

Part 1: Chapter 3: It's time to Blitz!!!

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Sometimes, I just wished that moments like that would never end. Time will go by, people will change. Present friends will someday be well away with their own life. I just wish I could keep reliving that moment over and over again. The way we laugh, the way her eyes sparkled every time she laugh, the way I feel at ease every time I spend my time with her, the way we just are the way we are, with no worries in the world.

Why can't we just stop moving forward after finding one special moment that we like best and just stay there?

Razz just stop for a moment and read through on the things he wrote on that entry. Gently brushing his hair with his fingers, he smiled. But after a brief moment, his smile changed into an expression of mixed and uneasy feeling. Thumping the journal's surface lightly with his pen, he looked at his wristwatch.

I don't have the answers right now, but perhaps it'll come in time. Signing off, Razz 18th September SD1996, 7.45 p.m.

Razz finished writing on his journal. Slowly he placed his pen on the side, closed the journal and turned off the table lamp. His room was still dimly lit from the lights of the corridor when he turned his chair around and looked at his room. A small two-bed room with enough space to accommodate him and his room mate Dingo.

"Well, I'd better be going now" He thought to himself. Standing up and putting the journal in his backpack, he continued to prepare himself to go to the training complex as promised.

It was ten minutes later that Razz rode on his bike towards Training Complex One. The training complex was situated just about one kilometer from his dormitory, right in the middle between the walkway towards the faculty and the student's dormitory. Although the facilities there was almost the same as the ones that they have at the Training and Tutorial Dome, here, the students can use the training complex without any time limit.

The environment there was more like a big stadium with many partitions so that it could accommodate about one hundred students that came there to practice or test out their fusion skills. It was usually crowded only during the exam week. Right now, only about ten to

twenty students were there. Razz parked his bicycle at the far left end of the bicycle parking lot. He could have just walk from his dormitory. But since it was already 7.55 p.m when he was ready, riding a bicycle there would have bought him at least a couple of minutes to spare.

Razz entered the main entrance of the complex after registering his name at the gate. He went straight to TC Court B7, a practice court suitable for practicing spells and fusion. By the looks of the court, Helena hasn't arrived yet. Razz put his backpack on the bench nearby and took out his elemental gloves.

Each students practicing elemental fusion were encouraged to harness their own unique elemental power. Razz's element is water, Helena's is the element of wind, and the other two elements are earth and fire. Each student was taught to use and build their elemental skill by constantly exploring their strengths, weaknesses and also ways to go around and exploits their strengths and weaknesses through different environments and situations. They usually did this by doing self-experimentations, constant meditation and sometimes did friendly battles between them. The higher up their skill level, the more elemental powers and fusion spells they can harness and use to their advantage.

Razz's skill level was on level 10. For the time being, he could only use elemental and fusion spells by using special gloves that could help him focus and harness the elemental capabilities stored within him. Skilled alchemist of level 7 and above could do that by just concentrating, memorizing and casting different spells by heart. Helena on the other hand was on level 8. She had gradually dismissing the usage of those gloves and focusing more on the use of alchemic diagrams and symbols when casting spells.

Razz sat on the bench, looking around the other partition in the complex. Since see-through fences divide each court partition, it was easy for anybody to look into what was going on in other partition. He saw some commotion going on at the far end partition of the complex. Many students are gathering around the court. He looked at his wristwatch. It was already ten minutes past eight. He opened his backpack trying to find his cell phone to contact Helena only to realize that he had left it on the table back at the dorm.

"Guess it wouldn't hurt to go there for a while," he thought.

He left a note on the bench just in case Helena came afterwards. Helena usually didn't care that much if he was late or anything, just as long as he came as promised. As he approached the crowd, Razz could see roughly what the commotion was all about. There was a small Blitz match going on.

"Helena would have loved to watch this," he said to himself while approaching the court fence, also looking at his wristwatch for the time. "Where is she anyway?" he kept thinking.

Closer to the court fence, he finally realized that it was actually Helena that was in the court playing Blitz. She was up against some guy he didn't recognize. A game of Blitz is played a little bit like squash. The difference is, it is played on a bigger court than squash and the player goes head on like a game of tennis. The court has to be enclosed on every inch so that the Blitz, the ball for the game could bounce freely. Players have to make sure that they can deflect or catch and throw back the Blitz each time it is thrown at them.

The game is played with both hands. One hand will wear a special glove for catching and throwing, and the other hand will use a special racquet that could be used for deflecting and also at times catching the Blitz and throwing it back. A Blitz racquet has this special compartment that could take in the Blitz every time it is caught and shoot it out at high speed when it is hurled towards the other opponent. A point will be given each time a player couldn't deflect the blitz and also each time the Blitz managed to hit them without successful deflecting. Another thing about Blitz is that, the ball itself is not that hard, but each throw will make it generate some static electric that could sting a bit when making contact with the players. The higher the speed when it is thrown, the greater the sting will be.

The point was already nineteen even. Helena pulled up her sleeves ready to take the serve. She looked very focus at the game without paying much attention to the crowd gathered around the court. Smiling, her opponent tossed the Blitz in the air, caught it with his racquet and hurled it towards her in full speed. She moved to the left quickly, the Blitz hit the wall behind her and quickly ricocheted towards her.

Getting down on the court's floor, Helena caught the Blitz with her racquet and hurled it back towards her opponent. Razz has always been amazed by Helena's fast reflex and agility. She was his Blitz idol. In fact, Razz looked up to Helena in many aspect of life. Although he would never admit it to her face, but Helena did have that effect on him.

Helena's opponent successfully deflects her counter throw making the Blitz bounces towards the upper bound of the court and back towards her. Taking the opportunity, she swiped it in mid air and hurled the Blitz towards her opponent. Acted on reflex alone, her opponent just blocked the throw with both hands covering his face, each with the racquet and the glove.

The blitz hit it and bounces back really fast towards Helena. Her opponent fell to the ground because of the impact. Helena, who was barely landing on her foot after the throw, couldn't react in time. The Blitz hit her fast on her right shoulder.

Helena was thrown a bit to the right. She bit her lips, silencing her pain from the contact and fell to the ground. Razz's eye widened. The match ended with both players really drained. Both players lay on the ground, breathing heavily. The crowd clapped their hands for the match. Razz entered the court and moved towards Helena.

Helena's opponent was already up on his feet after his friends helped him up. Helena was still lying there on the ground with her eyes closed. Crouching beside Helena, Razz just watched her catching up her breath. He knew he had nothing to be worried about. That wasn't the first time he saw her in a Blitz match.

He punched her lightly on the left shoulder.

"Hey, get up..." he said, smiling.

Helena opened her eyes, squinting. "You meanie...I was barely breathing here!!!". Slowly she got up. "...And my body is hurt all over!" she pouted.

"Well, I guess tonight's practice is over then?" Razz said, standing on his feet.

"No, I can still help you with that" Helena said looking up towards him.

"No, really...you're barely alive down there" he smiled. "Besides..." he stretched. "Let's go for a drink shall we? You seemed like you could use that right about now"

"Really? That's great" she smiled. Got up, and took her Blitz equipment on the ground. "So where are we going?"

"I don't know, you're the one whose buying" Razz walk towards the court exit, smiling.

"Razz!!!!"