Venturing: Pioneer Gas

“A regular stereotype teenager dragon huh?” Natty started, fixing her attention to the front door of the house. Nods came from Kyro and Zander while I just stared at the door in silence. Yet no one answered her back as she exhaled a breath and folded her wings, turning her head to me and I slowly nodded back towards her. We walked together, a short distance away to the door whereas I grabbed onto the knob and pulled it away. The door opened on its own with a sudden moan that interrupted the surrounding silence. We all ignored it and pour into the door. RIght into the living room as the starting point of the house.

Three paths stands in our wake. Left heads into the kitchen. Right is a staircase that leads upstairs. Straight ahead is another white door with staircase heading in the opposing direction. Where both right and straight’s destinations are very unknown since we only knew that both heads into another floor over. As Natty exhaled a breath and motioned Kyro, already pursuing towards the stairs on the right, Zander and Ozkun started for the left path. Heading right into the kitchen. All four officers left me upon the white door at front which I stepped forth with no hesitation. Grabbing onto the knob again, I pulled the white door off its mark. Hearing the moan that escaped into the silence while I lowered my eyes, glancing down into the impending darkness below me.

I wore a scowl, yet my heart was beating. Ignoring it, I heed the stairs. Descending into the pitch darkness that awaits for me downstairs. It had taken a while for me to reach the cold floors of the basement. But after I had arrived to it, I shivered. I never knew why however. For all I knew the coldness had already numbed my feet preventing me from even walking further and exploring the basement that is in front of me. So I looked about and scanned the area hoping to find something interesting about. The basement was smaller than I had expected. With so few items and furnitures about, it was kind of amazing to see the emptiness of the place. My wings were pulled back in response to this. The basement was cold, but never freezing temperatures however. It was bearable to the point.

For a after a while, my feet got used to the cold underneath me which had allowed me to move freely as I had pleased. With a small faint smile, I started forth towards the other end of the basement floor. For something particular had taken interest as I soon approached it. It was a poster. Showcasing a room. It was messy. Both the door and the window was opened. A white pure arrow was pointing towards the door and the window at the same time. A letter was adjacent to that arrow too. Tilting my head to one side, I took noticed upon the letter and the arrow. I had pondered what it had meant and how was it related to the rooms perhaps upstairs in the two floors above where I was. For unknowingly, I gripped the walkie upon my belt. Pressed onto the button and spoke into the speaker in hopes of shedding some light into the situation I found myself in.

“Hello anyone?” “Ling?” I heard Natty responded immediately after, the conversation hit off from there. I explained about the poster in the basement. An white arrow pointing to the door and window. A letter was adjacent to that arrow. For by the time I quelled my voice and waited with patience upon receiving word from Natty, my ears perked upon hearing a static coming from the walkie instead. I tried calling Natty again with a series of buttons that we knew secretly how. To my surprise, she was not answering at all which surprised me at best. I pondered and tilted my head to one side, raising my eyes to the poster once again before turning around. Facing the stairs once again. Another static echoed from the walkie before Natty’s voice spoke through the speakers,

“I hear what you are saying and it is true however.” Natty responded, “What have you gotten?” I questioned her, “Both the door and the window was opened, the room is a mess here. Indeed, a streesign at a distance showed the letter N as the first letter. Pointing westward, perhaps towards a corner or somewhere.” “Think you can follow it down?” “Sure.” Then we cut off communications afterwards while I exhaled a breath and turned towards the poster behind me. WIth a silent shake, I returned to the stairs. Climbing up towards the floor above where I reached for the white door in front of me, opening it up to head out from the basement behind me. Closing the door again, I reemerged into the first floor where both Zander and Ozkun were waiting for me in the living room. In front of me was an opened door.

“Why are you guys lingering around the living room instead of finding something?” I growled at the two lazy dragons, both of which shift their heads to meet my eyes. But shrugged respondingly as they looked away, staring away at the television in front of them. “That is going to hurt your eyes. Furthermore, Yang would not like it that you two are transpassing ga home doing nothing.” I informed them which snapped their attention back towards me. They hopped onto their feet, heed towards the kitchen and exited out from the living room. Leaving me alone for myself as I exhaled a breath and turned my attention towards the television. Spotting something rather interesting.

Despite the television being blank and turned off, a yellow sticky note was pasted overtop of the television. Some written words were set upon the note too as I walked to it. Ripping the note from the television and hoisting it towards my face reading the contents inside.

‘Dear whomever,

Your son is behaving badly at the school grounds. Three strikes were received to him. It is best that you homeschool him.’

“So he is really homeschooled.” I muttered something underneath my breath while rereading it again. “But why was the door and window opened? At the perfect timing/angle towards the Nth street at the distanced?” I wondered, but something banging echoed from the kitchen which snapped my thoughts as I returned into reality. Shifting my attention towards the kitchen, I heed towards the room. Entering in to find out that Zander and Ozkun were fixing something for themselves. Their bodies were covered in clay and flour. Over their heads was white hats. Ozkun was stirring something inside the silvery bowl with a brown stick. Zander faced the oven, turning something over.

I Crossed my arms, raising a concern look over them as they finally turned towards me. “Why are you cooking now? We should be working.” “Working causes us to be hungry.” Zander responded without looking back upon me as if he already knew that I be upon the entrance of the room. I sighed and shook my head, turned my attention towards the white table at the center of the kitchen. Spotting a cookbook already opened to a picture of a cake. “You guys are making a birthday cake?” I questioned in interest while approaching the cookbook and glancing down at the picture and the bunch of words adjacent to it. “Nah. Just a cake in general.” Zander answered, “Although you should look at the instructions Ling.” Ozkun informed me, pointing towards the cookbook “Why?” “A clue.” Was what he answered. I tilted my head again, frowning at their complex wording. But without even asking them another word, I did just check the words.

The instructions were quiet simple that an novice baker would be able to whip something up like this in quick seconds. But ignoring the instructions and focusing straight upon the words, I did recognized something from the wording themselves. ‘Wait a second.’ I halted, rereading it again over after another. The words were in some sort of pattern. An interesting pattern however. Like the first word was two letters in consonants and the remaining were vowels. Curiously, I did check how many letters each appeared upon every word of the instructions. For in the end, it did came out as ‘thirty vowels and thirty five consonants.’ I had pondered what this would meant however.

Having excused myself from the kitchen, I ran towards the stairs of the basement. Heeding down to return myself towards the bitter cold that awaits for me downstairs. Reaching the floor, I returned my sights towards the entire room itself now. The poster in front of me was changed suddenly. No more was that poster of someone’s messy room. For instead, came up with the words. ‘Making Out, nineteen eighty six.’ I walked up towards the poster. Stabbed its surface with my claw and suddenly ripped it from my sights. Revealing a hole that the poster was covering. I walked up gradually, my heart beating. Then closed one eye and widened the other, peering into the hole in silence. For the first few seconds, nothing had happened. All I hear was the sounds of someone breathing. It was very loud and irritating that the first thoughts were related towards Zander and Ozkun. But shaking my head, I knew otherwise as I continued peering through the hole.

Then something came. It came very fast and direct. It closed in onto the hole directly. Peering out with one eye that it had started me. I flinched immediately and stepped back; but tripped over something and fell onto my back with my wings spread out. At the sudden sound came a responsive rapid footsteps as I groaned and held my claws towards my forehead, hearing sounds erupting behind me. Turning around, Zander Kyro and Natty were behind me. All looking concerned as I rose to my feet, shaking my head before responding sternly towards them. “I am alright.” “Quite a fall huh?” Zander responded to me, “Zip it.” I growled threatenly. Seeing the threat, Natty stepped in and changed the conversation towards something else. Something that I would be interested in however.

“Well. We found a list of coordinate that our would be offender be at.” “And?” I questioned her, “All in the typical senses of a teenager however.” “I figure as much.” I concluded, facepalming. Quietness was settled surrounding us. But I will not allow it to go any further as I spoke questioning Natty, “What about the room? Find anything interesting there?” “Just the door and window being opened.” Natty frowned folding her wings as another pause came. Kyro stepped forth and spoke to me, “Actually…” My ears perked up at him and so did Natty. As our attention was towards him, he mentioned about heading Northward. Towards one of the typical places a teenager would be. “And that place is?” “Is best to show you however.” Kyro responded, I said nothing but a responsive nod as we headed up the stairs and back outside once again.

We flew northward. The cold air washed over my scales, tightening my wings a bit as I flinched upon the coldness of the air. But I flapped them to keep warm and to maintain the height that I had threw myself in. I stared up ahead, upon the horizontal peak before me where a sea of buildings lay below. Thousands of dragon citizens and others were flocking the streets. Natty and Kyro were adjacent to me, spreading wingtip to wingtip however. As their attention was northward, I could not help but pondered about the clues we were dealt with and I frowned in ponderance about each and every one of them. Though my head was shaking and my mind was still full of thoughts, I had quietly noticed that both officer dragons adjacent to me were quiet as if something that was held northward disturbed them somehow. Deciding on the matter, I pressed my luck against the two questioning about their quietness.

To my unaware surprised, they flinched upon hearing my voice. That only Kyro turned his head towards me. His snout was riddle with fear. Yet his eyes tells something different. His snout was also pale suddenly too which had surprised me. As my mouth was opened trying to say something responsive towards him, Natty spoke overtop of me as she raised her claw forth and pointing towards something at the distance. For instead, I fixed my attention towards whatever she was pointing at. Spotting a building adjacent to the school grounds. We flew down, landing and our wings folded behind ourselves as we started for the building. Thus entering in, we were surprise by how empty the place was however.

Nothing and no one was inside for the entire room was shutter in darkness. All the computers returned blank stares, their keyboards glowing colorfully against the darkened atmosphere. To our left was another computer, also blanked too. But when Kyro stepped forth towards it, grabbed the mouse and started moving it about. The computer had shown its exposed contents. At the screen was a picture of a skull. Bleak eyes stared back upon us. I blinked and stepped back; but Natty and Kyro nevered for their eyes lingered at the screen in silence. Then turned their heads, meeting my eyes. “What happened to this place?” I questioned them, “Lots of student deaths apparently. The janitor had cleaned them all up. But no one had called the VPD at all.” “Was this a recurring event?” I questioned, Natty shook her head “One time.” “What?” “It was just a one time event.” She answered fully.

“What did the home schooled dragon do to get himself kicked out of school? Drugs? Cheating? Breeding?” I asked with risien voice. I never knew that I was a bit concern and frustrated with the following events and the effect that it had upon the dragon student himself. But neither dragon answered back, for their snouts were sealed and their eyes glanced away. I blinked at them suddenly and growled lowly, but the walkie interrupted me before I could say a word out. Pressing the black button, I informed whoever was on the other end to proceed. Luckily, whoever it was took it for granted and spoke. “Ling, There is a body inside the oven. Already heated up it seems.” “To what degree was it burned at?” “Two hundred and sixty apparently based upon the burned scales of the body and wings already gone.” “Guess we are looking at a homicide.” Responded Kyro, I shook my head. “No.” They looked at me surprise as I lowered my eyes to the ground, “I think this is a suicide.”

A bunch of questions filled my mind as we had returned to the scene of the crime. Whereas Zander and Ozkun already settled the burned body upon the grass grounds before them, their heads hanged and were quieted. Wings folded behind them while we approached them. We never bothered them and mirrored their posture for a pause in silence. For afterwards, we rose our eyes high and glanced at one another. Yet Ozkun questioned us, “Have you guys looked Northward yet?” “We did, we ended up at a school where the virus was held.” Started Kyro, “All the computers sport the same logo. Guess it is a matter of time before-” “No I meant true north.” Ozkun spoke, his voice unwavering and kept in tone as it had stopped Kyro while his snout closed and his head hanged forward, “Not true north.” “What lies there?” I asked him as Ozkun frowned suddenly and shifted his attention towards Zander who held up something.

I squinted my eyes upon the object in front of us. It looked solid and black. With a silver thing attached to the black’s end. “USB.” Breathed Natty answering our confusion and spoke towards Zander, “Where have you found that?” “True Northward.” Answered Zander, raising his claw high and pointing towards the horizon then explained further, “Beyond the school building and the game room was another building being held. A long silvery line of rope connects the two buildings together so me and Ozkun had guessed that this must be the monitor room or somewhere where exposed information would be held. Upon entering in, we found this at the flooring. Another dead body lay adjacent to it. Blood was already dried.”

“So who is the culprit?” Ozkun asked us at the sudden silence while me, Kyro and Natty looked at one another before returning our sights towards the blue dragon again who shook his head. “The suicide teenager dragon. Although perhaps the society as a whole is also at fault also.” Started Ozkun, I nodded my head and frowned. Silence at a full came upon us as no one dared to speak about anything while allowing the foreign sounds surrounded us. Despite it taking long, I broke the silence and said towards the rest, “We should head back now. We pretty much solve this already and knew who is the culprits at the moment.” A series of responsive nods came as our wings spread out and prepared for flight. As we flapped them, heeding westward and back onwards our HQ. I pondered about the series of clues that led up to the culprit. I had wondered if our intuition was right and no other way for it. But something deep inside me thinks that it is wrong. To further blame the society as a whole for the death of a teenager dragon?

“I wondered sometimes if something else is further inward than our conclusion.” I ended while raising my eyes towards Yang whose claws are folded and her eyes stared back onto me. “Maybe. But if Ozkun’s conclusion is correct, then you have nothing to worry about.” “What about our jobs? Someone would surely bring this up towards the society as a whole.” I objected but she raised her claw, shook her head and faintly smiled. “No one would surely know.”