



AUTHOR PROFILE

Tala Ammourey**Level** A1**Genre** Sci-fi

The first glitch

Page 1 - The First Glitch

Aria Collins was sixteen years old. She went to Ridgeview High School. One Monday morning, she was standing at her locker like always. The hall was noisy. Students were walking, talking, laughing, and looking at their phones.

Then Aria's phone buzzed.

It was a message from Mia.

"We need to talk. Do not tell anyone."

Aria was surprised. Mia was her best friend. Mia was usually calm. She never sent messages like that.

Aria wrote back at once.

"What happened?"

But before she could look again, the message was gone.

Gone.

No message.

No chat.

Nothing.

Aria frowned and walked to Mia, who was sitting nearby with her orange headphones.

“Mia, did you send me a message?”

Mia looked confused.

“No. I did not even open my phone.”

Aria felt cold all of a sudden. Something was wrong.

Page 2 - The Pattern

By Wednesday, Aria saw that other students had strange problems too.

At lunch, some students were whispering.

“My alarm disappeared.”

“My reminder disappeared.”

“My homework note disappeared.”

At first, people laughed and called it a school ghost. But Aria started to look more carefully. She saw a pattern.

The missing messages had two things in common.

First, they were stressful or emotional.

Second, they disappeared only when students used the school Wi-Fi.

That night, Aria sat with her laptop in her room. She connected to the school system with an old password Mia had shared before. She checked the traffic on the network.

Then she found something strange.

There was a signal from a device with no name.

No company.

No model.

No clear source.

Just a signal.

It moved between 6.2 and 8.4 Hz.

Aria stared at the screen. She had read about this before. These were frequencies connected to the brain. They could affect attention, emotion, and memory.

The school Wi-Fi was not normal.

It was affecting students' minds.

Page 3 - The Dream

The next day, school felt more strange than before. Students stood in groups and whispered.

"Did you have the dream?"

"I had it too."

"The screen dream."

Aria felt afraid.

"What dream?" she asked.

A boy looked at her.

"There was a dark room," he said. "A bright screen. I do not remember everything, but I woke up scared."

That night, Aria had the same dream.

She was in a black room.

In front of her was a bright white screen.

On the screen, one sentence appeared.

"FOCUS IS CONTROL."

Aria woke up in bed, breathing hard. Sweat was on her neck. The clock said 03:28.

Then her phone buzzed.

One new message from an unknown sender.

"You are getting close."

Aria pulled her hand away from the phone.

Was someone watching her?

Was someone following her?

Was someone controlling the dreams too?

She was scared, but now she was sure.

This was real.

Page 4 - The Investigation

The next morning, Aria took Mia to an empty classroom.

“We need to solve this,” Aria said. “Something is controlling the school network.”

Mia did not laugh.

Instead, she opened her notebook and showed Aria a map of the school Wi-Fi system. On the map, there was one red dot.

It was on the roof.

“Aria,” Mia said quietly, “I saw that device last month. I thought it was only a weather machine.”

Aria shook her head.

“Not a weather machine,” she said. “We are going to the roof tonight.”

Page 5 - The Device

That night, Aria and Mia climbed to the school roof.

The air was cold. The city lights were far below. Mia pointed behind the big air machines.

“There,” she whispered.

A small black box sat in the corner. It was about the size of a shoe box. It was not connected to anything.

No wires.

No battery.

No solar power.

But it was humming.

A low sound came from it, and it made Aria's skin feel strange.

"What kind of machine works with no power?" Aria asked.

Mia stepped back.

"I do not like it," she said.

Aria reached out to touch it.

At once her phone buzzed.

"DO NOT TOUCH."

Aria froze. The device somehow knew what she wanted to do.

Her hand shook, but she touched it anyway.

A bright white light exploded in front of her eyes.

She heard a high sound in her head.

She heard Mia screaming.

She fell to her knees and held her head.

Then images came into her mind.

Students looking at screens.

Students forgetting things.

Students losing focus.

Students becoming easier to control.

The machine was not only watching them.

It was training them.

Testing them.

When the light stopped, Aria touched her face and felt something wet.

Blood.

Her nose was bleeding.

Page 6 - The Truth

For the next few days, Aria and Mia kept investigating.

Aria noticed that the students who used their phones the most were the students who changed the most. They forgot things more often. They were more distracted. Their moods changed quickly.

Aria made a theory.

The device sent low-frequency waves.

The waves changed emotional reactions.

The system erased stressful digital signs.

The goal was to study how easy it was to control teenagers.

Not for the school.

Not for the government.

For a private company.

Aria and Mia found the name at last.

It was a startup company that worked on “cognitive influence technology.”

Their slogan was simple and frightening:

“Shaping the attention of the next generation.”

Page 7 - The Final Signal

Aria had enough.

One night, she and Mia went back to the roof. This time, Aria carried a metal rod.

Her heart was beating hard.

She lifted the rod.

Her phone buzzed again.

“STOP.”

Then another message came.

“YOU ARE NOT IN CONTROL.”

Aria screamed and hit the device with the rod.

Sparks flew out.

A sharp sound filled the air.

Her phone screen flashed and broke into strange colors.

Then everything became quiet.

Real quiet.

The pressure in Aria's head was gone.

The strange feeling in the air was gone.

The hum was gone.

The machine was dead.

Aria looked at her phone one last time.

There was one final message.

"This version has been terminated. A new update will begin soon."

Aria stared at the words.

The device was gone.

The school was free.

But the project was not over.

Some fights end.

Some fights begin again.

And some fights are only starting.