The universe has to be pulling his leg. This should be a joke—no, this can’t be a quirk. This can’t be his quirk.

But it is. Little did he know, all it took was a little accident for Izuku to learn he could walk through walls, disappear, and fly.
Dagobah Beach had been empty before sunrise, which was what Toshinori Yagi knew. He’d ducked to the beach a few times, trying to find a peaceful place to enjoy his early mornings.

His medicine led to less sleep; he’d only gotten about five hours on average. The remaining energy of One For All still sustained him enough, but when he passed it on to the next generation, he wouldn’t have the pool at his disposal.

Nevertheless, Toshinori found himself wandering amongst the pile of trash and debris that littered the beach as the sun slowly rose over the horizon, casting warm golden hues across the beach.

From nearby, there was a crash. The crash sent alarms going through Toshinori’s head, but he didn’t use what energy he had to switch to his other form just yet. It could just be an item fell nearby due to gravity finally taking its toll, it could be an animal scurrying through the deserted junkyard. Junkbeach?

He walked around one of the bigger piles of garbage, noticing that a rather large microwave was now in the sand. By the microwave, was a teenager.

Not an impressive looking teenager, mind you. In the world of quirks and superpowers, the boy looked quite plain, aside from his hair color, which looked like it should be dark green, but he was already graying early and white was showing through in his roots.

“Ugh, not again.” The boy sighed, mumbling to himself. He was glancing down at his forearms, which had a glossy, translucent look to them. He closed his eyes, stilled his breathing, and the arms slowly faded into view.

He saw Toshinori.

“Ah! O-oh, I’m sorry. Is this your microwave? N-no, that’s a stupid thing to ask. Sorry! I hope I didn’t interrupt anything! I can move to a different part if you want—”

“No, no, my boy. It’s quite alright.” Despite his near-plain looks, the boy was an anxious mess.

“What is it that you’re doing out here?”

It was five A.M., the sun was just rising, and Toshinori was talking to a teenager in the middle of a waste dump.

“I’m, um. I’m cleaning.” The boy stated. “I— Don’t worry, I got permission from the city to clean it up, as long as I don’t get here before four in the morning and still keep up with my school work! And I am! But I’m cleaning— or, trying to clean the beach.”

“Really?” Toshinori smiled. He’d thought that Dagobah Beach would be a good place to train, maybe someone who would be worthy of taking on his quirk. “That’s quite admirable, young man. What brought on this action, if I can ask?”

“W-Well…” He glanced down at his forearms, again. “I’m a bit of a late bloomer with my quirk, you see. A-and entrance exams to U.A. are coming up really quickly, so I’m trying to do what I can and figure out enough so I can get in?” He laughed, scratching the back of his head nervously. “It’s
a little impossible, but that’s never seemed to stop me.”

Toshinori couldn’t help but smile at the grin of the boy. “That’s a great attitude to have about this whole situation.”

“Thank you!” The boy smiled. As Toshinori stepped closer, he found he could read the inscription on the boy’s shirt a bit better. *I died and all I got was a weird quirk.*

Huh. This boy was definitely… something.

“Well, I better let you get back to this. I wish you the best of luck, young man!”

The boy smiled so brightly that Toshinori thought he was looking into the sun itself. “Thank you!” He replied.

---

*Midoriya Izuku.*

*Age: 13.*


When Izuku first discovered his quirk, he thought that the universe had to be pulling his leg on this. That it had to be a joke. He’d never heard of a quirk like it-- a quirk that activates on the user’s death?

There are a few quirks that occur in seemingly quirkless people at older ages. Some people discover that they can drink and not be affected by alcohol; other people discover that they can breathe in the vacuum of space after being stuck in it accidentally.

(Izuku had seen a good documentary on that good man; the Japanese subtitles were awful grammar-wise, but the Russian man who discovered his quirk of breathing in space had discovered his quirk in such a terrifying way.)

When he was younger-- four or five, he couldn’t remember exactly when-- his mother took him to a quirk doctor. To figure out why he wasn’t showing signs of a quirk. He had everything necessary to prove he had a quirk.

But he didn’t have it yet.

The doctor threw up the possibility of a quirk that would only activate in a certain setting, or perhaps, an invisible quirk. Quirks that took years to figure out or understand, or a quirk he definitely wouldn’t notice until later in life, if at all.

Yet, here he was.

Midoriya Izuku was also a walking paradox.

It happened two months ago. A lot had happened two months ago. Izuku was told to jump off a roof (take a swan-dive and hope you get a quirk in the next life!), which wasn’t the best thing to hear as a kid who wanted nothing but to be a hero.

He would take that dream to the grave, so it seemed. It was just his luck that on his way home, he fell victim to a local villain; a guy made of toxic sludge suffocated him to death. The hero chasing this villain didn’t arrive on the scene in time, and thus, Midoriya Izuku was declared legally dead for four minutes.
Izuku doesn’t remember much about that day. A lot of it is muddy in his mind, viscous and hard to grasp just like the man who killed him.

But he remembered his last thoughts.

*I don’t want to die---!*

And then his heart started beating again. It was faint, but it was a sign of hope. A sign of survival.

He was rushed to the hospital. A week, in and out of consciousness, as his body rejected the sludge it had taken in, changing to make room for a power that had been dormant in him.

Izuku woke up with a quirk.

And now he only had about seven months left until U.A.’s infamous (or famous?) entrance exam. Trying to cram in for the month he’d missed school, quirk counseling, and training for the exam was rough.

But it was good work.

And he was determined to get it.

Even if it means that Izuku’s made it so that he and his mom have to eat off paper plates until then. At least they’re compostable.

Picking up the microwave again, Izuku watched the mystery man disappear into the trash around him. Which, he would like to say, there have been major improvements in the beachfront already. Not even two months in, and he can proudly say that he’s removed about… 23% of the trash. It was hard work, he was exhausted, but it was good work.

And hey, he’s still staying intangible! He’d only dropped things twice so far! He carried the microwave carefully to the pile he was building, where a truck would pick up everything he’d gathered in the morning and take it away. The pile was the biggest he’d ever made, too. Was he becoming stronger, faster, better?

Maybe.

Was he keeping his powers more in control and not dropping things on his toes as often?

Definitely.

That was an improvement; of course, the intangibility was one of the powers that acted up less frequently. Sometimes if he wasn’t paying attention, yeah, things would just fall through him, and he’s had to invest in a belt, but it wasn’t the worst of them.

Invisibility was the worst to get a hang on. His quirk was very tuned in to his emotions, which wasn’t fun. It isn’t fun at school..

He didn’t think he would be able to deal with his classmates and catching up with school (which, hee’s ahead of them, at this rate) and his newfound quirk.

Izuku might’ve let Kacchan’s comment that day slip. That was enough for his mother, Midoriya Inko, to finally march to the school and withdraw him. He’s at a different junior high now, a bit further away from Aldera Junior High; and the hero who hadn’t been quick enough to save him, a newbie by the name of Jump-Shot, promised they’d cover any expenses that came of it.
But the comment itself… It’s one of the only things he remembers clearly from the day he was attacked. It played like a broken record again, in his head, just thinking about it.

*Take a swan-dive off the roof, and hope you’re born with a quirk in the next life!*

His thoughts wandered that way, as he made his way through and picked up a few more pieces of garbage, haphazardly stacking them on top of each other.

*Would I have gotten this quirk if I had jumped, earlier?* He wondered. It wasn’t fun to imagine such a scenario where he died, but apparently, he’d died before. If it had been of his own choice, would his power have awoken anyway? Or was it because of those last thoughts, the plea that went unheared as he drowned?

No. He shook his head, getting out of that thought-funk. He had a job to focus on. He was going to clean this beach. He was going to get into U.A. He was *going* to be a hero.

And he won’t die trying… again.

Hopefully.

He glanced at his watch-- his pile had grown significantly while he was lost in the fog of his thoughts. Izuku had to get home to shower so he wouldn’t smell for another day of school.

He didn’t mind his new school. It was a private school, a bit more expensive than Aldera Junior High was, but Tanshin Junior High was much better.

Maybe it was also because everyone knew he had a quirk here.

Either way, Izuku didn’t mind it. Sure, he was *invisible* to the rest of his classmates, literally at some points, but no one went out of their way to torment him because of his quirk (or, well, *lack* of quirk). Most people were nice to him and he echoed it, but no meaningful friendships formed from it.

Sure, it was lonely. But it was better than being bullied again.

Plus, he had other things to focus on. He’d (hopefully) make friends when he got into U.A. (hopefully), he’d be a hero and he would not let anyone else feel the same way he did. It was a promise, to himself. For surviving.

As long as he’s alive, there would be hope.

Chapter End Notes

*carpe mortem*-- seize death

*like carpe diem but DEATH hahaha*

Anyway. Hi. It's been a while. Uh. Yeah. College. And stuff. Take this. Enjoy!
It was the day.

Something he’d spent so many months preparing for. Dagobah Beach had been cleaned, almost halfway into his eighth month.

Izuku had gotten stronger, even if his body didn’t show any muscle.

He’d… Okay, he wasn’t grasping his powers 100%, like everyone else his age should, but he got intangibility down, by far the most useful. And invisibility was useful, too, and the flight, but he was a bit anxious flying up too high and it made his stomach twist, and turning invisible was still related to his emotions and he really needed to fix that, but he wasn’t taking the U.A. exam the day after he got out of the hospital, so that was good.

Izuku knew he’d see Kacchan at the exam. It was how fate seemed to work; the universe had it out for him. He’d died once, already. But things had changed. Izuku was a little taller now. He had a quirk now.

Oh, and his hair was growing in more silver than green. He was still trying to find some dye to cover it up, but it definitely resembled his mother’s hair more than it should. Premature graying, or his quirk?

Either way, there was no hiding that he’d changed.

Physically.

Mentally, he hadn’t. Much. Izuku wasn’t ready when he heard Kacchan-- Bakugo’s -- snarl from behind him. It sent a chill down his spine, a chill he hadn’t felt in a while (both related to his old friend and the cold in general; had he become partially-immune to the cold?).

“Move out of my way, Deku.”

Ouch. The name was still sour, and he flinched, feeling Kacchan-- Bakugo, he really needed to cut out that stupid nickname-- push into him before making his way forward.

Bakugo was bundled up in a thick jacket.

Was it that chilly out? He didn’t even feel a single brisk of a wind.

Maybe he should’ve noticed sooner. Most of his cleaning of the beach was just done in a t-shirt and shorts, he never bothered to look up the temperature when he rolled out of bed in the mornings.

Izuku made a mental note about writing that down in his own quirk’s notebook, and then he tripped and fell on his face.

Or, well, he almost fell on his face. But he didn’t; not that he had phased through the ground again (a feat he was very determined to not repeat again, it felt too close to drowning), but he felt a hand hit his back and he was… floating, a few inches from the ground.

“Oh, phew, that was a close one!” A voice said from above him. He felt gravity pull him upward,
and he met the smiling face of a strange girl. “Are you okay? Sorry, I used my quirk on you without asking, but it’d be bad luck to fall on the first day, wouldn’t it?”

Her smile was contagious, and Izuku couldn’t help but try to reflect it. “O-oh, yeah. I guess my mind was too lost in the clouds.” He laughed. “Thank you!”

*Look at you go, Izuku!* He thought to himself, as the girl waved goodbye. *You managed to talk to a girl, all on your own! I’m so proud.*

Fists clenched in determination, he took a good look up at the big, bright building of U.A., his future school. He was going to go to U.A., no matter what.

The written exam was easy, easy-peasy-lemon-squeezy, like that one movie he’d watched the other day had said. He’d scored himself, multiple times, thinking of the questions he had felt iffy on and scoring them as incorrect, then as correct; even then, he was between eighty and ninety percent each time; amazing, overall.

The entrance exam always comes in two parts, though; two trials, that Izuku has to overcome. He’d looked at forums online, of former students, current students, rejected students, talking about their trials of the entrance exam. There was always a theme, of robots and a tallying system.

He felt so cool when he predicted some of the ideas that Present Mic laid out in their assembly before they were split up. *Robots, point system, get as many as you can. Got it.*

The 0-Pointer was just a diversion.

He thought.

The group of kids he was with had a large group of quirks they could boast of. All strong and powerful in their own might, and even as he’s focused more on his own quirk and his own training, he has tried to keep up with his quirk analysis notebooks *not* related to his own.

*The boy who asked about 0-pointers is here. Some sort of speed quirk, engines in his legs? And the friendly girl from the entrance! She looks like she’s focusing, better not disturb her…*

“Uh, dude?” He felt a nudge on his shoulder, and looked to see a taller boy next to him. “You’re, uh… sinking?”

Izuku looked down. Sure enough, not focusing on the world around him, he started to slip intangible, and his shins were halfway through the dirt. It wasn’t the most uncomfortable thing, and fixing himself felt like crawling through thick mud.

“Oh, thanks--”

“And, GO!” Present Mic’s voice rang out suddenly. At everyone’s hesitation, the hero yelled out, “There aren’t any countdowns in real life! You’re at 9:55, you listeners better get going!”

Everyone charged immediately. No one was expecting to be thrown right into it, of course. But this was U.A., and, if anything, the *U* stands for *unconventional*. In learning and experiences. Izuku threw himself straight through the action.

Intangibility, although simple, was his best asset. His hands couldn’t just break the metal, but after standing back for a second and watching other students, figuring out the weaker places in the metallic armor, he finds a 1-pointer and focuses his arms to turn intangible, ripping the wire out of
the body completely.

His first robot is down, and he isn’t even scratched yet. That’s a good start.

And thus begins a process Izuku found himself falling into easily. Find the robot. Turn intangible. Rip apart wires. Repeat. Two-pointers towered a bit above him and when their wave came out, and jumping was barely enough to get them.

But even then, Izuku found himself dealing with the scraps of robots that other examinees left behind in their wake. Would there be enough left for him? If he failed the entrance exam, the physical part, he’d still get placed in Gen Ed., he’d be able to work up, to work his way up, he could do this --

He took a deep breath. His thoughts stilled, for a moment. That’s something I should try and keep in mind more often, he thought to himself, a bit of sarcastic tone echoing in his head.

A few more robots go after him, in particular. He got two of them down, but he can hear ringing in his ears as the third gets a good knock into his side. Izuku let his legs turn intangible in the last second and kicked through the robot. It hit some wiring, stunning it temporarily, and from somewhere nearby, a sparkling laser broke through it, narrowly missing Izuku’s head.

“Thank you for the distraction, mon amie!” A french voice echoed from the noise around him, and he watched as another examinee, with a grand flourish and is he wearing a blouse to the entrance exam? Either way, the other student is out of sight, and Izuku still is at… 4…5….7… 20 points. That much?

He needed more to pass.

Izuku jumped back into the fray.

“One minute left!”

There’s only a minute left and Izuku’s only secured three more points. A three-pointer; hopefully it’s counted even though he teamed up with the same examinee who told him he was sinking into the ground right before they started. If not, still 20 points. Enough for Gen Ed., but he can do it. He can... he can figure something out.

There’s something that isn’t sitting right with him about this exam. He can’t figure it out, but… He’s missing something. Something .


“Look out!”

For a moment, all the action stopped. The robots charging attacks seem to fall quiet as examinees look up, up, up, and see a large, horrifying, but familiar robot approaching them. It was taller than some of the buildings; it crawled at a slow pace, but then it knocked into a building and sent debris flying everywhere.

The examinees ran. Izuku was hesitant to join them, staring up at the large robot. Zero points? This whole thing is meant to be zero points?

It makes sense. No lone student could take it out on its own unless they were, like, Really Strong. Like, Next All Might strong.
It was designed similar to the one-pointers, the small, weak ones that had been taken down with ease by the other competitors. He knew exactly where the wires were in it, how to take it down. But why would he need to? He really should be joining the other students, running back to the entrance, out of the way of the--

His eyes trailed down towards the ground, again. The large tracts the robot had for movement were slowly barreling down on fallen debris, and…

Oh no

The girl who had saved him from falling face-first into the ground at the entrance, hours earlier, was stuck under fallen debris. No one had gone to help her. No one! He doubted that the school would allow her to be smothered by the large robot, but the fact that this was a hero school, no one had sprung to help her--

His feet were moving before he even noticed. He felt like he was flying. Maybe he was, the way Izuku’s feet barely touched the ground as he ran, keeping an eye on the large robot slowly barreling down on them.

He crouched down near the girl. “Are you okay?” Is he yelling? Is he whispering? He can’t tell. Well, she’s obviously not okay, if her leg is stuck under debris like this. But it’s worth asking; echoing.

The girl can hear him.

“I… I can’t move my leg.” She responded. “They won’t let the robot hurt me-- get out while you still can, I’ll be fine.”

“No, let me help you.” He looked at the debris, and then her, and a thought hit him. When I turn intangible, if I’m holding something, it comes with me. Like my clothes. Like the apple, the other day. Can I spread the intangibility to another person? “Here. I have an idea. Give me your hand.”

The girl glanced up at him, confused. Why is this idiot still here? Izuku was anything and he was a reckless idiot, but if he can help, he’s going to help. “O-okay.”

He took her hand, and focused on the intangibility. To him, it always felt like pins and needles, like his limbs were falling asleep, and peppermint. He couldn’t explain the peppermint, but it was a good enough explanation to the quirk counselor.

The intangibility does spread, and it loosened the girl enough for Izuku to help her pull herself out. Her ankle definitely looks swollen and purple. She shivered as Izuku dropped the intangibility.

“T-thank you--”

Both of them look up, at the same time.

There’s the 0-Pointer, if anyone was wondering.

There’s always that scene, in adventure movies, where the plucky group of heroes is faced with something tall falling on top of them, whether it’s an unusually large tree, a collum in a temple, what have you. They usually run down the length of it, narrowly avoiding being crushed at the very end of it.

Luckily, Izuku and this girl have more common sense, and they duck to the left.
The robot narrowly missed them.

“Phew, that was close.” Izuku sighed.


Izuku helped her to a rock to sit on. The ankle was still swollen, but it didn’t look like it had been broken, maybe just sprained when she was crushed. A few bruises and scrapes littered her arms and hands, but the small, pink finger pads that Izuku noticed looked pretty pristine.

*Okay, Izuku. Just a few more points --*

*TIME'S UP!*

*Shit.*

The boy she’d saved at the entrance to U.A. ended up paying her back, much more than she’d expected. But that’s okay. Uraraka Ochacko is okay with that. It’s nice that he’d done that, even at the expense of his own points…

How many had she gotten? Enough, hopefully, to secure herself into the hero course. The General Education course would be fine, she could be happy with it, but the hero course would be a dream come true…

The boy still sprang to mind, as her ankle was healed and cleared by the nurse-and-hero Recovery Girl. All it took was a kiss and a piece of candy, and she was cleared. But the boy was still on her mind.

Her body moved before she could even think, and before she knew it, she was outside the office of Present Mic.

Chapter End Notes

*Are all the chapter titles just gonna be like that? Yes. They are. C'mon they're a bunch of death-related puns I can't pass up the opportunity.*

*Anyway this chapter was posted with the first so... I hope you enjoyed these two chapters as much as I enjoyed writing them! It's a good distraction when I'm skipping my evening class bc I don't feel good. Do the screens help? Probably not. Do I care?*

*...Nope!*

*(Don't listen to me kids, take care of yourself.)*

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