on the Ulta 4.

I kept going back to one level where the spaceship gets shot down, and you have to find it on a barren Earth. Is it possible that the Ulta 4 could still be out there somewhere?


Maybe...

Just Maybe...





## Chapter 10: Taken



I was slicing a training dummy when I heard the noise.  
BOOM.

I sheathed my sword and upholstered my plasma pistols. I was going to need more than a sword to deal with whatever was at the door.

It sounded strong.

Very strong.

“Knock it down!!” A deep voice yelled, followed by bashing noises. I took cover behind a chest full of weapons. I could hear their footsteps nearing the practice room.

They entered the room. I knew that I had the element of surprise on my side.

*“You got this,”* I told myself, *“1... 2... 3!”*

I burst out from behind the storage chest. It looked like I was up against a hooded figure and a large man-child thing that looked rather like a bowling ball.

I began to shoot at them. One, Two, Three, Four shots I fired, but the hooded figure seemed to anticipate every shot, and the bullets just bounced off the bowling ball man’s belly.

“Nice try,” He said, walking towards me. “But it’s going to take a lot more than that to take me down.”

He moved faster than I believed was humanly possible. He slithered left and right like a snake, dodging every single bullet I shot, all the while moving closer towards me. He seized me by the front of my shirt and tossed me into a basket on the fat guys back, and slammed the door shut.

“We’ve got what we came for,” He shouted. “Let’s move out!”

I suddenly realized that I was not in the basket alone. Two more figures were huddled against the wall opposite me.

“Jose, Aaron,” I whispered, huddling into a ball, “Is that you?”

“Yeah,” Jose replied hoarsely, “how are you holding up?”

“I’m fine,” I said, dismissing the subject with a wave of my hand. “How are you guys doing?”

“Well, Aaron got hit in the head pretty hard,” Jose began, gesturing to the red lump on Aaron’s head. “But I’m fine.”

“Do you have any idea who this tool is?” asked Aaron, cracking his knuckles menacingly. “Because I’m going to personally make sure that they are given to the geese.”

“I think I know who it is,” I replied darkly, already fearing what I thought was true.

“Who?” both Jose and Aaron asked at the same time, curiosity etched onto their faces, glinting even in the darkness.

“Jonathan and Alex.” I replied, already knowing that it was the truth.



## Chapter 11: Betrayal



**I**t was dark. So dark that I could not see Aaron, or Jose, or even my hands in front of me.

“Are we there yet?” Jose moaned, with the tone of a small child on a long car trip.

“No, Jose,” Aaron replied, while hitting a very large bump in the road, “If we were there, then they would toss us ou-”

His words were cut short by us being thrown onto the hard metal floor of what looked like an abandoned warehouse.

“What was that for?” Aaron complained, rubbing second bump on his head.

“We felt like tossing you out,” The hooded figure answered, “That’s what that was for.”

“Who even are you?” I asked, indignantly. The hard metal floor did not cause me to bump my head like Aaron, but it did bruise my arm pretty bad.

“You don’t need to know who I am. Yet,” The hooded figure answered, fingering a knife on his belt. “But I can tell you the name of my associate here. His name is Sebastian, and he is undefeated in the world of wrestling, sumo wrestling, and squashing people with his bulk weight. If one of you can defeat him in two of those competitions, I shall allow you to leave.”

“Okay, we’ll do it,” I said, despite Jose and Aaron shaking their heads in the corner. “I just need some time to discuss with my team.”

“I shall allow you to do this. You have two minutes to decide what competitions you shall compete in, and who shall compete in both,” the

hooded figure replied, still fingering the knife, which was now out of its sheath.

“Okay guys,” I said, turning to my team. “I’m going to fight Sebastian, if that’s okay with everyone,”

“Fine with me,” Aaron said, shrugging his shoulders.

“I’m good with that,” Jose answered, nodding his head. “As long as we get to join in if he doesn’t honor his promise.”

“Okay, that sounds good,” I said, glancing over at the hooded figure. “Let’s go tell him.”

“Hey, we’ve made a decision,” I told the hooded figure, as he was in the corner, sharpening a scythe on a grindstone.

“That’s good,” he said, now taking the scythe off the grindstone, and leaning it against the wall. “So who will fight Sebastian? And in what?”

“I will defeat Sebastian in wrestling and sumo wrestling,” I said confidently.

“Good,” He said, with a maniacal grin on his face. “Follow me.”

We went down a couple winding staircases and eventually emerged in a room with a circle of dirt surrounded by seats.

I walked into the circle. I looked up at Sebastian and wondered how I had gotten myself into this.

“Ready,” the hooded figure said, waving a yellow flag in front of us, a checkered flag in his other hand. “Begin!”



## Chapter 12: Sudden Death



Sebastian was way out of my weight class. It was all that I could do to not get squished every time he tried to knock me out of the ring. I dodged left, right, and left again.

I eventually began to see a pattern in Sebastian's tactics. Every time that he came at me, he ran as fast as he possibly could. This was bad because every time he slid to a halt, he was unbalanced for a split second.

I realized that I could use this to my advantage. I would have to jump to the side while grabbing onto the back of his shirt and pushing him out of the ring while he was unbalanced. It was tricky. But not impossible.

He came at me, breathing like a winded rhinoceros. I leapt to the side, somehow managing to grab onto the back of his shirt. I pushed him out of the ring and yelled in triumph.

He fell out of the ring. I looked down at him and felt a small sense of pride. I, just an everyday kid from an everyday town, beat this huge world champion in his specific field.

"Very good," the hooded figure said, clapping slowly, "but can you also beat him in wrestling?"

"I can and I will," I said defiantly. "When do we start?"

"Right now," he said, as I heard a thumping noise coming from my left. I looked.

Sebastian was running at me, fury etched into every line of his face.

"Oh crap," I muttered to myself, getting ready to jump out of the way.

But Sebastian didn't try and wrestle me. He stopped just in front of me. I wondered vaguely what he was doing when I saw a flash of silver. He had pulled a knife on me!

I clenched my fists. Then something very strange happened. My ArmTech® vibrated, buzzed, and made a noise like an alarm.

Suddenly, my Cybernetic sword shot out of it, and I caught it my hand when it disconnected from the ArmTech®.

I had a split second to admire the sword in my hand before Sebastian lunged at me. But I hadn't spent hours upon hours honing my skill with this particular blade for nothing.

I sidestepped, lunged, and made the sword hit its mark, the back of Sebastian's calf. He howled in agony.

I pulled the sword out of his leg and said one word.

"Yield."

"Never," he replied, attempting to get off the ground.

My sword flashed through the air and stopped a centimeter from his neck. I said it again.

"Yield."

He quivered. He shook. And then he burst into tears.

"I yield! I yield, just let me go!" He said, blubbing all over the floor.

"I'll let you go. Unlike you, I play fair," I said, returning my sword to my sheath.

"Now," I said, turning to the hooded figure. "Let us go!"

"Let you go?" he said, slowly pulling two daggers from within his robes. "I think not..."

He came at us with a speed that I had not believed possible. No sooner than I had shouted for Jose and Aaron, they appeared at my side, weapons drawn.

"I knew he wouldn't keep his word," Jose exclaimed, "I just knew it!"

"Duck!" I yelled, as he charged at us, daggers flashing in the dim light of the arena.

We all hit the deck. He just kept attacking, lunging, dodging, and parrying.

"You know," he said, deflecting a blast from Jose's quantum rifle with ease. "They told me that you guys were good. I guess they were wrong."

Rage flowed through me. I had spent hours honing my skill with every weapon possible, just so he could call us not good? I charged at him, Jose and Aaron at my side. We all attacked him at the same time. Jose fired blast after blast from his quantum rifle. Aaron slammed his fists at the hooded figure again and again, pounding at him with some sort of bluish shining version of brass knuckles, and I slashed at him again and again with my cybernetic sword. Our weapons combined were too much for him. He screamed in rage.

“Enough!” he yelled, moving his fingers as fast as he possibly could. A circular golden holographic shield of sorts appeared in front of him.

“I guess I was wrong about you,” he said softly, as strange symbols orbited around the center of the circle. “You really do have what it takes.”

“Who the heck even are you, man?” I asked, still marveling at the golden shield.

“Man? He asked, grabbing the edges of his hood. “No, I am much more than a man. I am Sharingan!”

He ripped the hood off his head and we all gasped. His eyes were red, with black symbols etched within them. It seemed like the symbols were circling around something in the center, a black symbol shaped like a ninja star.

“Now,” he said, moving his fingers extremely fast once more. “I will let you go, but only because you bested me in physical combat. The next time we meet, I doubt I will be so merciful.”

A holographic blue tiger with two tails appeared out of thin air. We all stood there, momentarily stunned. Sharingan leaped onto the tiger and looked down at us.

“Until next time,” he said, pulling the hood back on, while raising a whip. “Yaw!”

“Wait,” Jose yelled, looking up at him. “Can we at least know your name?”

“Sure,” He said, lowering the whip, “It’s AJ.”

He raised the whip once more and struck the tiger. It took off, running up the staircase, and on out the door.

“Well,” Aaron said, still looking at the spot that the tiger had ran up. “That was weird.”

“Yep,” Jose said, looking back at me and Aaron. “Let’s go get some coffee.”





## Chapter 13: Shortcut!



“And, where, exactly, are we going to get coffee?” I asked, giving them both a questioning look.

“The ScrapHop Coffee Shop, of course!” Jose said, fiddling around with his ArmTech®, “where else?”

“You guys have coffee in the apocalypse?” I asked, totally bewildered.

“Well, we need to get a pick-me-up somewhere,” Jose said, shrugging his shoulders. “Now, it says here that the fastest route is straight through the desert, unless we use the nearest time gate.”

“And, what exactly is a time gate?” I asked, beginning to walk up the staircase.

“It’s a sort of shortcut between two places,” Jose replied, following me up the staircase, Aaron in tow. “I would explain it more, but Alex is pretty much the expert on that kind of stuff.”

“Ok then,” I said, shielding my eyes from the bright light that shone out of the exit from the basement of the abandoned warehouse. “Let’s get to this coffee shop.”

We traveled for about thirty minutes until we came to a sort of archway.

“This,” Aaron said, gesturing to the archway, “is a time portal.”

“So, how do use it again?” I asked.

“Like this,” Jose said, pulling out his ArmTech® and pressing a few buttons.

The time portal stirred to life. Some sort of bluish mist began swirling inside the archway, and I felt a force tugging me towards the portal.

“Wow,” I said in awe, looking up at the time portal, “that is awesome.”

“Yep,” Jose and Aaron said at the same time. They looked at each other and said, “Jinx!”

“So, do we go in or-” Aaron said beginning to refocus his attention on the portal.

“Ladies first!” I yelled shoving him and Jose into the portal.

I looked at the portal, and leaped in.



## Chapter 14: Coffee In The Apocalypse



“This is actually pretty good,” I said, sipping the coffee gingerly, trying not to burn my tongue.

“What’d I tell you?” Jose said. “Best coffee in the apocalypse.”

We had just gotten into the coffee shop, where a ragtag robot was ready to take our orders. No sooner than we told the robot what we wanted, it zipped away to the kitchen and began making our coffee.

“Alright!” I said, slamming my mug onto the table, making the others jump. “We’ve got to get going soon. We can’t stay here sipping coffee forever!”

“Where are we going again?” Aaron asked, confusion etched onto his face.

“Back home,” I said, rolling my eyes. “Where else? We’ve got to get back there so we can come up with a plan to bring down the geese once and for all!”

“That’s a good idea,” Jose said, “but there’s one problem: We don’t have a way home.”

“Well, aren’t you able to call the battleship on your ArmTech®?” I asked, gesturing to my ArmTech®.

“No,” Jose said. “We used to be able to do that, but the ship always rammed into the side of the building we were in.”

“Well, couldn’t you just get outside the building?” I asked, stating the obvious.

“Well, we could but there aren’t any of the older models of ArmTechs® left,” Aaron said, shrugging his shoulders in defeat.

“Well, actually,” A voice coming from inside the kitchen said, “there are.”



## Chapter 15: HomeBound



“Who’s there?” I asked, tugging my sword out of its sheath.

“It’s just me,” said the voice. There was a dark shape emerging from within the kitchen, “My name is KITT”

“What are you?” I asked, looking KITT up and down.

“I’m a droid, made specifically to follow orders. Whether you need me to make coffee or build an old ArmTech®. I can do it all!” KITT said, smiling proudly.

“And how exactly did you get the schematics for a 19135 ArmTech®?” Jose asked, looking down at the robot with confusion.

“My old master told me how to!” KITT said proudly puffing out his robotic chest.

“Well, we need it now, so could we-” I began to ask, but faltered when KITT rammed into my legs, wrapping his arms around them.

“OK, new master!” He said, handing me the ArmTech®, “My old master told me that If I ever saw a blond-haired boy with two pistols come order coffee, then he was my new master! And it’s you!”

“Umm, OK...” I said, taking the ArmTech®, “Jose, could you call the base?”

“Sure,” Jose said, taking the ArmTech®, “Let’s get outside.”

We walked towards the door, and I flung it open. It had been a while since I had seen sunlight, and I was looking forward to it. The light shone into my eyes, making my shield them.

“OK Jose,” I said, turning towards him, “Do you have that ArmTech® ready?”

“Yep,” he said, fiddling with a few buttons on it, “Let me just- There we go!”

There was a rumbling noise, and a dark shape began to emerge from over the horizon. I almost laughed out loud. I was happy to see my home again.

“What’s that, Master?” KITT asked me, wonder shining onto his face like sunlight.

“It’s home, KITT,” I said, smiling, “It’s home.”



## Chapter 16: The Beginning Of The End



We spent the next few days preparing. Rare was a day that I didn't train with both the blasters and my sword. Aaron however, had a different agenda.

He would spend hours at a time in the machine shop. "I've got to have it ready in time for the mission," he kept telling me.

Aaron wouldn't show it to any of us, but he kept saying that it was blow our minds. Jose had some ideas of what it was, but he wouldn't share them. Too often was he locked up in the ship library researching everything. Geese, radiation, homemade bombs, anything that he thought would be relevant to the mission.

We all spent hours training. Hand to hand combat, armed combat, two-on-one, and of course, simulations.

We would spend hours on the HoloDeck, a recent addition of Aaron's, which allowed us to experience a 3D, fully realistic simulation. If we were getting virtually shot at, then the simulation would generate red paintballs to shoot at us. If we got shot with too many then we were "dead".

We had been training and preparing for about two months before Aaron announced that we were ready. He told us to all assemble in the meeting room to go over our strategy one final time before the real thing.

I left a 2 o'clock to go to the meeting. When I got into the room, Jose and Aaron were already waiting for me.

"Late again, eh?" Jose said, flashing me a grin, "This seems to be a thing with you, doesn't it?"

“Can we just start the meeting already?” I said, beginning to get exasperated. We were already off schedule. We had been planning to start the meeting at 1:30.

“Sure,” Aaron said, grabbing me a chair, “Take a seat.”

“Will do,” I said, sitting down.

“So,” Aaron said, putting what looked like a schematic of a building onto the table, “We know that the geese are planning to move an important artifact to one of their bases in L.A. on the 31st of March. What we’ve got to do is intercept it.”

“That sounds easy enough,” I said, taking a glance at the schematics, “What’s the catch?”

“We can’t harm the cargo,” Aaron said bluntly, “I think it’s a hydrothermal nuclear bomb, but knowing the geese, it could be much worse.”

“OK, that sounds slightly harder, there’s just one problem,” I said, researching hydrothermal nuclear bombs on my ArmTech®, “how are we going to transport it?”

“With this,” Aaron said, pushing a few buttons on his ArmTech®. A holographic blueprint of a jeep that looked like it was made for the apocalypse. That’s probably because it was. It was a tan color, like the uniforms of the desert branch of the army. It had two turrets mounted into the bed of the vehicle. It also had bulletproof glass (I knew this because a footnote at the bottom of the blueprint told me so).

“It’s a state-of-the-art rescue vehicle, complete with two mounted turrets, bulletproof glass, and a carrying case for any kind of dangerous substance,” Aaron said proudly, gesturing to different parts of the jeep, “I call it the SOTA-RV.”

“This is nice and all,” Jose interrupted, “But how did that cause you to spend months inside that garage tinkering?”

“Don’t be silly,” Aaron said, waving his hand dismissively, “This isn’t all that I did.”

He handed Jose a rifle with glowing lines of orange, like liquid magma, flowing just below the surface.

“This is a new and improved quantum rifle,” Aaron explained, running his hand over the orange underlays. “It’s specially modified to heat the ammo to 1,000,000°F before firing, causing it to burn through almost any object it touches. It also comes with a adjustable scope.”

“Wow...” Jose said, seeming sincerely touched, “Thanks, Aaron.”

Aaron turned to me, and I suddenly got excited. I felt like a 5 year old on Christmas morning.

“Levi,” Aaron said, pulling something out of a long thin case, “This is a new cybernetic sword with about twice as many functions as your old one. I’ll let you try one out. Press the blue button on the back of the hilt.”

I took the sword and admired it. It was black, with underlays like Jose’s weapon, but blue. I pressed the button, and blue flames erupted around the blade of the sword. They swirled, flowed and ebbed with the movement of the sword.

“Dang...” I said, in awe of the obvious effort put into the sword, “Thank you.”

“I saved the best for last,” Aaron said, pulling something else out of a cardboard box he had brought to the meeting.

But instead of another weapon, it was a remote control with a big red button on it. He pressed it.


We began to lift into the air, and Jose stumbled.

“W-Wait, are we flying?” Jose said in a small voice.


“Yep,” Aaron said, smiling, “Now let’s go kill some geese.”

And with that, we blasted off.





## Chapter 17: Traitors?



**W**e were almost there when we heard the noise.  
CRASH!

“What was that?!” Jose said, unholstering his new quantum rifle.

“We know you’re there!” I said, unsheathing my cybernetic sword, “Come out with your hands in the air, and throw your weapons at our feet!”

Slowly, carefully, I saw two very familiar faces emerge from behind a crate. It was Jonathan and Alex.

“YOU!” I yelled, pressing the blue button and sprinting at them, “Give me one good reason that I shouldn’t kill you right now.” I brought my blade down on them, stopping it only a centimeter from their skulls.

“We can explain everything, just don’t kill us!” Jonathan begged, throwing a few pistols down at my feet.

“Alright,” I said, sheathing my sword, “start explaining.”

Jonathan then proceeded to tell me all about what they had been doing for the past few months. It turned out that they had went spy, not telling us in the fear that we would accidentally let something slip to the geese about their being spies.

“And after a couple of months, we managed to get our hands on some of these,” Alex said, placing a few things that looked like 3DS® cartridges onto the table.

“What are they?” I asked, while picking up a blue one and examining it.

“Insert it into the slot in the side of your sword,” Alex instructed, smiling. I put it in, and a shining black metal began to spread up from

the hilt, with blue underlays like my sword. Eventually, it covered my entire body, and a blue tinted visor slid over my eyes.

A couple indicators showed up, along with a battery level.

“Woah...” I said, looking my new suit up and down, “You guys are amazing.”

“Don’t mention it,” Alex said, smiling, “Now let’s see if the rest of the team is so forgiving.”

They weren’t. By the time I had managed to explain the situation, Jonathan had already been hit by the butt of the rifle, and Alex had gotten hit by Aaron’s brass knuckles.

“Are you sure we can trust them, Levi?” Jose asked, cocking his rifle and glaring at them.

“Yes, I’m sure,” I said, pressing the button on my sword that deactivated my new armor, “They gave us this new armor, and their story makes sense. Now can you guys stop trying to kill them already?”

“Fine,” Aaron said, taking his brass knuckles off, “but let’s at least put them on probation, so they can prove that they’re really on our side.”

“Fine,” I said, throwing Jose and Aaron their armor, “You can insert this into a slot in your weapon, and it activates the armor. Now get ready to fight, because we’re almost there.”

“Correction,” Aaron said, peering out the window, “We’re there.”



## Chapter 18: War



“You ready?” Jose asked me, while we were suiting up.

“Not at all,” I said with a grin, “You?”

“Not in the slightest,” He said, grinning back.

“Great,” Aaron said, walking into the room, “Let’s do this.”

I started running and leaped out of the ship. The wind whistled in my ears, and I heard bullets fly by me. I activated my armor and felt the metal expand, covering every inch of my skin until I was completely protected. I started nearing the ground, and I activated my rocket boots. I propelled myself over the ground with a quick burst from the boots, and somersaulted into a standing position.

“Show off,” I heard Jose mutter under his breath. I grinned at him and drew my sword. I leapt into the fray and activated my sword's flames. I felt like my body went into autopilot. I dodged, slashed, and sliced, moving out of the way of bullets and evil geese, not making a single mistake. Jose’s robot was slightly bigger than mine, so he cut out large swaths of enemies with a sword attached to the arm of his robot, gunning down the ones he missed with a huge mini-gun welded to the other arm.

I was sure that I even saw AJ zooming through enemies, cutting a path through the battle that raged around us. Aaron, Alex, and Jonathan drove around the battlefield in the SOTA-RV, searching for the cargo being shipped, which was obviously being guarded by the huge army of geese around us.

I saw flashes of familiar faces, KITT, Jackie, and even Sebastian. We had all united under one banner, all it took was a common enemy to bring us together. Finally, I spotted it. Using the X-Ray vision programmed into my visor, I had located the bomb.

It was in a cargo jet, preparing to take off. I realized that I only had one chance. I sprinted up to the jet, using my rocket boots to give me boost. The plane began to lift off, and I used all the thrust left in my rocket boots to grab it. But it was already in the air.

Suddenly, I felt someone grab the feet of my suit. It was Aaron. He had strapped himself to the front bumper of the SOTA-RV and managed to grab onto the plane. But the jet was still rising in the air.

I felt another bump. Jose's robot's hands had clenched onto the back bumper of the SOTA-RV. The jet gave one last burst of fuel, and it got into the air.

We felt one last almighty lurch, and looked down once more. It was AJ. He was pulling with all his might, and with the last of his strength, he yelled.

“ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHH-HH!!!!!!” He screamed, and his eyes glowed white, blue flames erupted around him, he gave one final almighty tug, and the plane fell back to Earth.

We had just won.



## Chapter 19: The After Party



We celebrated all night long. Someone had found some old bottles of coffee from The ScrapHop Coffee Shop, and they put them in a wooden crate filled to the brim with ice. After the battle, we had secured the nuke and brought everyone up into the ship. KITT suggested that we have a celebration because we won the war.

So we strung up some old Christmas lights, blew up some balloons, threw confetti everywhere, turned on the music, and called it a party.

I didn't dance with anyone except Jackie, and she didn't really know how to dance. I just kind of grabbed her front paws, and pulled her in circles on the dance floor. She loved it.

After a while though, we all started to get pretty tired. I looked up at the clock, and saw that it was 12:00.

"We better get to bed, you guys," I said, yawning widely, "Jose, are there any extra rooms, or sleeping bags, or something?"

"Yeah," He said, looking tired himself, "Let me go get them..."

He lumbered off to the hall, and I saw him grab a hinge hanging from the roof. He pulled down on it, and a ladder fell down. He climbed up it, and came back down dragging a couple of sleeping bags behind him.

"Alright everyone," He said, looking bleary eyed, "take a sleeping bag and go to sleep."

We all grabbed a sleeping bag and got situated. I called Jackie over and she snuggled into the sleeping bag with me. She licked my face, and we went to sleep.



## Chapter 20: Until We Meet Again



We all went our separate ways after that battle. Jose went on to join the post apocalyptic version of the Marine Corps. Aaron decided to become a famous shoe designer. AJ decided to learn how to increase his skills in combat. But I decided to take a different path.

I went to recover the Ultra 4. It took me a couple of years, but I finally found it. It took me two more years to rebuild it, but I finally did it. I spent a couple of years adventuring, getting into trouble. That's how I got on the run from the law. Eventually though, I grew out of it.

I got older. Jackie passed away. The years seemed to pass me by, and time flowed with it. Eventually, I got so old that I could hardly do anything. I was talking to KITT one day when I heard my voice. It sounded exactly like...

"The old man..." I said to myself, wringing my wrinkled hands, "I'm him..."

"Exactly Master," KITT said, looking up at me with wide eyes, "Now I believe you have an order for me."

"KITT," I told him, resting my hands on his shoulders, "Go, find the blond-haired boy with the two blasters. He will be your new master."

"Yes, Master," KITT said, walking out the door, into The River of Time, "Until we meet again."

He leapt out of the Ultra 4, and I watched the spot where he had gone, wondering where all of my time had gone.

I walked to the bridge of the Ultra 4, and blasted off to my time. I managed to find my younger self, relaxing on the lawn.

I looked down at him, wishing that I could tell him everything, tell him about the adventure he was about to have, about AJ, about Jose and Aaron, about Alex and Jonathan.

I then flew onto the lawn and yelled at him, “There’s no time to explain! Get on the ship and leave me!! NOW!!”

I forced him to get onto the ship and screamed at him once more, “Go! Don’t come back until-”

He flew off, and I wondered what else I was supposed to say. The it hit me:

“-You know who you are...”

I laid down on the lawn chair, and closed my eyes. I was ready to go. I laid there for a while, until I fell asleep, for the last time.

The End





# About the Author

Thanks For Reading My Book!

I'm actually pretty proud of this book, considering that it's my first one. I'm thinking about making an Ulta 3, 2, and 1, but I'm not sure yet, considering the fact that I basically ended the possibility of some sequels when I killed off the main character.

If you have any ideas, please contact me. My dad said he'll post this on his website, and I think he might have some contact info there. Again, thank you for reading my book.

Honorable Mentions:

My dad, who encouraged me the whole way.

Jose, who never stopped suggesting new ideas.

All of my other friends, who supported me by being faithful readers the whole way through.

Mrs. Palmer, who always told me that I was a great writer, who would write a ton of novels, that she would read. She might be right yet!

Well, that's it for now. I hope you enjoyed it. Now go read all of my dad's books, located on his website, <https://fictionworthreading.com> and his webcomics at <http://kidfriendlycomics.com>.

This is Levi Worth,

Signing off.

Read more at <https://fictionworthreading.com>.