

The Great Modern Mission

LOTF Chapter 4 Chopped

They were used now to stomachaches and a sort of chronic diarrhoea. They were not bothered by it, however, as they sat on the couches facing one another and stared at the moving visual separating them, the holographic visuals reflected in their glowing eyes. They continued this for hours on end, mouth and belly aching as they ate mindlessly, taking no notice of the rich and sugary snacks that were so readily fed to them by the slot in the wall. But they couldn't really see or notice anything in the twilight lighting and the darkened windows other than the intrigue of the glowing centerpiece.

The two of them were really nothing out of the ordinary: **Percival was mouse-colored and had not been very attractive even to his mother.** Harry, on the other hand, was the most stereotypical nerd with rectangular glasses and his awkward stance. But that did not matter, just like their bloated bellies; it was their smarts that would have to win out in their thrilling adventure.

They stared so intently, moving so fervently, but not making any sounds save the slight whispers of their sleeves.

The room was not so quiet, however. The sounds of battle were in the air, with the frightening noises of unknown beasts in the jungles facing them, with the echoes of hypersonic stealth helicopters whizzing through the trees, with the sounds of angry thoughts.

If only I'd some green! said Percival to Harry but no one else, dodging the deadly blasts of an unknown powder. *I can't function in this blasted red! Let's finish this quick!*

There was a slight nod of acknowledgement. The two continued to creep through the viridescent foliage under the dull moonlight, the stars twinkling high in the sky. They moved quickly, making a noticeable change in angle and shadow even as they watched.

They continued on the offensive, hearts pumping with an exhilaration devoid of fear. Nothing held the pair back, and the thrill boosted them forwards.

Harry advanced, ordering Percival, ***Come on! I'll creep up and stab—*** A flash of pink interrupted him, and his heartbeat accelerated to an unprecedented rate. ***Kill the pig. Cut her throat. Spill her blood!*** he shouted in a whisper. He closed the distance and pulled his hand out of his pocket, conjuring out of the air a great long sword, with Percival following suit. Their minds flew with the idea of roasted pork. Percival, being a vegetarian, **meant to refuse meat, but his past diet of fruit and nuts, with an odd crab or fish, gave him too little resistance.** Although he knew there wasn't going to be any true gustatory delight, his mouth still watered with the idea of such a treat.

The pig was cornered! Harry stepped forwards, his lips a huge sadistic grin as he lifted his arms, ready to swing—

WWHHIIRRRrrrrr ... The pig disappeared as he swung his arms down, the grin on his face disappearing as suddenly and quickly as a popped balloon. The silence that followed and the

lights flickering on added to his **numberless and inexpressible frustrations combined to make his rage elemental and awe-inspiring**. He threw down his arms, tempted to kick his new Hologame-6200 and shouted, the first non-synthetic noise of the day past.

“WHY, MOM?!”

In return came the simple and honest answer.

“How many times do I have to tell you? It’s time for dinner! And you need to finish your homework! We can take away that no-good time-wasting cool-ish overpriced new toy of yours!”

With a defeated sigh, they took off their telepathic earbuds and fully powered down the system, but not without knowing more adventure came tomorrow.