

The TCCORE Exam:

Con sighed with a heavy heart. Sitting in Sylas' office was making her nervous. "What do you mean you failed the Tie Corps Core Exam?" He growled at her. Lieutenant Hoshiteru nearly jumped out of her seat as she could barely look him in the eyes; she was terrified. All that week were the watchful eyes of Legion, Sylas, and Lieutenant Sherlock Sal, poking her to take the exam.

She was horrible at taking tests.

Sylas slumped into his desk, stressed beyond imagination. "You made a 61..." He repeated to himself, over and over in front of her. Con was sweating bullets, watching him go crazy. Collecting himself, he sat upright in his chair. "Hoshi, it is a simple core test...I do not understand how you managed to fail." Sylas groaned, having a headache from this. Having a big glass of chalquila was not going to fix this.

You're confused? I'm confused!

She looked up at him with pleading, innocent eyes. Sylas stared into Con's eyes for a few moments, gazing at the color with his. He could feel his heart beating quickly. "I...I'm really bad at taking tests!" She whined. Sylas put his hands together and rested them at his desk. "Did you...receive a poor education on Vectron?" He gently asked her. Con took a deep inhale before answering him. "No, not at all." She softly responded to him, trying to let her anger cool down. "I wasn't a straight-A student, but I wasn't average," Con added, crossing her arms. Sylas tried to listen but he couldn't make any sense of it.

This was the first time he had questioned her intelligence.

"Were you not able to complete the basics in your homeworld? The standard Galactic education requires that you were able to do mathematics, literacy above the bar, knowledge of the galactic language, and others. Tell me, did you have any special circumstance of having to drop out at a young age?" He inquired. Con let out a silent shriek as if she was going to lose it. Her blood was boiling. "There was no such circumstance!" She argued. Sylas raised an eyebrow at her. "None?" He confirmed. Con scoffed at him. "I had a completed education. Before joining the Tie Corps, I was in the process of completing one semester at a University in Himawari City. Of course, I even speak the dead language of your homeworld." She smirked. Sylas nearly gasped at her.

It was not like she could have told him the truth; a future ruler of Vectron requires extensive education.

Con looked over at him, seeing him a little angrier. “Then how do you explain failing the simplest of tests, Lieutenant?” He hissed. “I told you, I’m bad at taking tests!” She groaned at him. He was clenching his teeth. “Lying about this is an offense. If you didn’t, there’s nothing wrong with that. Or...are all Vectronians plant-loving hippies and plant knowledge is all they know?” He snickered. Con was ready to slap him. “Do not put that implication. All because our people did evolve a little from the plants does not make me any less intelligent than you. I’m no different from other humans, even if...I run...a little green.” She awkwardly smiled.

Con had a caramel color to her with a slight wash of green and yellow that wasn’t very obvious. She didn’t look that green compared to other humans. She was about 10-15% plant, the rest entirely human.

On Vectron, not everyone is of the same race of human. Her mother belonged to the ethnicity of humans called “Vi”, while her father belonged to “Hon”. While both humans, it confirmed the long lineage of Con’s origins on Planet Vectron. The Vi people were once the first humans to inhabit the planet and are the most tied to the native plants. As a result of the time spent on Vectron, the Vi People have evolved to possess plant-like traits. This is exclusive to only them, which was passed down from Queen Primavera to Con.

She is a lotus flower.

Sylas had a stone-cold look on his face. “Retake it, Lieutenant. I am embarrassed that you scored so poorly.” He barked at her. Con nodded as she got up promptly and left him in his office. She was furious at him, offended at such remarks.

He pissed her off.

That evening, Con locked herself in her quarters. She had 2 days before she had to retake the TCCORE exam. Her eyes were tired from staring at the pages of books as she refused to get an ounce of sleep. Con could only think of the angry expression on Sylas’ face from earlier That day. She furrowed her brows together as she held her stuffed Porg in her lap. Her brain was doing backflips as she could barely process a thing in that mind of hers.

This was hard.

Con considered herself lucky that she had finished a few courses before being sent to the Tie Corps as math formulas were still fresh in that mind of hers. Studying was a very taxing thing to do as she had a few assignments that needed to be finished before today.

Part of Con was a little angry that she did not bring her textbooks with her to the Challenge, as it would probably have helped her out more here as it had been a few months since she had left the University. A science textbook or a galactic language dictionary would've saved up a little time for her. She sighed with a heavy heart. "Do I seem that unintelligent?" She asked herself as she was met with the obvious silence of the room she was in.

The brain is fried chicken.

A few days passed by, and Con managed to prepare herself to retake the TCCOORE exam. She could feel the anxiety take over her whole body, thinking of every little possibility of something going wrong. It would be even more embarrassing to re-take the exam a third time, which would worsen things. The sound of Sylas' angry voice made her feel horrible at herself, reminding her of when she came home with a few bad grades and her father would reprimand her for it. Con didn't want to think of such bad memories of her childhood, as it would make her feel more homesick than she already was.

Con wanted to return home to Vectron and wished this place was just a weird dream.

She was to take the test in a quiet room, with an hour to complete it. The entire time, Con prayed to the stars that she wouldn't fail the exam again. Streams of sweat dripped down from her face in fear as she went through the test. The smell of sanitized plastic wasn't helping her case as the clean stench was putting her even farther on edge. Con could barely focus on her test as she could come up with so many solutions to one question. She wasn't even sure if she could even make it through this test alone. The Questions on the test were slowly making less and less sense to her.

Please, don't fail.

An hour had passed. Con was able to get the results as soon as she finished. To her surprise, she didn't fail the TCCORE exam and made a 77 on it, so just barely passed. Con had a smug look on her face as she stared at the results screen. A wave of relief and satisfaction crashed over her as she took a large stretch. Her whole body felt drained of all the energy that Con had within her. Con felt half-awake as she couldn't process anything else in her brain like she threw up on something.

Well, at least it's over.