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Alex stared at his hands. It had been just a few minutes since Teridax had left. Alex hardly even heard the door close, and just kept staring. But he knew he couldn't just stay here. His friends needed him. Quite frankly, he couldn't tell the amount of damage done, as his view was blurred. He coughed, and looked at the wall. He had thought once that this was over, he would return to his normal life. But fate got in the way. Now, he had changed. His skin was ragged. Parts were toughened armor. His face was probably worse. Even his friends may not recognize him. But he sat his hands down, and looked at the door. Rage boiled up in him, and suddenly heat began pulsing out of him. The door, despite the fact it was rock, burst into flames. Alex picked himself up, and walked out. He had some revenge to give out.

\*Metru Nui, Ta Metru\*

A shadow slept across the ground. Some protodermis bars hung outside, jingling in the wind. Then they fell, only to be caught in midair. If you looked, there was nothing holding the bars but air. But yet a shadow has drawn out on the ground. A wall imploded seemingly by itself, and the bars still hung limp, held by the invisible force. The shadow drifted to a circle inside the room, and the bars fell down on it. The circle glowed, and then sunk into the ground. The shadow stepped onto it, and a pillar came up with startling speed. There was a clunk, and the shadow seemed to place its hand down on the pillar. It glowed more, and the shadow left. Its work was done. The transporter was primed.

\*Location Unknown\*

Alex looked inside the room he had found. There was little but a chair, and same sort of dish. There was nothing of use in there, but something pulled him into the room. He didn't know what it was. But somehow, it was like the fascination that one gets once he tastes drugs, and smokes for the first time. It was the impulse that seals fate, and changes the person's life. Alex reached out to the dish, still in the grip of this force. He touched it, and the room disappeared into light.

The room twisted into view, and Alex was facing a sea. He looked behind him to see an army of Toa and other beings. In front of this army, six strange beings were tied. There was a tall being, clad in armor as black as the night. It took Alex a full minute to understand he was seeing the defeat of the League of Six Kingdoms. Then the scene blurred, and he was in a room. The same black clad being was laying down. Alex watched as the being twisted and turned, and then Alex realized it was Teridax. And he noted the fact that this must be when Teridax got the plan to overthrow Mata Nui. He watched as the Makuta bolted upwards, and then slowly lay back down. And then the scene burlled once more.

Alex was standing on a beach. A figure was approaching, and Alex watched as he went into a cave. Alex followed, and then reeled. The mass in front of him was horrifying. But, Alex's mind told him that it was just a vision, and visions can't do anything to you. The last part was some what wrong. If you see a being older than the stars, and not made by people that had a fashion

sense, visions are then known to leave one's mind . . . Shattered. But, Alex thankfully had a stronger mind than he thought, and he survived watching the scene unfold. Then the view shifted, and Alex was staring at a rock wall. He looked to his left to see two Makuta talking. And then what he heard was untold of.

“Teridax . . . It was more than I thought I would ever know. I've told you of the universe and how it works . . . But this universe is larger than it seems. This . . . Domed world, as you know, is just the underground of the surface. But,” The Makuta that Alex now assumed was Mutran said. “This is a planet. And outside of that, space exists that planets inhabit. And there is life elsewhere. On this one planet, a race exists. They aren't like us. They don't even have armor. They're weaker than Matoran. Yet, there is something that says this race will have six of their youth will come here . . . And destroy us.”

Alex gasped. This, well very little was information he didn't know, but still has a gold mine of knowledge. They were here to destroy the Makuta? How? And why?

“The future is not set in stone. There are always two choices. And surely you know choice number two.” Said Teridax. “If not . . . I will make choice number two.”

“Of course. These . . . Humans, as they're called, can be corrupted. If we just get one to switch sides, we will win.”

“Then it is done.” Teridax said. “We must keep this a secret, though. No Matoran, Toa, nor Turaga must know of this. Only the Makuta shall know.”

And the background faded, this time sending a ripple of pain through Alex. Then he was back at the room, his hand hovering above the dish. He pulled it back, and shook. Knowledge had flooded into his mind. Now it was time to make use of it.

\*Earth, Basic\*

Toa Jaller stood, over looking a large city. The hill he was standing on was courtesy of Hewkii's power, but Jaller saw that it drained Hewkii's already drained energy. He gave the city a look down, and reached out with his power. Heat and fire were built up in this city, a reaction happening every moment. It seemed to be in small places though, something Jaller could not understand. He just stored it away, just in case he would be in a fight, and would need to draw power from elsewhere. The ground started moving down, and Jaller looked over to see Hewkii pushing his hands down.

“Lets go see that sign over there.” He said in a ragged voice. A few meters away, a sign was standing up next to the highway. Jaller looked it over, and shook his head.

“I can't make sense of it. This writing is not Matoran.”

Kongu looked it over, joined by the rest of the team. Then Hewkii spoke up.

“I know some of this. Back when we were on Mata Nui, I met up with an Una-Koro friend of mine. We traded a tablet for a kolhii ball. I took the tablet, and carved it a little, and found some of these letters,” he pointed to the sign. “On it. I figured out the basic meaning after talking to the Turaga. I can tell that this sign says something like, ‘New ---- City.’”

Jaller sighed, and looked out over the city again. It was big, something he already knew. But for the first time, he noticed towers. Huge towers. They dwarfed everything else. They were bigger than the Knowledge Towers. How humans had built these, he had no clue. Perhaps the humans *did* normally have powers. He began walking towards the city, his team following behind him slowly.

\*Location Unknown\*

Alex ran down the hall at top speed. His body was glowing as it was forced to move at such high speeds. Any other human would have died, due to the speeds. The winds were enough to tear one's skin off, and the fast-moving air could not be used by the lungs. But Alex was Humva now. His body had armor incasing it, and his lungs were tougher now. He could breathe at such speeds. He jumped out of the way of a box, and slammed back down on the floor. He turned a corner, and smashed right through ten Rahi guards. He skidded to a halt when a wall of energy erupted in front of him. He looked it over, and sighed lowly. This was just what he needed. Delays.

Then the wall moved, and Alex took a step back. A new wall appeared behind Alex, and both walls began moving towards him.

*Think!* He ordered himself. *You're a Humva now. What abilities can save you?*

But nothing in his mind could think up a way. So, the two walls just collided with him, and he vanished.

\*Earth, Basic\*

Six figures stood up from a pile of ash. They all looked human enough, but their skin was jagged. Their bodies had strange pieces of metal covering most of it. Their faces were bloody, and hardly fit the term ‘in one piece.’ They looked each other over, and appeared puzzled. Then one, a boy, spoke up.

“You all changed too?”

The others slowly nodded their heads. One coughed, and some blood came out, but he shook it off.

“Well, then. I guess we had better get ready. The clouds . . . This is Earth. We're home.”

Despite the boy's brave words, his inside was shaking. What would people think? Would he ever

be able to see his family again? He could be seen as human, but others might not think that.

“Lets get moving.”

\*Earth, Basic\*

Jaller, Toa of Fire, and his team, moved slowly to the city.

No, slowly is an understatement. They moved at *walking* pace to the city. But when you're almost seven feet tall, you encounter problems with the classic 'walking speed' thing. But, nevertheless, they got there in a timely matter. Kongu was going on about how there wasn't many trees, not even much grass. Hahli had felt the water, and found it to be unsafe. Hewkii found the ground unstable. It seemed to be a wonder how all these people were surviving. Then Jaller stopped. A strange vehicle just pasted them. Jaller couldn't describe it. It was a black rectangle, with some sort of glass in the front. At the bottom, four wheels turned. Jaller thought about it for a moment before the thought *car* formed in his mind.

*Must be that vehicle Alex talked about.* Jaller thought, and motioned to his team to speed up. They would need to find information fast. Alex hadn't told them everything. Some spying was needed.

They reached the city in two minutes. Jaller looked around, and noticed the lack of people on this street.

“Must not be used anymore.” He said, voicing his thoughts. He rubbed his hand on a glass window, and looked inside. There were . . . Clothes. Something else vague Jaller. Armor didn't really count as clothing. Then the glass shattered, and a sonic boom whined past Jaller's ear. He dove to the ground, and watched his team mates do the same. He looked up to see six men in black armor coming down upon them. And from the big guns they held, Jaller didn't think they came to welcome his team. He got up, and formed a fire ball in his hand.

“Don't shoot.” He said boldly. “Or this goes into your chest.”

Underneath their bulletproof tinted helmets, the look on their faces was 'what the heck?'

“Say . . .” One started. “We were just called out to find some robot. We weren't called out to find a fire-throwing robot.”

The lead one held his nerve, but just hardly.

“Drop . . . whatever is making that fireball.” He said, fear creeping in his voice. Jaller looked at his hand, and then the men.

“Good luck with that.” He said, and sent out a blast of fire. The men were thrown through the air like leafs in a wind, and landed in a heap.

“Ok.” One said. “I don’t get payed to fight fire-throwing robots.”

The lead one got up, and spoke quickly into his helmet. Then he told to his men, and made a fast jabbing motion. The men nodded, and began running like heck was behind them. And in a way, it was.