

Part 1: Chapter 5: The night that started it all

Razz was still busy memorizing the spell and details he needed for the tutorial that evening when his wristwatch beeped.

“Damn, already six thirty!” He placed the palm of his hand on his forehead. “Now let’s see, there’s this four elements, earth, water, fire and wind. How can I unite these four element and placed them in the spell capsule without each and every one of them nullifying each other?”

Casting each elemental spell one after another, Razz watched as each element reacted to the other element that was casted next. Earth was nullified by water, water was nullified by fire, fire was nullified by wind and wind was nullified by earth. The four elements became neutral when they got in contact with one another; no single element is all-superior to the other.

“It’s practically impossible!!” Razz took off his gloves and threw it on the ground. He watched as the gloves darted towards the ground and dust started to flew up from underneath it and started to settle down again. “The only way I can do it is if I could cast those spells fast enough before the reaction starts to take place” He sighed. “But even then...I have to do it even faster to be able to store it inside the spell capsule.”

Razz glanced at his watch. It was already seven. He packed up his things and looked around the Training Facility 1-5 in case he missed anything and left it lying around. He was planning to meet Miss Eliza there for the tutorial that evening, so he came early. All sweaty and tired, he headed for the male student’s locker room for a quick shower and an evening prayer before meeting up with Miss Eliza later.

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“Mr. Razlan, glad you are early this evening.” Miss Eliza’s voice greeted Razz as he was entering the facility.

Razz bowed his head a bit to greet Miss Eliza. Other students were also entering the facility for the session. Training and tutorial sessions usually consisted of about fifteen to twenty students. However, for that particular session Miss Eliza was gathering about only six; all of

which she considered the type of students with potentials but lacked the appropriate skills and determination of an alchemist.

Students came and sit on the bench while waiting for others. Razz approached the bench area while scanning each faces sitting there. He waved his hands. Most of the students there wasn't the ones that was on the same lecture session, but he knew really well almost all of them since Miss Eliza usually set them up on the same tutorial session. In fact, he was much more closer to them than his other course mates.

Sitting leftmost on the front bench was Dmitri Johan, academically, a level 9 alchemist. His skills in alchemic fusion were among the best in the class, bad thing was he had always thought himself as the best thing that ever happened to the academy. Quite cocky at times but seldom turned down a request to share what knowledge he had. Socially, looked a bit nerdy sometimes when he woke up on the wrong side of the bed and had quite a crush on Helena.

Next to Dmitri was Klause Alchemis. A level 8 alchemist, some said that he inherited the smart and alchemic skills genes from his father. Even his last name could tell people about that. Scored highest in the entrance test and considered by all as a walking textbook. Socially, looked nerdy most of the time wearing his thick spectacles and sometimes thought he was the greatest thing that could happen to women. Blunt at times and always the last one to figure out a punch line to a particular joke.

Next was Lantz Isaac. His possessed the fire elemental skills of an alchemist. Just like Razz, he was a level ten alchemist. Quite the silent type and only speaks when he is spoken to. Underneath his sometimes serious and in deep thought expression, Lantz was actually a funny person. Other than that, only god knows.

Right most on the bench was Salazar Azman, Dmitri's room mate. Built at about six foot four, he was the tallest in the class and also, the best looking; with a strong jaw, piercing eyes and pony tailed long hair. He relied strongly on his technological gadgetry than on the natural way of executing fusion. Socially, he was quite popular with the girls, mostly the juniors at the academy.

Sitting behind Salazar on the second row was Alan Mohamad, also a level ten alchemist. Accepted by all as a playful and friendly person.

His main strength was in negotiations and his ambition was to actually be one of the richest people in the world. No matter as an alchemist or as a person doing trades and marketing. A real good friend of Razz.

On the opposite side of the bench was Sabrina Ali, a level 11 Alchemist. She might not look like a very talented alchemist, but her skills in information gathering were really good. Her other skills included lip reading and her amazing photographic memory. The only problem she had in alchemic classes was, she could never fully apply what she had learn even though she had all the theories and facts right in the palm of her hands. Socially, she was a bit of an introvert, didn't talk very much unless she felt it was necessary.

Right next to her was Emelda Stewart, a level 10 Alchemist. She was the youngest in the class. Entered the academy a year earlier than any other students of her age and was considered a prodigy back then. After a while, she began to lose focus in her studies and didn't perform very well in most of them. Always seemed happy and playful, she liked to tease other students a lot. Other than that, very little was known about her, as she didn't talk very much about it.

"Razz! Here, we've saved a seat for you!" Emelda shouted. She had always liked Razz's company during classes because Razz always helped him to understand things better. Sometimes when things got a little boring in class, Razz would always entertain her by doing funny faces. She was caught laughing loudly once during one of Razz's act and both of them was punished soon after.

Razz smiled as he approached the empty space on the second row bench between Emelda and Alan.

"Wow, you guys are early today." He took his seat.

"It's not that we're early, it's because you're late, Razz" Emelda replied playfully.

"Seems like you're still Miss Eliza's favourite" Alan teased him.

"So Alan, how was your date with that Science Major?"

"He had a date?!" Emelda's eye widened. "How come I didn't know this? Tell me! Tell me! I want to know too!" She pouted.

"Well, there's nothing left to know, it's over guys, seemed like science and fusions didn't mix around very well. She's one of the purist" Alan responded. "But hey, I've got another one this weekend!"

"With her again?" Razz asked.

"Which part of 'it's over' didn't you understand Razz?" Alan smiled. "This time it's her course mate. Remember that long haired girl that always hang with her?"

"You're kidding right?" Razz raised one of his eyebrows. Although from experience, he knew it was not something out of the ordinary for Alan to do what he did.

"No fair, you guys left me out!" Emelda whined.

Alan grinned.

"Tomorrow I'll be getting my money from Click-O-Net. I told you it would work out didn't I?"

Razz just smiled. Alan had been pestering him long enough to make him join the Click-O-Net, an online marketing scheme. Since he didn't have any extra cash to burn, he just supported Alan morally. Alan didn't really promote it to Razz since he knew that it was not one of Razz's interests.

"Wanna come along? We could go catch a movie or anything afterwards" Alan continued. He looked at Emelda who was already frowning. "You could come along too Emelda" he hit her playfully on the head with his notebook. Emelda started to smile.

"Come on Razz. Loosen up a bit. It's been a long time since all of us went out together" Emelda insisted.

"Well...okay. But only after we went to library to return some books I've borrowed." He looked at Alan and Emelda, waiting for their approval.

Miss Eliza was watching the bunch from the entrance; Razz, Alan and Emelda. All of them were gifted students. Razz lacked self confidence, didn't believe in his own abilities, Alan was full of confidence but sometimes stray away from his goal and Emelda was always the one that tried to please everybody just to be accepted.

She walked in front of them. Her beautiful green eyes gazed into each and every individual in front of her.

"Okay class, can we begin now?"

Silence engulfed the Training room. Razz and his friends stopped talking almost immediately, sat up straight and prepared to hear what Miss Eliza was going to say.

"As you all know, I've given to the assignment's question through your individual e-mail. Now, how many of you understood how to get the results of the exercise?"

All of them looked at each other. After a brief moment, all eyes focused on Klause. He was always the one that could give answer to any question that Miss Eliza, or any instructor gave out. Only this time, he didn't.

"Ok, tonight's class is a bit special. I'm going to assign you into groups. We're going to do a field exercise this weekend. Each and every one of you will be put in a group of three. I've already have the names for each group here. No negotiations whatsoever about the members of the group. Understood?" Miss Eliza stern voice echoed.

Students sighed because of the announcement. One thing they feared most was to be paired with the people they didn't like. Things could get disastrous or it could be a very, very long field exercise for all of them in that group.

Finally Klause raised his right hand.

"Yes Mr. Klause?" Miss Eliza looked at him.

"Err...you said that we're going to be distributed into a group of three, but there's only eight of us here. I find that a little bit odd" Klause replied.

"Oh yes, I was just getting to that" she smiled, walked towards the door and opened it. "You can come in now"

All eyes looked towards the door. A girl entered it; her smile met their gaze.

"Class, meet your new friend, Maya. She's from lecture 3. Maya, welcome to our class!"