Arya Nair



February 8th, 2019

EPS Myth

LT1- B period

The Secret of the Supernovas



*August 2018*

*Eastside Preparatory School, Kirkland, Washington*

It was a cool August evening. The sky was streaked with shades of orange and purple. In the distance, the sun was setting against the picture-perfect sky.

Ms. Hollingshead, goddess of technology, feminism, and electricity was pacing the MS commons. Where could they be? Suddenly, five hooded figures in black cloaks entered, not knowing each other’s identity- until they unveiled themselves. They unveiled themselves and stood, shocked, at the familiar faces around them.

The girl with the long brown hair and the green eyes was the first to speak. “Why have you called us here?” she asked, confused. Ms. H responded, “I have sensed an… imbalance… or so to speak. Between the dark and the light.”

The girl with black hair and purple glasses was befuddled by this remark. “Wait… so we’re *Star Wars* characters?”



“No,” Ms. Hollingshead replied.” “That is *not* the type of dark and light I am talking about, young demigod.



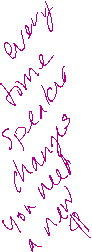
The shortest girl with the long black hair was surprised by this revelation. “She’s a demigod? But *I’m* a demigod!” “So am I!” said the girl with the thick hair the color of the night.

“You are all demigods, each with different powers. Your combined strength will be able to save our world, which will likely need saving. You see, the other gods and I believe that the earth will soon be under attack by dark forces, wicked and powerful. If we do not stop them, they will destroy everything good and beautiful, everyone and everything you love, and will turn our world into an eternal land of darkness. We believe that only you five will be able to save us all. You have been blessed with incredible power. I can help you hone it. I will train you to become the most powerful demigods the world has ever seen… If you are willing to pay the price. I’m telling you now, this will not be easy. It will be scary, and it will be new. You have never worked as a team before, and that may be the hardest part. This is also a very dangerous job, but I believe you can save all of humanity- and the world. Help us, girls. You are our only hope.”

The girl with the purple glasses broke in again. “Are you *sure* we’re not from *Star Wars*?”

Ms. Hollingshead smiled. “No, you are most definitely not from *Star Wars.* If you were, our training facility would have lightsabers.”

“Speaking of the training facility, where will we train?” asked the sensible girl in the denim jacket. “I have set up a training facility on the TALI roof and have installed an invisibility dome. I also made a few… tweaks. With a click of a button, a training facility pops up, with weapons, targets, and more. I can personalize them based off of your powers. What are they, by the way? We know you are very powerful. But we don’t know in what sense. Are you willing to demonstrate?”



“Well… you kind of have to go outside for mine.” That was all five of the girls at the same time. “Okay… but nobody should see you. You must remain a secret to the world. If the news leaked to the evil side, then that would be the end of us. Where can we go?”

“What about the roof?” asked the green-eyed tall girl.

“Of course! Wonderful idea. Let’s head up!” said Ms. Hollingshead.

The girls and Ms. H climbed up the stairs, nervous yet excited about getting to use their powers. But when Ms. H asked who wanted to go first, nobody was willing except the girl who suggested the roof location. “I’ll go… and hope whoever has water powers is ready to go next, because they’ll have no choice.”

And with that, the confident young demigod stepped forward, reached her hands out, and concentrated hard. Suddenly, her hands burst aflame, with flickering orange fire. She promptly directed it to a tree, so it spread. Then she amazingly walked through it and came out on the other side, completely unharmed.

But the problem with her power was that she couldn’t actually stop the fire. But the denim-clad girl could. She shot a jet of water with her hands, then put out the great wall of fire. She then summoned a great wave out of thin air, then road it, just on her feet. “I can’t actually show you this, but I can breathe underwater, too.” She then snapped her fingers and the wave let her down and disappeared.

Afterwards was the girl with the purple glasses. She stood, close her eyes, and effortlessly rose into the air. She grabbed a cloud, fashioned it into a raft, and rode it (which was odd because clouds aren’t actually substantial in any form or way). She then summoned a great gust of wind, and turned it into a small tornado, about twelve feet tall. She then hummed a little melody (which sounded suspiciously like *Your Fault*) and the tornado faded into a light breeze, and she gently floated down, so that the youngest girl with the straight hair could go. She spread her hands out, and nature responded. The roots of the trees fashioned themselves into a twenty-foot-tall throne. Poison ivy wrapped its tendrils around her arms, yet she was unaffected. She simply flicked her wrists and it slithered out to a table and wrapped itself around either half. She motioned for it to pull. Within fifteen seconds, the table snapped. “I can provide wood for a new table… sorry about that.” She snapped her fingers and the poison ivy slithered back to wherever it came from and the tree roots shrunk back into the dirt.

Lastly, the tallest girl went. She shot a jet of white light at a bench, and it was promptly encased in ice. She made a staircase of ice and walked up it, then jumped off, fifty feet in the air. As she fell, a slide made of (what else?) ice appeared, and she slid down to safety. Then she shot another ray of light, now red, at all of the ice and it disappeared.

Ms. Hollingshead was impressed by their remarkable powers. “That was amazing. Your control was unbelievable. Just imagine what some training could do! Let’s do Wednesdays from seven to eight, and Thursdays from six thirty to eight thirty. Our practices will be held up here. Also, since you will be very busy training, we have decided to cut your homework by seventy-five percent. Sound good?” She smiled as the girls started cheering. “I’ll take that as a yes.”

And just like that, the most powerful robotics team ever to exist was born. Little did they know how much danger they would be in.

*January 2019*

“Hey, Arya, we have to go to practice!” yelled Arya N. The girls were in the MS commons, surrounded by their fellow sixth graders. This comment was familiar to everyone in the room as this had been said so much. What was not normal was Saina’s addition. “Can I grab a snack first? It’s late today, remember?” Even more peculiar was Arya N’s response. “Just grow some fruit when you go up.” Toby, who had been walking by, heard this exchange. “You do know practice is the same as all Thursdays, right? And how is she supposed to grow her own fruit?” He asked.

\Saina tried to save it. “That was a joke. And we have… basketball practice.” He looked at them oddly one more time. “Okay…” he trailed off. He looked over his shoulder one last time as he walked away. “Basketball practice. Couldn’t you say math or something? It’s a common fact that WE DON’T PLAY BASKETBALL.” That was Arya N. “Well at least I said something. You couldn’t have done much better- you didn’t even say anything at all!” The two girls strolled off, bickering. Arya K. rolled her eyes at their antics and followed them off to practice. In the Maker’s Space, where robotics practice was held, the trio met up with their other two teammates, Addison and Sanjana. They performed their handshake, which was unfortunate for all people watching, because while they had many skills, dancing was not one of them. Therefore, they failed horribly. They laughed about it, and then got to work on their robot and project. However, their smiles from the dancing quickly disappeared as they realized their robot was failing. They worked on it all throughout practice until Ms. Hollingshead called out that it was time to start putting things away and loading things into the car, for it was the practice before competition. The two teams, the Supernovas (the girls’ team) and the Space-A-Dillas (the boys’ team) put away their robot into a box and loaded that along with their trifold and other supplies into Ms. Hollingshead’s car. When they came back into the Maker’s Space, most of the Space-A-Dillas grabbed their bags and left. But Toby stayed behind to ask Ms. H a question. He was just about to walk up to her when he heard confusing snippets of a whispered conversation coming from the Supernovas.

“We should get to the roof-”

“-battle plan-”

“Yeah, the hurricane-”

His mind worked in overdrive, trying to make sense of the jumbled exchanges. He heard something about the roof. Maybe that was the TALI roof. He ran to the tall building, pulled the door open, and went to the stairs. He climbed all four flights until he reached the roof. But as always, it was locked. His brain geared up again, and he remembered that there was a small window on the roof. You could look through it from the third floor. He skidded down the stairs to the third floor, where the window was providing a sufficient view. He sat down, aware that nothing may happen at all. But he was curious, and the chance was always there that he was right. So, he just waited and stared. After an hour and fifteen minutes, he was just about to accept defeat and go down, when he saw a purple glint in the dark winter evening sky. He watched, alert, as a light appeared and revealed the six familiar faces of Addison, Sanjana, Arya K, Arya N, and Saina. Wait… and MS. HOLLINGSHEAD?!

He was right. Ms. Hollingshead was up there, and actually seemed to be producing all the light. Orbs of pure electricity shot out from her hands and arranged themselves around the perimeter of the TALI roof. He observed, entranced, as Addison shot fireballs with her hands at targets. Then Sanjana created a bow and arrow out of ice and shot it, attempting to pierce the wall Saina ordered the tree roots to weave themselves into. Arya K shot a jet of water at the tornado Arya N made from her perch on a cloud, and it soon became a riveting hurricane. The next two hours were filled with more excitement. The girls battled robots twice the size of them and monsters made of electricity. The fought with swords and shields and dodged poison daggers being thrown at them. This whole scene looked like it came straight out of a superhero movie. But the magic seized as Arya hummed (turned out the tune *was* from *Your Fault*), and Saina snapped her fingers, and Sanjana shot more red light around, and Arya K put out the small fires. They all high-fived each other, their hair plastered to their foreheads and their minds exhausted beyond measure. But there was a happy satisfaction from all of their work. As they finished cleaning up, Toby realized it was his cue to leave. He ran down the stairs, out into the cold winter night. He was mind-blown. Little did he know what was coming.

*January 19th, 2019*

*Tacoma*

It was the day of the robotics competition both teams had been preparing for. Everything seemed normal enough (except to Toby, because you really can’t look at people the same way when they can breathe fire and fly.) The morning passed in a whirlwind of sugar and judging and robot fixing, with a side of a fun-worry-shock-anger-happiness smoothie. But in general, everything was okay (*ish*) for both the teams. All was well until the robot game.

Neither of the teams had the best start. But while the Supernovas (the girls) just had alignment issues, there was something wrong with the robot of the Space-A-Dillas. It seemed to be a design flaw or motor issue of some sort. But Toby sensed a sort of… darkness around it. He had no clue how he knew that and what the darkness was, but he knew who would.

“Can you take a look at our robot?” he asked the Supernovas. “Okay…” the responded, confused.

The second they reached the robot, there were multiple different reactions. Addison’s eyes went wide. Sanjana turned red. Arya N’s eyes went back and forth between Toby and the robot, suspicious and confused. Arya K backed away. Saina took the time to appropriately faint. (See, she really understands the art of dramatic reactions. She always had the right response to every situation. Great job, Saina.)

Addison was the first to recover. “Guys, we need to scout. NOW. Also, who would like the honor of pouring ice water on Saina?” Three hands went up. “Okay… never mind.” It was too late for that, though. She was already drenched. “You know, you could have just yelled at me or shaken me or something. Isn’t this a *little* over the top?” She asked through chattering teeth. “Well, at least you’re up. Okay guys, each of you take a different section. Ready? GO!” Four girls spread out in different directions. But Arya N stayed behind and looked at Toby with wide eyes. “Toby, you’re a-”

But she didn’t have the time to complete her sentence. For right then was when Addison conveniently decided to yelp, “Here! Team Orange Oranges! I need backup!”

For there, stood eleven large dark creatures of night and death. They were made of pure dark magic. The girls looked at each other grimly and charged into battle. They shot fire and ice daggers at them, bound them with poison ivy, and tried to push them back with three hurricanes. But they couldn’t defeat the creatures. They were tired, terribly outnumbered, and the creatures were to strong. “We need backup!” called Sanjana. “We don’t HAVE backup!” retorted Saina. “Actually, about that… This is terrible timing, but Toby, you’re a demigod. And we need your help!” Toby was in shock. But his mind was as quick as ever and he processed this information easily. “How?” he asked. “Concentrate on your hands. Imagine the magic coming out of them. Then aim at the monsters and imagine the power streamlining at them,” Addison yelled. “That should do it.”

Toby held his hands out. And concentrated really hard. His hands were becoming tingly and hot. He aimed at the creatures. And then…

A stream of green light took down four of the creatures. They disintegrated. But the effort took a toll on Toby. He collapsed, and the monsters took advantage of it. They erected a black, translucent dome around him. “He’ll be killed within two minutes!” yelped Sanjana. “What do we do?” asked Arya N. Arya K, who had always paid the most attention, had a plan. “Our power combination is the only known force that can break the dome. But first, we have to buy us more time to fight the monsters. Sanjana, if you can freeze the dome, then he will have more time. The rest of you, FIGHT!”

As Sanjana darted in and out of the view of the monsters to freeze the dome, the rest of the girls were in a fierce battle. Addison erected a wall of fire around the creatures, which had been encased in the small Bermuda triangle-like contraption Arya K and Arya N had made using the force of the wind and sea. Then, Saina wove a miniature prison out of trees, complete with poison ivy traps, and the girls forced the creatures into the prison. All was well… except Toby had forty-five seconds and then he was dead. “HURRY!” screamed Sanjana. The girls rushed to the dome and focused. From each of their hands came a spiral of red, navy, sky blue, purple, and emerald light. They twisted together into one solid gold beam, bright as the sun. Then the beam of light crashed down onto the dome, and it shattered. The light then rebounded and swirled around each of the girls, before disappearing in a flash. Toby got up, dazed, but alive.

“What happened to us?” yelped five simultaneous voices. For the girls were now radiating a soft golden glow and had streaks of glitter in their hair. Ms. Hollingshead approached. “It would seem, girls, that you are as powerful as the gods- because you are now immortal. Congratulations.” The girls smiled at each other. All was well. Without exceptions this time.

And that, dear reader, is the story of how an all-girls robotics team was created, how feminism saved the world, and how there are six secret demigods in your school right now. which you aren’t technically supposed to know about. Please, don’t tell Ms. Hollingshead, or else she might give us homework again. Thank you.

**My story includes the following:**

* **Interactions with the gods**



* **Breaking the laws of nature**