

Chapter 1

Toa Zaxvo sat at his desk in his quarters writing. He sighed. *Right now I should be briefing and debriefing squads for missions*, he thought wryly. He got up and left his quarters. As he was walking, he met another Toa, a veteran of the Krakua era by name of Zorkmar. "How's it going?" Zorkmar asked.

"Same old, same old. You know how it is, being leader." Zaxvo replied. "Hey, Hozil," He said, addressing the new, untested Toa of Gravity walking by.

"How's your elemental control?" Zorkmar asked.

"I just got 93%! My Best Ever!" Hozil replied excitedly.

Good job! Now," Zaxvo replied, "get 100." Zaxvo continued, grinning.

"Ha-ha, very funny." that was Hozil. He wasn't smiling. He continued, "So, what are you two up to, anyway? What's up in your boring, serious leader lives?"

"I'm off to lookout post E-5," Zorkmar informed.

"There's nothing up in my life but ceiling and sky," Zaxvo smiled. At this Hozil smiled with him. Zaxvo continued. "But I'm heading the main briefing chamber," Zaxvo stated. Hozil pretended to yawn.

"Bo-ring. Don't you serious leader types know the meaning of the word fun?"

"Well, I enjoy myself in a fight, but usually, no; serious leader types don't know the meaning of fun," Zaxvo joked. "Zorkmar, do you know the meaning of fun to tell this insignificant, dispensable rookie?" Zaxvo asked.

"Nope," Zorkmar said. "I just want this war to be over so I can take a vacation."

"Dang," That was Hozil. "I want an answer, and I want it now!"

"Wow. Calm down, man. Chillax," that was Zaxvo. "It must be fun to have fun," he continued wistfully. Hozil laughed.

"Yep. Having fun must be fun," Zorkmar agreed, smiling. "Well, I must be off now. See you later."

"Go back and practice your elemental control, Hozil. When you get 100%, I want to be the second to know!" Zaxvo encouraged. "The first being yourself, of course," he added hastily after seeing Hozil's confusion.

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Zaxvo got up, yawned and left his briefing room/personal office. The fortress was quiet. *That's odd*, he thought. Normally, at this time of day, the fortress was bustling with Toa. Then he stepped into the main chamber, and realized what had happened. Everyone was there, but no one was making a noise. He slipped on a thought-comm, and asked, <What's going on?> No one answered. He frowned and tried again, louder this time. <WHAT'S GOING ON??> Still there was no answer. *This thought-comm must be busted*, he thought, taking it off. There were no other free comms.

He walked outside, muttering. There he met a guard by the name of Vaya.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"Whaddaya mean, 'what's going on'?" Vaya demanded.

"In the main chamber. Everyone's dead quiet. They're not even responding on the thought-comms."

“What?!?!?” Vaya exclaimed, flustered. “I told them to act normally!” Zaxvo looked confused. “After Zorkmar intercepted enemy communications detailing an attack they were going to make today, the rest of the guards told me to go tell everyone to act normally but be ready to fight at a moment’s notice,” Vaya explained. Zaxvo and Vaya walked into the main chamber. Just then, Zorkmar ran in yelling, “ATTACK!!!”