

# **Bubblegum Crisis 2060: Strangers**

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*Hmm...not quite sure if I'll finish it. It's a promising idea about a next gen for the Knight Sabers.*

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## Bubblegum Crisis 2060: Strangers

“God damn it. Bloody motor...kick its @\$\$,” grumbled Petra McNichol, blowing back a strand of thick brown hair as she pushed her motorcycle along the side of the road. Her new school uniform was soaked in motor oil, which sizzled in the heat.

“So help me!” She yelled, scaring off a few passers by.

Her cell phone began to buzz in her back pocket. Petra stopped to answer the call. “Yeah, who is it already?”

“Always such a charmer,” a male’s voice mocked on the other end.

Petra leaned an elbow on the handlebar. “Oh hi John, what do you want?”

A pause. “Hmmm...A date with Naniko would suffice however for now I’d be happy with you returning home to get her far, far away from the fridge.”

With a growl, she began to massage her forehead. “Why can’t you?”

“I did try.”

“Yeah, and...?”

“Well, she smiled...\*cough\*...and I then gave her that cake at the back.”

“Dear God. I’ll be there soon.” Petra hung up, frustrated by her brother’s hormones.

“So much for the older being wiser.” The teenaged girl continued pushing her bike along the road, sweating in the heat of the sun. Petra let out another scream.

“Pardon me, Miss,” came a soft voice.

Petra looked up. “Eh? What do you want?”

As her eyes focused before her, the form of a pale girl her age came into view. She was slightly shorter than herself. She wore her long, thick platinum hair in a braid down her back. What really caught her interest was her school uniform. It was of Tokyo’s most elite and indeed expensive private school.

She smiled kindly at Petra. “I noticed your motor troubles.”

“Good for you.” Petra pushed her bike past the girl, who stood transfixed, eyes upon her without wavering.

“If you allow me, I can fix it.”

Petra stifled a laugh. “A little China doll thinks she can fix my bike...?” She looked back, amused. “Well now, this I just gotta see.”

Moments later, the pale girl produced a pouch of tools from her suitcase, and began work on the engine. Petra observed with curiosity, wondering what a girl like her was doing carrying around tools.

“I’m finished Miss, you may start it up.”

“Meh?” Petra shook away her dream-like state and mounted her bike, starting it up. A grin spread across her face as she listened to her motor purr.

“Whoa..!”

The private school student had already put away her tools by the time Petra had gotten over the shock of her fixed engine. The girl bowed to Petra, not a spec of oil or grease on her skin or clothing, and started to walk away.

“Hey! You! What’s your name?!” Petra cried out over the purring of the engine.

Turning back slightly, hair falling over her left eye, she smiled an eerie smile. “My name is Selena...Selena Kirkland.”

“Listen Naniko, maybe you should get away from the fridge and...” stumbled John over his own words as she grinned at him coyly, shutting the fridge quietly.

Naniko bit down on a banana, making him wince. “But I’m bored waiting for Petra. There’s nothing to do.”

“Bet I could think of a few things we could do,” John slyly said under his breath.

Suddenly he felt a gust of wind as a hand slapped him over the head. “Knock it off you pervert.” John leaned against the fridge rubbing his head as Naniko trailed off into the living room.

John grumbled as her long sparkling pink hair left the room. He soon heard the front door open, followed by Naniko’s squeals of delight. “Took Pet long enough to get home.”

“So that girl actually fixed your bike, free of charge?” Asked Max, in-between bites of the roast on his fork. The ten year old shook his head, unconvinced. “No way would anyone do that.”

James rolled his eyes back, showing only the whites to Petra. “Maybe...it was a ghooooOOoost!”

James, who was thirteen, made his five year old sister giggle.

“You look funny Jamie!” Giggled Mira, Naniko joining in.

Petra rolled her eyes. “Cute Jamie, really...”

“Did this girl know what she was doing?” Priss quietly, yet sternly inquired, eyeing Petra intensely.

Petra looked down, remembering how swiftly and gracefully the pale skinned girl Selena had worked on her engine. She looked up, nodding to her mother, half-smiling. “Yeah, she knew exactly what she was doing. Mom, anyone that carries around tools in their suitcase...y’know...they gotta know what they’re doing, right?”

Priss accepted the reply, yet she still appeared agitated by Petra’s acceptance of a stranger’s help.

Leon picked up on it, hoping to learn more about the stranger to ease her mind.

“Tell me, Pet, did this girl have a name?”

Petra smiled, “Why yes, her name was –“

“Selena Rosebud Kirkland,” cut in Naniko, taking a few of Petra’s peas as she stared at her in disbelief.

“How in the Hell did you know that?!”

Naniko stretched her arms, yawning, unphased. “Bout Sel? Oh, she’s my cousin. My dad is her mom’s little bro. Selly will look for any excuse to fix something. She often helps random strangers with their troubles, always free of charge. I think she’s crazy though. Of course she thinks I am too...”

“I see,” nodded Priss, getting up to prepare dessert.

“Since when have you had a cousin?” Demanded John. “And..is she seeing anyone?”

Naniko threw her spoon at John, “Get over yourself Johnny!”

Priss entered the room, a menacing look enveloped her face that made everyone cringe. “Where’s the cake I made the s’morning?”

Naniko and John gave her blank looks of guilt.

Deep within the laboratories of New Genom, scientists toiled away on new boomer designs for their clients. The head scientist, Doctor Highstone, slid a hand over the new sturdy metals that were to be used for the creations.

“Good...good. These will do nicely.”

“Doctor.”

Highstone spun around, a hand still touching a metal sheet. “Mr. Bronson, what a surprise.” A quiver slid through his eyes, his hand shaking slightly from age...or was it fear? “What brings you here?”

Mr. Bronson, a young man of his early thirties with wavy, jet-black hair and gleaming, intense green eyes

laid a hand on Highstone's withered shoulder. "Settle down old man, the boss just wanted me to check up on production."

"Production? As you can see everything is in order, the new line of defense boomers will be ready within the week."

Bronson let out a snide laugh, folding his muscular arms over his chest. "Oh no, not this production, old one. You know what I'm talking about."

Highstone grit his teeth, "That is none of your concern. The boss can come here himself, this is not for a fool's eyes!"

Bronson snapped his arms, taking hold of the doctor's arms from behind. "I don't give warnings I must tell you. So in the future you will do as I say. Take me to the prototype. Now."

"I cannot believe those bastards are actually going to bring in boomers to do police work!" Sneered Leon, punching the steering wheel.

Daley Wong sighed. "Next thing you know it they'll be running the country."

"Oh, come on, you guys are taking it too hard," laughed Petra, resting back on the back seat. "They'll only be like secretaries and meter maids; you act like they'll be officers and shoot."

Daley grimaced. "You can't be too careful, kid. After all, with the meter maid positions taken, old cops like your dad won't get to wear those pretty short skirts anymore."

Petra barked out a laugh. Leon grumbled, punching Daley across the head, sending his glasses to the floor of the car. "See Petra, he's already bent out of shape over it."

The buildings looked so big, towering to the sky as if to compete with the clouds. The school was lengthy, droves of students walked into the grounds, laughing and talking among themselves. Tina felt overwhelmed by the magnitude of everything.

"Why does everything have to be so...big?" She asked her mother.

Linna kissed her daughter's forehead. "It's a Tokyo thing sweetheart, you'll get used to it in time."

Tina sighed, peering back at the building. "I hope so."

She waved to her mother as she drove away, sweat amounting on her brow as she came to realize she was alone. Tina played with one of her golden plaits nervously, waiting to see the car stray out of sight.

Once she could no longer see the bumper, she clutched her bag meekly, looking around anxiously.

A police car pulled up to the curb nearby. Out stepped a short girl, with a spiky brown pony tail, shocking dark brown eyes and leather boots that went to her knees. Tina gulped.

The policeman in the driver's seat stuck his head out the window. "Behave yourself Petra, and don't let me catch you insulting an officer again!"

Petra tightened a strap of her boots. "I hear ya Mr. Meter Maid."

Tina pulled back as Petra strode by her. A criminal goes to my new school?!

Naniko tapped on her desk humming.

"Hey, Nani-chan," whispered Clair in the desk directly behind her.

Naniko yawned, not bothering to turn around. "What's up?"

"I hear there's a new girl in our grade."

She yawned again. "Really? Is she fashionable?"

"Wha...oh, she's from the country-side my father told me, her dad's a business man and moved here to be a director for his company."

Naniko giggled. "Always well informed, aren't you?"

Clair beamed. "Hey, that's what I get for being the principal's daughter."

Their math teacher, Mrs. Suzuki entered the room, standing near the door. The class silenced as she

opened her mouth to speak. "Class, you have a new student. Say good-morning to Tina Yamakawa." Enveloped in crimson sunlight, illuminating off the glass of the windows, walked in a tall girl of 14 or 15 years. Her hair was long and tied in two golden plaits at the sides. Tina gave the class a nervous smile. Naniko admired her adorable freckles and soft pink blush. She's like a doll, Naniko sighed. I must take her under my wing.

"I'm not hanging out with some country hick because you feel sorry for her," Petra said, biting down on her sandwich. "I have more important things to do."

Naniko rubbed her face on Petra's neck, making whimper noises. Petra continued eating. "I'm not John, it won't work."

"You're so mean, Pet!" She whined, sitting back. "What else have you got to do?"

Petra swallowed down. "Well, help my dad and Wong keep the streets safe for kids like you naturally."

Naniko twisted her lips. "I am not a kid! I'm way smarter than anyone here!"

"Then what are you doing getting middle range scores, huh?"

"Hmph. You know I can't let anyone know how I really am...that I'm a...a..."

"Nerd."

Naniko squealed anxiously. "Not so loud!"

"Oh, I'm sorry...NERD!"

Naniko screamed and hurled herself at Petra, putting both hands over Petra's mouth. Petra fought her strong friend. The two rolled around the ground, having a friendly brawl.

Tina looked around for a place to sit for lunch. As she scanned the area she spied Petra rolled around the ground, attacking Naniko Stingray, a girl in her class. "My God!"

As she opened the attic's door, dust swirled around, going up her nose. Selena sneezed before pulling herself inside. Her fingers searched the walls for the light, stumbling into boxes at times. Relief swept over her as the room lit up. Selena smiled. She walked toward some large boxes in the middle of the room, opening up random ones.

Her metal works teacher had asked to see some of her earlier works. Selena had been creating various odd tools and minor inventions through electronics and welding. She'd actually made so many her mother had put the earlier ones in the attic. Not that Selena had minded at the time, but at that moment it was a convenience.

After pulling out a few of her metal works, her attentions were drawn to an old desk in the far corner.

"Why would Mother keep a desk in here?" She wondered, making her way slowly toward it.

The desk was made of pine wood, pale red in color. It still kept its fresh shine, yet there were noticeable scratch marks. Closer inspection gave her the impression they were nail marks. Selena knelt down to inspect the draws. They were locked. Unphased, she withdrew a bobby pin from her hair, bent it slightly and entered it into the lock. Moments later her endeavor was a success. Selena slipped it into her pocket for use on the other locks.

The first draw held papers for her mother's fashion boutique; they weren't of any interest to Selena.

Another held books for the business from as far as 22 years earlier. Selena put the books and papers away.

As she opened the third draw she expected more papers to do with the boutique. It did hold papers, but not the type she expected. They were blueprints designed by her father. They were like nothing she'd seen before. These were some sort of combat armour. The external designs made her gasp. Was she seeing a design that integrated boomers?

Selena sat down in a vinyl chair to look over them more thoroughly. The designs were complexly layered, but she could understand the contents. The blueprints were most definitely for some sort of

body suit...

“Knight Sabers?” The name appeared in her mind. She knew that name from her childhood. On the playground children would play-act super heroes called the Knight Sabers. They were just stories made to entertain children. They originated around twenty years ago after the rogue boomer war that not only destroyed Tokyo, but nearly the world. That event was clearly documented, but the Knight Sabers were nothing but a myth. The blueprints proved the possibility of their existence. She didn't understand the connection between her father and the Knight Sabers. It would require further investigation. Selena wouldn't be able to do it alone.

“Naniko...” she said it as if she couldn't believe the name coming from her lips.

....To be continued

Notes: I hope you enjoyed the first installment, I'll get around to more soon, and don't you worry! I'd love to hear some input; I'm excited about this fic idea.