

Surge and Wylde

C4: Surge and Wylde

Known Infections: ?

Sol 2, 15:59

Surge wakes up from Wylde stabbing him in the ribs and starts picking chunks of sand from exposed orifices while guessing how many brain cells he lost. The squalling wind doesn't help and almost pushes him back into the hole they escaped.

Swaying Surge stretches to his full height and stares out across the desert expanse. Fine grains beat against his face and into his narrowed eyelids. Using his hand as a shield stops nothing. It feels like having your nostrils cleaned with strings of sandpaper floss. Surge faces the dune they fell from and their umbrella, looking like a biohazard symbol, blows by. Surge snaps his hand out and catches the handle as it knocks Wylde to the ground. He points the inverted umbrella towards the wind and uses it as a shield.

‘Get up, my friend,’ offers Surge, holding his hand out. ‘You need to see the road running parallel to the Pacific coastline.’

‘I can’t even see where we fell from,’ whimpers Wylde, spitting a chunky saucy veggie from his mouth. He also looks up at the dune they had rolled down, dusting himself off.

‘Give me your tracker,’ insisted Surge, patting him.

‘Sure,’ offers Wylde, dropping to his knees, hacking up more sand, and reaching for his tracker. ‘You know you owe me now.’

‘We lived because of what I did,’ retorts Surge, taking the tracker from Wylde.

‘No thanks to you grabbing onto me while we rolled down that dune,’ snorts Wylde, shaking his hand and stabbing his finger up the dune.

‘If you want, you can tally who saves whose hid more. Our score is 100 to one, and that one is a gift,’ counters Surge, never taking his eyes off the tracker and calling up Metropolis Live. ‘This is the first recorded quake in the last several decades. I am interested in Metropolis Live’s take on the matter.’

‘Unbelievable,’ snorts Wylde, wiping his nose with his sand-infested lab coat. He sneezes. ‘You’ll never admit I was the saviour this time.’

‘If I didn’t grab you and stop us from somersaulting to where we fell, it could have been worse. Now look

here, Metrolpis named us,' announces Surge, reading the Metropolis Live news .story titled Diablo County Power-Loss, while Wylde does a jig to shake the sand out of his clothes.

'This is odd,' states Surge. 'This story is claiming we are not available.'

'Sorry, Surge. The Metropolis Live is right,' scoffs Wylde, staring into the mountains surrounding Angel Garrison as he walks to the top of the dune they rolled off. 'We wanted to be missing, remember! And being missing was your idea.'

'And you will see it was a good one. Now you missed the world syndicate's major error. ML is reporting us not available, not missing,' answers Surge, turning off his work tracker and staring across the ocean to his far-right, taking significant steps to ascend the steep sand.

'Same thing,' says Wylde, shaking sand from his collar.

'I disagree,' insists Surge.

'But,' starts Wylde.

'But we are right here, therefore unavailable, not missing. The cloud that rolled in and hung over Angel Garrison for 24 hours is missing. In fact, after being sent tumbling down this dune, it vanished. Odd, considering it stayed in place for almost 24 hours without moving a decimeter. And the reason I insisted we skip work today and picnic on that dune instead.'

‘Where is there a law that clouds should move. And since when can a cloud go missing?’ counters Wylde, standing up and pointing out the sand pelting the umbrella in a stately manner.

‘After it rains. But lookup. There are no clouds above us, only this dust cloud. I am sure the earthquakes had some hand in this disaster,’ implies Surge, taking a sip of water from his jacket.

‘Are you suggesting the earthquakes removed the clouds?’

‘An earthquake can hardly make or destroy something so out of reach but may have caused this dust storm. However, I do not believe those were earthquakes.’

‘Surge,’ Wylde interjects. ‘I love you like a brother. I know you’re smarter than I am. I enjoy it. But please, are you going to at least tell me what those tremours were if you don’t think they were quakes,’ snorts Wylde, shielding his eyes from the sun.

‘Then listen.’

Over the mountains, they hear a large object banging against something somewhere in the distance. The sound becomes a deep-thumping, more distant and then disappears altogether.

‘Strange indeed, but that doesn’t answer my question.’

‘If I told you, you would never believe me,’ retorts Surge, putting his oversized aviator goggles on. ‘But if we

collect the facts, I will tell you when the evidence tells the story.’

‘So, where do we get these facts?’

‘From the place I told you we should not go to today.’

‘You mean our work where we were supposed to be the main speakers today?. Where we were supposed to become the stars we deserve to be. The place you warned is more dangerous than an atomic bomb exploding on your doorstep.’

‘Yes, that one. Now let us go.’

