

# The Resistance: Book 1

Da'Sean D. Williams

My name is Douglas Masterson. I am 16 years young, 5'6" tall, and weigh 65.77 kg. I have dark brown hair, forest green-colored eyes, and an IQ that has been said to be immeasurable. At least, that is what my father used to say. Since the day I was born, people have been astonished by my intelligence. I was able to speak, read, and write at only a few months old. At the age of six, I had almost managed to hack into some of my parent's *Top-Secret* computer files before they found me and carried me out of their study.

My parents were both scientists. My father was German, though nobody uses such ethnic labels anymore, and was a well-known inventor and architect. My mother was British and was a successful chemist and biologist. My father was slightly overweight and had a full head of thick, well-combed hair and a thick brown beard; his hair was the same shade of brown as mine. My mother was slimmer with black hair and bright green eyes, more luminescent than my own.

They had spent a great portion of my childhood showing me the wonders of science and teaching me almost everything they knew. Academically, I was always at the top of my classes, with straight A's, and honor awards, but I always felt alone and secluded from everyone around me. At first they avoided me; my parents were well off and I was the smartest kid in the school. As I got older, some of my classmates took an interest in my academic talents, or at least that is what they wanted me to think. So I made sure that their grades fell significantly when they tried to act friendly and asked me to "help with their homework."

I was seven, when I first met Sampson, an eight-year-old, African-American boy in my class. Back then he wore a red beanie cap, shoes and shirt with dark brown jeans and a pair of sunglasses. Our teacher had assigned me to help him with his schoolwork. We did not get along well at first, mostly due to me making any homework problems we went over sound more complicated than they were. But after I learned how to simplify things for him, his grades improved and we became best friends. He even gave me my nickname 'Dug' which almost everyone now calls me.

When I was twelve, my parents brought home my newly adopted brother, a ten-year-old Japanese boy named Zack Ongaku. I remember his messy, unnaturally colored blue hair and matching, soulless blue eyes the night he arrived. According to my parents, he had been in a horrible accident that claimed everyone in his family. Several days went by and he stayed in his room, not talking to anyone, not even my parents. I occasionally went to try and converse with him, usually while bringing him his meals, but he usually ignored me. I did, however, hear him crying whenever I walked past his room.

After a few months had passed, I came home and I heard music coming from his room. Judging from the sound, I realized he was playing a violin. Zack had not left his room much since he had been here but I thought it was good he was actually doing something constructive, given his apparent trauma. I continued into the kitchen. My parents had left snacks in the fridge since they were still at work. As I did my homework in the dining room, Zack continued to play his violin. For over an hour, the same melancholic melody played and over time I noticed it was getting louder.

As the music continued, I saw the walls around me begin to crumble and they eventually fell apart. For a second, I was standing in a dark, endless void; a moment later, I found myself in a dark forest. I looked up and saw nothing but the storm clouds gathering in the night sky. The rain came down almost instantaneously, soaking me and my clothes within seconds. Zack's music was no longer audible; all I could hear were the numerous claps of thunder occurring all around me.

After trekking through mud and endless trees for what felt like hours, I found myself in front of a large mansion. I could hear music coming from inside, but it was not the somber music I had heard Zack play, no, instead, it was exultant and festive.

I slowly approached the mansion but retreated behind a tree when I noticed that people dressed in black overcoats were approaching the house. I was almost certain one of them had seen me, but none of them came over to investigate. I watched one kick the door open and what happened next was utterly horrifying. Gunshots were fired and several of the servants who attempted to flee through the front door were gunned down. I could only watch and listen as the screams were drowned out by the echoing gunfire.

Without thinking, I slowly approached the estate; it was then that I noticed I was not in control of my actions. I felt as if I were looking through the eyes of someone else. Someone then grabbed my arm. I turned around to see there were three people behind me: two men and a woman, their faces covered by hoods. But I noticed that one of them, the one who grabbed me, had blue hair visibly hanging from the inside of his hood.

"Zack, come on! We have to get you out of here!" he said to me. Why did he think I was Zack? Before I could object, the mansion exploded; the shockwave sent me hurtling to the ground.

Everything went white and I immediately found myself back at the dining room table. I felt like I had woken up from a dream. I checked my body, I was bone-dry. A hallucination? What happened to me? I thought that maybe I had eaten something I shouldn't have, but I felt normal. Upstairs, Zack was still playing his violin, but the song was less dismal, though not as upbeat as I had hoped. Without a second thought, almost as if I was being called, I walked upstairs and made my way to Zack's room.

Before I even had the chance to knock on the door, Zack ran out and hugged me. At first I was too shocked to react; Zack had not done so much as speak to me since he had arrived here. As he started crying, I just stood there, trapped.

But what I had just experienced piqued my curiosity. Of all of the thoughts racing through my head, there was one thing that I knew for certain. Somehow, this boy had shown me his past.

After his sniffling had subsided, I led him to the kitchen and cleaned off all the tears and snot from his face with a rag. We then spent the next hour getting to know each other. I told him about my time at school, how I was the smartest student there, the few friends I had, and how I met Sampson. His face actually lit up the more I talked. After a few minutes, he started going on about his life before my parents brought him here. It was not long until the word “Nexus” came up and he slowed down. He started talking about the night he last saw his father and the rest of his family before going completely silent.

I put my hand on his shoulder and reassured him he could take his time but that word, ‘Nexus,’ kept replaying in my head. I knew I had heard it somewhere before, but my thoughts were too scattered for me to remember. After dinner that night, I was in my room, video-chatting with Sampson. I told him about what had occurred earlier that day and to my surprise, he believed every word of it.

“I don’t know if it was a dream or a vivid hallucination, but it was so realistic,” I told him. “I could feel the rain, the cold air, even the heat of the fire!”

He lit a cigarette. “That’s not something you see every day... or at all. Did you see or hear anything out of the ordinary?” He exhaled a cloud of smoke.

“Nothing outside the realm of possibility.” I answered. “But while Zack and I were talking, the word ‘Nexus’ came up. I know I have heard it before, but I cannot remember where.”

“That’s a scary thought. Nexus, right? Sampson took a long drag on his cigarette before he continued. “Wait!” he coughed up another cloud of smoke, “Don’t your parents work for it?”

“Oh right!” I slapped my forehead. I could not believe I had forgotten that one blatant detail. “They do, but is it not odd that they would bring Zack here with them? Not only that, but the very word seems to bring back some very beastly memories for him.”

“My step-douche works there too, or works *for it*, if you can believe that.” Sampson took a long drag on his cigarette before putting it out. “Well, good luck with helping him get over it. I need to get to bed. Anyway, I’ll meet you at your place tomorrow.”

“Alright, I’ll see you then.” I yawned. “And you should quit that habit of yours. It will kill you.”

“Yeah, right!”

After he cut the signal, I lay in my bed, not tired in the slightest. There were too many things on my mind. I contemplated everything that had transpired the past two weeks but my mind kept going back to the Nexus. *What could the Nexus have to do with Zack?* I thought to myself. *And what kind of connection do my parents have with him?*

A few hours later, at precisely 3:32 am, I woke up from a dreamless sleep to the sound of Zack’s thunderous snoring a few rooms down the hall, I made a note to soundproof the walls.

Knowing I would not be able to fall asleep for a while, I dragged myself out of bed and headed downstairs to the kitchen for a drink of water. The house was dark and quiet, aside from Zack's snoring, and my parents were either sleeping in their room or out working overtime. They usually left us in the house unsupervised whenever they made some kind of breakthrough in their research.

I made my way into the kitchen and turned on the faucet when I suddenly heard something coming from beneath the house, but the house did not have a basement. The sound was...different...from anything I had ever heard before and for a second, I felt as if I was being called by it, whatever it was. I could still hear Zack snoring upstairs so I was certain he was not the cause of the noise.

Almost as if I were in a daze, I discovered the sound was coming from somewhere in my parents' study. I looked around but there was nothing unusual in sight. However, the sound got louder as I approached the bookshelves on the wall opposite of my father's desk. I carefully looked through the books; at first there was nothing out of the ordinary but then I found something interesting. Hidden behind the books on the third shelf, there was a keypad carefully camouflaged into the wall.

Judging from the design, it needed a 10-digit passcode in order to be unlocked. Without thinking, I reached for it. The instant I touched it, the numbers on the panel's screen became shambolic; green numbers rapidly began to fill the screen, not stopping for a second. I removed my hand from the panel and it instantly returned to normal. "What the bloody hell was that?" I asked myself.

"It would appear that you *do* possess that ability." I turned around and found my father was behind me, wearing his evening robe. "It looks like my suspicions were true, *mein Sohn*."

"What are you talking about? What ability?" My father rarely spoke German, only during fits of stress or uncertainty.

Without another a word, my father reached for the panel and began to punch in the code. "I was hoping to show you this when you were older but given the circumstances, this is probably for the best." When he finished inputting the code, the wall moved to the side, revealing a staircase that led underground. "Come. We have much to discuss."

Nominating Faculty: Professor Heidi J. Boisvert, Entertainment Technology 1101, Department of Entertainment Technology, School of Technology and Design, New York City College of Technology, CUNY.

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