

The Datreak Project

Canton



Goodman
Carrying
Plane



The Dafreak Project

By Tyler

Chapter 1 (of this part)

I wandered all over the place on Mercury's desert. I had just arrived from The President Kit Intercontinental River and Lake.

The river was cold, covered in soot, and was rumored to have perished 10's of thousands of people.

That is right, cold on Mercury.

I was looking for a nice place to dry off when I discovered a nearby enough house with a spiked roof that was close enough to get to in a short 15-35 minutes.

This house had a set of rotating poles like arms with heads stuck onto its ends either way. One looked like a nerd, as the other looked like one of President Dafreak's security guards. It was a daffy and yet horrifying style. The wood had a zigzag and straight pattern strung together neatly in one. It was different than other homes on Mercury soil; yet so were all the other homes.

I felt a blazing heat, heard birds, and just loved how Mercury kept all nature alive. The sun, the little Miur birds, and all nature was alive and working. It felt good.

F.y.i, Miur birds were small birds with forked beaks and 'c' shaped talons. The Miur species has a whistling song and a nier-nier song sometimes.

Nonetheless, do not dare forget I am on Mercury. It is hot here and we had to have Earth help us make Mercury adaptable to live. Earth and Mars are freezing compared to Mercury.

As I pattered up the hill, a man with hair locks and styles originated from the Earth Seventies came to meet me. His hair was fuzzy and kind of long. He blared like a bugle, "Bob Canton the spy here!"

A woman dressed like the man was standing behind him.

This man told me he was a spy. Who exactly was he? What about the woman?

I could've snickered while I replied, "Ha, now I know who is a spy."

"I need attention to overthrow Dafreak"

"Like an advertisement?"

"Yeah, sure kid." Canton said.

I defended, "I am 17."

At least I thought 17 year olds were predominantly established.

"What do you necessitate or want?" Canton asked.

"What you want, sir. Also, who is she?" I pointed to the woman.

"She is named Vite Mi. Do not be fooled by the manly name. She is very feminine"

"Goodness, this man has good vocabulary", I thought out loud but under my breath, trying to make it sound like a cough.

Canton heard me and replied, "Thank you."

"Can you help me overthrow Dafreak? I am heading to Coney Building today myself. You know, where....." Canton asked.

I cut Canton off and said, "Sure!"

Chapter 2 (of this part)

Canton and I set off to go to through the Blue and White Desert. Canton said goodbye to Vite.

Imagine a desert. Now, imagine a desert for Mercury. The first is hot. The second is insanelly hot. The second type is just the heat of the White and Blue Desert.

Canton and I had a peaceful walk through the White and Blue Desert.

We would chitter about this in addition to that, actually mainly about our battle plot. Then, it hit us.

When the plan came to mind from Canton, my face lit up with excitement. We had a strategy to overthrow President Dafreak.

I want to remind you that Dafreak has made us pay a fee for about everything we could do. I hate him because his ways like the one I mentioned have hurt my life and my money.

We figured out that an airport was neighboring us. Our objective was to steal a K23ty plane, land before we flew into restricted airspace and break for it. If anything like a crash happened, we would find a nearby volcanic vent and escape security. We would use an air vent if needed.

"There it is," Canton remarked, "Let's kick Dafreak's security guards butts."

I immaturely bleated, "Ha, butt."

The airport was lined with grocery stocks, people (even Earthman and Martians), cameras, and particularly aircrafts.

"This is larger than life itself," I commented.

"Life is full of surprises. Keep guard of yourself for the reason that life is also dangerous", Bob Canton lectured quickly and kind of carelessly to me in reaction.

I had my mouth to the ground, looking at all these wonders. I knew Dafreak would not be *close to nice* enough to give Mercury this.

Canton and I drew near of our plane.

I will tell you that this plane had two huge wings and outstretching rotors that seemed to try and touch us with a groaning sound.

"There she is," Canton and I chorused.

I added, "I think it is peculiar how people refer to transportation as girls. Why don't people quote "There he is" instead of the other way around? People say crazy sayings during modern times."

Anyway, we approached the plane and simply slipped in the plane. Nobody seemed to come, shockingly. I was wide off the mark about this statement obviously since I saw a group of attendants beholding something right in our direction; it simply was just us.

One of the attendants came and inquired peacefully, "Subs for Coy and Quay?"

I wondered who those two were, but replied, "Yes, we surely are. I am Guinto and he to my right is Bolivar".

"Earth Italian flyers? Okay. You can fly. Just do not go into restricted space."

The attendant saw another attendant being hit and screamed at as he was protecting an artifact, an original 727 Martian bomber. He scurried to the scene to help his fellow attendant.

I pondered what that was about. I theorized that the man assaulting the attendant was stupid, and he was trying to steal the 727 Martian bomber somehow

and he was caught by one of the thousands of security guards (in this case he was an attendant) of the airport.

"I want to go away from this place. Let's go," Canton whined.

I revved the engine, and the plane responded with a 'vroom!' which showed the plane was working. The plane was taken onto a treadmill-like object which brought us back outdoors onto a runway which we drove on to get momentum and

We were off.

CHAPTER 3 (OF THIS PART)

This plane was like a kitten because it purred and worse, it started wheezing like a cat coughs hairballs. Not good. I knew what was going to occur, and it was rotten.

"Bob," I winced, "The engine is cut."

I continued, "We should land if we want to be safe and live. Should we?"

"Umm... I... I... Maybe... Uhhh..."

I suggested, "I have a lot of gadgets to help us stay in the air."

"Ummmmmm.... I... I... have some t-t-too"

I asked, now angry, "Now what?"

Canton yelled, "Stop that. I want to think."

I snapped, "You can. I am just suggesting stuff."

"Hmm..."

"Come on!"

To be continued... Maybe.....