

Inspector Gadget: And the Forge of Hate
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Prologue:

In the dawn of a new day, in the early months of 1991. Deep within a mountain named Everfrost which has been carved out to serve a purpose in Warland, Montana. Resides an organization named Scolex Enterprises, and it's employees are up to no good. They are dedicated to performing deeds of evil, and are gearing up to make their work more covert & efficient. By way of plans put into action by some of it's workers. Who have yet to gain high ranking within it's sculpted walls of concrete, rock, metal, and plaster.

Where in the depths of this constructed den of wrong doing, the plans are happening are in a lab. Only two employees here feel the thrill of their work. Plus what they are trying to do. Their subjects however feel lightly otherwise. That while they do too work for Scolex Enterprises. They are the ones who will soon find out if the two doctor titled workers truly know what they are

doing.

As the men and women of their boss's will imposed over them. By way of their neglecting to read the fine print of their work papers, signed. Await what is coming to them. The more serious of the two professional scientists readies the lab's equipment. For their experiment and takes note of his colleague. Doctor Focus not pleased by his younger equal with less experience on the job, glared at him.

Because of that to the actions being done by the co-worker. Doctor Claw does not look at all professional. At least though to a man of his standing, and more importantly to who he works for. In withholding of his feelings about his assistant. Doctor Focus calmly asked, "herd them into the containment area. We are almost ready to begin."

A demand which caught Doctor Claw off guard. In addition to also not at first realizing to whom, or what Doctor Focus was requesting of him. The pen of mewling kittens having had his attention better of the course of the last few minutes in the lab. Then the job at hand he'd been assigned to do. The debate in his mind resolving fast as he petted a fluffy gray striped tabby. Who in turn also rubbed against him. His colleague meant the men & women present, not the animals.

But as the gray striped tabby kitten pawed his hands. His focus didn't stay long with the words of, Doctor Focus. The other doctor in noting this. Knew his duty to his job, and his equal, still wet behind the ears. Grabbed away Doctor Claw from the litter of penned animals, and scowled him.

"You can't be a bad guy if you get too attached to the lab animals! Plus it doesn't reflect well on you either, Scolex is run by the mob, and gains it's funding from that! Remember that!" Cutting, and being snapped coldly to Doctor Claw, came the words from Doctor Focus.

Doctor Claw's reaction in pulling out of Doctor's Focus's grip. Came that of just a nod and a look back to the cats. Again noting the man's actions, Doctor Focus grabbed Doctor Claw's head, and snapped it in the direction of the waiting employees in the doorway of the room.

"Them, not the kittens!" Doctor Focus continued making his point to the younger man.

"Do we have to do this? I mean it's clear this is mad, Focus. What you two are trying to do with us." Asked the human lab rat, more into the room than the others grouped behind him. Nervous, and trying to control within him the grape juice drunk a few hours before. He like those with him. Didn't feel keen on the

idea about what fate was about to befall him. A good one he hoped, but his gut, and his bladder told him otherwise.

"First off, what you don't want the power this will give you? You will be the most untouchable hit men Scolex Enterprises has ever had! Plus you agreed to this in your contracts. Second off, never call my work mad!" Doctor Focus nearly growled at the men. As Doctor Claw moved to them to try, and force them to comply with their orders.

Knowing it was a battle that couldn't be won. They complied, and Doctor Claw watched them move on to a platform in readiness for the experiment. One employee, a friend of Doctor Claw, looked at him emotionless, while passing by him. The look while showing nothing in his facial features. Told Doctor Claw his thoughts. This was a mistake. But one that must be made, and heaven help him for that in their friendship, thought once had.

Once the employees not specialized in rank title. Like the doctors, all stood in waiting for science of unprecedented nature to be preformed. It began by both Doctor Focus and Claw, becoming dead serious in their work. Then beginning to run their specialized equipment attached to the platform. It, the experiment seemed well for a short time. But then a noted realization came soon that made the tide of favor held for the work, change.

Monitoring a computer of the latest high tech to the moment. Also ready to punch in commands to it to have it interact differently with it's surrounding equipment. Doctor Claw saw read outs on it's screen that didn't look right. Not expected, and far from being desired. A matter needing to be pointed out to Doctor Focus.

"Doctor, I think we should probably abort this."

"Nonsense continue," his foul mood continuing in reply from earlier. Doctor Focus, his mind made up that given this was new territory being walked upon here. That unpredictable things are inevitable to happen. A word of caution given by a co-worker less experienced. That isn't as professional as he? Not worth further, consideration of his words.

In compliance to his equal slash higher on the seniority latter co-worker, words of orders. Doctor Claw continued trying to further preform their experiment on the men and women on the platform. Looking up for one moment from the computer he'd been working with. He saw what his actions and the actions of Doctor Focus, combined were doing to them. The people, the lab rats, as Doctor Focus would call them. Their bodies now looked to be filling with light of rainbow shades. An impressive sight, but not one wanted.

With one key punched in number command, Doctor Claw tried to fix the problem. Than it, the problem erupted in a flash of light. That consumed the room for just mere moments.

The flash over, and body in pain, with blindness to his eyes. Doctor Focus asked, "my lab rats, how are you?!"

No answer came, and Doctor Claw, like that of his colleague in health, pain and blindness. Questioned the forced darkness of his surroundings as well. But with a different question. Also a discovery which showed no inflections in Doctor Focus's voice, although apparent in his throat, to his voice. A feeling of hoarseness when talking.

"Welker?" His friend, and lab rat to him & Doctor Focus, didn't answer the question. That being of status. How was he? Plus to the blindness of both men, Focus and Claw. Where was he?

"It's likely a form of radiation from the overload causing our pain and blindness! We need to leave here now!" Doctor Focus cried out feeling his way past his main work station in the lab into the area's more open space.

"I - have - one - task - I - need - to - do - first." Doctor Claw replied. with fear building in him over their situation. That also applied to others present not human.

"There's no time to turn off the equipment! This could kill us!" Doctor Focus snapped as he started to feel around to find his work companion.

Not paying attention to his colleague, Doctor Claw set to his task. That unlike Doctor Focus in his blind search to find him. Claw found what his task demanded of him faster. The feel of soft fur beneath one reaching out hand. Taking in the cat to his lab coat, that at it cuddling him. He knew without his sight. It was the cat he had at this point only mildly bonded with. Then proceeded to feel around for the rest of it's litter.

To no avail could he locate them, and further searching in desperation got halted in short time. Doctor Focus in his blind search found him. Then grabbing him by his scruff, the back of his coat. Pulled him out of the room with him. The kitten in Doctor Claw's coat pocket in tow with them.

Chapter 1:

Bobbing lightly on the waves moves the SS. Hushpuppy. In mid-morning of a near cloudless sky. Out on the Atlantic Ocean, off

the coast of South Carolina. The boat is small, but that fact doesn't seem to bother it's occupants. It is just the right size for a small family, the one that owns it. A father named Preston, a mother named Skye, and a daughter named Penny. All tied together by the last name of Bianchi. But through the mother and daughter, maiden & blood, the name Heyward.

This outing on their boat is just a normal Saturday morning event for them. A gathering away from work and school. One they've done countless times. That isn't to say it's lost it's enjoyment at being common place in their lives. Far from that as Penny smiles. While her dad checks with her to insure she's ready to dive into the water of the ocean with him. These checks being over their diving gear, clothes & gadgets meant to keep them alive underwater. Skye as a good mom watches both her daughter and husband at a short distance. Making sure on her own, neither future diver forgets about safety. Then reminds them that if they find something interesting like sunken treasure. That they are to return with it to the boat for her to have.

Preston taking his normal lead into the ocean. Once all his gear is fixed in proper place. Then signaling for Penny to follow him. Watches as moments later she dives in close by to him. That closeness being another normal thing in this routine, of the Saturday morning diving excursion. Her nearly aiming her jump almost on top of him. An act only achieved once, and long ago, to her grateful father. When her idea of a cannonball was new, and she herself was nearly the size. Preston considered to be a real cannonball.

Knowing where he considers a choice location to be under the waves. He prompts the young, eight year old girl to follow him yet again. This time to a wrecked catamaran that as both of them approach it. Realize it's wait for them to explore it has been going on for a good number of years. Sea life of plants and primitive animals have taken hold of massive swaths of it's hull.

If the pair cared for beauty in sea transportation, this would have been a disappointment. Luckily for them it wasn't the saltwater life shown age of the beast. What inspired their awe in it. But it's interior that got their attention with what surprises it might hold. A vessel as large as a cat surely before sinking. Likely had not had all it's possessions removed. Before it's owners or travelers & staff abandoned it.

As the father and daughter started their exploration of it's interior. Taking in it's sights which told how long it had been sitting on the ocean's bottom. By way of markings which had dates on them. Magazines, newspapers, and what had been the most recent maps available at the time. The boat had been launched on it's fatal journey. They both also took in what was left behind of value in it. Which much to both their disappointment. Could not

be brought back to the surface again to be turned over to others for money. Sights of things like an old radio, stereo equipment, and a beautiful lamp, that once had value, now had lost it. Useless machines now, even if the lamp's art at least to the eye was pleasing to it's appearance.

Feeling bummed, and not knowing what to do next in salvaging the journey's purpose. Penny seated herself in a chair she could only guess that once upon a time. Most likely had been the ship captain's chair. Leather, and very elaborate looking in it's wooden framing. It too wasn't as pretty a sight as she was sure it had been long ago. Although as she sulked, she got surprise from her dad that changed her mood.

After he spun around the chair she was sitting in to face him. He presented her with his latest find. A bracelet that after all the neglect it had suffered for years. Still had it's metal shining yellow, and it's gemstones reflecting in shades of green & blue. A fine emerald and topaz piece of jewelry. Penny squealed with joy at it's sight, forgetting her mood from just a moment before. The current feelings of joy at her dad's discovery, soon changed. When a visitor to their expedition entered the cabin with them. A shark. A big shark, and it matched nothing Penny had ever read about.

Knowing his daughter was in danger, Preston swung at the creature to hit it. A price got paid for the motion of defense, but not the wanted one. A bite from the shark to the man. Not a big one, but enough to rip through his diving suit, and mark his skin. The monster shark then froze in place after the attack, and watched the man. It watched Penny too as she looked back and forth from it to her father. It made no move what so ever as she and her father, looked at the bleeding wound.

Cut by many teeth marks in one strangely shaped bite mark. It didn't look as bad as it could have been Preston noted. The shark not moving now helped the matter. To his thoughts given he knew this wasn't normal behavior for them. One bite, and at that not very deep into him. He knew this could have been much worse. That if it had acted like a normal shark it would have kept on biting him.

Handing Penny the prized find of the trip, he motioned to her it was time to go. The man looking around the cabin as he did so. First to his daughter, then to the ocean out beyond them, and then to the strange shark. After Penny nodded her acknowledgment, and started to swim out from where they'd entered the cabin from. That is when things took a turn for the worse.

As Preston started swimming behind Penny. He noticed something new about his injured arm. The puncture marks from the shark bite were starting to grow on him and deepen. New marks of sunken in

teeth were appearing on him. Plus drawing out blood from him as they did so. The new pain they were causing him. Becoming more unbearable as tooth marks spread out on him. It made him lose sight of the moment and panic.

Noticing the streaming of blood starting to pass by her from behind. Penny looked behind her to it's source. The sight she got was of her father flailing in the water. As more and more of the marks appeared on him. The blood flow from his body to the ocean, as it became greater by the moment. Made it look like the man was being enveloped by a cloud of crimson smoke.

Penny panicked at the sight, and tears in her eyes, rushed to his aid. The result in that came as an horrific shock to both father & daughter as she made it to him. That in reaching out to him to take hold of him, she couldn't. She, her hand passed right through him as he waded about in pain and distress at his predicament. She couldn't touch him. A ghost is all the consistency he seemed to have at the moment. But the pain on his face was very real. His flesh seemed very real even though she couldn't touch it. His expression as the tooth marks entered on to his face. Was one of utter sadness for everything that was upon not only him, but her too.

In a panic of her own in not knowing what to do next. Penny motioned to him, she was about to surface. Her goal in not abandonment of him truly, but getting help. Her mother and his wife, she knew there was extra snorkeling gear on board the SS. Hushpuppy with her. She, Penny's mom would know what to do. would know how to fix this, and make her father well again.

Once surfacing from the water, and climbing back on board the ship. Penny looked about for Skye, but the woman was not where she had once been. Exploring in further on the Hushpuppy, in trying to find her, she did. Skye was laying on the deck of the boat, and not moving. The reason for the lack of movement wasn't a matter of choice. Penny noted with more fear and anxiety building in her. Her reason, her mother's reason for being still was because she was dead. Shot in the chest, and bleeding in a red pool growing on the wooden surface she lay upon. Skye's eyes watched her name sake. With no contemplation at all as the sky rolled onwards with it's clouds uncaring to her.

Penny screamed then, and ran to her, with her discovery. The child in grief not knowing what to do at all, bent over her mom. Although unknown to her at first, something she had not noticed it's existence until making it's presents known. Did in fact know how to handle this situation. A wolf watching her attempt to hold her mom, and getting only failure with passing through her, as if Skye were nothing more than a phantom. The animal went through a doorway to the girl and parent, from the boat's only hold. It's intent clear, it's target in range and ever so close.

Penny finally noticed the wolf through her tear filled eyes, when it growled. It looked to be a creature of nightmares to her. Flickering red eyes that glowed. Fur matted this way and that, with all sorts of color variations. That for either wolf or dog, made it impossible to judge what type of K-9 it was exactly. Pointed ears, and metal claws, it snapped at her. Before it lunged at her.

Penny screamed again now, but out loud, and in her bedroom. Brain jumped off the freshly awoken 16 year old. Startled not only the bed he was lying on with her. Being suddenly put under it's covers, put in motion. But also the shriek of his master's voice near, in his ears. He barked at her in a whimper once standing on all fours, on the ground by her.

Crying she sat in the bed, and just looked at him for a while before decided action was needed. Slowly she reached over to her pet. To stroke one of his paws which he sat on the bed's rim for her. The first pet of him being assurance he was there, and could be touched, the following pets she gave him. Those were for a different reasoning. Comfort for not only her, but also for the curious dog. Who knew nothing of the dream she just woke up from.

Her next action once having petted the dog. For some time before he decided he'd had enough distance petting, and needed it more close up. She grabbed her cell phone, and dialed it. To the one person she knew could comfort her more than Brain in her times of need. As she sat in her bed's covers. She petted the dog more as it tried to climb on to her lap. As the phone rang and rang, while the pet moved around on her. She worried why her uncle wasn't answering his phone fast as he would normally to her calling him.

Outside a barn in the town of Zillah, Libya, the call went unanswered for a time. That is until it dawned on the man receiving the call. It is what he knows has to be a very personal call given its coming though on his pinkie finger, personal phone. Some things can't firmly be put off, and even with knowing his attention is needed else where at the moment. Just to satisfy the caller, his niece. He's sure since surly work wouldn't call him while already on a job. Inspector John Heyward, some times called Inspector Gadget, finally lifted the nail on his left pinkie finger to answer the call.

"Penny, I'm at work right now!" He half shouted into the receiver under the lifted nail face. Then listening to the speaker in his thumb, to hear her reply.

That despite how it sounded, that of her being emotionally

distraught. He knew that even though he had taken this time to heed her reaching out to him. He still couldn't really help her.

She needed his time right now, and it felt like the matter was urgent. But that didn't hold a candle to what he knew was taking place where he was right then. A person that was such a rascal of a character. Was in the barn, and he had committed such a crime. One so upside down as that John, and his co-worker, Alan Engenis, who was some times called Corporal Capeman. Both men saw it as a matter that while seeming strange. Had to be dealt with fast as a matter of pride. Plus to that also the reputation of HAPPY. To the party they knew had to be sore about the upside down crime. The person they once thought to be it's victim, now known not to be so.

Feeling truly like a bad person for his actions. Plus attempting to lighten the sorrow filled heart of his niece. John replied to her in brief about needing to part from her at that moment. "Penny, we will talk about this in depth when I get back home. I know you had an awful dream. But a very bad man is about to be dealt with by Alan and I. We're about to enter a barn where we're told he'll be. Honey, camel stealing in this country is a very serious thing, and these wrong doers must be brought to justice."

From the other end of the phone he heard her laugh before querying about what the crime really was. "Camels, Penny. Two, three humped camels. Listen I really need to go right now. I can hear them neighing in the barn. That criminal, Alan and I need to deal with is one nasty piece of work. Love you, bye." John replied to her before ending the call abruptly, by closing down the nail of his personal phone.

Alan dropped the smile he'd taken on when listening to his friend slash co-worker's silly explanation for the serious situation they were in. Now as they were about to enter it, he saw the inspector had started to slowly open the door to the barn which contained it. The slowness being a matter the engineer had learned to expect with John in times like these. When the Inspector was wearing his personal computer over his head with it's semitransparent panels. He was always afraid of bumping into things head long. A wise caution he thought, but one he felt sometimes unwarranted. Now was one of them, because the man they were about to deal with, an archaeologist named Earl Hancock. Wasn't dangerous at all. No, this man as just to a good degree dumb. Alan knew right now John's slowness wasn't needed when going in to confront him for his crime. Nothing, but air to bump into but hot air.

When they entered the barn they saw that the archaeologist had been brought to his victim's idea of justice to some sort of degree. Wrong, very wrong both HAPPY agents realized. But at the same time it kept the man from running. Hancock was bound, and on

the floor of the barn, face near the result of a real camel's brown color given leftovers. Looking like he was awaiting something worse than what fate had befallen him already.

Moving to untie the man to then as John knew with supreme irony, was about to be handcuffed. The inspector got stopped fast from taking the action to free the man from his rope knotted bonds. The victim, a native man gaining in his years, and owner to the place where the crime was committed. Was ready to shoot John. As the HAPPY agent noted with the sound of a shout and click of a gun being pulled back on for firing.

Raising his shown two hands in a sign of peacefulness. The inspector decided to try, and talk with the museum owner. While Alan, unseen to the native, started to take care of the archaeologist's bonds. The personal computer while feeling like a horrendous eye sore and clunky device. At this moment John felt was a blessing. It would translate on it's front most screen in reverse view for the other man to see, English to Berber and vice versa. A program in it's software he wished he'd known about on other international missions where English wasn't the land's primary language.

"No untying him, I take it?" John asked the museum owner.

"What is going on here?! More Americans ready to thief from me!?" The wronged man asked, still ready to strike at the inspector. His words being translated on the screen as he spoke them.

Knowing how violent this was getting, before he hoped a peaceful outcome. John put himself directly in between the museum owner's view of the archaeologist and Alan. Alan knew without words what this meant. Then continued to work on the bound man's ropes, now as fast & quietly as he could.

"Sir, this case, the quote unquote stolen by you. key artifact that proves the Egyptian and Maya cultures did interact with each other thousands of years ago? I've discovered the truth of the matter upon investigation. You never stole it. It was a ploy to get the artifact out of your hands, and into mister Hancock's hands." The Inspector answered as professionally as he could.

Not answers really to the other man's questions. John did find it insulting he was being accused of being a thief himself. Dealing with that accusation wasn't one he felt like tackling. Given how it was an underhanded American, who was to blame for all of this. Although bringing that real thief to justice? All that took was a question he hoped the dirty archaeologist would answer. That without turning to face him. John asked the now untied man, the big question of the case.

"Where is the artifact, mister Hancock? Since it's no where to be found, and clearly not with mister Tatanaki. It must be in your possession some how."

"How did you find me!?" Hancock shouted, upset he'd been discovered on more than one account.

Moving to finally see the dirty archaeologist again. The museum owner, mister Tatanaki. Saw the man was free of his tied rope bonds. Further acknowledgment at truly noticing the inspector's partner. The person he knew surely had done the act of freeing the man. Then back to looking at John. Coldly, he looked at John. Not a good sign in the HAPPY agent's book. That's when the man that was once only the victim, fired his gun.

The shot while not shattering the plastic panel of John's personal computer. Did splinter it into a webbing of rings which circled outwards from the bullet's impact. No harm done, but that. The panel now useless, made John start to internally panic more than he had been already. No translator, and no personal understanding of Berber. Plus the person he needed to settle down from having been violated. Was in fact now doing more criminal acts. Than what had been noticed of the archaeologist, once entering the barn.

"We'd been given information you'd be here. We just didn't know the why behind it." John answered before gulping in air and continuing, "till now."

The Inspector attempted not to look at the man nervously. As the other stood up, and rubbed himself where the rope had been on him. Alan watched the thief as well, but if he was nervous, he was hiding it well. The man was smiling in his normal cheshire cat way. That didn't help John when noticing it to keep himself in check. Knowing what Alan's smiles normally meant. John asked him what the other was thinking that could make things get abruptly worse.

"Alan, what are you thinking of doing?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing for my actions. Him, he is so boned!" Alan said in hooking a thumb at Hancock. To then laugh a little after saying his reply, and two cents to the moment.

The museum owner shouted, and then the engineer refrained back to looking professional. The inspector then also continued as best he could with handling the case by questioning the archaeologist. Words now spoken by the gun wielding man, in a sense fallen upon deaf ears considering neither HAPPY agent could understand him. They got the drift of his meaning none the less.

"Again mister Hancock, where is the artifact!" John questioned

the dirty archaeologist again.

"I couldn't give it back to him right now even if I wanted to." Hancock glared, as he spoke his reply.

"What is that supposed to mean?" John further questioned him, feeling confused by the man's odd statement.

Looking none too happy to give a reply, and feeling lightly embarrassed by what the reply was. Earl Hancock motioned with one of his feet. To the camel dung he'd been near, when he'd been on the ground.

"Its in the camel poop?" John questioned the man, wide eyed and in shock at the thought.

Noticing the pale look on the archaeologist's face. Alan voiced his thoughts over the motion they'd just witnessed. "Inspector, I think that means he swallowed it."

"Oh great." John stated, thinking about how the situation once simply bad. Had turned worse, and now felt like what his niece had said she had just gone through, a nightmare.

Again Tatanaki shouted, and hearing the additional noises. The sounds of something being lifted with the of scraping metal against the floor of the barn. This got the HAPPY agents attention back to him.

He now after having shouted, and now holding a pitchfork. Both inspector and engineer, knew without translation what he was saying, and what he intended to do waving the tool in the air before charging in their direction. But more specifically towards the archaeologist. The shout and motions & running. All meaning that the museum owner now intended to remove the artifact from the one man in the room not a HAPPY agent, by force.

That's when inspector and engineer, knew also the next action they needed to take in this case assignment. Alan grabbed Hancock by one arm. In starting to force him to run with him out of the barn. While as when John caught up to them, he took the other arm of the archaeologist, to continue forcing on the man's movement. Breaking free from both HAPPY agents, Hancock shouted at them non-directly.

"I'll go with you! Alright!?"

"You need to come with us, and you need a safe place! That, and you need to be loaded with laxatives, and if that doesn't work I know of a great surgeon!" John replied, with his some of his wording heightened in his voice, as they ran, while he spoke. The reasoning behind heightening his voice, was to make it clear to

the archaeologist. That the man had done wrong, and the inspector fully intended to correct those wrongs.

As the HAPPY agents continued running to safety. The archaeologist stopped in his tracks thinking of John's words. As he saw Tatanaki starting to catch up with him.

The idea now fully sinking into his head jail was coming for him, if he continued on with the men. Added also that he would soon be being met with a very uncomfortable doctor's appointment too. Which would be worse? Dealing with the pissed off local museum owner and his pitchfork, or the protection agency he had frauded?

Alan stopped him in his train of thought, and grabbed him as the museum owner, pitchfork being carried over his head. Readied himself to strike at Hancock as he was catching up with the man. Now only a few yards away from him.

"It's people like you that give Indiana Jones a bad name!" Alan shouted at Hancock as both men. That with the engineer forcing the archaeologist. Caught up with the inspector, still in a head long run.

"Those four movies are a crock to my field of work!" Hancock snapped in reply to Alan.

"There are only three! I refuse to believe theres a fourth!" Alan replied back.

"Knock it off you two!" John shouted without turning back to look at them. As he ran with them trailing behind him. Into an open garage holding the modded 1983 Toyota Supra. That he and Alan started calling the Gadgetmobile, regularly a few missions into them working together.

Reaching the car, John quickly grabbed out his keys, and using the right one, opened the driver's door. To then from a button within the vehicle. Unlock all at once, all the other doors to the machine. Catching himself on the outside of the car with his personal computer. Before in practiced fast action, removing the gadget bit by bit from his head.

Alan reaching the car, ripped open the rear passenger door. Then threw in Hancock to the Gadgetmoblie, before he too entered the car. John then locked all the car's doors. Before ripping out of the open garage as fast as the car could move. As far as safety was considered in this. Only the dirty archaeologist in the car's backseat was concerned. That is until an automated feature of the car kicked in. At the vehicle's sensors realizing the machine's passengers were unsecured.

Moving by robotic motors, the mid-section backseat, seat belts

wrapped themselves across the man. A yipe of surprise and widening eyes was his only reaction to this. The men in the front of the car thought nothing of it. But one of them knew the car needed to have at least one more of it's extra functions kick in before they'd all be safe. Well at least in his book.

"John, press the new button." Alan asked the man, grinning.

"Alan, we don't need the car to spout wings & tail, and fly! That has yet to be tested, now is not the right time for that! Plus the cargo carrier that brought us here, is already on standby for us! That is what we're doing!" The Inspector replied, smacking away Alan's reaching hand for one of the car's dashboard control panels.

Chapter 2:

Not thrilled with where she was, Penny yawned moments before looking at the clock on the wall in her homeroom classroom. It read 8:57 am, that meant in three minutes a boring day was about to begin. First period English class, she felt over joyed in a sarcastic sense about that prospect. That given if it wasn't for every adult she knew personally. All insisting she not join her uncle on his latest case assignment from HAPPY. She's be hopefully learning here and there Arabic & Berber. Not a language she'd been forced to study. For nearly as far back as she could remember in her whole life of having to go to school.

Knowing that despite this day felt like a waste of time. She did remember there was at least one important aspect of it. A test she had to take in her fourth period earth science class. This made her pull it's associated book out from her backpack, and take hold of the highlighter. She on school days would carry in her pants pocket. Then begin using it to help make notes in the book of what she should know.

Fletcher a boy just behind her in seating, noticed what she was up to. Penny's actions, he knew were wrong, but making that point to her? He knew what he wanted to do, and couldn't. Although that didn't stop him from mimicking the idea in hand motions. Making a spyglass shape with his hands and leaning over her as best he could before saying. "You know that's wrong writing in text books. You could get in trouble for that if you get caught."

Stopping her note making for a second, she looked behind herself to him. She saw him making an ever one hand adjusting for focus spyglass at her. Before returning her attention to her work. Then replying to him, and sighing as she did so.

"I don't care, and what is that? Your idea of your camera?"

He slunk back into resting in his seat before replying.
"Spyglass, I don't know how to make a camera shape with my hands."

To Penny's right side, Kayla who'd been watching the whole exchange between her friends. Then voiced her thoughts while making a box shape with her fingers. Which involved tapping her right pointer finger against her left middle finger. Touching the other hand in the box shape. She said smiling, "this is how you make a camera with your hands, Fletch."

Then in turning to Penny, Kayla added, "don't be a grump, Pen. So what if you can't have your education held abroad today."

Without looking to Kayla, Penny stopped in her studying & note taking to reply. Her inter mood of sarcasm now surfacing in her voice. "Yeah yeah, Northern Africa is too dangerous for a little ol teenage girl to be. Yeah, ol Uncle, and half the places I've been with you around the globe have been totally safe places to be!"

When Fletcher replied to her with, "but those places didn't have the same history to them, and currently have hot spots of blood shed in them."

She continued again with her work, and to make point. That of being a little upset, and also that she didn't care for him pointing out about her use of the highlighter in the book. She smashed it into the page of the text book she'd been reading.

Seeing that in the one male friend of their circle, wasn't making Penny's day any better. Kayla spoke up again, and tried again to help her out. "Metro City Western High, Penny. US taxes ensured better education. Without James Bond crap on the sidelines, and possibly better food at lunch time."

Giving up, Penny slammed her book shut with noticing also it was now 9am. Roll call was now starting, and a teacher was now present in the room. Feeling disapproval for the rules had no place at this moment in time, and she didn't feel like getting detention. Seeing the teacher start to scan the room in calling out names as he did so. She also pocketed her highlighter. Just encase the teacher realized she might have been breaking those rules before he noticed her.

The teacher when seeing her after calling out her name, sighed in relief at noticing the girl. Because out of the school year so far, consisting of 180 days. That in note the teenager had been transfered to Metro City Western High, 51 days into it. Penny Heyward had only spent 40% of them actually in school, and not overseas somewhere in danger. Knowing for once she was in his

classroom, brightened his day, but also made him wonder a little what was going on. Unlike him, that he felt for once content. He noticed she was far from that feeling by the look on her face.

Once roll call and the school's morning announcements were over. Penny along with her friends left their homeroom, with their fellow peers. As they went in the directions in the hallway. Needed to get to first period class assignment dictated. Fletcher parted from her and Kayla. His first period class being math, and not what his lady friends had to deal with. The pair of teenage girls both loathed their shared first class of the day, and walked towards it's room lazily. Talking all the while until Penny noticed something.

Straying into the front lobby of the building. To take a longer path to get to where they needed to be. Was a kid that she'd seen around the school, but shared no classes with. A boy that didn't seem too social, and right now had a look about him she'd come to recognize. But not from school, or normal every day life outside that prison. She knew it from seeing people on her uncle's cases. What crazed rage looked like when it was about to surface. MAD agents had it all too often, and this boy had that look about him.

"Pen?" Kayla questioned her friend as the other girl. Stood in place, analyzing the peer she'd chosen to study.

Without answering Kayla verbally, Penny grabbed her wrist. Then forced the girl to start to move with her, from the lobby. The sudden action being a surprise, and feeling very out of place to knowing her friend's normal behavior. Kayla broke free of Penny, and questioned her.

"What is wrong?!"

"I don't know his name, but that guy who is always keeping his distance from others, all of us. He has a gun. We need to leave here, and go to the office, and report him." Penny replied in a near whisper, snapping, and looking very scared as she did so.

"Nonsense Pen, You've been having so many adventures. You see bad guys every where you go, relax." Kayla stated to her, the disbelief in her voice clear. Also not at all in a whisper, but at normal volume.

Not hearing where the conversation had started, but knowing it likely centered on him. The loner peer with the gun most of the way concealed, decided now was when he should take action. He grabbed out the gun, and pointed it at Kayla.

That's when she froze, plus also every student passing through the area. Only a few said more than the frightened 17 year old

with the gun pointed at her. That of whimpering and one stream. Not knowing what to do, all she could do was to make a squeak noise in terror. As she stared at the pistol aimed at her.

"It's all pointless, and you count in that too, walking trash." The boy said calmly as if what he was doing was nothing at all.

Then walking towards the pair of girls at a steady pace. He continued talking, still pointing the gun at her. But not noticing what was being done by one of the school's football players present in the lobby.

As the loner continued in saying he thought life was pointless, and she'd be the first of many in the school that he'd end their suffering. The only other teenager present in that place had lack some of the fear, felt by nearly everyone witness to the event. The football player ran for the loner, and tackled him.

A wise move in ending the terrifying scene, but only to a point. The failure in not making it end in total is what happened when the loner fell to the ground. One shot fired from the gun. Done in shock by the boy at the unexpected embrace from the jock at forceful impact.

The bullet hit Kayla, but only by the smallest of fractions. It grazed her just above one of her hips. Then hit another student, that had been standing in shock with everyone else. She was only a few feet behind Kayla.

Unlike Kayla's wound by the bullet, that of being minor. With the kid behind her, got it in the same area, but a few inches inward. The bullet struck organs, and the peer fell to the ground at the same time as the loner.

"Go varsity," got shouted by some one that no one cared to take note of. Everyone's attention was not on the person that had made a statement in questionable taste. But on the deranged boy, and the victims he'd created. The noises combined of a shriek one student had let out at seeing the gun when it had been drawn out on Kayla. The sound of the gun shot, plus the added sound of a sharp cry from the more injured victim. These sounds brought in staff Penny had hoped to contact in the school's office, and also from else where in the building.

"Details?!" Is all the principal could think to ask. As with panic, he took in the sight of the scene. Then quickly picked what felt like the bigger priority. Not the loner boy being well constricted to the floor of the lobby, but the person he'd greatly injured.

From out of the blue it happened one student replied back at him. Plus also looking to the teaching staff now present with him. The

rest of the student crowd so stunned by the recent events. They couldn't think to add anything more to the reply, but Penny.

She, as she hugged Kayla to her. As the school's freshman geography and humanities teachers, studied the girl's wound. To see how badly she'd been grazed. Penny continued answering the principle's question. With the additional note of she had noticed that wasn't quite true. That this event had come about without warning signs leading to it.

On the 3rd floor level within MAD headquarters, in the combat training & gym room, the lights flickered. This was nothing new. The lights acting a little odd with no reasoning behind it. At least no reasoning any of MAD's agents could begin to take guesses at. What was new, Louis took note of with some of his co-workers, was Terry's behavior.

Working on a weight pumping machine, he watched in small amusement and worry with some of his comrades. As Terry tried to challenge them to fights. No one he approached wanted to accept his challenge, but that wasn't discouraging the Elite MAD agent. He felt like he had extra energy in his system, and he needed to work it out. His machine side, his cyborg side, Louis guessed as he changed the weight setting on the machine he was using. From forcing him to lift 100 pounds to 110 pounds. To whatever was causing the power surges effecting the lighting of the establishment. Some how it was effecting the partially mechanical, part robotic man.

Starting his work out again, Louis had his concentration of weight lifting and worry for his buddy. Changed over to just his workout, and a different topic. That too had been the focus of a number of the staff to a worried note. An agent who considered himself a work and war horse for MAD. Given his years of service, extended beyond most of the other employees. Pops near by to him, lifting a dumb bell. Voiced his thoughts about the current situation he felt they were going to be facing soon.

"I think Doctor Claw is gearing up to leave this place, Louis."

"Never, he's a part of MAD, the heart of it and it's fist. Give me one reason you believe that aside from rumors from newbies." Louis replied struggling a little against the new added weight he'd challenged himself to.

"Claw has been having some of those newbies check his jet-rocket car multiple times a day. Like he keeps expecting something to be wrong with it. Sabotage I would assume is what he thinks could happen to it. That some one is going to try, and prevent him from going somewhere. He's gearing up to go somewhere, and clearly

doesn't trust some one or ones here." Pops stated with his attention in the beginning first focused on Louis. Then towards the end of his words, to look at the other people present in the room.

"Still don't believe you, you old horse." Louis replied taking a rest, and just laying on the weight machine's cushion against his back. His eyes now focused on the room's ceiling.

"You're all pussies!" Terry shouted in anger, balling both his fists and making his arms go rigid. As he bared his teeth then glared around room at the other agents around him. No one wanted to fight him, and he couldn't take that.

A good workout he thought & what better place to try and get it? Sadly, he'd noticed since when he'd become a cyborg over a month and a half back. No one seemed to have the balls to face him any more in the fight. All except one MAD agent, and as he looked angrily around the room, he didn't see her.

"Maybe the possible future saboteur is our elite nut case?" Pops said smiling, looking like he wanted to laugh.

"Do you want a black eye or broken arm, Pops? Because say that kind of nonsense again, and I promise I'll give you one of those." Louis replied to the stated question of the other man. Looking like he was ready to start a fight himself.

Starting to let disappointment sink in. That he wasn't going to be able to let off some of the energy he felt pumped with. Terry loosened up his stance, and just looked coldly at the fellow agents, just ahead of him in his field of vision. To feel not disappointed with the check to find the woman he was looking for. He should have looked behind him.

Knowing her combat partner, and partner on a more intimate level. Was starting to give up, by observing his body motions. The Southern American specialized agent, Amazon Annie. Grabbed Terry by his red hair, and threw him backwards by it to the ground. Disappointment over. Pain beginning. Welcomed pain, and a good fight. Terry was thrilled his time in this place, now didn't feel for not.

Every standing agent near by to the pair gave them a wide berth to fight in. Plus even a few agents not in their path of destruction. Realizing it was just good common sense, given one of the two could do damage well beyond normal body length in reach. Also backed out of the way of the two. "Romance in Halloween-like terror" is how most everyone saw the relationship between Terry and Annie.

Somehow it worked between them, and shockingly enough. The fights

seemingly being unevenly matched. Somehow it was fifty fifty which one would win in their fights. Today was Annie's turn as once again. As she got Terry to the floor, and he smiled at the act for a time. At least until she started to crush his skull. That's when his out look on the fight changed.

As he started mouthing the word stop, with slowly coming to say it verbally. Staring out across the the floor mat they both were on. Terry saw a sight, as the lights of the room flickered again. Something he wondered if he was hallucinating. A person that didn't seem to quite be there, was watching him from across the room. The watcher's appearance was that of a ghost, or at least what Terry assumed a ghost could look like.

Faded, and transitioning between different areas of the light color spectrum erratically. Is what the man looked to be. A ghost or a concussion? The Elite MAD agent wondered this. As the Amazon finally started to ease up on hurting him.

"Would you take her on? I wouldn't." Pops asked Louis, wiping sweat off himself with a towel he had plucked off the floor.

"The Amazon? You shouldn't be fearful of taking on a woman, my friend" Louis replied, as he got off the weight machine. Then moved to the floor, and started doing sit ups.

The next words Pops could think to say on the matter got changed. As an intercom announcement got broadcast through out the room. "Louis LARGOE, report to my office now." The words just spoken being those of their employer Doctor Claw, made everyone look to Louis. He now with his elbows resting at the upper bases of his knees, sat in the sit up, frozen in place.

"Would you be fearful of taking on Doctor Claw?" Pops asked changing the direction of the conversation lightly. While watching Louis get up from the floor to standing.

"I'd be a fool not to be." Louis stated in reply looking back to Pops. Briefly as he started walking away from the man.

Rubbing his muscles as he strode across the room. The wide birth once given to Terry and Annie. Now being applied to the large grunt, as he walked to the exit. The reasoning behind this new distance given. Not of fear they'd get hurt if they got in his way. But rather as a sign of respect for a man they were all sure would soon be dead.

Chapter 3:

In HAPPY headquarters in it's vast outlay that spreads it's self

just one mile beneath the world's feet. Plus to that of a few thousand miles spread across the United States in that respect. In Eda Venture's office, she watched Penny's friends of Fletcher, then Kayla enter her space. Then have Penny follow in after them.

As the two teenagers who felt like outsiders to HAPPY. Took in the surgeon doctor's office like curious owls. Twitching their heads about in every direction. Eda took careful hold of Kayla. Not that she feared the girl would move something about in her office. But rather to the fact she was well aware by speaking to Penny on the phone. Why her friends were here.

A safe place away from the feelings of violent acts of non-justified hatred. At their school, earlier in the day. Fletcher was just there as a supportive friend. Plus fear and nervousness shared by the girls to what had happened. Kayla was the bigger case, given she'd been at the event first hand with Penny, and had gotten shot.

"It's fine, it's fine." Kayla said, trying to brush off the doctor. As the woman, prompted by not only moving the girl to an examining table. But also patting it to insist she lay on it.

"Are you sure?" Eda continued to insist to the girl that she knew while physically only slightly wounded. Emotionally couldn't have been in a very good state.

"Please just leave me be for the moment." The girl replied at first looking down. Then for lack of not knowing how to handle things any better than the prompt she'd been given. Got on to the examining table, and started to again look around the office.

"It's quite a nice setup for a practice you've got here. I can see why Pen likes this place." She continued, before turning to Fletcher to see, he too was taking in the office in his own way.

Back from out his backpack, that was forced into concealment after other staff of HAPPY took notice of it. As Fletcher moved with his friends through the complex, to Eda Venture's office. He took out his camcorder, and started to record the surgeon doctor's office for posterity. Not something he felt was worth the risk of losing his camera over else where in the establishment's HQ. Elsewhere he'd been threatened, that if he used the device, he'd lose it to confiscation. Here, with a woman, he knew to be another of Penny's friends, through Penny voicing the fact. He felt sure he could get away with it's use.

Hopefully later he thought other staff, not connected with the honey-blond haired girl. Would lighten up about it's use once they saw how beneficial it was to them. For his example, he'd put to others on his wanted recordings of them. A "like" button hit on an internet video website, many times over.

Looking around the office with his gaze focused on that camcorder's view finder screen. He frowned a little seeing what was taking place before him. Not a bad event, but one he knew why it was happening. As he had known the same why it had happened to Kayla. Eda was questioning Penny about how she was after what had happened in the school.

"It feels worse than it was." Penny replied to Eda with her eyes down cast as she said the words.

Realizing there had to be more to the words than she ventured to vocalize her guessing on. That the girl had been witness to more than a student losing control of his senses. Then hurting one of her friends & another peer. She just replied to Penny with, "we'll talk about that later."

From watching the interaction between his master, and one of her many teachers, who strangely was one of her friends. Brain walked to Penny from the area in the office he'd been laying in waiting for her presents. He wasn't quite sure how to approach the girl. He remembered what she'd told him, and what she'd told the co-master over the phone. What had happened to her in her sleep time when he could do nothing to protect her from harm. She'd just been hurt again, and this time not in sleep. He should have been with her, but he had not been.

Standing on his hind legs, he nuzzled her with his nose all around her. As far up her as he could reach up to her. She in turn took hold of his paws, and rubbed them, smiling down at the dog. Before she turned to Eda for answers which she was sure the doctor would have for her. Without her having to voice the questions.

"I had Jean come by your house once it was decided you'd be here with your classmates. We figured the pooch would help you with this." Eda answered the only question she guessed was on Penny's mind about the presents of her pet.

"I thought you didn't want him in your office or around any medical areas of HAPPY for that matter?" Penny questioned now aloud. As she took her tablet computer out of her backpack, and presented it to Brain for his use in communicating with her.

"Today it's ok, Penny." She answered the teen, smiling slightly, before turning away from her, to look at her friends.

Kayla taking the quiet, but passive inquisitive route to Eda's office. The injured girl was sitting on the exam table, and opening up drawers near by, to peer inside them. To then shut the draws again after her curiosity was satisfied. Fletcher while doing exactly what Kayla was, he was also recording his examining

of her equipment. Plus also noting her medications on hand for quick usage on patients that needed them. The boy's actions bothered her.

Penny realizing that Eda's eyes were on her friends. Looked up to Eda as she was getting ready to say her thoughts about the return of Fletcher's camera. Plus his hands being more grabby than Kayla's.

"Is Fletch holding his camera?" Penny asked the surgeon doctor, who the girl could tell was clearly worried.

"He got warned. I remember security's reaction. Which is pretty standard with outsiders learning of internal going ons here in HAPPY. Yes Penny, he's at it again." Eda said, again looking to Penny, before returning her attention to her friends. Although now more specifically only to Penny's male friend.

"He just wants to do a video piece on HAPPY. I'm sure it will all be harmless in the end what he records." Penny replied to her.

"I want to review what he's recorded in the end, and I want security staff to review what he's recorded in the end before it leaves this place." Eda stated, before moving to Penny, and bending down to her & Brain. Continuing with her thoughts, she asked the teen.

"I don't want him or Kayla around my medications. Especially the ones containing Datura Stramonium and Amanita Muscara. Please, when my eyes aren't on them, do -." Penny cut her off in her worried request to relieve her of her professional, but the girl knew, unfounded fear.

"None of my friends do drugs, and even if they did. They wouldn't know those are compound chemicals known to cause hallucinations."

Inside Doctor Claw's office, the leader of MAD stared at Louis from across his desk for five minutes. Before he got up from the desk to do the same to the man for another period of time, to the same degree. This made Louis scared, but showing he was afraid of his employer was something he refused to do. Nothing about his demeanor changed about him from when he first entered the office till ten minutes into being there. When Doctor Claw finally spoke to him.

"You have no notable special talents. Some would consider you to be a dumb, piling of muscles. Nothing more than a minion of sorts to MAD. I do not consider you to be dumb." Doctor Claw told Louis, as the grunt continued standing before the man. Acting as best he could to be a statue created by the Medusa of Greek myth.

This quickly changed about him, as Doctor Claw continued his speech to the man, questioned him. Putting an armored glove, hand on one of his shoulders. Louis twitched as Doctor Claw said, "you can deceive people. Deception is what you do beyond your strength, and while that is a talent it does not stand out to me. You do want promotion correct?"

Again Doctor Claw just stared at Louis, but unlike his sizing up of the man, earlier. Not that he expected the other man to talk. It took about 30 seconds for this to sink into the employee's head. What his boss was expecting of him. All Louis could do in reply. All that he felt he could do, was in the smallest possible voice say, "yes sir." Without barely moving his lips while doing so.

"I need you to do your job, be deceptive. Make people believe I am here when I am not." Doctor claw said to Louis, watching the other man acknowledge his words. That showed nothing to his expression in this acknowledgment, but the widening of his eyes.

"You want to speak?" The boss questioned him, knowing what the man must be thinking.

Louis nodded his head before his eyes when even wider than they'd been before. He then said softly, "Yes sir, I'm like to speak."

"My leave from our headquarters is only temporary. This deception, that is how you will earn your promotion. If you fail to do this job you will not only be replaced from your employment here. You will no longer be working for MAD the hard way, understood?" Doctor Claw stated to Louis, thinking the grunt might have had most of his questions answered about the job being handed to him.

Further details, still in needed clarification. The man knew those details should only be relayed to Louis. Once he knew the grunt at least knew the basic principals of job.

"Yes sir, um?" After replying to his boss that he understood what he'd been told. Louis still had questions. Plus he knew there was a chance he could be making a mistake in even asking about them. Could he? Would he even dare? He had, that had started the questioning. He should have never said "um." Because now yet again Doctor Claw, Louis knew was starring at him again from beneath his hat, with it's brim slanted to lowering over his eyes.

"You question me?" Doctor claw said coldly, his gravelly voice sounding deeper than normal as he spoke.

"No no sir! Only what is going on here sir!" Louis shot out his

replying answer to his boss.

The reply not being wanted at all, made Doctor Claw clench his armored gloved, hand. This act was caught by Louis, and knowing what he was about to do could be a mistake he'd regret with his life. He did so anyway, he asked his highest superior not the questions the man thought were on the grunt's mind. But the questions that not only he'd been pondering. His co-workers also had been thinking about as well.

"Sir, Doctor Claw I'm not questioning your orders of me. I'm questioning what we've all been questioning here. Everyone at MAD who doesn't like myself included. Doesn't know what is going on, that we question."

Seeing his boss unclench his armored glove. Louis continued his speech after taking a gulp of air in. "The power surges, and an excess of other oddities that have come up recently unexplainable. HAPPY as some suspect? Invisible people? I know that sounds nuts, but some people, and I not one of them think -."

Doctor Claw interrupted him quickly in stating to him, "HAPPY, no. We'd be lucky if that were the case. No, old business I suspect."

Feeling like there should be more to this. Louis now took his turn at eying his boss, as opposed to the other way around. Although be it he hoped without Doctor Claw noticing it really. As the other man picked up a suitcase. That before he shooed off his cat, the animal had been resting on the whole time Louis had been in the office.

"Oh, and if you can put a stop to those surges, and what they're connected too. Your next pay check will have a lavish number on it." Doctor Claw told him, in quickly turning to the grunt.

The shock of his boss snapping his attention on to him so suddenly. Made him feel like he'd taken it physical rather than mental. He felt like he'd been caught in the act of something awful, and given that he was sure it meant he'd be punished with some form of torture. His gut hurting at the thought. Nothing seemed to come of it. Doctor Claw was too busy making a final visual inspection of the office, as he continued readying his leave of it.

When Doctor Claw finally felt satisfied with the state he'd be leaving things in for Louis with the office. That's when the attack happened from out of the blue. From the far wall of the office it came. Doctor Claw's prize sword, a two foot long blade with elaborate Celtic notwork covering it's hilt. With a skull twisting out from the pattern of the art made from silver. By

invisible force it flew through the air at Doctor Claw, and hit the wall just by the man.

Louis turned pale in horror at the sight, not only on it being unexplainable, unprecedented, and strange. But also because since there was clearly no one else visible to blame. The attempted murder of his boss could only be pinned on him. The respectful treatment of him given by his co-workers in the combat training & gym room, of what they saw as a death march. Now was coming true to what it was. Louis was about to be killed for an attempt on Doctor Claw's life.

Having taken notice of the sword that had just whizzed by him. That was now stuck in the wall by him, near to the door of the office. Doctor Claw turned to look back at Louis, coldly. Louis could only spastically pronounce his innocence to him. In hopes what he saw as the inevitable, wouldn't happen to him.

"I swear I didn't! I'd never, not in a million! I'd never ever even think! Never try and kill yo! Never never, I didn't do it! I swear I didn't do it!"

Looking from Louis to the sword and then back to the grunt, calmly. Doctor Claw replied with, "I believe you."

Before he left the room with his tabby, Mad Cat trailing after him. Leaving Louis Largoe dazed in shock. Wondering in multiple reasoning directions what just happened?

In the section base of HAPPY headquarters, nearest to Metro City. Two of it's agents just returned from their latest case assignment. However with extra company in tow. A very unhappy fraud archaeologist, Hancock didn't want to be there. He wanted to be nearly any where, but this place. He'd been caught red handed by those agents.

What could he do given that? Become a fugitive? He'd contacted HAPPY for their help, and sadly their lead inspector thought of as a super agent had seen through his rouge. This was his end, and he had no one to blame but himself as he wished for his situation to be otherwise.

John wished for this situation to be in an otherwise state right now. He wished that he had handled his niece differently in what to her at least had been the early morning. True, what he had now just discovered when trying to report in to Chief Quimby, had no connection to her bad dream. It was an awful event none the less, and he should have been there for her.

His chief, his immediate superior was handling the afterwards of

the shooting, Penny had been witness to. He had business of his own, and while talking to Quimby was part of that. It wasn't the only thing he needed to do. He also had to handle Hancock, but thankfully in that. It in, that meant he could do two things at once.

Penny, he'd been told was here, and was with her newest teacher. In fact the only teacher she dealt with outside her school. Eda Venture, he'd been told was looking after Penny currently, and two of her peer friends from school. Eda was a person he needed to see. Eda could handle the dirty archaeologist in a way typical law couldn't.

His job: getting her to remove the artifact from the man. Also when combined with having a little needed family time with his niece. This worked well, but he still blamed himself for what he couldn't have controlled.

When entering the doctor's office along with Alan. Who felt he almost had to drag their current case in with them, into the room. John spotted the teen after a search which had him looking in every direction, but the one that should have been obvious.

Sitting cross legged on the floor with Brain sitting beside her. The girl was talking with the animal through true verbal communication and text speak. A normal act for them, but to any one not used to it. That was a matter, he had to explain frequently to people outside their normal private life. What the two were doing.

Feeling slightly unsure about how to approach her, and keeping a distance. The only words he could think to say then, at least to her Were, "I'm sorry."

Not the best choice of words, he knew. But he hoped she'd understand their meaning well enough to get what he was attempting to relay to her.

Without saying anything, but simply looking at him with no emotion. Then walking to him, and taking him into a half hug, she just stayed with him, then listened to him continue his thoughts to her. The inspector now feeling more mentally organized. With her seemingly accepting of him finally being present for her.

"I wonder if that bad dream was some kind of premonition to today?" He questioned her, even though he knew such a thing wasn't possible.

Eda watching them, finally felt she was starting to see a missing puzzle piece fall into place. What the inspector's niece was refusing to talk about. Then she noticed something that finally was riding on her nerves so high. She didn't know what to make of

it, as she bit her tongue in it's observance. Fletcher was recording them. The boy was taking what should have been a very private moment, and was recording it likely for the whole world to see later online.

"Philip please leave them alone." Eda attempted to request of Fletcher.

Noting the request, and the complete mistake of the sounding of his name. Fletcher's reaction to the doctor was simply eying her for a moment before returning his full attention to his friend and her uncle. John took more notice than the boy did however. In that of acknowledging seeing him, what he was doing, and looking non too pleased at the teen.

"Reality show for the internet. My channel has most of Metro City Western High for an audience. Plus some people down south watch this stuff as well." Fletcher told John, as the older man glared at him.

"As Miss. Venture said, cut it out. I don't want this recorded for your amusement or any one else's. Our lives aren't for public broadcast, understand?" The inspector requested of the boy, evenly.

At that the teenage boy finally complied with the wishes of two of the adults present in the room. Not wanting to get confirmation that Penny's uncle could do feats inhuman and harmful to him. He pressed the record button on his camcorder. Shutting off it's progression of digital taping of the moment, of bonding he'd hoped to capture. A touching time lost to the ages, he felt jipped of good footage. Although looking around the room for more to cover in recording. He remembered looking at the inspector's partner, and the person he was keeping an eye on. There were more interesting things taking place in the room.

The now fixed attention of Fletcher to Alan and Hancock, too didn't go unnoticed by John. This brought him back to the larger reason he was there. The archaeologist had to be dealt with. Also the person who claimed ownership to the office, had to do most of that dealing with him.

"Eda, this fraud we've brought in. He needs a um cleaning, to get back what he stole. I assume you can do that right?" John asked as he parted from Penny softly. Then proceeded to focus his attention solely between Earl Hancock and her, with his looks.

Going pale, Hancock finally spoke up for the first time in hours. "Do you have to?"

"Do you want this done the easy way or the hard way sir?" Eda replied to him, as she went to an island storage unit. To then

pull out one of it's drawers, and retrieve medicine from it.

"Can't we just turn back time here, and forget why I'm here?" Hancock asked her, looking squeamish as he looked in her direction. Not to her fully, but to what she was holding. A pill she'd just taken from the bottle of medication she was holding. The pill now resting in the cap to the bottle it had come from. It looked like something even a horse would have trouble swallowing.

As Eda replied back with a simple no to him, he groaned. When he finally turned his attention away from the pill bottle, and to his side. He took on a new more wary expression. He now saw Fletcher with his camcorder pointed right at him. The high school student was smiling at him. As he spoke to not only the dirty archaeologist, but not looking away from the man, Eda.

"I want to record this. Please let me record this." Fletcher requested, with the red light providing proof on his camera. He truly had no intention of waiting for permission to start the act he was asking about.

"Eda?" John asked the surgeon doctor, not knowing how she took to this act. This newest violation of privacy, if it could be called that. The inspector didn't think so, but it was her call if it was ok.

It had to be remedied she knew. The kids couldn't stay in her office for long, not if one of them kept up what he wanted to do. Plus the second, while needing comfort same as Penny, but for different reasoning. Didn't seem to need her services. Eda thought briefly to get an answer, and it seemed to fit the bill right what she remembered. Not a pleasant thought at her career be it, but the man would keep the kids out of her hair. Plus the other active HAPPY agents who didn't want them around as well.

"Ph - Fletch - Fletcher, why don't you leave us be? You, Kayla & Penny go talk with former leader of the guard for Team Longchamp of security, Agent Chalopin? I'm sure he wouldn't mind your presents in the least." Eda requested of the teen. As she pushed him away from Hancock, to get to the man.

Fletcher knew when people truly didn't want him around, but he knew one misstep here could lead to trouble. Penny knew what was happening with him as well. His actions had now gone too far. Luckily she understood what the woman was hinting at beyond pawning off the children to other company in the establishment. While she knew who the former leader of the guard for team Longchamp was, Fletcher didn't. She knew he'd likely be pleasantly surprised by the man. Also his openness would be a good distraction to Kayla, over the day's events. Penny, taking her male friend's arm, motioned him to come with her. Then

motioned for her more quiet other friend to follow her.

Watching the group of high school students leave the office, to meet with the former HAPPY agent. John questioned Eda over her recommendation she'd just given. "Are you sure that's a good idea?"

"Swallow," she told Hancock bluntly as she opened one of his hands. Moved the pill from the cap it had been resting in, to the opened hand. Then with her other hand handed him a cup of water. Before continuing with stating. "He loves kids, he knows the rules, and he'll be fine with demonstrating his cyborg side."

"He's simple." The Inspector proclaimed.

The doctor grimaced at the words, before replacing the cap to the bottle of medication she'd been holding. Then placing it back where she'd taken it from. The reminder of what she'd done without better knowledge ages ago. Was not something she wanted to think about.

"I'm aware of that Inspector." She replied to John trying to look more composed than she had just moments ago.

Realizing he'd hit a subject best left buried. John knew he'd again fouled up this day, but hopefully the right words would fix that. "Hopefully that won't be a problem, and I can't thank you enough that by the time you guys worked on me. I didn't turn out like him." He told her hoping the success of her work and her team's work on him, would make her feel better.

"It's because of advances in understanding the brain, how you got lucky, John. Back when Chalopin became a cyborg, we didn't know as much. Part of that third brain of your's that is what helps control your gadgets. To him it's his main brain now. He can control his devices with extreme dexterity and skill, but as for the rest of how he functions. I just wish I could turn back time." She replied to him at first with her eyes downcast, then focusing to him, then to else where. The subject still making her feel uncomfortable. Despite the man's attempt to make her feel better about her work.

"I think I feel it working." The archaeologist stated, shifting around a little.

Moving away from Hancock, with a slight sound of concern in his voice. Alan asked, "other subjects guys. Eda, anything new we might be interested in hearing about, that happened while we were gone on our case assignment?"

"Well the day hasn't been all bad." Eda started to relay what she'd heard from else where. From other agents before she got

interrupted with.

"Says you!" Hancock shouted at her.

Before the doctor continued, without verbal reply. The remaining group in the room stared at the upset archaeologist for a few seconds. The two agents who worked more out in the field for HAPPY. Felt tired of him before he'd stepped foot in the office. The agent who spent most of her time in the office, now had enough of him.

"Today hasn't been all bad. Rumor has it MAD is experiencing matters so foul, Doctor Claw is considering leaving it."

"How confirmed is it MAD is experiencing problems." John asked her, feeling very skeptical over the rumor she'd just voiced.

Shrugging her shoulders as she spoke. Eda answered John with, "it's hard to tell since this intelligence has only been found out by spying on identified MAD agents working out in the field. Only going into MAD could confirm such a thing, and the captured agents refuse to talk."

"Has any one ever been in MAD's HQ to investigate matters with them before?" The inspector asked, now feeling intensely curious about the information she was dispensing out.

"No," came Eda's reply, plain and simple.

Looking to Hancock sitting down on the examining table which had been formerly used by Kayla. Biting his lower lip for a moment. Before turning his attention to his partner out in the field, and friend. Alan asked John, "are we going to check out MAD's HQ John? I can see those wheels of yours turning."

"I'd be a poor inspector if I didn't. Facts always need to put rumors to rest, and MAD losing it's leader in experiencing troubles. Is definitely worth discovery of the truth." John said with a little smile on his face.

Chapter 4:

Coming up and through the launch tunnel built into the very top of Mt. Everfrost. The MADmobile, Doctor Claw's rocket-car, made it's self known to every presents outside the mountain, fast. The thundering of it's jet engines when breaching through the cavern leading to MAD's headquarters. Caused the snow atop the mountain to break loose, and tumbling down the face of it, find those presents.

In massive chunks of icy snow, the Gadgetmobile got beaten by the avalanche, caused by the exiting rocket-car. The rain of snow, beating in against the car sitting on the narrow mountain road leading into the headquarters of HAPPY's rival establishment. Coming in on the vehicle in varying waves of sizes. This led Alan sitting in the passenger seat of the car. To again point out what he thought was a good idea. Using one of the modded Supra's gadgets to help them out. John knowing his partner's enthusiasm too well wouldn't have any of it.

Turning up the heater to the car, John proclaimed his thoughts about the entombing blanket of snow covering them. "We are at our destination. We don't need to fly period. Also given how the whole body of the car can super heat off snow & ice. In about an hour or so we should be free."

"Your stubbornness is amazing sometimes. No, I don't want to see it fly right now, but the wings would break-apart the snow. Freeing us up a ten foot path in two directions." The engineer shot back at the inspector semi-politely. Taking the moment to do what the other man saw as unthinkable, and yet he knew it was coming. The fellow HAPPY agent pressed the newly installed button on one of the dashboards of the car. That activated it's transformation into mini-jet mode.

After what was thought of as the normal sounds, both men associated with the car converting to a hovercraft. Of Grinding metal, hissing, and clicking. They watched as the shifting inside the car's frame pushed it's self out to form it's wings out to both sides of the machine. Alan grinned as the wings transformation concluded, looking to John as he did so. Much to the man's pride, he caught a smile of bemusement on John's face. Before he turned to see, Alan's grin. That's when his face dropped back to his normal one of disapproval, to his co-worker's impulsive actions.

After the engineer turned away from the inspector. Knowing despite catching him enjoying what the car had done successfully. The man somehow was still annoyed by him. The car continued on to further transform it's self into it's jet form. Once that was completed, Alan leaning against the door. Looking out the window nearest him, finished his statement of reasoning.

"And a path to the rear, of five feet & three inches."

"While we have this little bit of time, we could contemplate what just occurred? Doctor Claw just left MAD." John said, sighing and worming lightly in his seat to get comfortable in it.

"Look out the window again." Alan replied, non-enthusiastically.

Taking the engineer's advice of looking out the window at the

small path created by the car's left wing. Snow still being present, but not looking as the chilling death it had a short time ago. The inspector then looked back at the sulking man, now no longer making eye contact at him.

Opening the car's driver's side door with some force to break the snow trapped at it's base. John snapped Alan out of his moping for lack of appreciation for his work. A reminder of the man's other handy work, being brought into the inspector's speech. As he activated one of his own gadgets to help things out.

"Only because you recently gave me a way to counteract this." John said as he used his blowtorch against the snow surrounding them. The act only justified completely because of his newest built in gadget. A water gun, that John was amazed HAPPY had never thought about giving him access to from the start of his life with them.

Six of MAD's grunts stood in Doctor Claw's office, looking at the handy work of the seventh of their collective. The work of Louis, in trying to fool others not present except his best friend, not present. That their boss who had recently flown the coop, was still there.

"Do you guys think it will work?" Louis asked turning to them, and switching his attention around as best he could to all of them.

His work he knew had been done half fast. But given lack of advance notice of his mission assignment. He felt sure what effort had been given, surely was worth something? A copy of the Claw's armored glove, resting on the arm rest to his chair. With the chair not facing the door. It could work he assumed. Then he got his critique from his co-workers on the same level of the work latter as himself.

"Lou, according to what you've told us. None of us should even know you've done this." Fred pointed out with his reply.

"That could work so long as no one turns the chair around to face um, Doctor Claw. To discover it's only a copy of his armored glove." Pops pointed out in his answer to the question.

"What if a bomb was placed in the chair, and was triggered by the chair being turned. Then the person would be none the wiser, and be dead." Slick suggested in his reply. Motioning with his hands as he did so, of what he wanted to see happen.

Just a little surprised by Slick's answer slash suggestion. Not too surprised given he tended to act a little more randomly

violent then the rest of them at times. Louis countered his comrade's thoughts with his own. Feeling what he thought of the proposed idea. Could led to problems unforeseen, at least to Slick.

"That would destroy the office, and none of us would want that."

"You wouldn't want that. The rest of us weren't even in this room, remember?" Jarvis stated, eyeing Louis with a look the other man felt was unfounded slightly. A look of superiority, which didn't befit the man at all. Given they both held the same job status.

Annoyed by his co-workers helpfulness, Louis took a moment longer than normal to notice the atmosphere in the room wasn't alright. That is beyond the clear problem he was facing. What had just interrupted the meeting of the goons. Was an alert signal beeping & light blinking from a button, from a setup built into Doctor Claw's desk. A security monitoring setup that only he, the boss of them all, was meant to access. That now for the first time in their careers for MAD. The employees of low status were seeing for the first time.

Tentatively, Louis pressed the blinking button to see what would happen upon it's pressing. The result he saw, one soon seen also by his present co-workers gathering around him. Shocked all of them in the contents displayed on the monitor, which connected to the formerly blinking button. MAD had just been infiltrated for the first time in it's history, and at that by a pair of very unwelcomed guests likely.

"Maybe it's Terry? One of them." Bruce questioned, pointing a finger on to the monitor screen. The surges in power causing him like the others present. To wonder what he was seeing with a jittering screen.

Louis started to grit his teeth watching one of the visitors on the screen. He didn't question who they were, especially one of them. Watching where the rocket-car had exited MAD. A long tunnel burrowing downwards.

He focused on the cyborg, carefully finding handholds in odd places along it's curving wall. The wall which wasn't built for climbing, a mesh-mash of rock, and concrete & openings. The HAPPY inspector called Gadget, climbing down for a short while, before his foe for the ages. The HAPPY inspector's partner, the thorn that he'd wish would just die. The normal, but for his self made superpowers which weren't built into him. Engenis the average build, five foot eight tall in height man, who had defeated Louis more than once in fights. Louis being proud of his height of six feet. Plus to boot with a BMI of 29, with his weight of 215 pounds. Most of which being muscle to his frame, and not fat. Saw

the engineer using his cape to fly down the tunnel.

"I doubt that for two reasons." Louis answered Bruce, almost growling as he did so. Before continuing on to his explanations that left the inflections of hate out of his voice.

"One: Terry last to my knowledge is just about courting death. With that strange attraction he and the Amazon seem to be having with each other. Also I think Terry is not only still recovering from fighting her. But likely is fruitlessly trying to find her flowers. Two: the second the one flying. I'm damn sure I know who that is. His presents could only mean the climber has to be Inspector Gadget, and not our cyborg pal."

"Orders?" Fred asked, Louis, that then at his head turning to the man. The rest of the other goons did the same action. Hopeful for direction from their temporary fake boss.

"Do nothing to the intruders yet. First I want to send the zoo crew security robots on Level 1 on them. It is their duty to attack intruders after all. Then we'll fight them if the bots can't handle them." Louis stated his reply, none too happy about the situation. But feeling like he was handling it correctly, as he told his co-workers the orders.

As Louis readied himself to leave the room. For the brief time it would take him to reach the room in which laid the controls to activate the robots. Pops questioned him. "Before you go since you're being privy to information the rest of us aren't. Why past the surges are things getting weird in the deeper levels of the complex. Plus also that funny smell that seems to be getting stronger?"

"I don't know, but I have a promised sweet paycheck if I can fix it." Louis answered, holding on to the door frame to Doctor Claw's office for a moment. Before leaving sight of his comrades in the office.

Intrigued by the security monitoring setup normally never in access to any one, but the big boss. Jarvis started pressing the buttons which lit up the other monitors in the small machine station built into the desk. "Any one wanna to see where else Claw can personally monitor through out HQ?" He questioned the gang around him.

Seeing what they had before not known their boss could keep an eye on elsewhere inside Mt. Everfrost. They all concluded verbally, and at nearly the same time. They couldn't believe Doctor Claw kept tabs on one of the places shown on one of the screens. After Jarvis pressed another button to light up yet another security screen. Fred exclaimed he'd never go into the newly revealed by camera, place being watched again unless

ordered to.

"Why don't you just extend your legs down to the ground? Or better yet, why didn't you just break out your helicopter unit? It's packed in a case in the car." Alan asked swooping in the air around John. As the other man's right foot, in picking found another crevice in the wall to wedge into.

Looking down for only a moment forced the inspector to answer his friend's question in depth. "The view is making me feel a touch of vertigo, and lightly nauseous. A bad combo I think to doing either feat. The climbing down keeps my mind off both of those." The answer given as the man with his focus trying not to be on what he'd just stated slipping. Causing him to feel more sick than he had been already, and now going ever so slightly pale.

"Yeah, I'm feeling a little queasy myself, and I can smell something in the air that might be causing that. I'm sure you can handle it. Just think, your not swooping through the air right now." Alan replied back to him, floating to John, and placing a hand on his shoulder.

"Not helping Alan." John stated, now looking worse off than he had when they'd started talking about the subject.

At hearing sounds of mechanical movement, both men looked to each other. Alan broke away from contact with John. John stopped thinking about how ill the descent was making him feel, and now listened to the noises as sharply as he could. Internally adjusting his hearing level as he attempted to figure out what it was he was listening to.

"John?" Alan requested, to the fellow HAPPY agent.

"It's not me." John replied to the engineer, still listening to the sounds. Now not moving at all, staying in one place fixed to the wall.

"Then what is it? What can your amplified sense of hearing pick up?" Alan further questioned.

Looking over, twisting his head ever so unnaturally to the engineer. Frowning at the man was all it took for John to relay to him, he didn't want to look, and see the sound's source. That despite feeling a little better in his climb down the shaft, he still couldn't look down.

Again with no words spoken, but relayed once more in motioning. Alan pointed out he'd check out what was making the sounds of mechanical movement now growing ever louder in their ears. The

sight below him, shocked him when he spotted it. Two robotic beasts of clear design of what they were meant to represent. A gorilla and a monkey having just then entered into standing & staring at the men. The center of the floor to which the men were descending to, now had mechanical apes waiting for them in it.

"What is it?" The inspector asked wondering why the engineer had gone wide eyed in his gaze to the ground, he refused to look at.

"We don't have a choice, John. We'll just have to deal with it when we get to the floor." The tech answered with his voice cracking a little, feeling too stunned by the view he'd just taken in to know how to properly vocalize it.

Although waiting to discover what the other man meant by his words, didn't take long. The gorilla took the initiative then, and bounded up & off the curving wall to get to John. The tackle happened so fast the inspector couldn't think fast enough to combat the new weight grabbing at him.

The fall that resulted from the robot ape, and part robot man, was that of a stone. Fast, and with worrying feeling in John that he'd soon be a pancake to the ground with the bullet speed he was falling at. Luckily for him the gorilla weighed more than he did, and gravity forced it into the better position as to not force the inspector into a flattened shape.

When the two crashed to the floor, the inspector finally saw his opponent. The robot gorilla while having no flexible metal in it's face, John could still swear wore an expression on it. Pure detest for him. Moving out from under the HAPPY agent, and grabbing one of the man's legs while doing so. The mechanical beast, treating the leg as if it were a whip, bashed the inspector against the ground in a swinging motion.

The words of "holy crap," jumping into his mind as he hit the ground again. Not verbally spoken since the impact forced the air in his lungs out of them in a painful rush. Turning around to face the beast as fast as he could. With mental command, he exposed his laser gadget, and fired it at the robot into it's head.

After the smoke and sparks cleared from the sight of the massive mechanical beast's head. John saw it's response to his attempt to defend himself against it. Nothing but a look that still seemed annoyed by him, and movement up to him. Snorting exhaust from it's nostrils appeared to be it's only way to show a further expression of it's mood. Before it grabbed the inspector by his midsection, and threw him against the wall.

Now having semi gotten used to being thrown around like a rag doll by the beast. Having a little bit of air in his lungs. John

finally spoke up and to himself, over his predicament. "This has not been a good day so far."

He said just before trying a new act on the robot in combat. That while weird, he figured was worth a shot. He fired his new water gun gadget at it, hoping it might short circuit the machine. All the act did was send water dripping down the face of the mechanical beast, and nothing more. The fight was not going well, and looking to Alan, who had rushed to his defense. Alan's fight didn't appear to be going much better.

The robot monkey was on the man's back, clawing at him in a fruitless effort to cause physical harm. His focus divided between his own fight with the small medal simian & attempting to try and make his way over to John. The fight given by the monkey not just hard by it's location on Alan, and it's claws. But also what was coming from it's back.

Somehow in between small licks against him with it's energy conducting, lit up like a fluorescent blue flexible bulb tail. That without breaking his skin under the protection awarded by his cape. Still managed to cause him pain. Guessing at the reasoning behind this, the engineer was sure that had to do with whatever from of electricity the machine was inflicting on him. It being technology, and his cape being technology as well. A conflict of interacting devices. Alan managed to get out the words to his co-worker of, "you used your water gun!?"

"I figured it would short circuit the thing!" John proclaimed his answer to the other man, in a shout. The robot gorilla now attempting to run, and grab at John. As he ran, and ducked it, at every turn it made. His mind working fast to come up with a truly working answer to once, and for all really being able to do damage to the man-made creature.

Deciding it was futile to try, and harm the engineer with it's claws. The monkey tried a new tactic on it inflicting pain on Alan. In observation to it's efforts to hurt him so far. It started to ring it's tail around him, wrapping & whipping at him, as it held on to him.

Grabbing backwards to the mechanical simian. Alan got a hold of the false monkey, and threw it off of him with as much force as he could muster. Sadly without knowing it, this was a short sighted act. For when he threw the monkey off him, it wasn't just simply holding on to his back at the time. It was also holding on to his cape. With Alan's own actions, he'd just thrown his attacker and his defense across the room. He was no longer wearing his cape. Now held in one of the fore paws of the medal monkey some yards away from him.

Feeling utterly helpless, Alan did the first thing that rang to

mind. He attempted to ask John for help.

"I have a problem of my own to deal with Alan, but I'll try to get to you shortly! I now have an idea how to handle this!" John replied to him as the robot gorilla tried to punch the inspector's head into the wall shortly behind him. The action fortunately missed by the man with quick reflex used.

Using the springs built into his legs, John jumped up to a higher part of the shaft they were in. The action bringing him to a height in it almost to the point that he'd fallen from a short time ago, thanks to his opponent. Seeing good places for hand & foot holds fast, he then fixed himself back into the wall of the room. He hoped this tactic of his would work. Looking below him, he waited to see if the gorilla would jump off the wall in bounds again to reach him once more.

With his attention for the moment, fixed on seeing what he considered a rare sight, what his friend & co-worker had just done. Alan smiled at the sight of the man now at what he guessed to be a vertical distance of 400 feet above him. The engineer soon lost attention to pride in his work. When his other work got pointed back to his attention. The robotic monkey making chirping noises, was signaling him to look at it. The small medal simian was holding his cape. Plus waving it around towards him, as if doing an impression of a matador to egg him into coming after it.

The egging wasn't hard to do with Alan in wanting to take back his defense. As he started after the tiny man made beast. Just as it's larger brother of sorts started to spring up after John high above them both. The pair of apes emotionless, but driven. The pair of men not emotionless, and driven the need to survive. Fear in both of them due to many factors of present in their predicament. John hoped that his plan would work, and at least one fear would soon be taken care of.

When the massive mechanical beast reached John. It took hold of him, and tried to pull him from the wall a second time. This time the HAPPY agent knew what was coming for him, and was prepared. He'd sunk in one of this hands and both his of feet deeply into the cracks. He'd quickly located in the curving wall shortly after jumping up to it. The medal beast could not break him free of it this time.

Turning around his head backwards to a degree that would snap a normal human's neck, he looked at the gorilla. Before moments later dodging the free hand he had not trapped into the wall. Activating his laser gadget in the hand, and firing it at the beast with shots he tried to control at the thing.

"Alan move away from the center of the floor now!" John shouted at the other man below him by hundreds of feet. The inspector

making the demand of the engineer. As he finally got a good directed aim on where he meant to shoot at his attacker trying to grab him free of the wall.

"Got you!" Alan answered back at him.

Tired of playing with the engineer as if he were a bull in jumping around floor to evade his strikes at it. The monkey finally dropped the man's cape, and went again, straight for the man. When in desperation Alan jumped & slid on the floor for his protective garment. The monkey yet again jumped on to his back seeing an opportunity. It now danced on the man's back, slapping him wildly with its current charged tail.

Laser shooting off the robotic beast's fingers one by one. John hoped his plan would work. True, the ape had taken a dive before, and landed on its back to the ground below earlier. But this time it would fall from a much higher height than that last time. Hopefully John thought as the false creature finally could no longer hold on to him for lack of digits, started to fall away from him. It would just break apart this time when hitting the ground or become so badly damaged it couldn't operate any more. In either case a win.

Just as the pain he was feeling felt unbearable, Alan finally took hold of his cape in one hand. Him, and his protection laying on the floor. Still feeling the electricity ripping through his body. He couldn't move fast enough to tuck the cape into the back of his shirt to activate its software. In turning around a little to try and do the act. He saw the gorilla in the final feet of its fall, smack into the concrete floor.

This had a side effect not predicted by the inspector and dangerous to the engineer. The impact of the large mechanical beast to the floor, didn't simply smash it to bits, or just cause it to cease functioning. It caused the massive metal creature to punch a massive hole straight through the center of the ground. The floor caving way as the act happened. The monkey catching this sight of its crashing partner too late, couldn't get out of danger's way. It fell with its partner. The partner to the inspector, now not completely concerned with fixing his cape into his shirt. Now holding on to the remaining cement of the floor as best he could.

The fall in crashing could be heard for what felt like eons to the two HAPPY agents. John's level of fear now was higher than it had been before. With his friend slash co-worker in greater danger than before. Danger he had just placed him in due to unforeseen consequence to his actions. John rushed to the man's aid in those moments that felt to drag on forever. Alan's time of stilled eternity of fear, not from his actions of moments ago, but of the time of the present. His grip on the cement wasn't

very good, and the crashing sounds he could hear of the falling robot. Those told him, his fall if he couldn't hold his position, would be a very long one.

"John?" Alan asked the inspector, too afraid to move.

"Hold on!" The inspector answered in a shout back at the man.

Stunned by his friend's logic, Alan wide-eyed answered with.
"Like I have a choice!?"

Fixing himself once again into the surrounding wall & extending one arm out beyond it's normal length to reach Alan. John requested, "take my hand."

Moving carefully, and still managing to keep hold of his cape in clutched fingers. Alan slowly made his way over to the out reached hand which at the same time, it too moved in closer towards him, as John stretched it out to him further. The floor while a short time ago completely stable, now quaked lightly with each movement made by the engineer. The sandy haired man, sweated now for the first time on this chosen mission assignment. As he crossed his fingers mentally with each movement he made, it wouldn't be his last.

Finally having made his way over to the out stretched hand of hope that would deliver him out of mortal danger. Alan realized there was a problem with how he now had to pursue getting rescued. One false move, true would have him dead. But at the same time one false move in poor planning could cost him something else. Knowing his co-worker needed to be informed of a slight delay in him being rescued. Alan made a request for the first time since having his life put in peril, in a calm voice.

"Hold on one second." Vocalized just before he fished his cape by what he could carefully reach, into his mouth. Before continuing through clinched teeth with, "ok."

Reaching then with both hands now free, Alan took hold of John's out stretched hand to him. Letting the man help take him to a more safer area of the launch tunnel room to be in. The both of them now away from the great punched hole created by the robot. John hoped now had been demolished by it's impact to a level in MAD headquarters. Where gravity had finally let it be laid to rest on.

Looking to the engineer for HAPPY, carefully tuck his cape into the back of his shirt's collar. The inspector to a point couldn't believe what he was witnessing. After what both of them had been through, Alan still felt the need to protect himself with his. As John thought of it, and would never voice to the other man. That the cape was his idea of a security blanket. The only thing the

inspector could think to say to the tech at seeing this was, "really?"

"My superpowers aren't built in." Alan replied just after he'd finished adding in the cape, back into his attire. Before he added in question looking around the curved room. "Left? Right? Down? Um, even controlled down not being how I really want to pursue this investigation with you."

"When you saw the monkeys coming, did you catch from which way they came?" John questioned him, remembering that he had been the one to first lay eyes on the pair of now formerly attacking robots.

After thinking for a moment, Alan answered him with, "they were about mid-center here I think? It - it feels like a bit of a blur the last few minutes, John, I'm sorry."

The taller, dark brown haired man, after looking around for a little. Then pointing with one hand, answered the other man's question. "That way looks less dangerous. We'll go that way."

As the two men carefully made their way out of the launch area for Claw's rocket-car. Alan decided he had to vocalize a point which he felt was prominent about their situation. "John I don't think any where in here is safe for us. MAD Headquarters remember?"

Chapter 5:

Down in the depths of the punched hole, watched a MAD agent that at first aimed his gun to what he saw high above him. Intruders, HAPPY agents at that, people with no business being inside the headquarters to his employment. Although after a couple moments of assuring his aim with his gun to be correct, he dropped what he was doing. The urge to kill still present, but no longer the only thing on his mind. The awful gases in the air, made him cough. It's stinging, forcing him to wince his eyes. He no longer could truly see his prey above him, now moving out of his firing range.

In shaking his head attempting to clear it, and weeping lightly from the gas encompassing him. He tried to see the area which just a short time ago had been occupied by the rival agents. His sight in a blur, and that making him feel all the worse about his status. Made move him to the nearest wall, to take a moment to think over how to pursue his job.

Finding the intercom built into the wall after a minute. Finding on it the button which connected directly from it to his boss,

Doctor Claw. The man's office located on the second level of the establishment in it's Sonto 1 section B area. The MAD agent stated what he'd noticed.

"Doctor Claw we have intruders on floor level one leaving the aerial launch tunnel, and heading for Section A Tanna 1. Also sir -." Then looking to the fallen, and broken in places robotic gorilla, missing most of it's digits. Plus the mechanical simian laying on top of it. The MAD agent then continued speaking to the man he thought to be his boss on the other end of the intercom's current link. "They took out the zoo crew."

After depressing the intercom's button, the would have been sniper, noticed movement at his eye level. The monkey noticing it had just been talked about, and lighting up it's tail with electricity, making it clearer it still operated. Then proceeded to get up off it's larger counterpart in security detail. Looked at the MAD agent, and chirped at him before scampering off into the distance. The distance, the human agent couldn't make out too well through the gasses. Which not only were blurring his vision, and making his eyes sting. But he could swear they also seemed to warp his perception of reality at that.

Pressing the intercom button again, the agent continued to apprise the man on the other end of it's link of his further observations. "Correction only the big one of the zoo crew is down."

Finally wondering why there wasn't a voice giving conformation he'd been heard. That of Doctor Claw saying he acknowledged the situation, and any orders the man might have to the loyal agent. The would be sniper finally questioned the other end of the line.

"Doctor Claw, sir?" He asked, that to then after waiting for a minute, he gave up on awaiting the man's answer. Depressing the intercom's button a second time now, and slumping into the wall it was built into. The agent again began to question what to do next. Coughing at the gasses by default became his next action. That, and in his fit of heaving his lungs in the act. Taking notice of the fact he wasn't alone any more.

Raising his gun again to fire at the new comer to the scene. He looked carefully around himself to confirm what his senses where picking up on. That there was someone in the room with him. Sadly through his blurred vision, this was not easy, and worse yet. Some how it appeared he might be wrong about the intruding presents all together. There didn't seem to be any sign now some one was with him. That was until the person present, got within a foot from him.

"That's some loyalty you have there. Tell me why didn't you kill them?" The man asked the MAD agent, smiling at him. The man, the

presents that had at least the shape of one. The man didn't look right. The would be sniper wondered if what he was seeing truly looked like how the man presented himself. The gasses he wondered? Could the gasses be causing the other person to look so strange?

The other man through the agent's blurred vision, in his own sense looked blurred in his own right. He looked to be an image of himself overlapping in on it more than once. A rainbow of overlapping images turning into one another of the person. Distorted, and flickering almost like some form of visual electronic transmission gone wrong. The MAD agent without thinking about it, lowered his gun. In trying to make sense of what he was seeing before him.

Moving away from the agent, the phased color looking man, opened his mouth again to talk. Although by that time the MAD agent had decided what he'd do about the strange man, who looked like an apparition. He fired his gun at the distorted figure in hopes it would go away. Death the gunman agent thought, was always the best way to guarantee no further disturbance from any one or any thing for that matter.

Turning transparent just in time for the bullet to meet with it's intended target. The phased color man chuckled lightly at the attempt made on his life. Before speaking again, to the then twice would be assassin of the last few minutes. Turning once again visible as he spoke.

"That was an unappreciated attempt on my life, not that my life really means something any more. But soon neither will your life." He stated, holding his smile while talking, to then a moment later walking away from the MAD agent. His wavyly appearance getting harder and harder to see the more he moved away. Once he did move out of sight all together the twice would be assassin did take notice of something. He realized he should have noticed from it's start of being present. Wetness, and the need to fix that with a change into fresh pants.

Looking very much inviting given his energy level. John eyed the steaming pot of coffee that sat on a counter in an office that had it's door open. He'd been awake for he wasn't sure how long of that day so far. The international start in a foreign land multiple time zones away. Coupled with feeling an urge to keep an eye on the dirty archaeologist until he'd been taken in by other HAPPY agents at HQ. To then volunteer into a new mission without thinking at the time. About the fact he'd not rested at all since late into the night and on UTC time. He thought about the unthinkable for a few moments looking at the pot. Before Alan snapped him out of his ponderings over it.

"Something interesting?" The engineer questioned him, given he could not see what the other was looking at through the doorway which held the sight inside.

With a sigh, the inspector replied to his friend. "Relevant, but not why we're here."

His curiosity ever present, Alan couldn't resist discovering what John was talking about. Given the reply had sounded cryptic. Just a little fearful that the sight in the office could be a MAD agent gearing up to strike at the HAPPY agents. The man pressed himself to the wall of the corridor both him and the inspector were standing in. To then carefully grip the edge of the door's frame, and slide his head into the entrance. Ever so much that he could see what was inside, and hopefully it wouldn't take fast notice of him.

"Coffee? John, when did we wake up this morning?" Alan smiled weakly as he took in the sight inside the office.

"God knows, and we don't have time for it. Besides that joe isn't even ours." John replied, that towards the end of saying his thoughts. He felt a yawn coming on, that he tried to repress.

"It's just coffee, and besides John it's probably stolen to begin with." Alan replied, starting to move into the office. One arm starting at the same time, to stretch out with it's hand to grab for the resting pot of dark liquid energy.

"We don't have time for it." The inspector stated, taking hold of the other man by his shirt collar. With a reach that went beyond normality to most anyone else in the world.

Defeat noted with feeling John had grabbed his back. Having gained hold of the one place that worried him. Alan whimpered not turning around to look at the other man. His plea sounding pathetic, an abnormal tone of voice to him, he rarely used.

"But we've been up what how many hours? It feels like forever. We started the day in Africa for pete sake."

After waiting for a reply of an expectant eternity that involved looking at the coffee pot. Alan turned around noting that during that time of waiting. His co-worker was no longer holding on to him. In fact the other HAPPY agent was no longer to be seen in the doorway's view at all. The man had pulled himself out of Alan's sight, and now all but for a brief time, the engineer worried again.

It stemmed from losing notice of his partner all, but for few moments it took to find him again. John had moved back down the

hallway by a few feet from whence the two men had come. His reasoning for retreating, Alan was sure had to do with the company they had, which once noticing the engineer. Now was nervously aiming a taser back and forth at both of them.

The MAD agent looked in worse shape than Alan felt, and he was sure that feeling was also shared by the inspector. Hair a mess, sticking up in places oddly, skin looking a little on the pale side, and wide-eyed in his look. The HAPPY agents wondered if the man was alright mentally beyond the normal fact that as they'd noticed time and again. MAD agents in general didn't see all together right in the head.

"I have orders to take you down, given by - by Doctor Claw if you two made it past the robots." The agent said as best he could. Sounding normal in speech through part of what he stated. To then speed up his words towards the end.

Knowing something truly had to be wrong with the man. John knowing what he was about to say could be considered unwise. Decided it was worth pursuing to find out the truth of the matter at hand. What was the distraught MAD agent doing exactly.

"Not that I'm complaining, but you aren't attacking us. Please don't see this as a request, but why aren't you attacking us?" The inspector questioned the scruffy looking MAD agent.

Holding his head in a show of slight pain, the disheveled man slowly let out with. "Is HAPPY responsible for what is happening here? If so, just make it stop. I promise I won't attack. Just make it end."

"Make what end? We're here to confirm something is wrong. Which by the way you talking seems to infer that. Plus to discover if Doctor Claw is actually leaving MAD. Which got confirmed shortly after arriving here outside the mountain this place is in" John asked puzzled by the MAD agent's reply.

"Doctor Claw isn't gone!? I didn't tell you he's gone that's for sure. Something is wrong here!?" The agent to the counter organization answered. Sounding like he was not only shocked, but also confused at the same time.

Seeing now beyond a shadow of a doubt the MAD agent needed help. John turned to Alan. The unthinkable act he'd contemplated earlier, now seeming like a good idea. "Alan grab the coffee, and if you can, three cups to go with the pot. We're going to have a chat with this man, and I think the caffeine would benefit us all."

In Doctor Claw's office, Louis tried his best to keep his distance from Terry. Terry having pulled the sword used in an attempt on the life of their boss earlier that day, from the wall. Was now waving it around in the air wildly. The cyborg's face also had a wild look on it, and Louis felt very fearful of what might be going through his friend's head exactly.

"What you're afraid of this? I suppose you think one of those non-people that have settled here, tried to kill the Doctor with it? Non-people do nothing. Shrink told me that. Non-people not really here. They're just all in the mind." Terry stated sounding frantic. While he made small circling motions in the air with the sword directed at his subordinate.

"Terry, I think those power surges are effecting you since you're part machine. Second, I think they are real, and not the result of you getting a concussion from a fight. As much as I hate HAPPY, I don't think they're the cause of what is going on. Have you visited some of the levels that haven't seen much renovation here? The non-people have to be the ones causing this." The larger man answered and stated his thoughts to the other. Holding up his hands, palms outfaced, trying to show the Elite MAD agent, he didn't want to be harmed by him.

"Crazy weird colors and a worse smell. I don't want to go there. You can't really order me around, remember you're my subordinate. Remember? Hey remember when we were new here, you once told me of how you asked the boss if you could handle this sword? What about a fight right now I'm up for it!" Terry told Louis, as he stepped forward a little. Swinging his sword around more now in trying to dare his friend into fighting him.

Getting out of Terry's way, as he slashed the sword at him, Louis made a suggestion. "Listen how about you put that extra energy to use? Gadget and Capeman are in here you know. They beat the zoo crew, and even though Nick said he'd take care of them, although I have my doubts. He's never been the most trustworthy of people."

Still playing with the sword, Terry waved it fast in a rocking of a right to left motion. Pointed in the air while replying to Louis. "I've never trusted Defecto much either. Hey say why don't we both take on the prozac guys together. You hate that engineer's guts! As for me? Another round against HAPPY's steel? Why not? Sure I've lost every fight I've ever gotten into with him, but I have the feeling today is my lucky day!"

"Only you Terry, I don't think I'm needed for this fight. Besides if this is your lucky day that means you could take both those guys down. Maybe even discover what those non-people are, and whats going on? Think about how nice it would be to kick their butts, and do MAD a massive favor?" Louis almost replied in the

sound of a plea to his friend. Backing away from the Elite MAD agent as he continued with his sword play.

Terry giggled at the words said by the grunt. To then take the sword he'd been holding, to under one arm, to do a chicken impression to his friend. Sword under his "wing" while in the act. "Louisiana Louis fried brain chicken! You're scared! Bok bok bok!"

"I am not scared!" Louis shouted at Terry in reply to the other man's mocking bird movements at him.

Click came the noise that signaled the locking of the door of the office. This action not taken by Louis or Terry, made the two men stare perplexed at the door, wondering how such a thing could have happened. Louis took the initiative and started to walk over to it to unlock he hoped the mystery, and the door. Unlocking the door got stopped after the grunt had only walked three feet towards it. Unlocking the mystery as to how the door had somehow sealed it's self shut. That presented another mystery unto it's self.

Standing before Louis stood the source of the action taken to the door. That is what the MAD agent could only assume as much. Because now he saw Terry and himself were not alone in the office. Revealed from unknown concealment, not only was there one person present, at least what could be called in a sense a person. There was a whole grouping of people present. All looking to be scattered images of themselves. Their forms in definition unstable, and a moving kaleidoscope of color flickering wildly.

"Why not be scared? That would make sense right now?" The phased person standing in front of Louis asked him, and in the afterwards of his questions, looked to Terry. The man's question while directed at the face of the one before him. Clearly also meant for the only other normal looking person in the room.

"What are you?! I assume you have something to do with what is going on!?" Louis snapped at the being, lightly.

Walking around Louis, who wasn't fond at all of the action being taken by the strange looking intruder. The phased man stated, "we're MAD agents just like your selfs of course, well sort of. We were agents working for Scolex Enterprises back before your boss Doctor Claw wasn't the boss, and before he renamed Scolex to being MAD. To spite Doctor Focus for hating the word."

Knowing he'd somehow gotten to the grunt, the phased man, moved in closer to the currently active agent. Louis having never once broken eye contact with the stranger. Could now see the being in better detail, at the now changed proximity to him. The phased man, as he continued on with his speech. Hazel eyes watching the

eyes of the other, white with black, gold, and blue flickering around as the man spoke.

"Focus and Claw made us. We are agents created by science to be undetectable by any standard audio & visual recording equipment, and the human eye. Now are we responsible for what is going on? That would be a big yes." The words said, spoken with a grin.

"And what would it be that you're doing to HQ? And to us?" Louis asked the being, his eyes still unwavering in their gaze at him.

"When Focus and Claw created us, shamefully by mistake they shifted us into a different realm just beyond your perception." The phased man answered, before pausing ready to take in watching for a reaction from Louis at hearing him.

Walking back to where he was standing from the start of being visible to the two MAD agents. The vocal phased person then continued his explanation. The others of his party still unmoving as he spoke the words. "It took us ages to discover how to fully emerge back here, and interact with this world again. This other place isn't a place where good verses evil happens. It is only a place to philosophize & hypothesize about the universe. Living in that realm has made us better people. We just want to make you better people. So we're sending all of MAD there."

In continuing the action he'd taken up doing from the start of seeing his friend slash co-worker, talk with the odd being. Terry finally spoke up from his absent minded digging into the office's carpet with the sword he'd been holding. It's sharp end by the time he now opened his mouth, had now twisted out most all the fibers in the spot it had been moving in clockwise.

"But you said we should be afraid? Being better people my ass, you're not helping us. This is revenge."

"So much for the observation you aren't the sharpest stick of the bunch, mister Skinie." The vocal phased man answered him, his eyes narrowing at Terry, as he did so.

Feeling rage and fear starting to boil in him at the same moment. Louis now questioned the phased man again. "Can we stop you from doing this?"

"That would be a no." The vocal phased man replied. His grin turning into a full smile by the end of saying the words.

Upset, the Elite MAD agent started to wave the sword he had in hand at the bunch of strange looking agents he considered former employees. Then thinking better of his choice of weapon, proceeded to change which one he wanted to put into action. With a mental command he opened up the concealed energy cannon in his

right forearm's underside. Now he smiled, now he had a good way to blow off some of his extra energy. Plus at the same time, have his actions come to good use by it.

"But we can still try!" Terry told the phased people, shouting as he blasted a hole right through them, and right through the locked office door. He figured that should end the threat presented by the strange beings, right there and then. He also figured with Doctor Claw gone for the moment. The Elite MAD agent figured the damage couldn't be pinned on him.

As the smoke from the blast started to clear, it became clear only one of Terry's guesses was right. That true, Doctor Claw would be in the dark in knowing who'd damaged his office. Although not true, that he'd stopped the threat that was being still some how carried out by the former employees. Not all of them had been destroyed in the blast. Some were still present, and seemed to have the wisps of smoke from the fragments of door & near by demolished wall, become part of themselves. Their bodies that in the blast having slipped for a while because of it, severely out of focus. Were now coming back into their normal distorted appearances.

Not sure what to do next, but flee at the sight of the phased people still present. Terry grabbed one of his friend's hands, then with pointing Doctor Claw's sword out from him. Running, shouted as he left the office with Louis in tow, "come on!"

Chapter 6:

Pacing around a small meeting room that didn't show much sign of use with folded up tables & chairs lining it's walls. Plus nothing, but empty space taking up it's center. Shaking while holding his cup of coffee, Nick Defecto talked nervously as he told the two intruder HAPPY agents what he knew.

"Doctor Claw, he started acting funny, even funny for him. We know something is going on, all of us. The power surges and the smell and the weird things going on. It has us all on edge. Some more than others. That's why he isn't gone. The boss claw would never abandon us. Everything is right and good. But you can fix it? If HAPPY truly isn't behind it? You can?" His speech stopped as he opened his mouth to yet speak again. But then thinking that it could be unwise to do so.

Throwing the contents of his mug out on to the floor without focusing the act on any direction. Nick looked at the counter agents to the HAPPY ones that now had entered the room. Seeing MAD's only active Elite agent and the company's most favored grunt enter in from behind the HAPPY agents. Gave the security enforcer reason to pause, and wonder if what he'd just been doing

could land him in hot water.

As their informant gaped in their direction, seemingly in a state of shock. Of the two HAPPY agents, it was the inspector that finally spoke up. He knew the man's speech was hard to understand, and needed more clarification than what the disheveled MAD agent had said already.

"We can and will get to the bottom of what is going on. I'm not sure what else to say without you saying things more clearly." John said almost sounding demanding as he spoke.

Observing the coffee on the floor that seemed to have been thrown to the ground for no apparent reason. Alan smiled a little as he nudged his co-worker to look at the sight. Then pointed out what he thought to be a prominent factor to their predicament. Although more specifically to dealing with the MAD security enforcer.

"That could help matters strangely now." The engineer said as he pointed to the brown liquid, before putting his hands in his pockets, and shrugging.

Terry who's had enough of what felt like wasted time to him. Pointed the sword in his grip into the mid of John's back. Then joining his friend in feeling the need to push things forward, Louis made the next move, but not by weapon, but by words. The goon wanted the game more under his control, and out of the hands of a man he considered an untrustworthy lunk.

"I think he's said all that he can say, Inspector Gadget. If you want more information you will have to help me," Louis stated angrily.

Realizing now what was going on with the guard's silence which given the words were also in the company of a sharp object pointed into his back. John voiced his near concluded guesses. "Mister Largoe? A sword or a dagger? That is a surprise given how high tech you guys operate."

Shifting a little, and trying to move away from the sword pointed into his back which Terry then tried to keep in contact with John. The inspector continued talking, but to different reasoning than before. "You know, that doesn't make me want to do my job. You know help you? I assume it's help you with whatever this mystery is of MAD's trouble, and Doctor Claw leaving it behind. Also even if I'm wrong, and it's something else you want me to do for you, for MAD. That is not happening."

"I'll do my job, I swear. Don't hurt me! I'll do my job." Nick said, after fishing his taser out of a pants pocket. The nervous man now shifting his weapon yet again between the two HAPPY

agents before him. His words sounding like panicked pleading, that came from his feeling of like he'd been caught in a horrible act.

Louis feeling he knew the best way to deal with the matter of trust at hand. That of dealing with the HAPPY agents, and not the frightened MAD one. Grabbed his insurance off Alan's back that would force his hand in the matter. Alan immediately responded to the act in turning around to the grunt.

"You get him out of here. Out of MAD Headquarters. You get this back after you've done so." Louis stated to the engineer with a slight curving up on the edges of his lips, glaring all the while as he spoke.

"I," was the only thing the engineer could think to say being unsure what to make of what was going on. Feeling dumbstruck he looked between Louis, Terry, and Nick back & forth, plus also at his cape in the grasp of Louis. Alan wished he could think of a better way to continue words and actions. Although mainly with looking to the MAD agent Louis, he found himself in the rare predicament of not knowing how to proceed.

"You know I want you dead, but that isn't important right now. I need you to get mister Defecto out of here, and to a safer place. Me having your magic cape, insures you will do this and will come back here." Louis continued to tell Alan his forced orders.

"Can I turn around? John questioned bluntly, meaning to direct the statement to either Mad agent behind him.

Silently Louis signaled Terry to move the sword away from the inspector's back. None to thrilled with the request, but feeling obliging about it. With a sour look on his face the Elite MAD agent complied with his friend's request. Once John no longer felt the sword's tip in his back, he turned around to face the pair of co-workers slash partners in crime.

"Alan can't leave here without the cape. We came in through the launch tunnel Doctor Claw used to leave here." John told the MAD agents, he and Alan had dealt with before on other occasions. Knowing at least some of their behavior patterns because of that fact. The inspector hoped those patterns wouldn't hold up here.

"There are other exits from this place which flying or being a robot freak, aren't necessary to leave here." Louis replied before pausing in realizing he'd just made a mistake. Looking over from himself, he caught sight of Terry looking at him, looking a little saddened by his poor choice in wording.

"Only Heyward. Terry, you are not a robot freak. As for how to get out of here, Defecto can lead the way. You just protect him."

Louis continued, with at first keeping his attention fixed on his friend, then changed on to the HAPPY agents.

"But I can't really do that well without my cape." Alan told Louis, with worry in his voice.

"Well don't I know that, but in any case it's a winning situation. You help get him out of here, or you die giving him a better chance to get out of here. Got it!" Louis replied, wickedly smiling at the engineer.

Feeling the most extreme means was needed to deal with the situation. John put out one of his hands in front of himself at Terry, palm open. No action taken on the bionic inspector's part, but that. It was enough of an action however to jog the memory of the other cyborg, as to what the other man could do from a device concealed within both his palms. An EMP pulse gun, the MAD agent knew this definitely was worth acknowledging. Having once seen it personally handle a former MAD agent some time ago. The Elite MAD agent, fearful then dropped the sword he'd been holding.

"Give my friend back his cape." John demanded of Louis.

After shaking his head in disbelief at seeing at first just fear enter his friend's face. To then watch him drop their employer's sword. Louis feeling very amused about the moment, commented his thoughts to his boss.

"Terry, that's - how can you be so dumb? He doesn't have a gadget in his palm. Nothing is there."

"Louis give the engineer his cape!" Terry shouted at his friend in reply.

Shaking his head no, Louis complied with the request still feeling bemused by the red head's fear of the quote unquote threat he was facing. Looking scared, Nick looked at John, and then to Louis. Then repeated the action again before moving to Alan's side. John seeing this then asked Louis what he felt was one of the big questions that needed asking right then.

"Explain what is going on here Largoe?"

"Order him to take him out of here, Heyward." Louis replied, not feeling the need to tell the HAPPY agent what he wanted to know.

"John?" The tech questioned his co-worker, concerned.

"I think I can handle what is going on, Alan. Take mister Defecto to the Gadgetmobile. We'll have him in custody once we're back at HAPPY, ok? The inspector replied flatly to the other HAPPY agent.

"Sure, if you say you've got this." Alan hesitantly replied, before looking to Nick and taking him by the arm, continued with, "I'll fly you out, come on."

As his greatest enemy departed with the untrustworthy security enforcer. The grunt finally told the inspector what the HAPPY agent had been wanting to know. After picking up the dropped sword.

"Invisible people are trying to send us all to another realm. I think hell. I also think there are answers deep in this complex that could prevent that. That is why I didn't ask you to leave."

"Are you Claw's replacement?" John questioned the MAD agent with scrutiny written across his face. That inflected well into his words as he spoke them.

"I'm his secret keeper that sadly doesn't know all the secrets that should be known right now. I don't want to die, and I've been given orders that I don't kill any one while Doctor Claw is gone. I take that also for no one kills or kicks MAD employees into another dimension on my watch too." Louis replied with a nonchalant air to the question.

Puzzled, the inspector for HAPPY then proceeded to ask the grunt. "I'd almost think to ask why me, but it's my job, and you know I'm a good man."

"I don't think you're a good man, I just think you're disposable. Now do your job." Louis replied, dropping his air of coolness. To that of one that was now as cold as the snow & ice, which adorned the outer covering of MAD's headquarters.

The air smelling more foul in the lower levels of MAD's headquarters, made John want to gag and cough at the same time. Even when thinking back on how he had volunteered for what was at first a mission assignment he'd thought up. He knew a situation such as what he was facing right now would have never crossed his mind. He kept thinking as he tried to see clearly through the strange atmosphere the place had. That he should have brought breathing gear, or something that would keep him from getting a headache from just using his sense of sight. Better yet, what if he had been prepared in advance with both things in hand?

While back at HAPPY's main establishment he didn't know what he'd be facing. But here, just before he'd complied with Louis Largoe's orders. Just to also satisfy his own curiosity, and need to help others. He should have asked the grunt in advance for what he needed to do his job. Thinking on that, given how well the MAD agent and him got along. Thinking back on how the man had

been ready to kill him for science the first time they met. The inspector doubted that even if he had asked for what he needed, the MAD agent wouldn't have given him it. Likely he guessed the man would have laughed at him, and told him tough luck, now go suffer and like it.

Striking the intercom button which connected it's self to Doctor Claw's office. John feeling he could no longer continue his time on the 19th floor of the complex carved into the depths of Mt. Everfrost. He told the grunt his thoughts minus the ones which he knew to reserve speaking of in good judgment.

"I don't think I can go further. Not without some help for breathing, and something to help me make better visual sense of this. There isn't much air down here. The atmosphere, it's something else." John said, with towards the end of saying the words, coughing them out.

"Have you discovered what is causing this shift into the other realm? Are there more of those invisible agents down there?" Louis demanded through the intercom, at the HAPPY agent.

"I need help. I think if I returned to HAPPY with my report of this investigation so far, they could further it along. As for -." The reply abruptly got cut off by the inspector choking lightly on the atmosphere. As it further invaded his throat & lungs, thanks to him talking.

After pausing for a few moments in an attempt to help himself the only way he could guess how. Which was breathing through his nose, in hoping that would help his throat with less of the strange gasses rushing into his lungs. He continued speaking to Louis on the other end of the intercom. Now speaking more slowly than he had been before.

"As for these invisible people. I have a theory how to see them better."

"How?" The MAD agent goon questioned him.

Closing his watering eyes while he spoke, John then answered the one worded question. "One of my gadgets. I have a UV light. It might help uncover these guys being shifted outside our normal range of vision."

Verbally the cyborg inspector then tried to call on his gadget ultra violet light to uncover it's self. This he discovered quickly could not be done. Not that the implant was malfunctioning or anything. Although his voice had no machinery problems. What laid in his throat was just what he'd been born with except for the flexible carbon fiber dots which had been embedded into it's tissue. His windpipe just didn't want to

comply with his wishes. It hurt too much, and luckily for him, this fact didn't mean he was forced to only "go go" call up one of his gadgets one way. He could still do this in a less showy manner. Call up the specialized light through a simple mental command of the device.

Light exposed, and pointed outwards from himself. Squinting through the gasses through it's beam of violet. He did catch sight of what Louis wanted to know if it was there or not. The invisible people the grunt told the inspector, he might encounter in the lower levels of the counter organization's headquarters. Faint outlines of human shapes which barely could be made out. They were near impossible to make out through the shifting gasses whirling through the air.

He however wasn't hard to make out to them. They now saw with the HAPPY agent's attention fixed on them, that they'd been spotted. They now seeing that he had a gadget with him that could uncover their existence. Started to head over to him. Reflexively John widened his eyes in fear at noticing this new development.

"Can you see them?" Louis asked impatiently over the intercom.

Repressing the urge to cough, John replied to the MAD agent simply with, "Uh huh."

"I don't want any further help from HAPPY, Heyward. I think I can get out the rest of the employees. We, meaning those of us here working for MAD. I'm sure we can come up with some way to stop this, and also get deeper in than you. Remember, I'm sure something in there is causing this beyond these people." Louis snapped in reply to the inspector.

Going into an elevator after he'd decided he no longer at that moment felt like communicating with the grunt over the complex's wiring. John softly spoke to himself over the matter in which he found himself & who he worked for, plus everyone else inside MAD's headquarters. "Not that you people don't deserve to go to hell, but avoiding it Largoe. I think you need HAPPY's help."

Choking after he'd said his thoughts, shocked that even spoken in a low voice, the gasses which engulfed the area he was in. Still managed to cause him pain, and made him wish again for some form of instant relief. That now coming to him soon, as he pushed the elevator's button to go up.

He saw with his UV light pointed into the ever thickening toxic atmosphere he was in, he was leaving it at just the right time. Because as the motorized cage started it's ascent into MAD's more active, higher up levels. John saw the phased people that once only appeared just as faint outlines to him. Now with being nearly upon him, no longer looked so abstract. He could define

more about their appearance other than the fact they were men. Now he could see that they were angry, and looked like they wanted to do him harm.

Hitting the desk right beside the intercom integrated into it. Louis looked to the broken doorway to the boss's office. Before moving towards it to then stop and turn around to face the desk again. Breaking his contemplating over the situation he found himself in. Came a voice from behind him, so near it had to be from the scattered entrance he'd just been looking at.

"Did you break the door?" The person, faceless to the grunt asked.

"It was Terry." Louis answered to the man's voice without turning around.

"That means you've failed." The person told Louis, sounding calm over the matter.

"This isn't over yet. I'm not going to let this place go." The grunt answered with a mix of fear, determination, and rage in his voice.

Knowing that the words he just spoke, might have been taken wrong, the man spoke up again. "I meant I'm sure you had orders no one was meant to know the lead rat has abandoned the ship. The hole your friend made, makes it clear Doctor Claw is gone."

Feeling more angry and fearful, Louis finally turned around to face the speaker, he'd refused to look at to this point. Professor Venom however had not lost his cool during the conversation so far. Continued to just look to Louis, still as calmly as he had from the start of being in the man's presence.

"That is why he called you to here earlier, correct? Giving you the job of deceiving us about him? The cloaked man with oddly hued skin, questioned the grunt.

"I liked you better when you weren't around!" Louis snapped at the other MAD agent.

"The damage those HAPPY agents made is hard to ignore, but their presences is a good thing again, I think." Professor Venom replied to the goon, still not showing any signs he was bothered by what was taking place. By the crisis at hand through out where he worked, or by the goon's mood towards him.

Shocked at this unwavering attitude from the specialized MAD agent. Louis gawked at it, and then questioned the man. "How are

those guys good news? Really, why on Earth, you of all people see them as a good thing?"

Hoping the grunt would take his words to heart. Professor Venom replied to Louis, continuing on with his normal sincerity. People normally found surprising to come from a man who associated himself with serpents. "I hated that job assignment. I knew one day Claw would come for me, and being knew even in jail. I knew my faith would prevail, he'd not leave me there. Thosse HAPPY agents. The cyborg. The assignment altered, added him in. That helped me leave that wasteland. The cyborg, thosse HAPPY agents. Let them help uss. My faith in Claw iss not helped by your failure."

Alan watched the MAD agent named Nick stare at the face of the mountain. The security enforcer gripping his taser, shuffling it around in his hands. Acting like he was awaiting something very bad. The engineer for HAPPY, felt puzzled by the other man's actions. Plus felt the need to point out at least one aspect to the man's stance that might improve things for him. If he cared to improve them at all.

"You know the view is more interesting looking away from the mountain. You know towards the scenery?" He told the MAD agent, sounding slightly amused. His associated by others, cheshire cat smile coming on to his face while he did the act.

"Shut up!" The security enforcer snapped back in reply to Alan. Not caring to turn around to him as he did so. Then feeling the need to defend himself growing ever stronger, held his taser in a harder grip than he had been.

Cocking his head a little, not breaking his bemused expression, still watching the MAD agent. Alan had a thought flick through his head that made him laugh internally. But he kept that part at bay as he vocalized the question that had prompted it. Wondering if such a thing had ever really happened to the man.

"Have you ever shot yourself by mistake with that?" Alan questioned him, repressing the urge he felt to laugh at such a thing occurring.

Finally feeling truly angered by the HAPPY agent's actions. Nick got up from where he'd been sitting to come for Alan. Only one of his hands now holding on to his taser. The weapon's direction pointed at the engineer, who had now dropped his smile. Plus also was starting to back away from the MAD agent. Nick was ready to fire it at Alan all the way up until a familiar voice stopped him in his tracks.

"Back off Defecto!" Louis shouted at the security enforcer, showing he too was angry as well.

Backing off, Nick looked to the grunt in shock for not only the orders, but the company with him. The other HAPPY agent who he'd encountered with the annoying engineer, and two co-workers who also worked for MAD. The former grunt, now Elite agent, Terry Skinie, and his girl friend a specialized agent named Annie, who many called simply the "Amazon".

"What the hell? Was the only thing Nick could think to say off the bat, looking at the odd grouping of people.

"Normally I'd want to do serious bodily harm to him myself, but for now we have to play nice with HAPPY." Louis told Nick, calming down his tone drastically as he attempted to get the other MAD agent to do the same. The cold wind of the high altitude biting not only Louis as he spoke. But that of every one around him at the same time. That despite it's interference to the moment at hand making most present, wish for warmer conditions to be talking in. It didn't seem to effect the security enforcer.

"So HAPPY is behind this!" Nick shouted with new determination, now shakily pointing his taser at Alan. Looking almost feverish as he did the act.

In a whisper to Louis, and a nod of his head to Nick by the lightest of means. John asked the goon, about his thoughts on the security enforcer. "He's not one of MAD's brightest is he?"

"I don't want to discourage the moron. I don't want to discourage the moron, but damn I want the tech dead." Louis replied in a voice he hoped was so low the inspector working for HAPPY wouldn't hear him as he spoke.

Shaking his head in disbelief, John walked away from the company he was with to grab away the taser held tightly in Nick's hand. The act didn't quite go as planned on the inspector's part. For when he grabbed away the weapon from the MAD agent. The security enforcer had been so ready to fire the weapon. It got shot into the HAPPY agent's hand shortly after he made contact with it.

"Wow and yow, that's a strange mix there." He said, jumping the weapon from the fired on hand into the hand not hurt.

"It's a fun rush." Terry stated, grinning as he thought back on events. The inspector feared to think what they could be. Even though he knew they likely were just harmless to the Elite MAD agent at least.

"That should have taken you down?!" Nick asked in shock to the

inspector. Wide eyed as he did so, about the impossible event he'd just witnessed.

"Think about it, just think about it." John replied to Nick, at first looking at the normal MAD agent to then at the end of his words. To the Elite MAD agent. Terry had his attention fixed on John, and he knew why. Not him exactly, the Elite MAD agent was looking at what he now held, the taser he'd grabbed from the security enforcer. This made John now hold the weapon tighter.

"I'm staying behind to try and salvage my job. You, Terry, and Annie are all going to HAPPY. HAPPY isn't to blame. It's those weird people. HAPPY is going to work with us to fix this." Louis told the nervous MAD agent who'd just had his weapon taken away from him.

"To jail? In custody? Nick asked feeling leery about the possible fates he knew soon could befall on to him.

"Things will be sorted out. Right now the big thing is getting to the bottom of this mystery." John answered him, placing the taser in one of his trench coat's pockets. But keeping his hand in the pocket once done.

Wanting answers of his own, Alan finally spoke up in asking. "What is going on? what did you find out investigating solo?"

"It really does appear something like what has been talked about is going on." John answered the engineer, flatly.

"Unseen people sending MAD to hell? Cool." Alan replied, the words solely directed to speaking to himself. His smile returning as he spoke, looking now to the mountain, thinking about what lay inside it.

"Heyward, Gadget, whatever. Hand Defecto back his taser. Defecto, I may not be your boss, I can't give you the order to kill. But please harm that man." Louis asked pointing at Alan, while at the same time looking to John.

Not wanting to oblige the grunt. John just shook his head in the motion of no at the Man. Wondering lightly how it could ever cross the other's mind, he'd be willing to do such a thing.

Chapter 7:

The call blasted out over formerly active agent for HAPPY, Chalopin's walkie talkie. The teenagers with the man, heard it at the same time as the retired security guard. It warned in two words, a code name of something called. "Mad Claws". Spoken in a very frantic tone, that of utmost urgently to deal with the

matter fast. Active guards always ready for action ran by the group of the retiree and the children, as they too had heard the call to action. The teen more familiar with HAPPY's ins and outs, feeling in the dark about the code name, spoke up in wondering what it meant.

"What does that mean?" Penny asked the former security guard, as he looked up to her from petting Brain.

Stopping petting the dog, in mid stroke down his back. The cyborg took on a disappointed look, and from that proceeded to turn his gaze sideways from the girl, answered. "It means no fun for me. Not active, I can't join them against the evil cyborg."

"The rogue has recovered fully? Skinie has done something?" Penny questioned him, extremely worried if to either case it was one of them being dealt with.

"Evil cyborgs?" Fletcher questioned Penny and the former agent. His attention partly divided as he did so. Grabbing at the strap of one of his camera's bags as he spoke. Then unzipping the bag connected to the strap, to pull out it's contents, a 20 mega pixel Cannon.

"We stay here. I'm not to help, and you can't film the Mad Claws. Do you want to see my tools change?" He asked moving his robotic arm towards Fletcher. The arm, a far cry from that of HAPPY and MAD's latest in medical and bio-mechanical augmentation methods of modern science put into action. A swiss army knife making up his whole, and what was once his right forearm. Blades, and interlocking metal, mechanical whips which can act in place of fingers. Various types of hooks, and even a gun made this device.

Both Fletcher and Kayla looked at Chalopin, but focused on his gadget arm. Feeling at once grateful and not grateful at the same time, to the man. Fletcher's interest being not with his one augment, that while he did find it interesting. Knew it was nothing to what he could be seeing. Not a person who's missing being completely in his right mind, with a gun permanently out of commission. But rather real action, the type the man used to be involved with before whatever accident had given him his current fate. Kayla's interest while having sympathy for the man gaining gray in his hair, and still seeming too young despite that to be out of service to others. Was that of her male friend's too, but not as prominent. She felt that at least for this day, she'd seen enough action in her life close up for the moment.

"Penny, I have to check this out." Fletcher told the girl with a small grin on his face. Now holding his digital Cannon, and swinging it by it's wrist strap lightly in the air, for her to see.

"I don't know which one it is. Fletch, haven't you had enough action in your day today?" Penny questioned him, which at the same time in tone. Brought out detest at him for what she knew he wanted to do.

"Miss action is saying this!? Think of my YouTube channel?! Think of the hits?!" The boy stated in response, while at the same motioning in grand gestures. To then add to his movements by leaving her, Kayla, and the former HAPPY agent. His parting words to them being, "I have to film this action."

"Do you think shrews are interesting?!" Penny shouted at him as his distance from her and her company, grew.

"I think they're dumb." Fletcher responded not turning around to face her as he continued to distance himself. Continuing to head towards where he saw the active agents run off to.

"You might just be roaming off to film odd little rodents!" Penny shouted, her pleading response to the boy. Now cupping her hands around her mouth to try, and make her voice louder for him to hear.

The words given now sounding so strange he couldn't ignore them. Fletcher finally decided he'd show he was paying attention to them. Stopping his pursuit of going after the active security guards. To then turning around to face the group now dozens of yards away from him, he questioned his friend's statement.

"Is that true? Dumb little mice things?" The teenage boy asked, looking concerned with wonder if his friend was right.

"No, Mad Claws means the other evil cyborg. The tall skinny one. He has mad claws in him." Chalopin answered, in shouting at him, and at the same time vigorously shaking his head to the motion of "no".

Smiling, Fletcher under his breath proclaimed, "neat." Before turning back around to continue again. On to his pursuit of more interesting he thought, places to be within HAPPY's headquarters.

Penny fuming inside, watching this, trying to keep her rage & fear at her friend under control, unseen by those around her. However not doing the best of jobs at it. Having to be settled down by Kayla. The female friend putting one hand on her. As a reminder this was no longer something she could completely control. Penny then let loose at the former security guard with her more socially acceptable thoughts about the moment, that she felt needed vocalization.

"Thank you for telling him that." She told him, trying to keep the growling she felt she wanted to do, out of her voice.

As five groups of security teams converged on the grouping of people who'd just recently entered into the main complex for HAPPY. The group consisting of two of their own employees, plus a few that weren't and highly unwelcome in the establishment. One of the two members belonging to HAPPY for employment in the group spoke up to the unwelcome of the pack, the MAD agents. The inspector worried about what could happen now, and felt well justified in feeling so.

"Please tell me for your own good, you people won't try any thing while you're here?" He questioned the two men and one woman that worked for HAPPY's counter organization.

No answer came, but the woman, Annie, made John more worried about the current circumstance he found himself in. She was eying the teams of guards as if she were a predator trying to single out the weakest of a herd of animals. Each staff member of HAPPY, John suspected was an easy victim for the Amazon to tare into. Although he soon discovered his fear was unfounded as he listened in on a question she asked her mate in, John was sure, total confidence.

"So which of these men have you taken on?" She asked in a sweet voice to Terry. Thin lipped grinning, as she looked out at the HAPPY staff surrounding them.

"None of them," The blue eyed Elite MAD agent answered, now flexing his talons in the tips of his fingers. This act and vocalization not going unnoticed by a guard. Who'd been acting like he was ready for a fight since coming on to the scene. This enraged him, and forgetting to act professional about his job. Then proceeded to make it known why, the MAD created cyborg, made him upset.

"It took weeks to heal from the scratches you laid into me you f-ing bastard! Damn that you'd forget that, you piece of MAD crazy technology. You should be -!" The HAPPY security agent yelled at the Elite MAD agent before the inspector working for the same side as the guard. Cut him off with, "this visit isn't about the last one. Please calm down!"

The act didn't happen as fast as John hoped, because it took the grouping noted. Some of the guards having to grab hold of the man. To then a guard even grabbing away the hurt security staff member's gun as a precaution. Then as the enraged man glared at his co-worker for relieving him of it. That's when the tense moment ended. The cause being a distraction now entered in on to the scene. Other people working for the global protectorate that didn't normally get into squabbles with wanted criminals. The

security teams of with holding on to one of their own. Then proceeded to let one of the company's engineering teams, through to the group.

The various members of Team Launched Bug greeted Alan and John warmly. Before one of Alan's closer friends, Jesse spoke up in questioned him to the note of, "you guys have some form of challenge for us?"

"Gas masks is an easy solution to part of the problem. Seeing straight is another." John answered for his co-worker.

"What do you mean seeing straight?" Jesse asked the inspector, looking at him oddly.

"An unreal environment, seeing what is waver, and coloring being off. It messes with the head. Only my UV light gadget helped a little, but I." John replied, hoping the engineer he wasn't too familiar with understood his wording. Alan he didn't question knowing what he was talking about. Jesse Marshall, was a different case than his forced house guest. Jesse & him only met up when inside HAPPY's HQ, and only then when circumstance called for meeting with the rest of Alan's team.

His Words had failed and badly, very badly he noted. Because not only did Jesse fail to understand his wording of what was taking place within MAD visual-wise in it's deeper workings. But so did Alan fail to understand what he had said. The failure on his part then leading to the two engineers, to questioning him at the same time with the single word of, "what?" In trying to get him to tell them a better description of what he was telling them.

Not being sure what to say at all now, John answered the duo's single worded question as best he felt he could with, "it freaked me out. I'm sorry, it got me scared. It allowed me to see those people part of the way out from being invisible."

"Maybe if you had an infrared light combined, you'd see them in full." Came a hoped for answer from a source unseen to the HAPPY and MAD agents alike.

"Who said that?!" Nick asked out into the crowd surrounding him, turning his head this way and that. Trying to find the source of the voice, that also everyone else was trying to locate.

Used to working in the thick jungles of Ecuador's Cloud Forests & Sao Paulo. In locating predator animals and people alike to that nature on the fly. Annie shoving aside the security staff that tried to block her way. Located the unseen owner of the voice that had spoken up. Then with strength that shocked every man present, but the ones who worked for MAD, proceeded to lift him up by his hair off the ground. Which forced the boy to drop the

camera he'd been holding.

Fletcher cried out in pain as the female MAD agent held him up, examining the teen. The security teams now focusing their attention solely on her, and her captive. Drawing their guns on the pair. The focus of the inspector now no longer on attempting to get his colleagues to understand what he was trying to tell them about MAD's headquarters. But to now on trying to prevent what felt to him like a disaster in the making.

"MAD woman put down the kid! HAPPY agents drop your guns!" John shouted in panic. Looking at Annie to then switching his head around in looking at the grouping of the security guards.

Sighing, the specialized MAD agent, rolling her eyes at the act, dropped Fletcher to the ground. The result of which then led to a number of things. The five teams of HAPPY security guards lowering their aimed weapons. John sighing to himself, seeing the drawn guns put down. Plus the shaken teenager rubbing his head, wincing still in the aftermath of being hurt. Now picking up his fallen camera, and checking if it still worked after it's unexpected drop.

"I'll take him else where." The nearest security guard to the boy stated, grabbing the kid up by one of his arms.

Making sure he could query the teen before he got hauled off. Likely, John wagered back to an interrogation room, Eda's office for practicing in, or where former agent Chalopin would normally be hanging out. The inspector stopped the guard in his tracks as he started to move away with his niece's less than polite friend, by taking hold of the man.

"What do you know about dealing with invisible people? I can't imagine that's covered in yours and Penny's school in classes." The inspector asked the boy, sounding puzzled, and also having a lot of concern also enter his voice, as he did so.

"Nothing, I just happen to understand a little about the light and color spectrum. Also I'm self taught. Haven't you ever used the internet?" Fletcher boasted, as the guard who'd been holding on to him then proceeded to break away from John. The member of the security staff not thinking the conversation could be relevant. Then starting to walk off again towards his intended destination with the kid.

"What did you do!?" Penny asked, as she ran into the mix of people to greet her strayed friend.

"I helped your uncle." Fletcher answered her smiling, as he complied with his forced walk away from the group of people.

Feeling utterly shocked about the deed she had just been told about, but had not witnessed in action. Penny stared dumbfounded at her uncle John. Not believing her classmate could have done anything at all to help the inspector in his job.

Realizing his niece's shock of hearing her friend's help to him, might go beyond that mere fact. That it might also extend to the friend being led away from the group he was in. John knew the young lady needed more explanation as to why her classmate was being taken away by an agent of HAPPY's security staff.

"Yes, but look at the company we're with right now. Penny, he can't stick around." The inspector told the teenage girl. Hoping she'd realize, she wasn't in the best of places to be in, like her friend once was.

Looking around her now, Penny took in the sight of the company surrounding her uncle. His co-worker and the man's team associates. Lots of staff employed in the area of being in the security division of HAPPY. Plus also the reason she noted the guards were there about. Employees of HAPPY's counter organization, MAD. Three employees, and all of them strangely enough not wearing handcuffs. Two agents she had never encountered before, but knew had to belong to the Malevolent Agency of Destruction. Then the one she had encountered before, and more than once at that. Terry gave her a twisted smile at seeing she recognized him. Before questioned her about events since the last time they'd really been in the vicinity of each other.

"Ever get lucky with that boy I set you up with? I've been out of the loop on your puppy love relationships for a while."

Penny glared at the Elite MAD agent as being her idea of reply to him. Then she turned to her uncle, and trying to keep the negativity she felt towards Terry out of her voice. Proceeded to ask the inspector, "let me help you with whatever the case is you're working on. Please, I'm not a novice to being around people like this, unlike Fletcher."

"You know the standard answer to that." John replied to her with a strange mix of emotion running across his face. The mix being standard disapproval with frowning about the matter, but at the same time knowing he couldn't really do anything to stop the teen. Even though he'd tried to do so time and again. Plus to add in the continuing factor of her presents normally helped him with cases. He smiled lightly in knowing she'd likely yet again be valuable help with the current case he was on.

"Thanks a lot! I'll go get Brain!" She replied to him, taking on a contented look of her own, as she ran off the way she'd come from to get her pet.

"All I know is what he tells me." Jesse stated pointing to Alan, before continuing with. "But does she ever listen to you? Because it just seems shes walking into this asking for trouble. The girl wants it." He then commented to John, as he and the others in the grouping of HAPPY and MAD agents. Watched the girl leave them, disappearing into the distance.

"My kind of gal." Annie commented to no one in particular. As she smirked thinking about the potential she saw in the youth.

Having caught his girlfriend's words, Terry felt the need to reply to her with his thoughts of, "wrong side, Annie."

"You guards, you're going to be with Team Launched Bug and me the whole time these MAD agents are here?" The inspector questioned the remainder of the five teams present.

"Till we can throw them into the deepest jail cells we have." Answered the nearest of the guards to his position.

Suddenly panicked, but knowing running wouldn't do him much good. Nick's only thought out reply at hearing what the HAPPY security guard said, came out as, "what!?"

Closing his eyes momentarily at remembering the MAD security enforcer. Who didn't quite seem in his right mind, having noted what the man had just heard from another HAPPY agent. John in speaking at first to the vocal security representative from HAPPY, and then turning his attention to the MAD agent, told them. "We're playing nice right now. No prison yet!"

"Yes, she normally never listens to me, and so frankly it has now become the only challenge in my life I've just given up on." John then continued with a drooping expression on his face. In now speaking to Jesse, in finally answering his question.

"Dat kunnen zij niet alleen zijn. Er moet iets zijn wat het aandrijft." Von Slickstein commented in his native tongue. As he paced around the main workspace and testing area used by Team Launched Bug.

While the MAD agents who'd never seen the room before looked around it. At it's half completed projects scattered about, some out in the open, some sticking out of boxes. Tools littering work tables, and benches. Plus most of all, the noticing of blast marks that scored the walls and ceiling in some places. Alan knowing those not on his team hadn't the foggiest what the man had just said in Dutch. Then made a request of the second in command of his team.

"English, Von please?" The leader of Team Launched Bug pleaded to the man gently.

"It can't be just them. There has to be something powering it." Von Slickstein answered in restating his comment in English. None too happy about being forced to accommodate those present who didn't understand the words when he'd said them the first time. Although then in what he considered to be the best way to say them.

"Well the whopping question is how to locate the technology powering the shift that's causing MAD HQ to go to this other place." John voiced as he looked in between all the members of the engineering team present.

"Guys the answer to all this is simple. Just shut down the power. Either that, or how bad would it be to see MAD end anyway?" Penny said, crossing her arms and looking around at not only the HAPPY agents at first. But in mistake to the MAD agents, as she finished her comment. In agreement with his master, Brain nodded his head at the girl. Although Terry seeing the teenager's pet seem to relish the idea of MAD's headquarters come to an end. Decided he'd tell both of them, coming over to them. What he knew of the situation, that Penny didn't know about that only MAD truly knew of.

"It's not simply a matter of flipping a switch on a circuit breaker to power down our HQ. We don't pay for our electricity. We're tapped into the country's power grid. So that means in order to help us, the whole WSCC section of the grid would have to go offline." The words spoken with then the following action from the Elite MAD agent being a threat to the dog. One hand baring the talons at it's fingertips to the animal. A threat he normally only used on people, he felt the dog deserved.

Brain remembering his history between himself and the MAD agent all too well. Remembered the last time he'd been witness to Terry in the presents of another K-9. Opening his mouth, he bared his teeth in turn to the presentation of Terry's unsheathed metal talons. Terry too remembering that last encounter with a dog while Brain had been present as a witness. Backed off of him, retracting his talons back into his fingers.

"HAPPY could call in a favor on that. Shut down that section of the power grid long enough for it to be discovered what is truly causing this dimensional shift. But I doubt even with our good, and I might note legitimate government connections. That shut off of the power won't last long." Alan told the group of people present on whole.

"How deep does your HQ extend into Mt. Everfrost? John asked

looking between the MAD agents.

"As far as we are allowed to go, twenty levels. As far as we've gone -" Annie answered with giving a brazen look to Terry. Before continuing while still looking at the augmented MAD agent coyly, to say, "about four levels more than that. Although the rest is so sealed off we haven't considered it worth it yet to try."

"We need Doctor Claw back! He knows what is going on!" Nick shouted, not directing his statement to anyone in particular. His visual focus still being on a score mark he'd first noticed when entering the engineering team's workspace. That was wedged in between the ceiling & wall to the far right of him.

"Does he need to hier zijn?" Von Slickstein questioned, eyeing the MAD security enforcer. He was starting to wonder if man was mad himself, and not in the angry sense of the word's usage.

"Would you like a nice padded cell?" Jesse asked Nick, grinning and raising his eyebrows at the MAD agent, while speaking the question.

"Jail cells aren't padded." John stated in thinking that Alan's work buddy, rarely in his company, was confused.

"I wasn't referring to a jail cell." The engineer replied dropping his smug look, and turning to the inspector as he spoke.

"Returning to the real matter at hand. Ok, we need to work fast, but the environment is hostile ...for more than the normal obvious reasoning." Alan said, feeling the need to fix the what was starting to become a derailed conversation to a very important meeting.

"Gas masks can be done. I'm sure there are some, some where in storage. As for entering the area that seems to mess with the brain on visual processing." Came a reply to the lead engineer of the team. From one of it's younger members, a woman named Martha Kwolek.

Turning to John, she continued on to say, "Inspector Heyward, I know what to do about that with you, but as far as any one else is considered. You might just be the only person who can go in to do this job of getting people out. Plus putting an end to what is going on once, and for all beyond the short blackout."

"This has to do with my cyborg augments doesn't it?" John asked the female engineer, making a face as he did so. Not thrilled at all that what made him special, while useful. Was what could be helping him in the coming job.

Having it click fast in Alan's head, what Martha was talking about. He burst out with saying, "I know where this is leading! John, you're sight magnification gear! It could be altered to help you cope with how you make sense of what you're looking at!"

"Just so long as this changing of that attachment, doesn't mean you altering me personally again." John told the engineering team's leader, as he watched the man open out a shelf built into one wall. To then grab some small tools out of it.

"I'll have to modify it on the fly as needed." Alan answered, pocketing the tools he had just grabbed. Putting them into vest and pants pockets.

"So how will you see things right?" John asked his friend, as the man stuffed the drawer back into the wall.

"Um," was all Alan could think to say. He went wide-eyed realizing he'd failed to think that far ahead in his plans. Luckily for him, he wasn't alone in having to think about the coming situation in which him, and his assignment slash friend, would be facing. His team which for the most part always had his back, was with him in full today.

"Without making him like you. A unit like your's could be assembled fast." Von Slickstein commented, giving his team leader great relief.

Shifting around a little to make herself feel more comfortable. In a situation that more and more was making her feel worried. Annie broke into the conversation about coming mission. Her words, hiding her feelings, showing more confidence in them then she really felt about events that were soon to come.

"I know what I've heard of you guys, but really? Do you think you can do this just as some duo team?"

"I'll help." Terry said, the words being uttered so fast after his girlfriend's question. She in turn had to question him in thinking that he had not thought through what he'd just volunteered into.

"Terry!?" She asked him in shock.

"Our friends, our co-workers. We owe them that much." Terry answered, turning to Annie. The look on his face, the sound of his reply. Both spoke of determination. His want to help, a feeling not shared by Annie.

"Honey," The female MAD agent said, starting to speak to Terry. Taking him with one hand by his chin, before she continued on in saying, "while I love you, there is no we in this. I am not

risking my life for those guys."

"Nick?" The Elite MAD agent asked, backing away from Annie & turning to look in the direction of the security enforcer.

"I'm not crazy! No, not going back there. Although I'm not feeling too keen about being around here either!" He replied shooting looks around the room, then around at the HAPPY agents present. Moving towards the door to the workspace as he eyed the engineering team. His path predicted, soon blocked by members of the protectorate's security that had chosen to enter the room.

"We could send some one in remotely to help out on the case." Von Slickstein spoke up, as if talking to the grouping of people on the whole. His attention not focused on any person present as he spoke. He had his gaze fixed on the task of opening a drawer, and pulling out an item of it's contents. A device that looked like a collar with stiff metal wires protruding from it. That then had sensor chips attached to their ends. Then branching off two of those, two more stiff metal wires, but with miniature semitransparent computer screens on them.

"This device, it is linked to a robot of sorts. Holographic, it can touch to a limited degree, plus it can send and receive information. It won't be restrained by a normal human body's limitations." The second in command for Team Launched Bug continued. Now holding up the device for everyone present to see it.

Penny taking an interest in the odd looking piece of technology. After walking over to Von Slickstein, then proceeded to ask him, "let me see that."

Once Von Slickstein had handed it over to the teen. She then eyed it further, to then walk over to Brain, and place it around the dog's neck. Jesse, frowning wasn't amused by what he thought, and voiced openly, about what the teenager had done.

"This is a joke right?" The team member of Launched Bug asked in a sarcastic tone of voice.

"Penny?" John asked his niece feeling almost as skeptical about her action, as Jesse was.

Now feeling she had to defend herself, Penny started to explain the reasoning behind what she'd done & why. "Brain talks to me all the time through my tablet. Why not through something more sophisticated than an -." She smiled thinking about the irony of what was taking place before continuing with, "android, he'll be talking through an android. Although be it a holographic one."

"A dog helping to save MAD headquarters? I felt better about this

back when Nicky was the proposed help." Annie said, rolling her eyes towards the ceiling.

As Terry and Brain gave each other looks, mainly ones which bordered on being cold. Von Slickstein spoke up to break the MAD agent's attention off the dog, with patting him on one shoulder. In asking him, "I'll be making you an eye device too. Tell me, inside or outside, your one?"

"What?" Terry asked, still not taking his eyes off the dog, to focus on the engineer questioning him.

"You are a cyborg like the Inspector. Would you like your visual gear attached to the outside of your body or hooked in internally?" Von Slickstein replied, in answering the question, to now give better clarification to what he was asking.

"You aren't messing with me! You leave your prozac hooks outside my body!" Terry replied his answer in snapping at the man. It now dawning on him with the better wording, what the bearded man who looked to be in either his late 50's or 60's, was asking him.

Leaving Terry, and talking only to himself, soft in breath. Replying to the enraged Elite MAD agent with the only word he felt properly described the man. This observation not only coming from Terry's last words to him. But also having noted the cyborg's behavior the last time he'd been in HAPPY. Fighting along side one of his MAD agent co-workers, battling HAPPY agents needlessly over something they were willing to do for the man, minus confrontation. Von Slickstein's conclusion being that the man was a, "sukkel"

"Penny do you know what this means now?" Alan questioned the girl, taking on his cheshire cat smile, as he looked to her.

"No," She answered him flatly. Not knowing what he could be implying in the question, that he found amusing.

"It means Brain is officially working now as an agent for HAPPY." The tech answered, his face lighting up now even more. Now that he noticed, with her reaction. She finally got what he had said.

That Penny laughing at his observation, had too decided it was worth a smile.

Chapter 8:

As the cage framed elevator descended down into the depths of MAD's main complex. It's passengers readied themselves for the chosen assignment being put into action. Although out of the

group of three that would soon become four. It was the inspector who worried most about the scenario they'd soon all be in. Looking to Alan tinkering with one of the knobs on his visual gear. John had to question the tech. Through his gas mask to try and confirm, he truly knew what he was doing.

"Are you sure you can see what you're doing? I mean this has to be messing up your eye sight too?"

"I'm used to working with this sort of equipment. Now repeat back to me every adjustment I have told you, has been made." Alan answered, finishing making adjustments to the equipment covering John's eyes. His voice like John's, sounding slightly distorted through the filtering he wore over his mouth same as his co-worker's.

"I have a good memory, no worries ok." The inspector answered back. Not wanting to run over verbally what he felt confident about doing in a pinch.

"Do my friend and subordinate a favor Inspector, and forget what the tech is saying. You adjust his sight gear, it means he'll live through this." Terry commented, his voice sounding different too. But the distortion to it sounding more severe through his gas mask.

"Skinie?, if I forget and he dies, you're dead you know. We, all of us have to get through this. John stated to the MAD agent, sighing as a way to try and ease to his tone. Remove the anger he felt towards the man, wishing his friend was dead.

With the elevator meeting the end of it's journey by hitting the bottom of it's containing shaft. All of the men moved out of it slowly. Trying to make sure they had their bearings right about how to move. As they tried to mentally process the distorted look of the room they were in. Thanks to the odd air, the growing dimensional shift, with it's accompanying unbreathable gasses.

"Floor 24?" The engineer asked, as he stood still at last after having fumbled about a little in his movements. Since leaving what he felt was an area of safety within the elevator's cage. A place where the shifting ambiance of the place he was in, didn't effect his perception of it as badly.

"Yes, and after this point, its stairs to get down further." Terry said, pointing a finger to a far wall. Which when the two team members employed by HAPPY looked closely at, could see there was indeed an indentation. That indicated further area which led further down into Mt. Everfrost.

Giving a mental command to the gadget, John uncovered his UV light. Then after pulling it out from one of his coat pockets.

Proceeded to strap an infrared light on to the same arm that had the UV light protruding from it. The choice of both lights fixed to virtually the same place a good decision he thought. If their combined beams of illumination would help all present to see where they were better. When putting his theory to the test, his co-worker questioned him on it.

"See anything?" Alan asked, looking about trying to spot the phased former MAD agents, he'd heard about.

"What I see all of us should see right?" The inspector questioned both of his teammates, not looking to either man as he spoke.

"So long as we can see those beams of light you have with you, which I might add really make this place and us look funky right now." The engineer answered, looking to his friend, shaking his head at the odd sight of the man. That along with his surroundings, and the MAD agent also present. The coloring of reality some how flattened out, and distorted figures made Alan wonder if somehow even through the gas mask he was wearing. Was the device totally blocking out the effects to strange gasses present, it was filtering out in his breathing? Because if somehow it wasn't. Even though he'd never done drugs before in his life. He had a very distinct feeling what he was seeing was what he'd heard others describe as a quote "strange trip down acid lane".

"Yeah, but first before we continue forward." John said, as he lifted up one of his pinkie nails, to place a call into HAPPY.

"You still have homework from school, and from me." Eda stated as she placed a pile of papers with a pen on top of them, on the counter at which Penny was sitting. Along side with Brain, in the workspace area used by Team Launched Bug. The dog resting his paws on the keyboard to a computer using the counter as it's resting space. The teenager's friends grouped in close by, seeing the doctor for the first time since they'd left her to visit with the former HAPPY agent who'd been thrilled to meet them.

The doctor then with multiple titles to her name, looked expectingly at the high school student. Ready for a reply from her, as she still held a book under one arm she knew the child needed in her work. Penny however didn't share the same enthusiasm about the work, well at least the school work she was being asked to do. With barely looking to Eda, Penny told her in brief what she thought of her extra outside of school, homework.

"I have more important things to do right now."

"I've heard what you and Brain are doing right now, and you don't

look really active. Look he's just resting there with his paws on the keyboard. Ccccc isn't a message to your uncle and his team. That's just a pressed down key, your dog needs to lay off." Eda replied to Penny in frustration, motioning as she said the words. Although most of those gestures given made towards the girl's pet and not to her.

"Brain rest yourself off the keyboard. Penny replied, nudging Brain lightly to move, by poking at him.

Yawning, Brain answered his master's request, and removed his paws from the keyboard. His final mistake message on it's screen being, "cvbnnmm." As he attempted to stretch himself in the chair he was in without falling out of it.

Feeling almost ready to give up on the teen who, with her friends had, had a rough day. Her patience only withstanding because of that. Eda thumped down onto the papers, the book she'd been holding.

"I can't work on these." Penny commented, now fully looking at what the surgeon had presented her with.

"I've given you a pen." Eda came close to snapping at her in reply. The woman that while holding her tongue, did show to a degree she wasn't pleased with Penny's behavior. Grabbing up the book she'd just set down. She then proceeded to with her hand not holding the book. Use her other hand to lift up the given pen for Penny to see, really for her to take note of it.

Penny rolled her eyes at the pen, and then was given an excuse to break away from dealing with her extra teacher. Her cell phone buzzing in her pant's pocket, got her attention. Whipping it out with speed that shocked Eda given how mellow the girl had been acting towards her. Penny then proceeded to answer the device once hitting it's talk button, enthusiastically.

"Hello? Uncle?" She said at first with her attention forward from her to the counter top. To then looking to the doctor, a little smile entering her face as she addressed the man on the other end of the phone. Although more accurately pointed in use to Eda. Silently telling her, she should leave her be.

That did it, the look from her student, that said she was unwanted at that moment. The girl's words directly voiced to her unenthusiastically had not done the trick, but this did. Now she was fully frustrated at the teen, and crossed her arms across her chest to indicate to the girl her feelings.

"Ok, I'll put you on speaker for Brain, and I'll establish the link with the bug team's help." Penny continued, now looking away from Eda to Von Slickstein, walking over to her pet.

Giving up, and finally letting her anger enter her voice fully. Eda parted from Penny, and from the workspace area with the words, "later, just do it ok!" Snapping out colder than she knew she'd meant in saying them.

"I'm putting it on the floor right now." John said still talking into his personal phone, as he placed a ring the size of the collar on the ground. The ring's size being exact to the collar worn by his niece's pet dog, Brain. It's appearance not exact to the control unit being worn by the dog. This device was coated in sectioned mirrors so small they looked almost like glitter. Plus what wasn't coated by the mirrors had wires extending out from it. That looked to be made of segments, that in full length only came out an inch from the ring.

"Ok, step back." The inspector continued, still speaking into his personal phone rigged into his pinkie. Although in truth meaning to direct his words to those around him. The Elite MAD agent and HAPPY engineer, taking the request in. As he too followed his own suggestion in backing away from the ring device he'd just set down.

"How soon?" He continued even further in talking into the personal phone. Listening to the responses from the other end of the call through a speaker in his thumb on the same hand.

Believing it was him, who John had directed the question too. Plus also further still believing he knew what the question was in regards too. Alan answered his friend slash co-worker's question. "I should think within moments."

"That isn't what Penny is talking about. It's the WSCC section of the power grid. It's going to be turned off soon." John replied to Alan, shooting the engineer a look before, glancing around the room they were in. Expecting the power to be shut off at that exact moment in time.

"We're going to be blind down here." Terry commented non-enthusiastically.

"I have a flashlight." John replied, lifting the right gadget containing finger to try, and make a point to the MAD agent.

"That pen light in your finger isn't a light, it's a joke." Terry replied back, now snapping lightly in his tone. Which even through his face coverings, John could still make out, the man was now pissed to some degree. By a scowl that could be seen in his eyes.

Scowling in return, John defended himself with words he hoped would turn out to be true. "This will all work out in the end I'm sure."

Having neglected to have his hand with built in phone near his ear and mouth for the past minute. In Alan, Terry, and himself suddenly hearing indistinct talking coming from it. The inspector quickly lifted the hand with personal phone back to his ear and mouth. To hear what Penny was saying on the other end of the line.

"What's that again?" He asked, hoping the teen had not realized he'd made a mistake in listening to her at a crucial moment. Then looking to the ring on the floor. The inspector noted it had just had lights turn on around it's perimeter.

"It's being activated." John continued, now replying to the girl.

Wobbling on the floor as it's wires propelled the ring's movement. As the wires moved faster, it lifted off of the ground, and started spinning around in every direction of it's self. As it gained speed it moved higher into the air, and as that happened it's wires with the segments in them. started to break off and make a controlled fall from the ring. The pieces however didn't hit the floor, but found their way to different points in the air where the light the ring gave off came as most visible. As they placed themselves in the air on the light. It slowly became clear what the segments were doing. They were forming out a body in abstract, and helping then in turn to place the light to flowing in on it's self.

Once the final segments broke off from the ring's wires. Then being masses to the hands, and what could only be assumed for eyes, with them the final formation on the face. The segments then uncovered hidden lenses under their formal coating. When the formation had ended, a holographic android stood before the team.

"Brain?" John questioned the gadget standing before him. The inspector in shock, disbelief, and awe. That the strange looking construct made primarily from light, was in a sense his niece's pet.

Swiftly the holographic android responded to the inspector, but not in a way the man would have predicted. The machine mainly constructed of green light in having heard it's commander's name uttered. Through the link it held back into HAPPY, into the workspace used by Team Launched Bug. Brain answered by having the gadget in MAD headquarters, move it's hands wildly.

"Penny, I think something might be wrong with this thing?" John told the girl, speaking into his personal phone. As he and his teammates walked around the strange device. Noting it's shaking

movements that were only confined to it's hands. The teen on the phone, answering in short time while they did their observation.

"Guys, that was feedback from the dog typing on the computer's keyboard. We'll see that each time he talks, but up until a moment ago, the audio link wasn't there." John continued speaking, now explaining to the group around him, what his niece had told him was going on.

"The dog is going to be talking to us?" Terry asked in dumbfounded shock. Now simply standing before the holographic android, staring at it.

"Through the android with the link back at HAPPY HQ. One of the computers you saw in my team's work space." Alan answered, beaming with pride at what his team had created. That now outside testing, he was finally seeing put to real work outside a lab.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Terry replied, "Unbelievable."

"Brain, speak so we know the link is truly working." The inspector ordered the holographic android. To then the animal on the other end, listening to the man's words.

The android stared at John for a few moments before replying. In while doing so shaking the hands of the holographic device like crazy. "You look strange."

"Epic," Terry commented to the dog's response. Laughing lightly at the break through in communication to animal kind, as he saw it.

"I told you we look funky despite our sight gear helping us visually adjust to this shift the place is under going! Skinie your hair color looks like mine. John yours looks black, and god your nose!" Alan told to his teammates, laughing about his observations towards the two men.

Terry noting Alan too looked different through the augmented look of reality they all saw. Feeling the engineer likely had not truly taken note of his perceived altered appearance. Had to tell him, his thoughts over the misshapen oddity, Alan now looked to be.

"I wouldn't laugh at this if I were you, tech."

Looking down at himself at hearing what sounded like a prompt from the Elite MAD agent. Alan then observed how he looked, and shuttered as he saw what the shifting gasses & beams of light were doing to his appearance. As the engineer groaned at the sight of his hands, and then feeling what looked to be his gut sticking out. Terry now wore the smile that would normally be on

the other man's face, watching him.

"Brain, this is a question I should have asked back at HAPPY. Do you think you can properly move this thing?" John questioned the humanoid in form light construct.

"Four to two legs? Up arrow, down arrow, left arrow, right arrow." Brain replied, through the holographic android.

"Huh?" Terry voiced in short of his thoughts, not knowing what to make of the dog's reply to the inspector.

Both the HAPPY agents understanding at the same moment what the dog had said. Then blurted out the answer to what was going on at the same time. "Keyboard arrows!"

After John realized looking to Alan, he had somehow gotten onto the same wavelength as the tech. Shook his head in protest, that he was now thinking even to a small degree like him. Night & day as far as he was concerned over how the engineer and him thought most of the time. An opinion, no a fact, he hoped would forever stay that way.

Then with a feeling more notice should have been given by a dimming, or even a flickering of the room's lights. The stolen electricity snapped out of existence. Leaving the team of the one MAD agent, and two HAPPY agents in the dark. Minus of course one extra HAPPY agent well lighted up in a lime hue. Extra lighting also present. The lights on the inspector, not doing much to illuminate the area by even a few mere feet away from them.

This drove John to try, and fix the problem as best he could with what he had. His built into one of his fingers flashlight. Revealing the gadget by vocal command with the prefix of saying "go go" before doing so. Terry shook his head "no" watching it come to show it's self. Before further commenting his thoughts about the device.

"That doesn't help."

Sparkling then got noticed by them, they had not seen before the complex's power had been shut off. Bouncing around randomly, and somehow not feeling by the team to be part of the dimensional shift taking place around them. The sparkle was making noise. Hitting objects as it moved, and once in a while making lite chirping sounds. Brain in watching through the eyes of the holographic android speculated first about what it could be. As the flickering light grew and dimmed, the moving seeming connected well with it's visibility.

"Light, another down here. Like you guys, maybe animal with light?" The dog voiced through the light formed body.

"Skinie?" John questioned Terry. Thinking the Elite MAD agent, who used the complex as not only a base of operation for which it was, but also his home. Likely knew what it was they were all looking at.

Watching the flickering sparkle further, they noticed new facts about the strange light. It was whipping around as if acting as if it were the balance of something. A body was guessed quickly, followed by a conclusion they all shared at the same moment.

"So this is where that rascal monkey went off to. It should have gone right back into storage after trying to stop you guys in the launch tunnel." Terry commented, still watching the robot move around in the distance.

"Maybe Largoe sent it down here? For certain, um reasoning." Alan guessed, remembering the fight he'd had with the small medal simian earlier.

"He may hate you, tech, but I don't think he'd jeopardize the fate of this place based upon wanting you dead." Terry replied, looking away from the monkey they were all tracking. To look up to the ceiling, thinking about the safer place well above him. Where his subordinate co-worker slash friend was, handling the crisis as best he could from where he was.

"Maybe it's acting out of sorts because of the shift going on. Those power surges could be affecting it." The inspector for HAPPY commented, still watching the monkey bounce around.

Brain taking in the thought of the power surges he'd heard about. Then proceeded to wave about the arms of the holographic android. After noticing the surges didn't seem to be having any effect on the gadget. The dog in typing, voiced through the machine, "too dim to see."

"You know it's almost a shame those surges are gone now at least for the moment. Real lighting down here would be helpful. Skinie, you lead the way to the stairs. We need to do this fast." Alan told the MAD agent. Now looking to him, and not the pest that had attacked him back in the launch tunnel.

Caught in the light of the beams thrown outwards from John, and the soft glow of the holographic android. Terry motioned for the trio to follow him off towards the stairs. The Elite MAD agent thinking back on the power surges. Adding then thinking of a fact of observation he thought he might have missed. Questioned the inspector over the stray thought that had taken him by surprise.

"I don't believe this, and also I might note those power surges were fun while they lasted. Inspector, I won't believe it more if

you tell me you didn't really, and I mean really notice them yourself?"

"A little. It felt like some kind of weird rush trying to pump me." John answered him, as the group, he with Terry in the lead walked down a short flight of stairs. Which led to a incline leading further downwards into the carved out mountain. Towards it's more lower areas that had not had human foot steps fall down upon them in years.

"It sent me well, hee. Ah, I don't know if I'm going to miss those surges or not." Terry commented, grinning as he thought back on the surges more.

Unexpected and unwanted, given not only being a member of the team, if however an odd one, plus a dim light source. Brain through the holographic android, left the group, and started back up the flight of stairs. Back into the room the team had just left.

"Where are you going? We need to discover the source of this mess." John questioned the house pet, in control of the gadget now nearly out of sight from him.

"Energy," Brain answered through the holographic android. That now with in it's dim glow, having disappeared from the view of the men. Now left them in what felt like tiny pin pricks of light to guide them forward in the eerie darkness that surrounded them.

In the work space used by Team Launched Bug, Penny questioned her dog's actions too. As the animal sat with his hind legs in a chair. Plus his forelegs with their paws, tapping away at the keyboard to the computer before him. Punching away at one key coded commands & arrow keys to control the holographic android he was controlling from afar. The dog wagging his tail happily, as he worked away at his business.

"Brain, what are you up to?"

In reply to the girl's question, the dog turned to her, and smiled as best he could. Before switching his head back and forth towards the computer screen. Which showed a live video feed from the holographic android's view of the room it was in, back deep inside MAD's headquarters. The video feed showing mainly darkness all, but for the glow of the hologram, and a different note of light. The chirping monkey. The little self-powered source of energy, that had a tail that coursed with it's electricity.

Realizing then what the pet was up to, to benefit the mission at hand. Penny turning around to Von Slickstein. Asked him what she

saw as a prominent question about Brain's remotely controlled toy.

"How fast can that holographic android move?"

"Untested, but at least as fast as if some one walked at normal pace around a room. That's as far as we've ever made it move. Why do you ask?" Von Slickstein answered and questioned, the teenager at the same time. Fiddling with a few hairs of his beard as he did so.

"Brain is about to attempt to light up the place better for the guys. Alan, mentioned that monkey's tail is like some kind of energy whip. Could you picture what would happen if my pal got a hold of that ape?" Penny told the engineer in reply. Pride in what was going on, what could come to pass, but at the same time worried it might not happen. That for lack of speed determined by default design build into the remote controlled gadget. The device might not be up to the helpful task being undertaken.

Catching what Penny had just said. Von Slickstein moved in more towards the grouping of the high school students, clustered about the genetically engineered dog. Taking a hold of the rim of the back of Fletcher's chair for balance. To then catch a better sight of the computer being used by the dog. He watched the strange creation, he and his teammates had made. Attempt to catch the MAD created piece of technology, that was now howling at the gadget & grabbing at it.

"Go grab that monkey, dog!" The Dutch engineer shouted, as he watched the HAPPY and MAD machines move about, by live video feed. The man hoping the words encouraged the animal right because as he said them. Beyond the thrill of what he was seeing, and wanted to see happen. He knew for a fact he couldn't offer the K-9, a dog biscuit to prompt him into doing what he saw as a trick otherwise.

Chapter 9:

Even though it struck the team from behind. The flash of light that came from the room they'd all recently left, hitting the hallway they were in. Was hard not to notice against the darkness they were in aside from the inspector's small lights. Coming into view again walking back down the short stairwell with what had caused the flash of light. A fighting against it's processor, robot monkey with it's electricity charged up tail. The holographic android, glowing now intensely, was more visible than it had been in the past.

"Good dog," John exclaimed to the mutt, knowing the animal would

hear him through the android's hearing sensors. Then in noticing the pet's help was too much for not only him, but Alan & Terry as well, blinding them all. He proceeded to add to his commenting with a request. "Brain, turn it down a notch you're blinding us."

Obeying his co-master's wishes, but now with only the use of one free hand. The gadget, rapidly moved around the one hand it could. Then within seconds of the actions taken by the dog controlling it by remote back at HAPPY's headquarters. The device dimmed down a little allowing all present to be able to see better. It's light now casting a radiance in the corridor. That made the place feel even more like a waking nightmare than it had before. With the bathing of the hologram's green light, mixed with the violet of the inspector's UV one.

"Thank you," John continued, grateful for the pet's compliance to his request.

Whether with the odd tones providing light to guide their way or not. The team then decided it was time to continue on with their mission. As all of them, but the dog in control of the holographic android and in possession of a squirming robot monkey. Proceeded to check into each doorway, each room they encountered as they descended deeper into MAD's headquarters.

Some short flights of stairs and even walkways into the checking. Terry found a door which didn't fit in with the others they'd all been encountering up till that point. This one was open, and even from the hallway, it was clear by dim light coming from the room it led into. Something was active in the room, likely no one else working for MAD, or even visiting outsider to the place, knew about.

Moving into the mysterious room after being motioned to come forward by the Elite MAD agent, waving them in with him. Coated in a crystallized burned substance, they all saw what the place had at a time served a purpose for. Plus also what was still active in it providing the dim light which could be seen from outside it. It was a lab that they were all sure had once been host and still was to. Equipment & machines that were all the top of the tech research world back at the dawn of the 1990's. When John moved towards the source of light which had partially attracted all of their attention to the room. He soon noticed that his gas mask was not fully working any more, and started to cough as the alien gasses which filled the area. Creeped into his lungs with every breath he took.

Reaching the old computer with it's screen lit, flashing in the act, showing a listing of every employee. Terry noted as he joined John in looking at the screen, that had ever worked for MAD and was currently working for MAD. All of their names and ranks. In addition also showing a CAD representation of the

complex to which the organization base it's self. The pair both knew the display they were seeing couldn't have been on the machine by the intent of anyone either man knew. The one living member of the team, not near enough to the computer to see it's screen, but catch the light coming off it. Then voiced his thoughts about what they were witnessing.

"Penny would have contacted us if the power was flipped back on right?" Alan questioned his teammates. More directing the words to his HAPPY employed teammates, then the one who worked for MAD.

"We would be seeing a lot more signs of restored power than this if it has come back I'm sure." The MAD agent said, answering the engineer's question, coughing lightly after he'd done the act.

Noting that one area of the CAD drawing of the complex looked darker than the rest of it. The inspector deduced his thoughts openly about what he thought it meant. "That's where it's, the shift is effecting this place the worse so far. Where we are."

"Behind you," came a voice which sounded from behind all of them.

Turning around with his lights on to the source of the voice which had just spoken. It, but more correctly the woman who'd said the words, now became visible to the team. As the inspector looked at her. He noted the person was afflicted by the same visual turmoil as the people he'd seen in his last journey to the lower levels of the complex he was in. An over lapping image that flicked it's appearance through out the color spectrum. The lost Scolex employee aside from looking bizarre, also looked bemused at him, and his teammates.

"Behold what controls MAD." The phased woman stated. Motioning to the ancient, still functioning computer. That up until her prompting their attention to her, the team's attention had instead been focused on it.

"Behold what controls MAD? The boss is gone, and Louis ain't by far a top dog." Terry shot at the phased woman.

Wondering about the current MAD agent's words. The phased woman looked at Terry, pondering if that with the company's standards when he'd been hired. If potential or even new employees needed to take a mandatory intelligence test. That if that were the case. What had apparently the sandy haired, straight beak nosed man, scored?

"You or the computer?" The inspector asked looking back and forth from the woman, and the one piece of technology that still appeared active in the lab.

His question broke her thoughts away from the Elite MAD agent. It

made her grin almost in a wicked manner, as she answered the HAPPY agent's question. "A bit of both. Us former employees or current employees, however you would like to term us. Scolex or MAD. That computer and this equipment sent us all packing years ago to a place we're now trying to send you to. Thing is hee, while some of my comrades try to delude themselves into believing the place holds no such things as good or evil, they are wrong. It is what is evil. We got forced to drink it like milk, but we understand, we understood what the place was doing to us. But what got caught with us? This place. This stuff. This thinking machine meant to just crunch numbers and run software. It gained a new power source when we got sent else where. It now isn't run by electricity. It's now run by hate, and it has been feeding that hate here from else where."

"What are you saying?" Terry questioned her, still feeling puzzled by what was happening around him.

"Hate begets hate. It has been feeding on all who live here on this side, humanity's darker side. Scolex Enterprises may have had a lot of criminal ties to it and many deaths, but in the last 20 odd years. MAD has done far worse things than what it did before this machine." She answered him, now convinced the agency she once worked for, that he currently was working for. In fact had no form of intelligence assessment test for it's employees upon entry into it's ranks.

"HAPPY isn't going to allow this place to go to this hell or whatever it actually is. How can we stop this from happening?" John again questioned, the lost Scolex employee.

Both Terry and Alan, knowing the inspector's words had futility to them. Looked to him, now with wondering of their own at him. John realizing fast what their looks meant then defended his question in saying. "Logic dictates I ask. Besides it must already be clear to her we don't mean to let this come to pass."

"As you've noticed this place isn't completely without power right now. Even shut off from normal every day electricity, this machine, this conduit can not be shut off. Remember it feeds on hate, and helps to create it at the same time. You are powerless to stop us from taking this from us." The phased woman told them all, coldly.

"That's what you think!" The inspector snapped at the woman, sounding triumphant as he placed his palms on to the computer's tower and monitor.

With the unexpected result of his act failing. John then frowned looking at the machine, as he still expected it's screen to shut off into blackness. Having realized what his co-worker had just tried. Alan felt the need to question John over his foundered

deed of attempting to save MAD from it's self, by frying the Micro Express ME 386-40.

"EMP failed?" The engineer asked in short of adding the word gun and pulse, to the question. Gun being a term he'd used on the gadget early into it's existence of being an integrated part of the inspector. But abandoning saying it, when on more than one occasion, having John chew him out. In saying he didn't want to think of it as something that by standard definition, would fire physical bullets. The word pulse being neglected in the question because Alan was sure the man knew what he meant.

Not feeling the need to answer an irrelevant question, given the computer was still showed it was powered up. John then by mental command exposed his laser gadget, and fired at the old computer. Hoping the weapon, this one being more visible in it's damaging effort, prove it's worth. It cut the machine, and even left smoke to come out from where the thing had been hit. What it didn't do as the result of the laser, was power down. Somehow it just kept going. John remembering the look of it's age, as he knocked the computer on to the floor. Watching it then to continue operating. Then compared it to a pink drumming bunny he remembered from old commercials that he wondered in a competition. Which would win in an endurance test.

"Stand aside you pussy." Terry exclaimed as he pushed aside John to get a clear view of the computer. Although more importantly, a clear shot as he fired the energy cannon he proceeded to expose from one of his arms.

The attempt given by the Elite MAD agent had an interesting result. The computer did in fact take some damage. Odd dents in it here and there about it's surface. But nothing beyond superficial marks which did nothing to it noticeably. As all of the team stood in shock, staring at the thing wondering what to do next. Terry then kicking it after a few seconds into the act of figuring out at least what he thought to do. The lost Scolex employee with pride, finally voiced her thoughts about what she thought about MAD's current staff.

"Another thing to be said of us of the older regime. We are of a more intelligent stock than you."

Feeling beyond pissed off now, by everything that was happening around him. The phased woman's words, acting as the final straw. Terry then turned his energy cannon on the woman, and fired it at her.

Just like back in Doctor Claw's office, a fact he should have thought of off the bat. The weapon didn't have much of an effect on people of her kind. From having slipped out of focus more than she normally was. To back to looking as she'd been for as long as

the team had noticed her presents. As she rubbed at one of her shoulders, clearly not in pain. She playfully looked at the men and holographic android.

"Ouch," was her reply to the attempt made on her life. Said in such a way, they all knew it was only being said to aggravate them.

"It's fueled by hate, Terry. I wasn't really thinking any form of loathing when I struck it. Only the need to shut it off to protect you guys. You, you went at it in rage." John stated in sudden revelation.

Despite what he'd just heard. Terry then growled at the computer. The phased woman then laughing about the enraged MAD agent's further action. Proceeded to tell them, "so long for now. I have better things to do than tell you about how hopeless it is what you're trying to fight. This bomb you guys helped create years ago. Well it can't be defused now!"

After they watched the woman leave them, in disappearing into the hallway beyond the room they were in. They'd been in themselves a short time ago. John locating the computer's power cord, then proceeded to unplug the device. The action failed to produce any results. Drum drum drum, the inspector thought as he looked at the ME 386-40's lit up screen.

"Who'd have thought such a fossil like this could be such a terrible thing twice over? What it's become, and that it can't be destroyed." Alan questioned and stated. As he watched his friend slash co-worker, crouch down to look better at the old computer.

Then after a minute of contemplating the situation. John smiled broadly, he had an idea about what to do to remedy what was taking place. A bit unorthodox, but it seemed fitting.

"Maybe it can be destroyed. One fossil taking care of another." He said aloud to no one in particular of the team.

"Relic technology rendering it useless?" Alan questioned him in surprise, not sure what to make of the other HAPPY agent's words.

"Technology that has been deemed useless. That till now a days might be possible, and Mt. Everfrost's only chance to continue on existing." John clarified to the engineer.

Feeling still puzzled by the inspector's comments. Alan stared at him blankly in hopes the man would further explain what he was talking about. No answer came at least as the engineer would have wanted it. Turning to face Terry, the man did indeed start to talk again.

"Two things first. First we -." John voiced to the MAD agent, before not only his, but everyone's attention got diverted to a new and sudden development. The power came back on then. Lighting up the hallway beyond the room they were in, with flickering fluorescent lamps built into it's ceiling.

"We need to move fast." John then continued, but not with his originally planned words. Getting up from his crouched position to then start off for the door to the lab.

Chapter 10:

In the near darkness of Doctor Claw's office, the party labeled by some of the grunts and specialized agents, as "the doomsday bash". Had been going on ever since they'd shown up in the room with their flashlights. Aimed at the ceiling, the portable simple devices acted as the office's only illumination. All of them were taking the time to reflect on their work and accomplishments. Some not only that, but also at the same time speculating how their one Elite agent, Terry. Could be working with the HAPPY agents. Below them, with out gutting out their throats with his claws, or destroying them utterly with his energy cannon. Also in conversation, to which they all feared, but couldn't help but once in a while bring up. What if the oddly mixed team of their one co-worker and HAPPY agents couldn't fix what was wrong? What if they failed, and MAD's main complex became doomed to vanish into another dimension?

"This isn't right guys. HAPPY is nothing but trouble. They shouldn't even be down there trying to figure this out." A specialized agent named Adams commented. Leaning with his back against Doctor Claw's desk. Staring out at the damaged entrance to the office. His gaze not fixed on anything in particular, as he looked out at the darkness which laid beyond where he was.

"Adams, you're afraid to check out the problem same as any of us. Who better than the prozac agents to deal with this trouble and keep us in safety. They'll die if worse comes to worse, not us. We'll just handle it that way for now. Till one of you shows more backbone about the matter." Louis answered him, not looking up from his hands cuffed over his face. Elbows resting on the desk, as he sat in the chair normally used by their boss.

"Louis, your dick head of a friend is down there with them. Terry might go down with them." Ivan, an employee still finding his position within the organization's ranks, told the larger man.

As Louis stayed slumped in the chair, still refusing to look at any of his co-workers. He heard noises that made him worry about a new event taking place, that had nothing to do with MAD on the

blink of partial destruction. Some one was shaking and hitting an object that Louis couldn't quite identify in the room. That to whatever it was he pondered with his eyes shut. He couldn't be the only one present who didn't find the sounds annoying.

"Bruce, knock it off, this isn't the end for real. We'll get out of this. Besides if we do get out of this. When Claw returns he'll have your head for busting open that liquor cabinet." Conformation to the thoughts Louis was having. Squirt just requested that one on their same rank level quit his idea of party time action.

Lights snapping on, everyone stopped what they where up to in the same heartbeat. Bruce finally letting go of the liquor cabinet. Louis opening his eyes at hearing his co-workers exclaim about the existence returning of light and seeing better again.

"I wonder if they made any progress." He exclaimed as he took his hands off his face and looked around him. The sight he then got greeted with being of his friends and co-workers. Gathering up the flashlights they'd taken into the room, and turning them off. Plus also the sight of his frequent partner in the combat training & gym room, Bruce. Staring longingly at the liquor cabinet, he'd just been bashing.

Once the collection of battery powered torches was finished. None of them left the office. All of them, each one curious about the same thing. They'd for the most part not talked about in the darkness, they'd all been in a minute before. All looked now to Louis, and to the intercom that was installed into the desk which rested just to the side of his right hand's current placement. The device started to blink within seconds of their attention being fixed on it. Louis then obliging it's silent voice. He knew would soon have a voice come from it, pressed it's talk button down.

"Largoe, are you there?" Came John's questioning voice over the device.

"Yes," Louis answered, sounding a little gruff.

"This place has to be abandoned. I have a solution." John stated, sounding determined about his words.

Suddenly upset and pissed off, Squirt couldn't contain his thoughts about the inspector. "You dumb moron, abandoning this place is no solution! Stupid quote un quote do-gooder, mother f-ing jacka -." The grunt shouted off until getting punched in the gut by the senior in their shared ranking, Pops.

"I'm sorry, but we can't leave this place. It's more than where we work it's also home for some of us. Besides what could force

us in leaving that would mean such a high cost has to be paid?" Louis questioned the HAPPY agent, ignoring his peer's rage at what was taking place.

"Do you want to be blown up?" John answered Louis, with presenting the grunt with a question that held a harsh reality in it's implications.

The last words given by the HAPPY agent, put all of the listening in MAD agents, in shock. That even though they knew they were facing bad times. The man's words now confirmed how bad those times really had become. They were now facing doom any which way it could be put.

"Hello?" John questioned the other end of the intercom in Doctor Claw's office. Having heard nothing but silence for the last minute and a half from the place.

"Would the invisible people be to blame for the explosion or you?" Louis asked slowly into the receiver of the communications device.

"HAPPY would be responsible in a sense. Largoe, it's either this or this hell place. Do you want to stay, and go to another realm which thrives on hate? Or leave and face justice? I swear you won't be without places to stay for long in either case." The inspector answered back, now wondering with a touch of doubt in his mind. That the grunt would take the more logical road about the matter he'd just been presented with.

"I'm thinking." Louis answered calmly after a few moments of thinking over the choices he had of living in a hell-like realm or a jail cell.

After having recovered from the punch he'd taken, and then checking the ammunition in his gun to make sure the weapon was loaded. Squirt, storming out of the office shouted his added new but brief thoughts about the inspector. Plus what he wanted to do to the man, viva the clicking of his pistol, loading a bullet into place for firing.

"I'll give that freak a choice!"

While every specialized agent and grunt agent a like. Watched Squirt leave them to try and murder the man trying to help them. None of them knowing if in action to them being the right course to take in a strange circumstance such as this. Pops broke the silence, by saying, "that doesn't sound normal for HAPPY. Exploding a mountain would mean destroying Warland at the same time. Town isn't a very large place."

"The people in the town, they'd be evacuated too." John answered

having heard the goon speak up. Even though the man wasn't as near to the intercom as the other of the man's rank, he'd mainly been talking with.

"This is the end isn't it?" Louis questioned John again.

"For this place it is. MAD is done for." The inspector for HAPPY answered bluntly.

After taking a few moments to let the bionic man's words sink in, and then speaking in a soft tone. Louis asked him, "care to explain?"

"A matter from way back that has been effecting all of you over the years. I - I don't want to explain this right now. I have to contact people at HAPPY to get this underway. But I will say your hatred of HAPPY, the world, myself, is part of the problem here." John answered the question, knowing for sure that without going into further detail. The reply had to have raised new questions in the MAD agent's mind, about what was taking place.

"I'll comply," Louis answered him back after a pause in feeling defeat about what it was he was facing. Even if he didn't fully understand why it made sense to give into the counter organization's solution.

Having had enough of what was taking place around him. Not caring about what his co-worker thought about it. Or his boss, if he ever returned, would think about it. Bruce finally found way to success in his effort against Doctor Claw's personal liquor cabinet. By having packed one of his hands into his taken off shirt, for safety, in smashing open it's glass door face.

"Why couldn't you do that earlier? Was it because the incentive wasn't strong enough?" Ivan questioned the large grunt. Now holding a bottle of metaxa, grinning at it, swishing around the liquid inside it.

"Lightly I guess, plus not that much lighting." Bruce replied, as he attempted to pull the cork out of his stolen bottle. While also walking towards the shattered entrance of the office.

"Are you going to try and kill them too?" Louis questioned his workout partner friend. Now almost in the once intact doorway to the office of their mutual boss.

"Nah, I'm going outside this whole place for a good long drink." Bruce answered looking as melancholy as Louis inwardly felt. Before turning to switch his attention in between his other co-workers in the office. Continuing with saying, "any one care to join me?"

Some of the agents simply followed Bruce out the entrance. While of the man's other comrades, they grabbed up more bottles of liquor from the cabinet he'd opened for them, by force. Before then also joining him, in heading for the outside of the complex. Towards the high mountain cold air and sunlight which awaited them beyond it. Louis after letting it sink in he'd failed in his job completely. Plus feeling the only upshot to it, being his boss oddly enough couldn't kill him for that fact. Then got up from his superior's favorite chair, to slowly walk out after his buddies & associates. To join them in a second reflection that day on what was taking place. Now with a bonus added in this time, contained in clear and brown bottles. That would drown out some of it's depth of thought.

Nikki O'Momenta sat and stared at the rain pattering down on the cars. She could see from her office window in the 21st Precinct's station in Stanley. She really didn't have anything better to do at that moment besides that, and turn her attention between the sight & her shared office wall clock. Looking to the clock, she noted it was now fifteen minutes past when her expected visitor was to come in. Hopefully with good news, she needed that right now.

After a knock on her door, followed by intrusion without words. Her visitor then entered, shaking off his umbrella after entering the office. Seemingly without regards for the office space that was not only her's, but a co-worker's as well, the station's Master Sergeant. As the visitor took a chair, after closing his broolly. Now taking notice of Nikki, with his voice only sounding of mild sincerity.

"Sorry," was the only thing he could say for his action which had just spattered outside drizzle, indoors, on papers, books, folders, two computers. Nikki, dared not think of the whole list that rang to mind. She needed a cool head right then, about the man.

"What is this meeting about? You didn't explain it over the phone, but I have the feeling it has to do with my application? I couldn't help but note the area code you called in from." She asked and noted to him. Slowing up in her speech towards the end. Hopeful she was right about her guess.

"Those of us working for the correctional penitentiary in Rio Gallegos, thought you should hear this news first hand." He answered blandly, not really showing much emotion at her beyond a slight raising of his eyebrows. She knew could mean anything.

Choosing to take the man's words in the most positive light she could. Forgetting the underlying attitude he was showing towards

her. Getting up from her chair a little to lean across the desk to him. Nikki then burst out with her hope in asking, "I got the job?!"

"No, we'd like it if you didn't contact us further about this. Madam, trying to get our attention through emails, and traveling to our faculty. Plus and openly stating your thoughts about how we deal with our inmates is unacceptable." He answered her, scowling at her.

His thoughts, she guessed as she sat back down. She guessed to his look, meant how dare she even think she could land a job where he worked. Looking down to her desk for a moment, before looking back to the man. She then questioned him, "you came all this way to deliver that one message to me?"

"We didn't want you contacting us again in person at the penitentiary, sorry. Also you haven't been reading your emails. If you had, you wouldn't be contacting asking about seeking employment. Also another reason is I haven't gone fishing on the Herbert stream in ages, and I've dieing to catch some good trout and mullet for a while." The representative told her, grinning.

The look of satisfaction stayed nailed on his face as he sat watching her have his words sink into her head. Her disappointed face, told him he'd been successful in his job. She'd no longer be bothering the Rio Gallegos correctional penitentiary ever again. Although now, beyond her expression, he knew it needed conformation. Waiting to hear her say what he wanted to hear. The phone on her desk rang.

Eager for her answer, but still knowing that the woman must have other business she had to attend to. He motioned to her to pick up the phone's receiver. That then in fast motion, she grabbed it. Now giving him a look, he couldn't understand in it's meaning.

"Hello?" She asked after putting the receiver next to her ear. Ready to start drumming her nails on her desk out of habit. Before then holding them in place raised in the air. Now listening to the voice on the other end of the line.

"It didn't work, remember that project was worked on for years. You acted as it's clean up. That is a point, yes there have been advances in weapons sci -." She started replying to the other end of the line, before remembering her company forcing her to think about her words. Words the representative shouldn't be hearing at all.

Looking at her visitor, she then continued speaking into the phone's receiver, in saying, "Inspector Heyward, before we talk about this further. I need to have a guest leave my office while

we talk."

Eyebrows now pricked up a second time, the representative didn't want to leave. He knew he'd just been clued into her want of it. But he knew that just like her, he could be stubborn as well. She noting this attitude they shared, wasn't something best put into practice at that moment. Then set down the receiver she'd been holding, to the desk, not hanging up on it's other end.

"Give me a few minutes you prat." She then snipped at him. Clues taken by force, he then left the shared office looking back at her before leaving.

"Weapons science has improved a lot in the last 13 years, scarily so. So what? Oh, but I don't have the connections I used to. A few of the engineering teams at HAPPY? What is Riverton, Minnesota like this time of year? Yes yes, I have heard HAPPY is primarily underground. The internet. Of course I won't talk about this, but that is a tall order considering the destructive power. Oh, a less powerful version? Yes, that might just only blow up a mountain. You've got it." She then continued after lifting the phone's receiver back to her ear and her mouth.

The call after hang up having felt like a 180 on her day so far. Had her shout to the main room of the 21st Precinct station. The room in which she knew that just against it's far wall. That connected to her sharred office, likely leaned her rude visitor.

"You can come back in now."

Expectant, and returning to looking at Nikki, smugly. The representative entered the office again, to a point. Now making it in so far as it's doorway, before the room's normal resident finally gave him an answer. Her razzing him, before then laughing lightly, was not what he had expected.

Having just been jokingly handed a bag of pop corn from Martha. Kayla thanked her before presenting it's open front to Fletcher, so he could take advantage of the snack too. After he accepted the offering, it then in turn got presented to Penny.

None of the kids had budged an itch away from watching Brain remotely control the holographic android as the event unfolded. It was interesting entertainment to two of them, but not so much to Penny. The relayed visual feed by open window on the computer screen before the dog. Penny didn't feel the same excitement as her friends watching it. The pop corn, as inviting as it's smell was, wasn't feeling as appetizing as she knew it should have.

"No thank you." She told Kayla as she waved away the presented

snack bag.

"Come on Brain, 500 points to hit the MAD agent." Fletcher poked at the dog, hoping the K-9 would see what was going on, same as him. A real life video game-like situation.

Brain glared at him for the prompt. The image on the computer screen in the window open, showing the dog's control of the artificial agent. Now showing the gadget's reemergence into HAPPY headquarters. One MAD agent present, but now being for the second time that day, surrounded by people that wouldn't let him even try to do harm to anyone. This was not the not right time for giving him a fun butt kicking. Being where he was, the holographic android, and living HAPPY staff. This acted as a signal to the staff also watching the live feed. That the dog's mission was over. It had lasted longer than it should have by their opinion, and now it had to end.

"The holographic android is needed no more. They've done all they can for now." Von Slickstein commented as he removed the main control device. Which Brain had been in part using as a collar, from the dog's neck.

Grabbing away the collar-like control unit away from the elderly engineer. Fletcher snapping it around his neck, then tried to activate it. Quickly learned he couldn't, and had it ripped away from him by the man he'd taken it from.

Trying to keep from laughing, Kayla taking her attention away from Fletcher, now noted Penny's appearance better. The look the friend had to her was one, Kayla had not been witness to in months and it worried her. Something, was deeply bothering the transfer student from South Carolina, and she wanted to know what that was.

"Is something wrong?" Kayla asked Penny, concerned.

"We're going back to the beginning here. Old memories, Kayla." Penny replied, grabbing the pile of homework she'd been presented with earlier. Before then leaving the room with it, as not only her peer friends watched her leave, but also everyone else in the lab.

Not wanting to deal with them, and what was going on around her. Studying and work felt like the best way to handle it. Flipping open her given book to a page marked for her by sticky note, which dog-eared it. Penny then started attempting to read part of her extra home work assignment. The book didn't help the thoughts she was trying not to think about. Not it's contents, but it could have been a more exciting read. The commotion beyond it was what was exciting. Part of the very thing she was trying not to think about.

Entering her range of hearing followed by then being able to see what was taking place. Her uncle, his work partner, and Elite MAD agent in tow. Were now in the section of HAPPY she was most familiar with. Being surrounded by guards, that to Terry, looked trigger happy. The MAD agent wasn't up for dealing with again. Had the man shouting at them at the top of his lungs and presenting his claws to them.

Keeping her distance, and closing her book to watch. She had to see how the verbal battle with indications of possible violence was going to turn out. Some distance watching the conflict as well, she caught sight of Eda doing the same. She broke eye contact fast with the woman the moment, the doctor noticed her.

As Eda gave the guards, Penny's uncle, Alan, and especially Terry, a wide berth in making her way to the teenager. Penny when seeing the surgeon doctor had come into earshot of her, and needn't to shout to be heard. She finally told the woman, words that she'd been feeling for a while, needed to be said.

"I'm sorry."

"What has been going on, aside from what happened at your school? I know you had a bad dream? What else is happening?" Eda queried to the girl, deeply concerned.

Coming in closer to the doctor, Penny replied to her without looking at her. Her face downcast as she spoke. "The dream was about my parents. You know, that's why I've decided to pursue."

Eda coming closer to Penny, then closed the gap between them. Her hug helping the teen, had Penny continue her words in a different direction then she'd started in. That of not why her father's death had made her want to take an interest in practicing medicine. The child now laughing and crying at the same time as she told the doctor in brief a little of what she knew.

"Uncle John, his idea how to save MAD is blowing up their headquarters."

"That sounds weird." Eda told her in reply, thinking that what she'd just heard. It had to be the oddest solution to a problem she'd ever heard for HAPPY supporting it. Or for even that matter any one supporting it. Destruction to save lives outside war.

"He believes it's a better idea than letting it continue becoming a bigger pit of hatred. He contacted Ms. O'Momenta. She should be here soon. Her and the engineering teams. They're going to try, and successfully make a Trinity Bomb." Penny then explained, still in Eda's hug.

Taking in the girl tighter, Eda upon realization to what was fully going on. Then voiced aloud her thoughts about the matter at hand. "That bomb, the Trinity Bomb, finding it was your uncle's first mission with HAPPY. When this was all new to both of you. You hadn't been living with your uncle very long when that took place."

"This has been a bad day." Penny replied, crying into the woman's right shoulder.

Smiling, Eda moved Penny out and away from her before telling her, "Well unlike old times. This time with that nasty piece of machinery getting resurfaced. Your dog acted as an agent for HAPPY, and not an agent for MAD."

"Fletcher tried to use the collar after Brain was done with it, thanks to Von." Penny told her, smiling in turn.

Breaking the hug, but continuing her support to her student. Eda asked her, "care to tell me about how heroic your dog took to dealing with evil deep inside MAD's HQ?"

"He didn't do much." The teenager stated, looking sideways a little. Disappointment clear on her face about what she'd been witness to in the lab.

"Well tell me anyway." Eda requested, as she proceeded to guide Penny away from the workspace lab, and away from the commotion surrounding her uncle.

The scene being walked away from having now grown in it's size. Now it had the whole team for Launched Bug present, and a few other engineering teams Penny didn't know well. The Redstone Risers, The Diamond Coats, and The Womp-bats, teams all present. That, and more guards, although with the guards who'd first entered into the greeting of the returning team, now back from MAD's headquarters. They were now keeping their distance from the reason they had been called in.

Making sure that everyone could see what he was up to. Even though he knew he couldn't truly get away with firing it. Terry held the underside of his right arm. It was his way of making sure they all knew it's cannon was permanently loaded, and always ready for firing.

Chapter 11:

The sight out the HAPPY owned helicopter's window was a new one to the pilot and co-pilot working with the craft. MAD headquarters, or at least what they could see of it. Mt.

Everfrost, they'd known for sometime housed the complex, but they'd had no reason until today to visit the location. The co-pilot, Hank Burdey viewed the sight. The mountain's rocky uneven surface, it's lack of proper large aircraft landing area. It's one notable road twining up around it, partly buried in snow.

"I'm going to try and get answers about this." Hank told the pilot, annoyed as he got up from his seat to head into the helicopter's main cabin.

Now looking out one of the craft's many windows lining the larger cabin. Viewing again the sight outside, below and around him of the northern US Rocky Mountains. He pulled out his cell phone to contact HAPPY's Headquarters.

Hank didn't quite like the phone system the organization used. All calls had to be routed through a part of it littered with operators who then would patch though the call to the right person or department. Disconnects when the man thought about it. Mistaken disconnections were really where the system didn't hold up. He could be talking to one operator. He or she would then start to connect him to the right person or department, and then mistake. Then he'd have to call back, and start the process all over again.

With this call, like with others he'd placed before. Hope always present there wouldn't be a disconnection. He broke in fast with his reason for calling to the operator who chosen to help him.

"Hello HQ, I need to get either the Inspector, or Colonel on the line. We can't seem to find landing spots in the area." The words had been said in a near panic, and once silence greeted him from the other end of the line. The hold he got put on from the operator. His fear grew a little hoping the satellite connection he was using wouldn't fail where he was. A normal cell phone conversation here would fail, he knew that fact for sure. No cell towers out here that he could see.

Finally hearing a voice on the other end of the line, however not the one he wanted. Hank voiced his thoughts about the situation he was in anyway. Damned if he was going to hang up, and call in to HQ a second time over the same matter. "Have you ever tried going out here! No, you haven't. Listen I don't know why I got transfered to you in this discussion, but I need either that Inspector Gadget fellow, who discovered this mess, to give landing directions. Or Colonel Nozzaire to say what to do since he understands dealing with strategy like this. We can't land the damn copters to help save these people!"

Shifting suddenly without warning, the helicopter changing it's location in the air. Forced the co-pilot to brace the hull of the aircraft, and drop his cell phone. Picking the cell phone back

up. Hearing what the person on the other end of it had to tell him. He got news. Not answers, but at least what the other person saw as usable information.

"So the Inspector is dealing with that military scientist, and so is the Colonel? Great." Shutting off the phone after stating right back to the person what they'd told him. Hank looked out the window he'd been using earlier, to see where the pilot had moved the helicopter to in his absence from it's cockpit. It had been moved to being very much nearer to the ground. To a point that is. Now it was just under a hundred or so feet from a cliff face. To the main focus of his and the lead pilot's attention, Mt. Everfrost.

Roaming back into the cockpit, and getting back into his seat. He barked at the lead pilot, his thoughts about the new position. The man had flown the aircraft into without consulting him first. Things like this added to his day, like how disconnected calls did. No, calls leading to the wrong people did.

"What were you thinking? We're no where near the ground."

"Like we have much of any choice in ground? This here and other cliff sides, and the slim road leading into Mt. Everfrost. Are the only places those MAD agents will be able to get to us from. We have plenty of fuel, all of us in the fleet. It's just a matter now of seeing how many of those predators decide they really want us to save their hides." The pilot answered back. Not looking at the more increased annoyed expression being held by his co-worker beside him. From the last time the man had been there.

"That explosion was a fluke, the bomb should not have done anything what-so-ever! In so that case, Inspector, you can not give a basis from which they can work on for the size of the detonation!" Shouted Colonel Nozzaire, much to John's eyes closed in frustration. The sight being blocked out not only being the mustached man in military garb. Who had presented a foul temper to him since the moment they'd met. But also the "Dirt Hole" room as HAPPY referred to it.

A large nook in the complex, a room that normally served no purpose. Today had use. It coming under use was a matter of stubborn pride coming from the engineering teams which when learning they all had the same project. To work on making a working Trinity Bomb. All had wanted the project to be under taken in their workspace labs. This in any of the workspace labs wasn't being permitted by way of unending argument. So from strange agreement from members of the teams. The Dirt Hole had been chosen for being their common work area.

It had taken the efforts of the combined engineering teams, no time at all to stake their dominance over the normally barren room. Not actually looking like it's namesake which stemmed from the fact that HAPPY's main location was underground beneath the soil. It was a very clean space normally, and was the dream of any maid. Blank walls, and zero furniture, with only a couple windows to look outside of it. Now it was cluttered with parts from all sorts of machinery and tools scattered about. Plus signs of a bomb under construction being put together by the place's local staff and far from local visor, Nikki O'Momenta.

"Sir the reason the Trinity Bomb was hidden is because we on the assignment knew it had destructive capability, just not as intended. Plus add in the fact it held experimental technology many countries not affiliated with the project would have loved to have gotten their hands on." Nikki said looking up from her work for a moment, to address the French colonel.

"And we are about to deliver MAD what they wanted back when you first took this job." Colonel Nozzaire almost growled at the former military scientist, no longer looking at him.

Opening his eyes finally, the inspector looked at the steaming man before him. He wasn't sure what to say to the colonel. At least what he knew he could say to the man. The problem was, all he could think to say to the invited military officer. Were words of impolite manner, ones he knew he shouldn't voice.

"John?" Alan questioned his friend slash co-worker. As the inspector walked slowly away from his source of discontentment, he wished wasn't there.

"Does he have to butt heads with me?" John answered, so close to Alan. That only he was meant to hear the inspector's low voice that sounded on the verge of ready for argument.

"He's military, what else would you expect?" Alan replied, as if that explained the whole of Colonel Nozzaire's demeanor.

"Ms. O'Momenta." John stated, back at the engineer.

"She's been a Correctional Officer for the past 13 years, and besides that she used to work on weapons technology for the military. Not the enforcement side of who they are." Alan explained, noting his friend was missing the obvious about the woman. Known facts, forgotten, likely by the frustration he was feeling.

"I don't think I can deal with that man." John replied, lowering his voice more.

"Then just stay away from him till this is over." Alan told the inspector. Hoping the suggestion would help prevent war from breaking out, literally.

"I don't want to see the whole of Montana, part of Canada, and people blown up with this attempt to save MAD from it's self." The bionic inspector snapped back at the engineer. Before pushing him away, and motioning him to work with their visiting, more welcomed guest. On constructing a toned down weapon of mass destruction.

Extending his legs to make himself taller, and easier to see by everyone in the room. John started to address them as a whole, starting with, "don't interrupt me please." Directed at Colonel Nozzaire, more than the rest of them, before continuing to say.

"It is clear times & science have changed in the years since this was last attempted to be made. But I'd like to make it clear that this science fiction you guys are bringing into reality finally. Should not be put to the grand scale it was meant to upon the idea of it's inception. Lives will be saved in this, not killed."

The invited French colonel looking more annoyed now. Plus everyone else realizing that there was a problem. They looked between him, and then to John. John knowing for sure his opposition surely had words, for the inspector after he'd just voiced his thoughts. Encouraged the military officer to say what he was thinking with the prompting of addressing him.

"Speak."

"MAD does not deserve to exist period. I object to saving their lives. We should have done this act long before now." The colonel snapped, in response to the speech he'd just heard.

Fuming inside now, John replied to the visiting military officer, verging on growling himself. "I'm going to get on to one of our helicopters when this is taking place. I intend to watch those MAD agents taken away to safety."

"Away to comfy prisons no doubt which they'll escape from." Colonel Nozzaire, replied giving opinion, the of emphasis of sounding like fact.

"They will be dealt with Colonel." John answered back to him. Lowering his legs back to making him his natural height. Before taking seat in a chair to wait for the bomb to be finished being worked on.

"I know I would have added in a few more words to that." Alan told Nikki, as they both worked on the bomb. Both man and woman bent down pressing, into the weapon's casing. Working away with

their tools, tweaking the mechanisms they were adding into it. Then checking along the way, their work in every step taken into it.

"Like?" Nikki questioned back at him.

"John doesn't like that man. If I were him I would have made fun of him." Alan answered back, acting like he wanted to laugh. By cracking up ever so slightly while talking.

"How?" Nikki questioned Alan again, still not knowing what the man could be driving at. Her mind more focused on the task they were up to. Then wondering about what her work partner was indicating by mean playful words. Which could be said about one of their current supervisors.

"O'Momenta, think about the Colonel's name. It wouldn't take much for John to play around with that." Alan replied in answering her one worded question.

As he smiled at her. She finally pausing in her work, gave thought to what it was he was saying. It took him tapping his in use work tool against his nose. For it to click for her, what that was. The thought hitting her so sudden, when she started to laugh, the casing of the bomb they were working on. Lightly struck her in the head, as she bumped against it. In her surprise for not having realized earlier. The words "nose hair" and name "Nozzaire," sounded identical to each other.

Sitting where hours before an avalanche had fallen to cover some of the slim road which leads to into Mt.Everfrost, sat MAD agents normally set apart by rank service in their employment. Now talking of past and current times. Drinking from bottles which if their boss knew they possessed, would get them terminated from their jobs and their lives as well. Plus added taking in a sight witch to not only them, but those before them, both found unprecedented.

One helicopter branded property of HAPPY, hovering in the air very near to them. Other similarly branded helicopters also in the air. Some coming into view by the MAD agents, turning into sight from around the mountain as they passed it. All it would take is just a little bit of good effort to enter the craft before them. Bruce without words, looked to Louis, questioned him about it.

"I'm not your boss." Louis answered, having read the expression, that questioning look, on the fellow grunt's face.

"But you can give orders right now." Bruce replied, reminding the

man of a not normally present degree of control he currently had over him.

"Do you want jail?" Louis asked Bruce in reply.

Opening up the main cabin compartment of the nearest helicopter facing the two of them, and others in the employ of MAD. Stood a member of HAPPY's staff dedicated to working in hostile environments. Cliff Loekout called to them all about what choice they really had.

"Do you want to live?"

As the MAD agents grumbled curses in reply to the HAPPY agent's point. Cliff continued speaking to them about the matter. "The bomb is going to be dropped real soon. It's us or death."

"We should have just left with the others. We have plenty of transportation." Louis pointed out, that in point was directed to all around him.

Waving around his bottle of booze, Bruce had now his own point to make in reply. "We couldn't drive or fly now even if we wanted to."

Shaking his head no, Louis got inside the open door of the helicopter, with the effort of a small climb into it. Questioning Cliff once inside the aircraft. The heavily muscled grunt asked him. "What's going to happen to us? I know this is a no-brainer, but considering circumstances."

"I know this is weird, but I'm sure by the time this is over with, and we're back at HAPPY headquarters, something will be worked out." Cliff answered, as he helped lift in MAD agents having a harder time boarding the open cabin.

"Jail time?" Louis asked Cliff, while helping Jarvis, into the helicopter.

"What is jail like Louis?" Jarvis then proceeded to ask, him, as the man sat down to rest.

Looking to Jarvis, thinking that the fellow goon had to be kidding about the question. Louis then remembered that Jarvis up till now was one of those rare agents who worked for MAD that had been lucky enough to have never been caught by law enforcement. Jail, being in jail would be new to him, if that's where this was leading, and Louis was sure that would be the case here.

"The view you get from your cell is amazing, and you don't feel confined at all. It's a magical place filled with pixies and unicorns. The sky you see is always a lovely shade of sunset.

Money grows on trees, and the munchkins in between their singing sessions will help you out with anything else you desire." Louis answered, waving an arm out from himself. Trying to get the other man to visualize his words as he spoke them.

Jarvis glared at Louis for his sarcasm loaded answer. Before turning to Cliff, to make the request of, "please don't put me in the same cell with him."

Shaking his head smiling about the plea he'd just heard. Cliff noticed something new about one of the MAD agents he'd helped into the cabin. One of them was paying close attention to an object in his coat pocket. A large bulge that was being fondled with gentle motions by a single finger of the man. Plus the bulge was also being talked to softly by him.

Not hearing the MAD agents words and feeling extremely curious about the bulge. Plus a little fearful it could somehow be dangerous. Cliff moving closer in on the man petting the unknown object in his pocket. Then asked him about the bulge.

"What is it you have in there?"

"My pet Thumper." The MAD agent answered, pulling the bulge out of his pocket, by the scruff of it's neck.

As the rabbit kicked around in the air a little, unhappy about being lifted in the manner she was. Cliff noted something about the doe that set it apart from ordinary bunnies. This one had been altered. It was one of the cyborg animals, MAD enjoyed employing in it's criminal capers. The rabbit, from what Cliff could see was different about it, in being part machine. Was that something had been done to the undersides of her feet to a drastic degree. Strangely designed metal padding, that he could only begin to guess at what purpose it could serve the animal, for helping MAD.

Noting the puzzled look from the HAPPY agent. The owner of the altered leporidae gave an offer to him. "She does tricks, would you like to see them?"

"No," Cliff answered back, sure that those tricks more than likely were a bad idea to witness inside a moving aircraft.

Chapter 12:

In a helicopter positioned out farther away from it's companions in it's fleet. John making use of his magnification gadget gear, looked out at Mt. Everfrost. Alan with normal binoculars stood along side him. Taking in the sight of the soon to be no more main base of operations for MAD as well. As both men noticed one

helicopter in the fleet position it's self over top of Mt. Everfrost. John removing his magnification gadget gear, by first clicking a dial to in turn disconnect it with the USB port on the very top of his head. Turning towards the direction of the craft's pilot, Connor Melbaid. Voiced his worry about what they would soon all be witnessing.

"You know still considering this is a toned down in detonation size T-Bomb. I still think those other choppers should move out more from the mountain. I don't think they'll be safe."

"Listen the first was dud right? Maybe it made a little puff of air when it detonated. This new one is an experiment too however be it one created by our men with modern technology. The word dud still rings to mind here. Likely Inspector Gadget, this boom won't do much, but collapse the mountain in on it's self when the thing goes off." The man in the cockpit replied back to him.

As the inspector stood in shock remembering his last encounter with the technology. A forced push into the deep water of the Atlantic Ocean. A swim for air, to then meet a collapsing tunnel somehow once held together by science he didn't understand. It's watery surface buckling, being a turbulent storm. As he thought more on the memory of what had happened to him. With the explosion which had been the result of the last Trinity Bomb. The faster and faster it sent him into boiling over in rage over the pilot's insensitivity about it.

"Little puff of air!" John shouted, before moments later Alan took hold of him. Keeping the inspector from going into the helicopter's cockpit to chew out Connor, who while Alan knew had meant no foul in his words. Having heard John tell him what had happened when he found the Trinity Bomb. The one that supposedly wasn't harmful to anyone. Alan knew given not many people at HAPPY knew the story. This pilot likely being one of those many who had not heard the story. The man didn't need an ear full, of his co-worker ripping into the pilot. Over what 99.9% of the globe who knew about the bomb, saw as harmless.

Taking notice of a disturbing sight he could barely make out, due to not holding binoculars up to his eyes anymore. Alan shoving John into looking at the window. Pointed from the glass towards the top of Mt. Everfrost. Gasses were now rising out of the mountain's top. Out though the launch tunnel meant for Doctor Claw's rocket-car. Plus what he and John had used to infiltrate MAD headquarters the first time they'd gone into it. The gasses last either man had seen them had been deep within MAD's main complex. The dimensional shift had taken hold of the place stronger since they'd last visited it.

"I think we got to this just in time." Alan commented, loosening his grip on John.

"You can say that again." John replied, as he and Alan watched the new Trinity Bomb fall into the mountain. With the bomb's aircraft transporter, speeding away from it's former cargo.

A little rock, and least that's what the team of the inspector and engineer could see. That shooting up and out of Mt. Everfrost, was its' reaction to the Trinity Bomb which had gone off inside it. Although in judgment of their distance from the mountain. The little rock they'd just seen, more likely had been the size of a boulder for them to be able to see it. The single boulder sight not caught by them alone, made Connor laugh at seeing it.

"Boy was I wrong about that turkey." John said to himself, now feeling more eased up than he had been earlier.

"Wait, it's not over." Alan told him, with his cheshire cat smile. Now taking his grip off the man. Noting likely he no longer needed restraining.

"What do you mean by that?" John asked turning to the engineer. Worry suddenly returning at seeing that the co-worker was smiling.

"O'Momenta and I knew even if it somewhat failed, and gave up with a small explosion, we could get this done. John, MAD has some nasty instruments of destruction at it's disposal. What do you think one bomb could do to a bunch of smaller ones likely in storage?" Alan told and questioned John at the same time.

At just within milliseconds of the inspector having his eyes go wide at realizing what he was being told could happen. An air concussion rocked them, as it hit their transport. The push being so severe and such a surprise to both of them, it made them fall.

"Pilot?!" Alan demanded in question as he started to pick himself up off the floor.

John near by him doing the same, but only looking towards the cockpit of the craft. Not joining his friend in questioning the man at the controls of it. Since he questioned too what had just happened, but knew repeating what Alan had just said served no purpose.

"We're good, but they're not, Jesus!" Came Connor from looking out his front window of the helicopter.

Now having recovered from their falls at the cause of the unknown impact which had shaken the aircraft. John and Alan now looked out it's main cabin windows again. To catch sight of what the HAPPY employed pilot had just exclaimed the son of god's name

over. Mt. Everfrost was exploding, in erupting rock and gasses catching into flame. The helicopters, the rest of the fleet which had once in the air been near to the mountain in flight. Were now being bombarded with it's flying rock. The impacts forcing them into either colliding with one another. or simply falling into the ground. All of them in any case crashing to what they earlier had been safely hovering over.

"You were right, real sure fire right! We all of should have stayed farther away!" Continued the pilot now screaming as he locked in the aircraft's control to being under autopilot. Then whipping his cell phone out of a pocket in his flight suit. Before adding in saying, "contacting every 911 number right now!"

Face pale at the sight of the carnage he was being witness to. John commented on it, his voice almost a whisper as he spoke. "Wowzers, I'm not always glad when I'm right."

Rushing to else where in the main cabin of the chopper. Alan unlocked his ever present tool chest to grab out an object in it not a tool. Well at least not tool he'd ever use on a machine. The object was designed to work with him. As not to a mechanical machine, but a biological one. The object, his cape thanks to intense engineering work was designed to interact with him as an extra set of functions to himself. Fixing it into the back of his shirt at his neckline, it activated.

The man part mechanical machine, the cyborg, John seeing his friend slash co-worker do this, knew what the man had to be thinking. Joining into start on the rescue effort Alan was about to under take. The inspector moving to the case which he'd taken his magnification gadget gear from. Now started to grab out his personal helicopter rotor to fix it into his head.

From the feeling of sudden impact, to the blackness of becoming unconscious. To then wake up, and being in pain. Plus noticing he was under a pile of wreckage with fire near by created by more wreckage. What didn't fit into the disaster that Louis was in, was the sight just before him. Seemingly unharmed, and looking at him with her ever twitching nose. Thumper sat on her hind legs, flicking her long ears around. As she too took in the sounds of screams and crunching metal.

Pain accompanied by more weight than he could bare to lift baring down on him. Slowly turning his head left and right, given the only life he could see before him was an enhanced rabbit. Louis sought out signs he wasn't the only survivor.

"Maurice? Bruce? Jarvis? Slick? Are any of you ok?" He questioned to the metal & flame to his sides, and fur in front of him.

"I think my middle finger is broken." Came Maurice's answering voice.

"Oh, that is so funny." Replied Slick, also from somewhere beyond where Louis could see.

After a small bout of what both listening MAD agents could guess was cursing in a low voice. Maurice then added, "no, I'm joking here. I'm trapped and I hurt badly! My side, something is wrong."

Given how the specialized agent had chosen to end what he'd just said. His words of "hurt badly" put into steep emphasis as he'd spoken them. Louis knowing if unpinned down. He could help the man likely out from where ever it was he likely too was trapped. Crawling forward from his three way focused metal cage. The grunt in trying to free himself from it. By mistake was making his, and likely those around him, a worsened predicament.

Thumper finally startled, was hopping away from him. Mini tremors rumbled the ground with each bound taken by the altered leporidae. It's bionically enhanced feet designed to cause sonic blast disturbances in the ground. Meant to aid MAD in it's activities. Now were hurting the agents of the organization who could feel the result of the bunny's actions. Chopper debris pinning them down, shifting with each small earthquake she made.

"Not helping things Thumper." Louis grumbled as he started to finally after much effort, free himself from his trapped confinement.

Moving to standing, and taking in now what was going on around him. Louis saw a sight he couldn't believe, and didn't want to believe was actually happening. Downed helicopters, half smashed against mountains, and debris from what was once Mt. Everfrost, his former home & main work establishment. Fires everywhere and other signs of life. Other people freeing themselves, and others from scattered aircraft and broken rock. To then see something even more shocking and hard to take in.

The enhanced human, the cyborg. HAPPY agent Inspector Heyward, and his work companion, an engineer Louis forever wanted a piece of. Were both helping MAD and HAPPY agents to safety. The inspector with the oddest thing Louis had ever seen on the man. A personal helicopter mounted to his head, with it's blades, disconnected, and knotted into the belt of his trench coat. He had one of his arms extended beyond normal body range. Jacking up wreckage to free people who were beneath it. Asking them how they were doing as he saw them move out of danger. The loathed engineer, talking to an injured man that had not needed as much help to be freed.

Seeing people he knew he worked with and other ones he barely knew. The MAD agents freeing themselves from rubble & wreckage, some with assistance given by the HAPPY agents. Louis got more concerned for those he did know. Who'd been on board the same helicopter with him when it crashed.

"Where are you guys?" Louis questioned back to the broken mass of scattered metal and glass, he just crawled out from.

Moving out from it a few feet from where he was, Slick working his way out from the downed chopper, answered him. "Reporting for duly, fake boss."

"Bruce? Jarvis?" Louis continued questioning the twisted hull of the flaming wreckage. Hoping he'd see them soon too. Although that not happening. Not even seeing single a movement which could have been made by a man. As dust and smoke moved through the air with flames licking up into it. He then between a curse and a praise for what they had done. Plus what they were now doing, uttered to himself, "damn HAPPY agents."

The grunt's commenting having mentioned HAPPY agent having got the attention of John and Alan. They both looked towards him, and saw him eying where he'd likely just appeared from. Both men guessing it probably wasn't the agents who'd worked for HAPPY he was referring to. But a whimper about fallen comrades due to them. John worked on finishing up dealing with the person he'd been helping.

Alan looking at immediately around him in insuring there were no more people needing his help. When noticing he apparently had done all he could do at that location. Fearful of crushing anyone unseen beneath the scattered wreckage. Hovered over towards the location Louis was at. Questioning along the way for survivors to answer him, if they heard him.

A groan was the only answer he got. It came from the most crushed looking spot of one of the downed aircraft near to the one Louis had come out from. Heavily potted metal and glass, beaten in by rocks that had slammed into it during the explosions. Still with some fragments of the former mountain on it. Alan was shocked anyone could be alive under it.

Attempting to lift off the charred heavy earth from the downed helicopter. To get to whoever had voiced the groan. The engineer quickly discovered he didn't have the strength for the job. Not giving up on lifting the rock from the crushed metal. He called out to get the help he needed from the inspector.

Louis sucking in personal pride and some of his hate for the man, clearly not as strong as him. Walking over debris and bare ground where it surfaced in rare patches. Went over to help Alan in

moving away what he couldn't alone.

"Only because that might be a MAD agent trapped under there cape-freak." Louis stated, once he'd made it to within a few yards of the HAPPY agent.

Failing to notice the grunt MAD agent till now, baring down on him. When Alan took notice of him, once he'd been addressed by him however rudely. He panicked noting what the man was doing. Potentially crushing, hurt people still buried where neither man could see in the mess he was walking over.

"Woah, watch how you step on this!" Alan shouted at Louis, as the other man in reply to him, simply glared at him.

As both of them worked to lift off the heavy debris to free whoever was beneath it. John in making steps nonhuman with his legs super extended by their interlocking mechanical robotic moving rings. Made quick time getting over to them. As he was now free from duty to others, to help them.

When the inspector made it to them and finished the job. Both men in effort only had half the strength they needed to do. It got discovered who was pinned under the metal and rock that had just been removed. A MAD agent, barely alive, eyes shut, with shallow breathing from his chest which was coated in blood.

"He's only holding on to life by a hair. We'll take him in, HAPPY I'm sure can help." John voiced, starting to move to carefully lift the man up.

Stopping the inspector in his tracks, by hitting him softly in the chest as a way to do so. Louis stated his thoughts about the matter. "Our headquarters aren't around any more, but I'll be damned if I'm going to let you guys save him. MAD does have other establishments. We help our own kind, and don't need your assistance."

In shock by the grunt's words, John shouted at him, "look around you Largo! We are your only choice right here! HAPPY saves lives, and given how well off you are right now there isn't a real choice now who saves him!"

Then realizing what he'd just said, new shock dawned on the inspector. A fact about his own life he'd held a grunge about for many months. What he felt he could never forgive others for in what they'd done to him. He should have been feeling otherwise about since the start of knowing HAPPY for what it actually was.

The feeling, but technically two of them. Forgiveness and acceptance for what they'd done for him. As John let this sink into his head. Louis watched him none too pleased by having it

dawn on him. The man wasn't concentrating fully on what was going on.

"What!? Did you just realize you've slipped up in your deductive reasoning Inspector Gadget!?" Louis snapped at him, which in turn snapped John part wise back to thinking about the emergency at hand.

"No, um HAPPY really will save his life if you let us." John replied, almost with a blank expression on his face. Which he then turned to Alan.

Alan having realized to a point what his co-worker had been thinking about. Noticing John's look, he thought was a form of mirror over the person critically injured, the inspector wanted to see helped. In noting the man remembered what HAPPY had done to him. Made the engineer turn his eyes away from his friend, to look at the ground.

Louis noticing there were more people heading in their direction. Grabbed the inspector, and then in motioning that he now was going to be accepting of the man's help. That combined with him, forcing his way to starting to lift up the bleeding MAD agent, first. The grunt lifted his head, while john wrapped his arms gently around his back and legs. Head once Louis felt the inspector had cocooned his fallen comrade safely, as well.

Seeing people with true first aid coming ever nearer. John started to move off towards them, with the MAD agent he was holding in safe tow. Being careful in how he moved the person who worked for HAPPY's opposition. But at the same time making sure to make one small brush against one who worked for HAPPY, just to get his attention.

As Alan finally looked up from the ground to notice John. John to both him and to Louis. As he stepped away from them, said, "thank you."

The End

Epilogue

As helicopters branded red cross, flew along side a single one branded to show it's ownership to HAPPY. Doctor Claw's MADmobile descended on to what is left of Mt. Everfrost. That once landed, Mad Cat jumped from. To then have his owner leave the vehicle after him, but not at the same energetic pace.

Puzzled by the lack of what the animal had seen as his home for

24 years, thanks to having his genes tweaked. Mad Cat sniffed around the area. Trying to make sense of the smells he knew to be faintly of the strange odor that had been wafting through out MAD's headquarters. Along with that of tolex, potassium chlorate, dynamite, and something the cat remembered from smelling months ago. It had not belonged to his master, but in trying to recall what it was. He knew his master had wanted it.

Doctor Claw climbing up the face of what had been a mountain, now merely a large hill composed of rubble. At the hill's highest point, looked out at the aftermath of clearly the massive event he'd missed. One that cost him his organization's main base of operations. Wreckage sprawled out with chunks of Mt. Everfrost in every direction he looked in. Below him, beneath his feet. Not a single sign of the launch tunnel for his rocket-car, he knew he was standing on.

Seeing his pet now sniff him at his feet. He questioned the animal, knowing full well Mad Cat couldn't truly reply back to him with an answer. "The men from long ago in their rage, or the grunt I left in charge? Which do you think?"

The cat simply looked up to him for a moment. Before then continuing to do his own investigation over what had happened. Still wondering about what could have led up to this happening. Doctor Claw looked around for some clue to give him answers and he found it. A few of his men who seemed to actually be watching him. Nearly out of each other's sight. As the head of MAD remembered the one chopper he'd seen fly away, branded that it had been owned by HAPPY. He was sure them being almost entirely hidden had to have been on purpose.

Making his way carefully down to them. He noted that one of three men was injured. Another one was pissed off looking without doubt. That, and all three of them didn't seem fond of him approaching them one bit. Thinking that the looks all had to do with what ever had caused the destruction around them. Doctor Claw continued on to them, not believing any of their negative looks actually had anything to do with him.

Squirt looked back & forth from his gun and his boss, as he saw the man get closer and closer to him. His superior noticing the man's actions. Now directing his path more towards him now than towards the in general direction of the small gang.

Throwing down his gun with seeing Doctor Claw coming straight towards him. His boss stopping for a moment to look at the hand gun on the ground. Told him, "a wise decision."

As Doctor Claw continued to approach Squirt. The subordinate looked coldly to the man. Wondering if he really could be that clueless as to his anger. Squirt got his answer fast.

"Tell me what happened, Squirt." Doctor Claw asked, confirming reason to the other man's rage.

Not feeling like holding back any more. Squirt then decked Doctor Claw. Then money passed in silence between the two MAD agents who'd witnessed the act.

"You left us, that's what happened! And you know what?! HAPPY stepped in with it's only. Now we don't have a headquarters any more thanks to you!" Squirt yelled at his boss in answering the man's question.

Their side chosen with that of Squirt's. The two fellow MAD agents who'd been standing away from him and their boss. Now stepped up and forcedly removed Doctor Claw's armored glove from him. The agent who wasn't injured, in the removal of the glove. What he and he others around him saw as a show of Doctor Claw's power over them in normal threat. Looked briefly to Squirt as the action was taken.

"I'm in charge now! You are defenseless!" Squirt shouted at Doctor Claw. As the superior stood before him, restrained by two of his men.

"Wrong." Doctor Claw replied flatly, glaring at the treasonous subordinate standing before him.

Wondering how the man couldn't be as helpless as he looked. Squirt feeling now more alert to what was happening right then and there with the man. Now took notice of something he'd failed to notice earlier. Mad Cat was rubbing around his legs. The animal now seeing Squirt was looking at him. Then reached up the man's leg, and unsheathed his claws.

In Zillah, Libya, HAPPY agent Fairfax Caldwell headed into one of it's smaller looking museums. The reason for this being a small box held in one hand, of nicely constructed design. A sorry gift given as an extra to what the box contained.

Upon his entry in greeting the establishment's desk reception. In Berber and then in Arabic to fully insure the woman understood him. Caldwell asked her, "hello, may I speak with your manager, a mister Tatanaki. I have something for him for here."

"الإطار علي في هو ما?" She asked looking at him, before turning her attention to what it was he was holding.

Agent Caldwell opened the lid of the box, then showing her it's single item of contents. It made her smile, and following her

approval of what she'd seen. She then proceeded to press an intercom button on her desk.

"Mister Tatanaki, you have a visitor, and he has something you've been wanting back." She stated into the intercom, in accented English. Before depressing the gadget's activation button.

"Ammut & Ah-Puch" She continued in English, now speaking to Caldwell.

Then after getting up from behind her desk, she escorted him to a chair. Asking him, now switching to Arabic in her speaking. "سوف له على الانتظار في بينما المياه من الزجاج على مثل في"

"No thank you, I'm fine." Caldwell replied, professional in his demeanor. Waving her away while answering her question.

In no time at all, Tatanaki seemed to come into the lobby of the museum. His employed desk reception woman, not even getting back to her station fully. As the man approached Caldwell.

"Who are you and what is this thing you wish to present me with?" He asked in accented English to the HAPPY agent, looking impatient at the foreigner. Quickly getting back up from the seat he'd just taken.

In good diplomatic fashion Caldwell by instinct readied himself to greet the man. Then remembering what he'd read in his mission assignment about why he was here. Then took a few steps back from the man.

While the local museum owner looked at him puzzled for the action. Caldwell greeted him, hoping the man hadn't taken offense by it.

"My name is Fairfax Caldwell, I'm an agent of HAPPY."

Tatanaki glared at him for the new knowledge over who he was now dealing with. Although more specifically who Caldwell represented. Ready to ask the man to leave. Caldwell broke in fast noticing the man's disgusted look, adding in.

"Sir, I've been sent here to give you what you lost due to mister Hancock. Normally people put on one assignment continue it, but in this case that couldn't happen. You damaged the machine one of the agents on this case was using as a translator. I was brought in his stead because I'm familiar with languages in this area of the world ..and the fact you tried to kill the agent with the translator."

Quickly Caldwell then reopened the box for Tatanaki to see what was inside it. The local museum owner too smiled at the sight

inside the box. Before removing the item to hold it.

The item, an artifact from long ago, a carving the size of an aggie marble. Then with it's true owner possessing it again. He brought out from his jacket pocket. A clean cloth handkerchief, and started to rub the object down.

The carving showing combined features of both influences of Ah-Puch by way of a horned owl head. Plus Ammut by way of an alligator's open mouth. A mashing of myth gods of Mayan & Egyptian going back and forth in design through out the piece. Leopard spots on bars leading from clawed bird's feet. To on top on the head, the more leopard spots.

"It's been completely cleaned & sanitized." Caldwell pointed out as Tatanaki rubbed it down.

The local museum owner, seeming to ignore his words. Nodded before then without looking up from his polishing of the carved artifact. Walked back off to where he'd come to the lobby from.

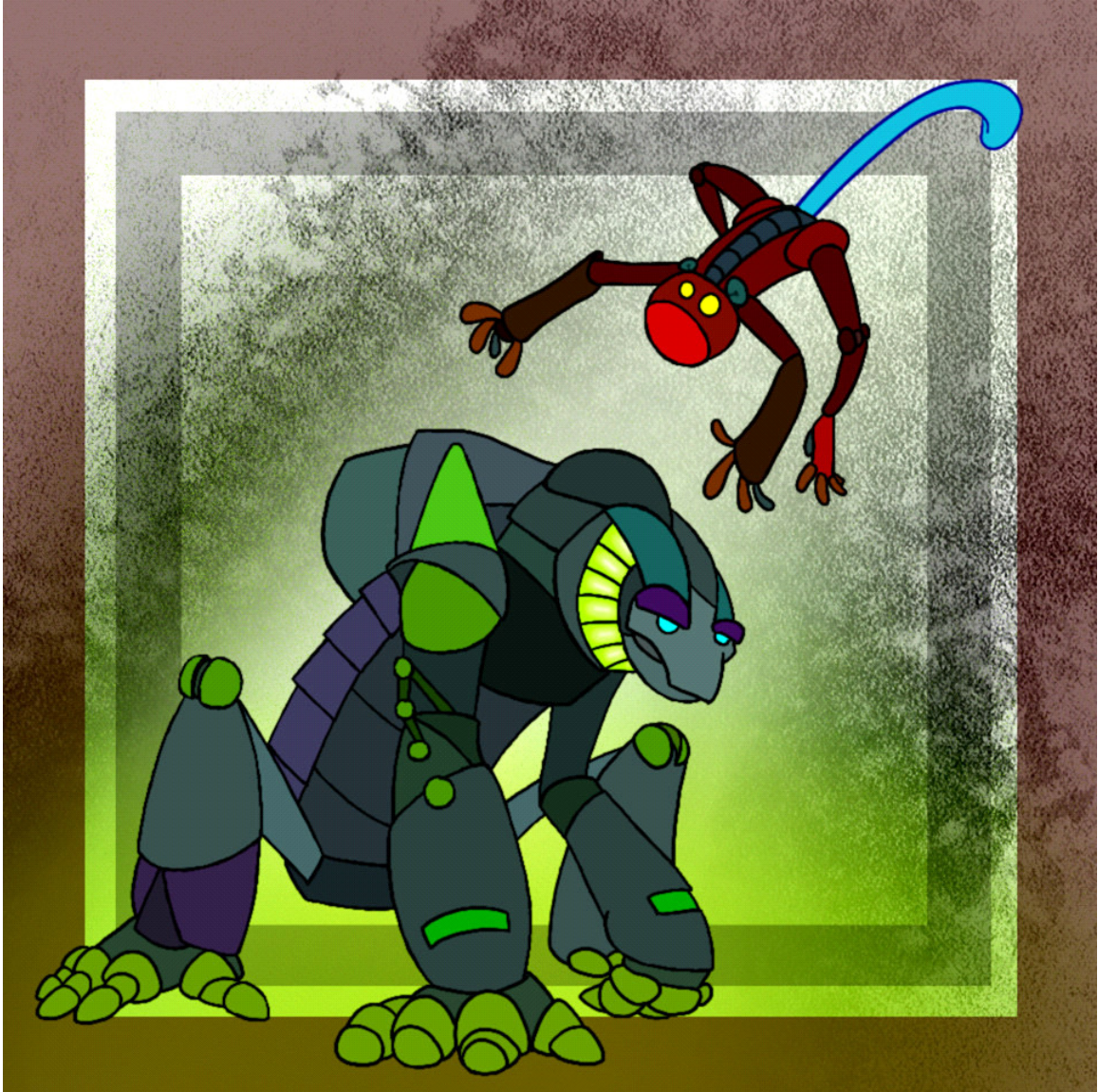
In noting her employer likely was pleased with what the HAPPY agent had returned to him. The desk reception woman called to Caldwell from her station. Asking him in accented English, "Would you like a free visiting pass through this museum today?"

"Sure, and given what that artifact I think represented. I'm sure the history I'll see in your collection will be extraordinarily fascinating." Caldwell replied to her, placing the box once belonging to the artifact on her desk. To then kindly accept the ticket she handed to him.

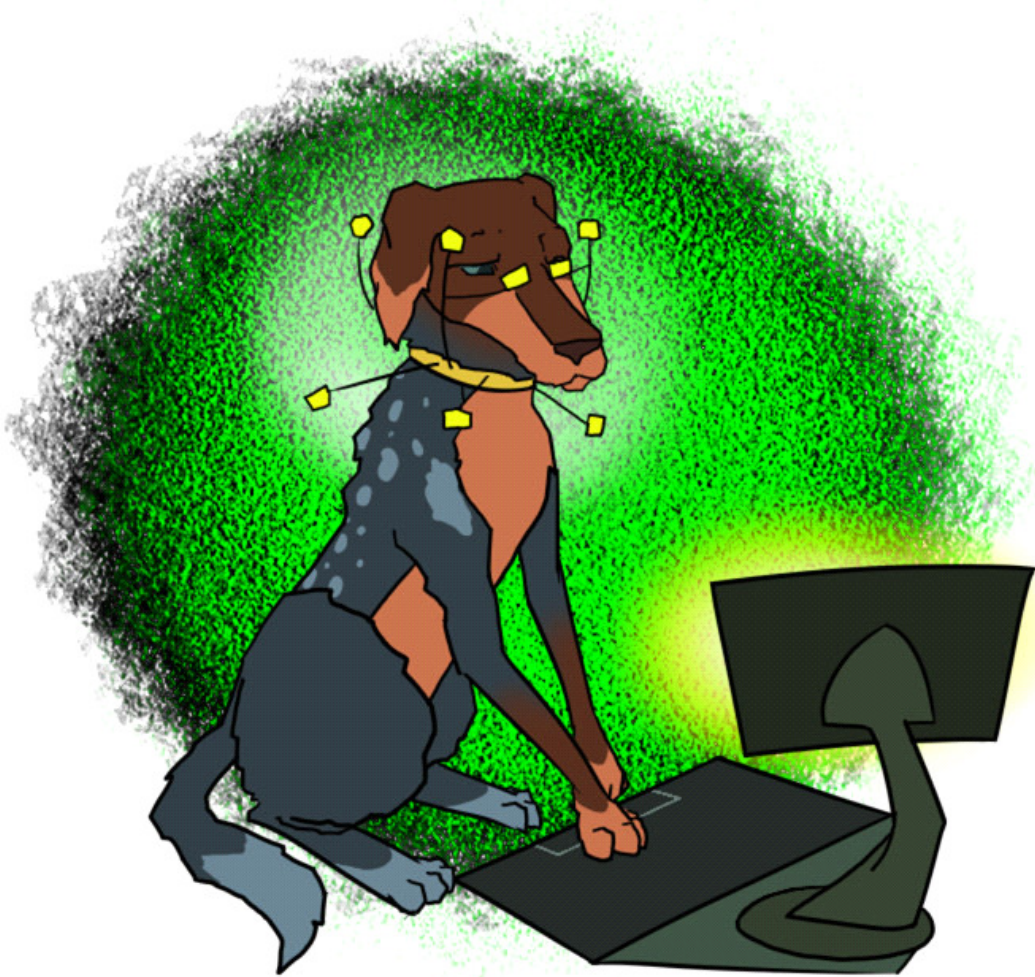
After noting where the entrance was that would lead him to the visitor part of the museum and not staff part. Caldwell after paying the receptionist the required three libyan dinar. Needed for the audio aided guide he picked up. Then walked off to see and hear the history behind what pieces on exhibition the museum had.

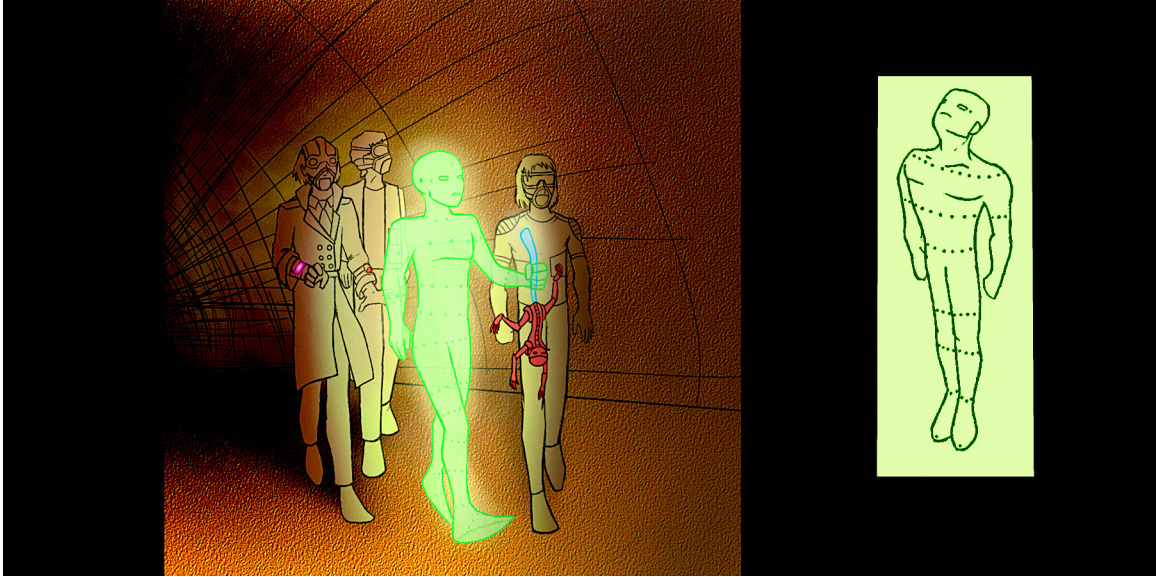
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(Doctor Claw)





