

A storm bellows over the island of Mata Nui. The sea churns, as if it were boiling from the heat of a thousand suns, ripping into the coastline. Lightning flashes, and for a brief moment a peculiar cylinder can be seen within the frothing waves. It slowly makes its way towards the islands eastern cliffside, a waterfall hundreds of feet wide greeting it and pushing it down into the reef below. Flashing lights across the sides of the cylinder grow dim. A whistle can be faintly heard, followed by an eruption of air from the object's seams as it slowly splits open to reveal a figure as blue as the sea.

Darkness. Then, slowly the faint light from above graces her eyes. She winces, suddenly aware of her senses and her surroundings, not knowing where she was. Not knowing who she was. "Gali," she could hear a voice say. It echoed in her head. What was Gali? Was she Gali? She pondered this as the rain began to falter and slow, only the rushing of the waterfall could be heard from above.

Suddenly, flashes of images shot into her head. An island. Seven heroes. Disaster. Hope. She was suddenly filled with the urge to climb the cliff she sat below. She needed to see what was up there.

Breaking through to the surface, she surveyed her surroundings. Not too far to her right, a grove of trees climbed the cliffside, reaching into the sky from the ocean below. "Perfect," she said, suddenly taken aback by her voice. Nevermind that though. She was focused on the task ahead. Swimming over to the grove, she began to climb the trees.

Not 10 feet up, she felt her hand slip and she fell, hitting her back on the way down to the ocean below. She tried again and again, each time, not making it more than 12 feet up before she slipped. This was getting frustrating. She balled her fists in anger. After her breathing calmed, she felt something...different. Her hands began to glow, she could feel her body changing its form, and within seconds large bladed hooks jutted out from her wrists. Realizing what this meant, she began to climb again. This time, her hooks gripped the tree branches. Letting out a sigh of relief, she slowly made her way up the grove.

---

-

A blue streak zipped across platform to platform, over bridges almost touching the running water below. It went from hut to hut, making stops at the large hut in the center of town. From the central hut, whispers could be heard. The voices were worried.

"Everything will be fine," came a voice filled with confidence. "Kivoda has dealt with worse. There's no need to doubt his strength today." the other voices seemed to calm down.

The blue streak stopped within the main hut, revealing itself to be a short yet sleek figure clad in azure armor, with a bright green poncho made from leaves, an orange shoulder pad, and a triangular mask. He wielded a wooden staff with a bone hook on the end, and he carried himself with grace. "Hahli's right, I can handle anything the Makuta throws at me," he said in a collected tone. "Now stay together, and wait for my return." He then vanished from their presence, out into the storm and the danger that faced his village.

Kivoda stood in the central platform in the village, looking out to the gate that connected his floating town to the mainland. From the shadows behind the gate, came four lanky and unsightly beings who wore shades of crimson and jade. Among them were two taller, bulkier figures, and a frail hooded being with spindly hands. Their eyes all emitted light as red as blood. One of the larger figures, brandishing a club, lifted his weapon and brought it down with enough force to shake the ground. The gate broke open, and the smaller lanky creatures rushed in.

"Rotten Ferahk," said Kivoda. "Leave, and tell your master to leave Ga Koro be." The creatures stopped, cocked their heads from side to side, and continued their assault. The larger creatures lumbered in as well, followed by the hooded being.

"Then die by my hand!" shouted Kivoda, as he held his spear at the ready. From his other hand, energy began to pool in his fist and form into a disk. When the disk stopped growing, he tossed it as his foes, hitting one dead in the forehead and knocking it into the waves below with an eruption of water. In a flash, he ran towards his foes, running one through with his spear. As the Ferahk melted into shadows, he readied his weapon and lunged at another. It parried his blow with its sword, but he smacked it with the butt of his spear and knocked it over. Throwing his weapon at the last standing grunt, he impaled it through its shoulder. He pulled the spear from its dissipating body, stabbing the remaining grunt left on the ground.

Before he could look up, he was hit with a bolt of shadow from the hooded figure's hand and was launched backwards.

"Ugh," he coughed out, as he got up slowly, realizing the brutes were nearly upon him. He ran at lightning speed and jumped on the first, stabbing it through its head. The remaining brute let out an otherworldly roar, and slammed its axe into Kivoda's shoulder. He let out a cry of pain, as the axe wedged apart his joints. Falling to the ground, with his dominant hand limp and two foes left above him, things didn't look good. He closed his eyes and prayed to the Great

Spirit, "Please, save my people." lightning flashed, and a large figure shot out of the water behind him.

---

-

She wasn't sure what had happened, it was like her instincts had kicked in suddenly. She quickly surveyed the platform below, and made a throwing motion with her arms. From her palms, emerged blue bladed hooks, this time on long chains. The blades sunk into the back of the brute, and the chains drew her into her foe. Wrapping her thighs around its head, she squeezed with all her might. The brute let out a whimper as its head was crushed, and it too melted into shadows. All that was left was the shade. It seemed alarmed, and began to take off, but not before a hookblade sunk into its forehead and ripped back, pulling its corrupted mask off and dissipating it into nothing.

"Are you alright?" she asked the fallen warrior, only half her size but wearing the same shade of azure. She offered him a hand, but he got on his knee and bowed. Suddenly, the villagers made their way out of the main hut and, seeing what was before them, also bowed.

"Toa Gali, Master of Water," Kivoda said in a somber tone. "I thank Mata Nui for your arrival. You saved not only me but my Koro as well." Some of the villagers began to raise their heads slightly at this, trying to get a glimpse of their savior. Their bodies were many shades of blue and teal, with green leaf skirts around many of their waists. Of note to Gali, was one with a dark blue mask that seemed to resemble hers. This villager stayed in her pose, immobile.

"I was passing by and saw you needed help," Gali said. "I have questions for you though. Kivoda seemed confused at this. Gali continued, "What is a Toa? And where am I?"