

Chapter 7

This is the grimmest task to be taken care of after a battle, Toa Zaxvo thought. It's also the saddest. Toa Zaxvo was referring to his least favourite task of all time: counting, burying and recording the dead as if they fallen Toa were just shattered bowls or plates.

"So, how many did we lose?" He asked the black-armoured Toa responsible for counting, recording and burying the dead Toa, trying to fight his sadness down and act cold and heartless.

"18 dead, 5 injured, 12 deserted," The Toa of earth stated. Zaxvo swore.

"Sixteen?!?!" He asked, shocked. "What rank?" He continued, trying once more to be cold and heatless. The attitude didn't suit him. The Toa of earth was grim.

"6 rookies, 2 commanders, 4 veterans, and 3 gunners. Oh, and an Element-Lord. " He said. Zaxvo swore again. More complications and all the element-lords were his best friends.

"Which element?" He asked, voice shaking. The Toa of earth said one fateful word.

"Magnetism." Zaxvo moaned. *Zorkmar!* he cried out silently. The might leader of all the TrueToa fell to his knees, mourning for his best friend.

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In his quarters, Zaxvo lay, rage and sadness keeping him awake. *Why did he have to die...* He thought. Just then, someone knocked on the door. "Go away!" he yelled. Outside, the Toa of Fire known as Vaya turned to Tikaro and Hozil, and shrugged. Hozil stepped up to the door.

"Zaxvo! We need you!" He yelled through the door. "The Nastivl are coming! We need your leadership!" Zaxvo expressed his feelings rather forcefully.

"I DON'T CARE!" he yelled. "Go away!" Tikaro frowned.

"Zaxvo! Hear me! Zorkmar wouldn't want you to lie around and cry while the Nastivl are attacking our beloved fortress!" Tikaro yelled, not knowing how wrong he was. "Remember, they take the fortress, they take the last Matoran! We live to defend the Matoran, not cry and leave them to their troubles. They trust us with their lives! So get up, and carry that trust like a Toa should!" Zaxvo groaned, but called out his agreement.

"Fine, oh fine. I'll be there." Hozil and Vaya clapped Tikaro on the back. "Give a minute, though." Hozil nodded.

"See you there, Zaxvo!" Zaxvo smiled, and picked up a comm screen. He turned it on.

"It's time." He said to the cloaked figure. "Replace what needs to be replaced, and coat what needs to be coated. What type will you choose?" The figure spoke, its voice gravely and rough.

"It'll be a sniper." Zaxvo nodded, storing the information in his mind.

"See you later-or rather, good bye, old friend." Zaxvo said.

“Good bye, my friend. Perhaps we’ll meet again.” The figure said, no trace of emotion in its voice. Zaxvo terminated the link. Turning, he pried a loose stone from the wall, and took a mask stored there. The new mask looked similar to Turaga Dume’s mask, but had a ‘horn’ on it similar to that of a rode. He put his old mask on the small dome that also occupied the chamber. Putting the loose stone back, he summoned a bolt of electricity to fuse the stone to the wall, effectively sealing the small chamber. *Now I’m ready to go*, He thought in satisfaction.