

A Bio 79

Chapter 79: Classroom of the Elites....or something like that.

In the end, Alexa didn't find any reason why the other kids were looking at her weirdly. What she found was...that she was doing a new type of [Test] than the one she had done yesterday. Even though [Eleanore] had said that there wouldn't be any [Tests], then what was this?

It could only be a test.

"Classroom closed due to repairs, students, please go to the designated classroom depending on your name in the list..." Granted, it wasn't a hard [Test] under any premise... "Alexa is....there..."

At the very top of the list, she did a quick scan and sure enough there were plenty names there, she didn't find Meli-Meli's name...nor [Teach Baking], perhaps they could still attend to [Classes] on this [Classroom]?

Either way, Alexa needed to move to her next [Testing Area]. Or, in a nutshell, she needed to run to her new [Classroom]!

Lest she arrive late, why had she arrived this late anyway? Or was she late? Could someone this cute be late? Surely not right? Cute was justice, yes. She was not late, being this cute meant that she was supposed to arrive at that precise moment and not a second later!

"Yes." Alexa nodded as she arrived at this fundamental truth of [The World]. And looking one last time to make sure, Alexa started walking reading the [signs] atop the doors to identify where she was.

She needed to go to [Classroom 1-A], that was the one that had been assigned to her after all.

It didn't took as much time as she had thought, mostly because the route to this new Classroom was quickly found in one of the multiples [Maps] that had been stuck to the walls to show the [Students] where things stood in this building.

For some reason this [Classroom] was near the [Principal]'s office. So that meant that Alexa may be in danger of being exposed to Mr Pig, but it was a risk she must needed to deal with.

"[Notice, no evidence of Human Designation: Principal Kendrick Hamilton being related to any species of Pigs, host is doing a irrational judgement.]"

"BUT HE IS A PIG!" Alexa screamed at the injustice of the world, not acknowledging this basic truth! "I mean...Zaradaba!"

Alexa said quickly rushing into the [Classroom] that had been assigned to her, she wasn't sure why she had felt the need to hide as soon as she screamed that, had it to do with the fact that almost everyone in the hallway had turned to look at her?

But why?

Oh, right, she needed to find a secure place to hide and prepare in case it turned into a [Combat Test], yes, that. It was obvious, being in an exposed area with everyone turning to look at her meant that she needed to prepare for multiple vectors of attacks.

“Hmm? Oh, the new one arrived. Fifteen minutes late, tch...This is why...” Alexa heard and turned to look at the people surrounding her.

She found herself with....a very weird [Classroom].

At the very back stood a [Man] with his hair arranged as if he had licked it into position and then affixed it with some kind of [Glue] or [Chemical]. The man was dressed in a similar type of clothing to Mr Pig. Was it called a [Suit]? or [Tuxedo]? Only this one seemed...cheap.

Unlike the [High-Quality] materials that Mr Pig used, this one seemed to be more of an imitation, Alexa could see how the [Thread] seemed to fade away in weird spots.

And if that wasn't enough, on this [Human]'s face, he had a pair of [Glasses] way bigger than his eyes, the crystal seemed to be overly reflecting giving the impression that this [Human] had light bulbs instead of eyes, also it made one find it hard to focus on its face.

Alexa was too busy distracted by the [Glasses] to focus on his [Face].

“Tch, tch...Manners maketh man...or in this case, the Lady.” The [Human] said clapping strongly, this sound seemed to resound in the whole Classroom. The other [Kids] seemed to giggle at this. “So? Who are you? I assume you are one of the problem students from Missus Eloise?”

Alexa nodded at the question, "Yes...I am Alexa." And said as much, she turned to look at the other [Kids] here next.

Each one sat at a singular desk. They had comfortable chairs with cushions on both their bottom and back. Each chair seemed to be made of some kind of wood with a mysterious luster. The desks were made of a different darker wood that seemed to shine on its own, and for some reason, the desks had what seemed to be connections for data cables.

Alexa had seen those types of connections in her [Cellphone] and in some [PC]'s around [Haephestus' Forge], so they had access to the internal network? Each of them?

"Alexa huh?" The [Man] spoke with disinterest as with a flourish of his hand he pulled a small electronic device and navigated the data on it, "I don't have any 'Alexa' here. I require your full name, both first and last."

...what?

"Alexandra Saintsworth?" Alexa said confused, everyone had understood her when she said that she was Alexa, how many Alexas there were here?!?!?

"Oh, that makes it different then." The [Man] said and did another read, "Yes, Alexandra Saintsworth, temporal Student from Eloise Baker. You will attend some classes with us; you have enough credits to merit a transfer here, actually."

That made most of those kids giggling at her stop and instead turned their eyes almost...[Predatory].

“We will see if you can live up to the standards of Class A.” The [Man] said once more, he turned in a smooth motion to look back and with his finger started writing on the [WhiteBoard], as his finger traced the smooth surface, words started being written and mimicked at the top.

She hadn’t noticed it before, but atop the small [Whiteboard] hovered a bigger projection.

“My name is Tristan De Medici. Some of the most educated of you may guess the history behind my name, which is both glorious and inglorious.” The [Man] said and in one single flourish underlayed his last name, “Okay, first question. What is the most important achievement of my illustrious family? Alexandra?”

Alexa?

What?

“Ah....” Alexa stood there, unsure of what to say.

“Main core? Help!” And sent a prompt into the local network and to Main Core.

“[Feeding data straight from local library.]”

"Anything? I am only asking a vague question, I know my family isn't as famous as your last name, but we did influence to some degree history." The [Man] said in a serious tone, the other kids giggled at this.

"The De Medici family was an Italian family based in Florence; they started humble and moved into banking. From there, they started influencing the government....and some notable members became Kings, Queens, and one achieved the highest possible title within the church, crowning himself as a Pope..." Alexa said, reading the resumed data that Main Core fed her.

That family seemed impressive...what was doing someone from that bloodline here?

"Precisely, good answer. Short and concise," The [Man] nodded at her, not smiling at any moment, then turning to the rest of the class, he looked at everyone, "You may sit there. That spot has been empty for some time now, and it annoys me."

Alexa was pointed to a seat that had yellow decorations on the chair, unlike everyone else this one seemed to be more...customized.

"But teacher that!" One of the girls near the seat she was given started speaking.

"What? Who is it for?" The [Man] now identified as [Teacher] asked back, his figure for some reason seeming [Bigger].

"...for...a Saintsworth." The girl said as she tried to hide on her seat, wich was the worst possible idea, you can't hide in a seat. Unless you could change your skin color and texture....

Nope, the girl wasn't able to do either.

"And this girl's last name is...?" The [Teacher] asked turning to Alexa, who was now setting her [Backpack] at the side of her [Desk].

"Alexa?" Alexa said pointing at herself.

"She doesn't have the golden eagle!" The girl said back gritting her teeth, "She is a commoner at best or the daughter of a whore at worst!"

Slap

"I will not tolerate that type of commoner words." The [Teacher] said as he slapped the girl with one of his gloves, "We are better than them."

The girl seemed to want to cry, but was fighting to contain her tears, Alexa wasn't quite sure why.

"Now, next question for Miss Blackthorn who seems quite focused on who our family is." The [Teacher] said as he wiped his glove and put it on, he seemed to be...quite dramatic with how he put it on as he raised his hand up as if to make sure the glove was well put before looking down at the girl who was glaring the [Teacher] and Alexa. "Was my family good or evil?"

They were....good right?

"That depends on who you ask." The [Girl] answered still glaring at the [Teacher], "To the world at large the Medici advanced and helped the industrial and cultural revolution, they provided the money so great inventors such as Da Vinci could flourish, some people even attribute the stable funds that Italy had and their sturdy banking."

So they were good right?

"That is not what I asked, I know what my family achieved better than most." The [Teacher] said turning back to the girl, "Good or Evil? Hero or Villain?"

"....for society they were Heroes, for the commoner they were Villains." The [Girl] said grumbling, "What is the point? They no longer hold any power. Isn't that why you are a teacher instead of a politician?"

Alexa turned to look around and found most of the other kids saying [Oof], and [Tsss] or similar words.

"True, my family did evil, and most were corrupted politicians; even our Pope was more than likely bribing half of Rome." The [Teacher] said and stood in front of Alexa once more, "So, by using that metric. Why does it matter if the one sitting on this chair is or not wearing a golden eagle? You said that this was for a Saintsworth, isn't she one?"

The [Teacher] then proceeded to point to the [Whiteboard] with his [Phone] and click on something, both in the bigger projection and in front of her Desk an [ID] of Alexa with her name and a photo materialized.

“Alexandra Sainsworth, Temporary Class A student...” Alexa read, as most of the other kids around her.

“....Overall evaluation... A class.” The girl who had complained read that and glared at Alexa.

“What? I haven’t done any [Tests] yet, why do I have an evaluation?” Alexa asked confused. Well, to be precise she hadn’t fulfilled any [Test] or finished anything.

“You all are evaluated in real-time by our local Artificial intelligence,” The [Teacher] said, pointing at a crystal-like orb on the ceiling. Now that Alexa was paying attention she could see more of those in the walls and by doing a single memory search she noticed that some of the hallways had one of those too. “That is the local school system, CRADDLE. The one that grades you and will keep track in the classroom wars. You got that evaluation after a day thanks to how you reacted and acted during the crisis at your class yesterday.”

That seemed to make almost all the whispers stop.

“That is correct, students; your hubris in thinking our new addition wasn’t ‘Worthy’ of this Classroom clouded your judgment.” The [Teacher] walked once more towards his raised platform, each step measured. “You failed to see the obvious, we had always been a Meritocracy thanks to the umbrella of the Saintsworths. Now that we are actively being sponsored by them more so. How could someone unfit be sent to our Classroom?”

No one else seemed to move, and some even nodded, albeit somewhat begrudgingly.

“So she is worthy of her last name, is what you say, Teacher?” The girl [Blackthorn] asked turning to...not outright glare, but still seemed angry at Alexa.

“I know not what makes someone worthy of that name or the golden eagle. But not all those who wield the so-called golden eagle are what I would deem Worthy.” The [Teacher] said, pointing at the [Whiteboard] again with his [Phone] and clicking it. A new image blossomed, replacing that of Alexa. “He, for one, we all know doesn’t wear the golden eagle or tattoo unless forced to.”

The image of a blonde man now was there, the image seemed to be taken from a low point, as the image gave the feeling of the blonde man looking down on them.

Alexa did not like the feeling of being looked down on...

It was...

“[Degrading.]”

Yes, it was almost as if the [Lieutenant] was looking down on her, as if she was a mere bug...mere [Prey].

“That is not fair Teacher, that is the youngest scion they have managed to make in the last two centuries.” [Blackthorn] girl grumbled, “Alexanders Saintsworths isn’t a fair example, not even the Main Branch managed to match his genius. We know.”

“That you do, don’t you? Glory Blackthorn?” The girl grumbled at being called out.

“Yes, even so we will one day rise to wield the Saintsworth name again. He is proof that if we can match their genius even a sub branch can wield the golden eagle... Our family will earn the right to sit on the golden throne!” The [Girl] seemed to ooze confidence, and some weird longing...to a chair...

“We can change chairs if you want?” Alexa said feeling uncomfortable, “I don’t mind...”

“No,” The girl said, glaring at Alexa, “I will earn it, as it’s right.”

“Okay...” Alexa...did not know what to think about that girl.

Or this sudden exposition about the past of her last name...

“So, returning to our class for today. What is good? What is Evil? My family could be deemed Evil if you were poor, and good if you look at our effect in the world at large. Then what about today's premiere example?” The [Teacher] said pointing with his finger at the image of the [Lieutenant], “Are the Saintsworths good or evil?”

The other kids started speaking among themselves, Alexa saw images of other kids materializing in an almost transparent projection above their Desk, looking at her own Desk she found that some letters seemed to be projecting on there, and touching them mimicked the words in the translucent blue screen.

One that seemed to resemble the same blue screens she was seeing as an interpretation of her [Core Powers]. Some messing around with the options gave her a list of options, she could call most of the other students here using this function, she doubted someone would answer her though, perhaps if Meli-Meli was here, but she didn't know anyone else.

And the only other [Student] that she had spoken with was glaring at her chair...

"We will start from our top achiever and go down," The [Teacher] said clapping his hands and pointing at Alexa, again. "So? Is the Saintsworths Family, Conglomerate and Clan a good influence for the world? Are they good or bad? Heroes or Villains?"

....How the heck was she supposed to know that?

"So long they give Alexa mangoes they are good!" Alexa said crossing her arms above her chest, "We can't know if they are good or bad unless they do good or bad things, that image for example is bad. I don't like how he is looking at me."

She really didn't like it, it felt...wrong.

As if the [Lieutenant] would not look at her like that, even though he had shot at her and cheated when doing the [Combat Test] with her, he had never looked at her like that. Not even when she almost crushed him with her [CLAW].

“hmm....so from your point of view, so long they provide food and entertainment they are good?” The [Teacher] almost smiled at the answer... Almost. “Noted. Next!”

Then he turned to the girl [Blackthorn], she hmped and stood with both hands at her waist and for some weird reason, she puffed her chest.

“We of the noble Saintsworth blood are good for the world. Our ethos is to leave the world a better place, our blood may have been diluted since the advent of Core users since we wanted to ensure we could stay ahead of the curve...” The girl once more glared at Alexa, and her chair, in that order. “But even so, anyone that carries our blood will do their best to leave this place better than they found; all of those rumors of our chairman being a tyrant, a dictator, or even a dragon are from fearmongers!”

And like that she sat and glared (Once again) at Alexa. That girl was weird.

“...right, so we have one conditional vote for Bread and Circus, one yes...next!” The [Teacher] said turning to a boy next.

“They seem to be good at first glance, but it is a proven fact that the Saintsworths have their reach into weapon and biochemical development, they also have interest in all the energy business and have a very thorough satellite network. Should they attempt, they could probably overthrow any current major power.” As he spoke the girl (Blackthorn) glare focused more and more into this one, “So my vote is for Evil. They have too much power, their assets should be redistributed among other non compromised organizations. Any monopoly is Evil by definition.”

“Preposterous!” The girl said standing, what kind of kid even uses the word [Preposterous] anyway?

“[Something that goes against common sense and is outright ridiculous. In this statement, the idea that a major power should willingly give their power to other entities is not only ridiculous but also impossible to achieve. The Saintworths Conglomerate will never bow to anyone.]”

...Main Core was also invested? Ah right...she was technically also part of them right...Should Alexa also be angry?

“Why should we give our birthright to those that haven’t earned it?” The girl screeched at the other kid. “If your family wants to be worth of it they can earn their right!”

“How can we even compete with them if you are hogging all the chances?!?” The kid fought back.

Alexa wanted something to munch while seeing this, it was kinda fun when the people fought with words and they weren’t directed at her.

“What is your take on this, Alexandra?” Suddenly, Alexa felt cold on her back. Looking to her right, she found the [Teacher] black eyes looking at her.

“[WARNING DANGER THREAT RAISED.]”

She...hadn’t noticed when this [Teacher] moved to her right. The kids arguing among themselves glared in Alexa’s direction too.

“Aren’t the Saintsworths a Meritocracy?” Alexa asked. The [Blackthorn] girl nodded, as did the other kid. “Then, if anyone proves to be worthy of something, shouldn’t he give it to them?”

Alexa said pointing at the image of the [Lieutenant].

Both kids and [Teacher] followed the direction she pointed, and while the [Blackthorn] girl smirked, the other kid also grumbled and sat down.

“So that makes one for evil, one for good, and one conditional.” The [Teacher] said ignoring the whole debacle, “NEXT!!”

Alexa...was going to be here for more time?

Couldn’t....one of them turn berserk or something?

Looking at the data on her [Terminal], Alexa found that this was scheduled for another [Two Hours], followed by [World History] and [Math].

At least she would get a small [Break] between [World History] and [Math]...

Ping

Turning to look to the right corner, Alexa found a [!] icon, opening it was a [Friend Invite] and a second message asking her to [Synchronize] her phone with the Desk...What?

For now Alexa would focus on that and try to pay attention to the class and how it moved...Also she would try to not lose sight of the [Teacher], if she could learn how he had moved into her blindspot...that would be very [Useful].