

## The Introduction of Myst and Titan

It was three o'clock in the early, spring morning when Paul was stocking cigarettes at the front counter of his small convenience store, located near the downtown area of Washington, D.C. He had just received several new boxes to unpack, and since it was so early in the morning and there were no customers, he decided to go ahead and do some stocking of the shelves.

Suddenly he noticed a car drive past one of the gasoline pumps. Usually he sees when a car stops and the driver gets out and pumps some gas. The drivers either paid with a card, or they came into the store to pay cash. This time, the car stopped, and then drove off again. He thought that the driver must have forgotten his wallet and decided not to get anything, so he just forgot about it and ignored it.

A few moments later, a young man walked into the store, wearing a leather jacket. He had both hands in his pockets as he pushed the glass doors open, and he carefully gazed across the small store. The man walked right up to the counter where Paul was emptying out the last of the cigarettes, when the man silently stood at the front counter and waited for him.

"Can I help you with anything?" Paul asked the man, wondering why the customer hasn't taken anything from the store to purchase. He figured that the man probably wanted a pack of cigarettes, or pay for gas, or he wanted to buy some lottery tickets.

Suddenly the man reached down in his coat pocket and pulled out a gun! He then aimed the gun right at Paul, and spoke in a baritone voice. He pulled out a small, plastic bag out of the other pocket, and handed it to Paul.

"Empty out all the cash in your drawer... Now!" the man ordered.

Paul slowly walked over to the cash register and opened it. He lifted the metal springs, which held the paper money in place, and he quickly removed all the Dollar bills from the register. He frantically stuffed all the cash into the plastic bag, before handing the bag to the man behind the counter.

"Alright... Keep your hand above your head..." the man ordered. "No funny business, or else!"

The man quickly walked out of the store, while facing Paul and keeping his gun aimed at the poor store clerk. Paul's heart was pounding in his chest. He was scared to death, but he knew he had to follow the rules. He had been trained to know what to do in case things like this had happened. He knew there was a secret button installed next to the cash register, which he needed to push in cases when things like this happened.

As soon as the man was out the store, and Paul saw that the man started running towards his car, he quickly pushed the button, triggering the silent alarm that sent a message to the computer at the police station. Now someone knew that the convenience store was just robbed.

The robber, named Oscar, had just opened the door to his black Corvette and he was about to get in, when he heard the voice of someone addressing him.

"Hey! Did you just steal that money from the convenience store?"

Oscar looked up and saw a young boy, who was about twelve years old, standing right in front of his car.

The boy was short and muscular. He had short light brown hair, bright blue eyes, and a friendly expression on his face. He was about five foot four inches tall; he wore a bright red suit which made him resemble a gymnast from the Olympics. He also wore blue trunks and blue boots, and he had an emblem of a blue diamond engraved on the center of his chest.

"Beat it, kid" Oscar growled at him. "What are you doing up this late?"

The strange boy folded his muscular arms in front of his chest and he just stared at Oscar as he got in his car.

"I got a phone call from the Police" the boy replied. "I heard that this store just got robbed, and you're the only person here. So, what's in the bag, dude?"

"None of your business, punk!" Oscar hissed, as he started the engine of his Corvette. He immediately put his car in first gear.

The boy calmly walked in front of the Corvette and places his right hand on the front bumper of the black sports car, just as Oscar was about to drive away.

"Move out of the way, you brat!" Oscar shouted at him. "Get away from the car!"

The boy just stood there, casually resting his hand on the front bumper of the car, while he was smiling at Oscar.

"Man, You're not going anywhere!" he said calmly. "You're gonna stay here until the Police comes!"

"No, I'm not!" Oscar shouted, as he pressed down on the accelerator, and immediately revving up the engine. The back tires of the Corvette were spinning at full speed, burning rubber and slipping over the concrete, but the car was not moving at all!

"WHAT THE HELL???" Oscar shouted, when he realized that the strange boy was actually preventing his Corvette from even moving one inch forward! "How can a little kid be so strong that he can stop my car?"

Oscar opened the door and quickly grabbed his gun before he got out of his car. He knew that the police was coming, and this weird kid was preventing him from getting away!

"What... Who... Who are you?" Oscar said to the boy, who had finally let go of the Corvette.

The boy folded his arms again and calmly stared at Oscar.

"My name is Titan..." he said quietly. "The police called me on my cell and I just flew over here to see what was going on..."

"Titan... Who?" Oscar wondered.

"I'm just helping out the people of the city of Washington..." the boy explained. "To help fight crime in the city; and that includes stopping thugs like you!"

This last remark made Oscar very angry. Not only that, but he could hear sirens from a distance, indicating that police cars were approaching the convenience store.

“Kid, I don’t care who you are! Get out of my way, or I’ll shoot you!” he shouted, while waving his gun at Titan.

Titan slowly shook his head as he walked up along the side of the car and leaned against it.

“Look man, don’t waste your bullets on me...” he said calmly. “You’re wasting your time. You can’t hurt me with that thing” he said as he pointed at the gun.

Oscar found it strange that the boy didn’t appear to be scared at all, since he was aiming his gun straight at him. Why was the kid acting so fearless?

Oscar became even angrier when the creepy kid leaned up against his black Corvette!

“Get away from my car, kid! Back off!” Oscar shouted, while aiming the gun straight at Titan’s head. “Or I’m gonna shoot!”

Titan just shrugged as he continued to lean against the car, smiling as he stared Oscar square in the face.

This was when Oscar had had enough of this weird kid in the funny costume, who had been taunting him the whole time. The police was about to arrived at the gas station, he had the stolen money bag in his Corvette, and the only thing that was keeping him from getting away was this weird kid. He decided that it was time to get rid of him. He placed his finger around the trigger on the gun and he squeezed hard.

POW!

The first bullet was fired and it bounced off Titan’s chest, landing on the floor in front of him. It caught both of them by surprise!

“Oh! That tickled!” Titan said with a wicked grin.

Oscar’s mouth dropped wide open. Didn’t he just shoot the kid in the chest? He was standing ten feet away from him, and he knew he couldn’t have missed him. But instead of the boy laying on the floor and bleeding to death, he was still standing there, with a wide grin on his face!

Titan then bent down and picked up the bullet and placed it in the palm of his hand.

As the boy was squatted down and was sitting with one leg placed before him, Oscar squeezed the trigger some more. It drove him nuts that the strange kid was still alive!

With the boy sitting on the floor, Oscar aimed the gun at his face and pulled the trigger several times!

POW! POW! POW!

During each shot, Titan had opened his mouth, and he had caught each bullet with his tongue! Finally, when Oscar pulled the trigger, all he heard was the “clicking” sound. He had run out of bullets. As he looked down, he saw the boy sitting on the concrete floor before him, just as he had opened his mouth and placed the first bullet in his mouth as well. Then he slowly got back on his feet again and faced Oscar.

“Yum! You use those good bullets!” Titan chuckled. “I eat them. They taste like chocolate to me. Do you have any more?”

Oscar was completely astonished. His mouth dropped wide open. Not only did this kid survive four direct bullets being shot at him, but he was actually chewing on them as well. It looked like he was chewing on a stick of gum, but Oscar clearly saw the boy place all four bullets in his mouth.

Finally Titan had swallowed them, and he stopped chewing.

“Good thing we’re at a convenience store...” the boy said to him. “I’m getting thirsty after eating those!”

Oscar started to get really afraid of this kid.

“Don’t you know it’s not nice to fire a gun at a kid?” Titan said, in a serious tone of voice. “First you rob a store, and then you shoot a kid! Pity, such a waste of talent!”

Oscar started to take a few steps back. The kid was unarmed, or was he?

“I guess it’s my turn to shoot you!” Titan said, as he extended his right hand and made his hand like a gun by pointing his right index finger straight at Oscar, who was still holding his own gun in his hand.

Suddenly, a yellow beam of energy came shooting from the tip of Titan’s finger, striking the handle on the gun that Oscar was still holding in his own hand, making the metal gun heat up so much that Oscar immediately had to drop it on the floor!

“Yeeeeooooow!!!” Oscar yelled, when he felt the gun heat up, thanks to Titan’s plasma beam.

The smoldering gun lay on the floor in front of him. In fact, it was still burning as it lay there. Finally, the police car pulled in the gas station, and two police officers immediately leaped out of the car with their guns aimed at Oscar.

“FREEZE!” one of the officers shouted. “Put your hands on your head! Lean up against the car! NOW!”

Oscar had placed his hands against his head and was leaning with his chest against the side of his car. He was practically trembling in fear, as Titan casually walked up to him while the police officer placed the handcuffs on Oscar’s hands.

“That kid!” Oscar shouted. “Take me away from him! He’s creeping me out!”

The other officer then walked up to Titan and gave him a handshake.

“Thank you for coming here, Titan! They told me over the radio that they had called you and that you had

agreed to help us out. Oscar is a suspect in several robberies already!" the officer explained to him.

"Oh, my pleasure, officer. I guess I need to give you his gun or whatever is left of it..." Titan replied, as he bent down and blew on the gun, so he could pick it up with his hands. Then he handed the gun to him. The gun looked like part of it had melted due to the plasma blast.

"My goodness! Did you do this?" the officer wondered, as he examined the gun closely.

"Yes sir..."

"I heard that several shots were fired. Did he shoot you?"

"Yes sir..."

"Are you hurt?" the officer wondered, as he looked down and examined Titan from head to toe.

"Nope! Not a scratch..."

"Where are the bullets?" the officer asked him.

"Ummm..." Titan pondered out loud. "I ate the bullets, officer..."

The police officer just stared at him for a few moments.

"You ate the bullets?"

"Yeah... They taste like candy to me..." Titan said sadly. "I didn't realize you wanted them... I'm sorry!"

"Well, it's alright, but aren't you going to get sick from eating steel bullets?" the officer asked the boy.

"No, sir... They won't harm me at all..."

The police officer returned the stolen money to the clerk at the convenience store before he walked back to his car, where Titan was patiently waiting.

"Well, thanks for giving us a hand..." the officer said, as he got into his car. The police officers started the engine of the police car and waved at Titan as they drove off, with Oscar sitting in the back seat.

Titan stood at the parking lot of the convenience store and waved, before he turned around and walked into the store.

Paul was still standing there, sweating bullets after he had just been robbed. He immediately gasped when he saw Titan walk in the store.

"Oh my goodness!" Paul said to the boy. "I just saw what had happened! The robber! He just shot you four times! I thought you were dead, my boy!"

"I'm alright, sir!" Titan smiled calmly. "I just came to check up on you! How are you doing?"

“Ooh... I’m a nervous wreck... I hate it when these things happen...” Paul said to the young super-hero.  
“So, umm... What can I get you?”

“I just wanted to see if I could get something to drink...” Titan said cheerfully. “The bullets made me thirsty.”

“Sure, kid. It’s on the house...” Paul said. Just grab whatever you want and I’ll ring it up for you...”

Titan walked to the large refrigerator and he opened it and removed one of the cold bottles of soda. Then he walked around the aisles and spotted a bag of candy he liked. Finally, when he walked back to the counter, he placed everything on the counter top before him, so that Paul could ring it up.

“Okay kid, that was just over two Dollars, but I got you covered!” he said to the young hero.

“Thank you!” Titan said, as he was about to walk out with the candy and the soda.

“Gosh, aren’t you out late, for a kid of your age?” Paul asked him.

“Yeah, but I don’t need to sleep all night long” Titan replied. “I usually fly around on patrol for a few hours in the morning. Well, I’m going home and sleep for a few hours, before I go to school in a couple of hours. Take care!”

As soon as Titan walked out of the store and walked away from the building, he then made a mighty leap into the air and took off flying! With his arms extended in front of him, the short, muscular boy soared over the dark, nighttime sky as he headed back towards his home.

In the meantime, Paul was looking out the window of the convenience store and gasped when he saw Titan leap in the air and take off flying.

“What the---?” Paul gasped, as watched Titan take off. “Look at that kid go! That is just incredible! That is so cool, to meet a boy who could fly!”

A few hours later, the newspaper delivery truck arrived with the early edition of the newspaper. They had the photo of Titan on the front page.

“Wow! I saw that kid!” Paul said to the delivery man. “He was here this morning!”  
Paul became very excited as he told the newspaper man how Titan had stopped the robber from getting away with the money from his cash register, only a few hours before.

In the meantime, Titan landed on the second floor balcony at his house on the east side of Washington. It was still very early in the morning, and everybody else in the house was still sound asleep.

The young hero quickly changed out of his clothes and slipped into his pajamas, before he quietly walked into his bedroom, which he shared with his younger brother Madison. Madison was asleep on his bed in one corner of the room, while Titan’s bed was in the other side of the room.

“Jake? Is that you?” Madison groaned quietly.

"Yes..." Titan said, now in his regular persona as Jake Knight.

"Oh... Okay..."

"Go back to sleep, Maddie!" Jake whispered to his younger brother by two years. "We got school in the morning..."

"So, did anything exciting happen on your patrol?" the little brother asked. He was always curious and wanted to know all about Titan's latest adventures.

"Nothing much... I rescued a cat out of a tree... I took a lost dog to the shelter... And, I stopped a robbery at a convenience store..." Jake replied. "It was very quiet..."

"A robbery?" Madison queried as he bolted upright in his bed.

"Yeah! The robber drove a nice car, too! He had a black Corvette!" Jake said, as he crawled under the covers. "Unfortunately, he almost got away with a few hundred Dollars in cash, but I stopped him..."

"Wow! What happened?" Maddie whispered.

"The thug tried to run me over but I blocked his car. Then he got out and he tried to shoot me a few times, but that didn't work, either... Obviously!" Jake chuckled.

"He shot you?"

"Yeah... But I took the bullets and I swallowed them..."

"How did they taste? Like chocolates or like mints?"

"Oh, these tasted like chocolates! But, you shouldn't try eating bullets, Maddie! You'll hurt your teeth!" Jake suggested to his little brother. "Now settle down and let's get some sleep, okay?"

"Okay. Good night, Jake."

"Good night, Maddie!"

Both boys then dozed off into a deep sleep...

After a few hours had passed, Madison was the first to wake up. He heard his alarm on his clock radio go off. He always needed to get up first, because he needed the most time to shower and to get dressed. Jake usually did everything in a matter of seconds, since he raced through his morning at super-speed.

As usual, when Madison woke up, he had to scan the whole room to see where Jake was. He had gotten used to the fact that his super-hero brother had the unusual habit of flying in his sleep. Jake would slowly begin to float above his mattress as soon as he would doze off, often while he was clinging with his arms to a pillow. This morning, the situation was no different.

Madison slowly climbed out of his bed and looked up at his big brother, who was peacefully hovering in the center of the bedroom, with both arms wrapped around a pillow. Jake was sound asleep, and it amazed him every time, how Jake was able to just fly around in the middle of the room, even when he was completely unconscious. On the other hand, it amused Madison, because he had discovered over the past few months that Jake seemed as light as a balloon while he was floating around in his sleep.

Jake was floating about six feet about the floor. Madison just grinned, as he gently tugged on Jake's pajama's, and pulled him towards the corner of the room, where Jake's bed was located. Again, it was just like pushing a balloon across the room.

"Come here big bro... Over to your bed..." Madison laughed, as he pulled his floating brother over towards the opposite side of the room. Jake was floating in the horizontal position, just as if he was lying on his bed, except for the fact that he was floating six feet above the ground.

"Now I gotta bring you down, Titan..." Madison laughed, with an evil grin on his face. "I'm the only guy in the whole wide world who can force Titan to come down to earth from flying in the air!"

Madison gently pulled Jake down by his pajama shirt, lowering his floating brother until he was hovering just a few inches above the mattress. Then, he placed both the palms of his hands on Jake's back, and he pressed down, until Jake lay flat down on the mattress again.

"There! Titan's back on his bed again and no longer floating around all over my room!" Madison said feeling satisfied that he put his brother back in his place.

Maddie stood up and turned around, as he made his way to the dresser so that he could get his clothes before he went to take his shower. As soon as he gathered his clothing, he turned around and gasped when he noticed that Jake had begun to hover above his bed again! This time, he was floating about a foot above his mattress!

"Well, bro... I guess it's time to wake you up!" he sighed, as he walked over to Jake's bed.

Madison quietly walked over to the end of Jake's bed. He pulled the covers and the sheets away, revealing Jake's legs and the soles of his feet. He could see clearly how his legs and his feet were still floating a foot above the mattress.

"Ahh, I'm the only guy who can wake up Titan..." he grinned, as he gently rubbed the tip of his finger over the sole of Jake's right foot.

"Hmmm" Jake groaned, as he slowly turned his head around.

"Yo, Jake! Time to wake up, bro!" Madison said, as he continued to tickle his feet. He switched and started tickling the left foot this time.

Jake's foot finally moved slightly.

"Hmmm... Madison!" Jake groaned. "Cut it out!"

"You were flying in your sleep again, bro!" Madison said, as he stopped tickling his brother's feet. He

realized that Jake was awake now.

"I always fly in my sleep..." Jake mumbled. "I can't help it..."

"Well, I'm going to take a shower..." Madison chuckled, as he got up and wandered into the bathroom, while Jake finally woke up and sat up on his bed.

After a few minutes, he stood up and made his bed, before he gathered his clothes in his dresser. Then he took his Titan uniform from his closet as well, and he patiently waited for Madison to finish in the bathroom so he could shower next.

As soon as Madison got out of the bathroom, Jake went in. He showered and brushed his teeth and got dressed in less than a minute's time! When he came out of the bathroom, he was fully dressed in his regular clothes for school, with his Titan uniform underneath.

Jake and Madison then walked down the stairs to the kitchen, where their parents were waiting for them while they were sitting at the dinner table. Charles was reading the morning newspaper, while Nancy was preparing some toast and two bowls of cereal for the boys to have for breakfast.

Charles had just spotted the picture on the front page of the morning paper, in the local news section. It was a photo of Titan, which was placed right above an article which described the robbery at the convenience store.

"Good morning, Jake! Good morning, Madison!" Charles said.

"Hi dad!" Maddie said, as he sat down at the table.

"Hey, dad..." Jake said, as he walked up to his father. He spotted his photo on the cover of the newspaper. "Hey, is that my photo?"

"Yes, son..." Charles said, just as he was reading the article. "How did it go this morning?"

"Jake got shot at this morning, dad!" Madison piped up.

"Oh my goodness!" Nancy gasped. "I can't believe these criminals! How can they aim a gun at a child like that?"

"Well, Jake obviously scared the robber, honey..." Charles said calmly.

Both Jake and Charles were reading the article in the newspaper. Luckily, it took Jake just a few seconds to read through it.

"Well, you definitely scared the robber, named Oscar Westfield..." Charles said. "You took four shots, you stopped his black Corvette, you swallowed the bullets, and you melted his gun! Not bad, for one night's work!"

Jake walked over to his seat, and he high-fived Madison on the way over.

"Auw!" Madison cried. "Not so hard, Jake!" he cried, as he shook his hand in pain.

"Sorry, little bro..." Jake said, as he sat down next to his brother and started eating his cereal. "I guess I don't know my own strength..."

The boys enjoyed their cereal when the phone rang. Nancy quickly answered it before she put it down and hung up.

"Susan just called. Robby will be over soon. I guess you guys are going to walk to school together?" Nancy asked.

"Yeah! I guess we're early enough, so we got enough time to walk to school. Otherwise, we need Robby to teleport us to the school yard!" Jake explained.

Suddenly, Robby appeared in the middle of the Knight's living room, wearing his Sypher t-shirt and jeans. Robby had slightly longer hair than Jake, but his hair was red instead of light brown, like Jake's, or long and black, like Madison's.

A black cloud of mist briefly surrounded Robby as he appeared in the room, but the cloud quickly disappeared.

"Hey guys! What's up?" Robby said to them. "Good morning, Mrs. Knight. Good morning, Dr. Knight!"

"Jake and Madison are just finishing up their breakfast, Robby. I guess you guys can get on your way to school, then..." Nancy said. "I will never for the life of me, get used to that teleportation thing you do son" she added.

Madison and Jake finished their breakfast before they said goodbye to their parents and took their backpacks, when they walked out the door together. Then they crossed the street and made their way towards the school, which was about three blocks away.

About ten minutes later, they walked through the main entrance of the school and they spotted Genny and Piper, who were talking to some of their friends. As soon as the girls spotted Jake and Robby, they said goodbye to the other girls, and they walked towards the three boys in order to greet them.

"Hey my muscle man!" Genny said, as she greeted Jake. "How's going?"

"Oh I'm fine..." Jake replied shyly. Jake was always rather quiet in school, and he didn't talk much.

"Hey Red!" Piper grinned, as she greeted Robby. She called Robby this because of his red hair. "How are you doing?"

"Oh ready for another day of class, I guess..."

Brandon came sprinting across the school yard to catch up with the foursome as they made their way to the entrance. Brandon had just moved to Washington DC, from Robby's native hometown of Boston, a few short weeks ago. Brandon stood about five feet eight inches tall. Slender but toned physique. He sported a short crop of sandy brown hair and deep soul piercing brown eyes. Robby and Brandon were inseparable back in Boston, they were like brothers. In fact, Brandon was considered Robby's older

brother by most.

“Hey guys, wait for me! I am not used to this place yet!” panted Brandon as he ran up to the group.

The five of them strolled towards the main building where the classes were held, and they took their seats in their classroom before the first bell rang. Madison went into a different class, since he was younger.

During lunch hour, Robby, Jake, Brandon, Piper and Genny had joined together around a table in the corner, along with a group of other students, where they all sat around and enjoyed their meals. Then, they heard police sirens from a distance, and they became curious. Suddenly, Jake realized that someone had left a message on the cell phone, which he had received from the Police Commissioner a few months before. Jake excused himself and walked to the restroom, where he quickly played the message. It was one of the police officers, who had requested Titan’s help, in rescuing a man from a car that was involved in a bad accident, located just a few blocks from the school!

Jake closed his eyes briefly and hoped that Robby could pick up on his thoughts.

“Robby...” he whispered to himself. “The police need our help. Get over here!”

Meanwhile, in the cafeteria, Robby suddenly picked up on Jake’s voice. He suddenly turned towards Piper, and whispered something in her ear.

“Cover for us. I gotta help Jake out. We’re going to help the police. We’ll be right back...” he said to her.

Then he got up and walked over to the restroom, where Jake was waiting for him.

“Dude! We gotta help! There’s been a bad accident about a block away from here!” Jake said to him.

“Okay then, time to change! I got Brandon and the girls covering for us!”

Both boys quickly got into the stalls and changed. Jake took his regular clothes off, revealing his red Titan uniform. He then slipped on his blue boots, and he was ready to go. Robby turned his concentration inwards and focused his thoughts on his closest “friend”, his clothes. His clothes were created from an alien techno-symbiotic organism that was linked to Robby’s conscious. So with a sheer force of will power his eyes shifted from emerald green to menacing black, and his clothes morphed from his jeans and t shirt to his royal blue costume, fully equipped with a mask. Within just a few seconds, the two ordinary students, who were known at the school as Robby McCloud and Jake Knight, had completely transformed into the teenage super-heroes named Myst and Titan.

“Okay dude...” Robby ordered. “Let’s roll!”

Robby then stared at Jake, and his eyes suddenly turned to black, as his mysterious teleportation powers went to work.

Suddenly, both boys vanished into thin air, and they reappeared again about a mile away, and outside. In fact, they materialized standing near the curb where the accident had just taken place.

One car had crossed into the wrong lane and had swerved off the road and flipped over, landing upside-

down into a ditch along the side of the road. The driver of the car had probably suffered some sort of seizure, and he lost control of the car. The vehicle was now leaning on one side in the ditch, and the fire engine and the ambulance had arrived on the scene, but they couldn't get the man out of the car. They were waiting for a crane and a tow truck to arrive, to help pull the car out of the ditch. That was where Myst and Titan came in.

"Titan!" Myst ordered. "Get that car out of the ditch! The driver is still alive!"

"Alright!" Titan said, as he raced over to the car in the ditch at super speed.

Titan grabbed hold of the chassis of the car, which was sticking out since the car was sitting on its side, and he easily lifted the entire vehicle out of the ditch. Titan rose off the ground, hovering in mid-air, while lifting the entire vehicle in the air with him. Then he pulled the car over the side of the road, before he gently set it back down again on all four tires. This time, Myst raced over to the driver's side of the car, and he pulled the bent door open, using his super strength.

"I'll take care of you, sir..." Myst smiled, as he placed his hand on the man's forehead. "You suffered a concussion... But I think I can heal you..."

Myst closed his eyes to survey the man's injuries. Once he had ascertained the extent of damage that had been done to the poor driver he went to work. He focused his concentration as a faint yellow aura spread over the two of them. Myst looked up and took a deep breath as he took the pain away from the injured man. His eyes shifted to a glowing yellow to match the aura. He smiled gently at his patient as the healing process had been completed.

Mean while, a small crowd of bystanders had started to gather around the car, where Titan and Myst were doing their work. The people were completely amazed by the feats of strength that Titan had displayed first of all, by lifting the car out of the ditch and by flying it over the street, and then by Myst, who was able to heal the driver.

Indeed, after a few moments, the driver of the car blinked a few times, and he shook his head. He had a few broken ribs and a mild concussion, but Myst had healed him in just a few minutes! The man had gotten up and out of the car, and he embraced both Myst and Titan and thanked them for saving his life.

The paramedics still decided to take the driver to the hospital for a checkup, just in case, but the people in the crowd were happy that the driver of the car was able to walk away from the accident alive and well. They were cheering for Myst and Titan, who were the big heroes of the day!

"Dude..." Myst whispered to Titan "We need to go back to school!"

"Okay partner... Let's jump!" Titan replied.

Then both Myst and Titan disappeared into thin air once again, only to reappear back in the bathroom at the middle school, while the lunch break was still going on.

"Time to change back into my school clothes!" Jake said, as he quickly slipped back into his regular clothes, while Robby morphed back into his street clothes at the same time.

Then Jake and Robby casually strolled back into the cafeteria, while they were barely able to catch the final three minutes of their lunch hour before the start of the next period. But they didn't mind, for they were able to rescue someone in the meantime, and that made it all worthwhile.

Class went normal as always, and they just took notes and took their tests and quizzes.

Meanwhile, at the police station, Oscar Westfield was sitting in his holding cell. He was quietly watching TV, when a man in a black three-piece suit came walking up to the cell, as he was being escorted by a guard. The guard unlocked the steel door, and let the man in.

"Mister Westfield?" the man said, as he removed his dark sunglasses. "I'm agent Borowski. I work for a special unit of the CIA. I'm here to ask you some questions..."

"Questions about what?" Oscar laughed. "You want to learn how to rob convenience stores?"

"No, Mister Westfield. I came to ask questions because you had an encounter with an alien or a mutant named Titan..."

Oscar was startled at the sound of the strange boy's name at first.

"I don't want to talk about that weird kid! He gave me the creeps this morning!" he said to the agent. "He ate my bullets like they were candy! What kind of kid eats bullets?"

"That's why I'm here, Mister Westfield..." Agent Borowski replied calmly. "So, tell me what else Titan has said or done, during your brief meeting with him this morning?"

"Well, he stopped my car as I trying to get away! He just placed his hand on the hood of my Corvette and he just prevented me from going anywhere! I mean, what kid is that strong?" Oscar continued, clearly getting frustrated. "I didn't stand a chance against that kid!"

"Then you shot him?" the agent continued.

"I got out of the car and shot the kid! The first bullet bounced off his chest! As he bent down to pick it up, I fired more. Well, he opened his mouth, and caught the other ones with his tongue! Next thing I knew, he was chewing on them, and swallowed them like he was chewing on gum or something!" Oscar explained. "What kind of kid is this?"

"We don't know, Mister Westfield. That's my job to find out..." Agent Borowski replied.

"After the cops arrested me and put me in the car, I heard that the kid went in the store and bought something, before he walked out and just flew away like a bird!" Oscar went on. "That's what the police told me later! This kid is really, really weird..."

Agent Borowski scribbled in his notepad with his pencil, as he thought about the story Oscar had told him. "So, he stopped a Corvette, he ate your bullets, and he flew away?" Agent Borowski pondered. "Very interesting..."

"Oh, I forgot to mention that he blasted my gun with some heat-ray that came from his fingers!" Oscar

said excitedly. He fired my gun so bad, that I had to drop it on the floor!”

“Hmm... So he’s armed?” Agent Borowski wondered.

“No! This was coming from the tip of his finger!” Oscar added. “He wasn’t carrying any weapons at all!”

Agent Borowski just looked up and stared at Oscar with a very serious glance.

“You mean this kid has his own weapon in his hands?”

“Oh yeah!” Oscar replied. “He shoots laser beams from his finger tips!”

“In other words, Mister Westfield... The boy doesn’t need a weapon because he is always armed... His whole body is a weapon!”

“He just fired a beam from one finger! But he could have used any finger, I bet!” Oscar continued. “This kid is extremely dangerous!”

Agent Borowski jotted down a few more notes, before he turned towards the robber sitting on the other side of the holding cell.

“So, Mister Westfield is there anything else you can tell me about our little friend, Titan?” he asked.

“No... I hope I never see the little flying brat again! He freaked me out... The little kid gives me nightmares!”

“Very well... Thank you, Mister Westfield...” Agent Borowski said, as he slowly got up and summoned the guard to open the steel door to the holding cell. Once the door was opened, the agent put on his sunglasses, and walked out. The guard then slammed the sliding metal door shut, and locked it behind them.

A few moments later, Agent Borowski reached the front door of the police station and walked out to the parking lot. When he got to the black sedan, he reached in his pocket and dialed a number on his cell phone while he unlocked and opened the door.

“Hello, boss?” Agent Borowski said on the cell phone. “I just talked to Mister Westfield. He saw the kid this morning, while he was trying to rob the convenience store...”

Meanwhile, about a hundred miles south of Washington DC, in a large mansion which was outside of the city, a short, stocky man in a three-piece suit paced around a large room while talking on the cell phone. The man was bald and wore black suits all the time. He quietly sat down on a recliner chair, before he picked up the remote and switched on the large flat screen TV which was hanging on the wall before him.

“You don’t say...” Malcolm spoke in his deep, baritone voice. “This guy was trying to rob the store this morning, and Titan stopped him? He did what? He stopped his Corvette? He ate his bullets and then he fired his gun out of his hand?”

Malcolm paused as he listened to Agent Borowski while he explained everything that Westfield had told

him.

"Hmm... This Titan-kid is acting more like Zhango-Rhe every day... It really makes me wonder... Could it be him? Alright, Agent Borowski. Thank you. Keep your eyes open for Titan and that other kid. What's his name again? Myst! Titan and Myst! Yes, okay. Bye!"

Thadius Malcolm then hung up the phone and pressed a button on the remote, allowing the channels to change until the flat screen TV was showing the local news.

The news anchorwoman started describing a serious car accident, which had just happened during mid-morning. Then, it showed an interview with one of the bystanders, who explained that Titan and Myst had arrived on the scene of the accident. Titan had pulled a car out of the ditch using his super strength, and Myst had healed the driver of the car, who had suffered a concussion. They were all very thankful that the two teen heroes were there to save the day.

"Those two brats... again?" Malcolm growled. "I can't believe this... It seems like they are everywhere!"

Just then, his faithful servant, Jaro, came walking out of the kitchen. Jaro was short and stocky, and he was always in a cheerful mood, in contrast to his boss, who was always grumpy.

"Oh my! It's those two kids again!" Jaro noted, as he turned to watch the news on the TV screen. "It seems like the news programs are always covering them nearly every day!"

"That means we must give them something different to cover... This is getting boring!" Malcolm said, as he slammed his fist on the table next to him.

"Yeah! Those kids are boring!" Jaro repeated.

"Don't worry, my unintelligent little friend..." Malcolm chuckled. "My best men are working on a huge robot. Soon, we will attack the city, and when those brats come flying to stop it, this robot will be equipped with a huge laser gun! It will fry those two brats to smithereens!"

"Brilliant, boss!" Jaro laughed. "Absolutely brilliant!"

"I know! It was my idea! Soon, Titan and Myst will be NO MORE! Haaaahahahahah!!!"

Both Jaro and Malcolm laughed out loud, as he huddled together while they thought about their evil scheme to eliminate the two young super-heroes. Of course, Myst and Titan had no clue, that the robot was being built. They had no idea, what major battle was awaiting them, thanks to Thadius Malcolm...