

One Destiny

Bionicle

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Kapitel 2: Chapter 02: First cut is the deepest

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The three Rahkshi came crashing into the village as if they wanted to wipe it off the landscape, destroying and burning down everything that got into their way. Lewa helped the Matoran to get out of Le Koro quickly while Tahu shielded their backs.

"Hey, come back here", Turahk snickered and set fire on another hut, "We promise to do it fast."

"In your dreams", Lewa sneered and turned face to face with the Rahkshi after the last Matoran had disappeared somewhere in the treetops.

"What do you think?" Vorahk shouted over to his brothers. "Father said we should only bring one of them to him so he could take them out one by one. More than that would be too risky."

"Then why not taking one out here and now and bringing the other one to him?" Kurahk chuckled.

"You aren't doing anything", Tahu growled. His shield faded but now his swords started burning. Not as long as we still stand and fight."

"As you wish but we've warned you."

Vorahk slammed his staff against Tahu's chest but was blocked by crossed flame swords. He jumped back quickly when he saw what the Rahkshi was planning.

"Aw, don't be so greedy", Vorahk chuckled, "You have enough energy left. Why not giving me part of it? Or maybe all?"

"You're kidding."

The fiery Toa tried a counter attack but had to retreat again. The Rahkshi had fully activated his special attack. His whole body now worked like a power siphon.

Kurahk kept running around the huts looking for Matoran who had stood behind while Turahk and Lewa were attacking each other. The red Rahkshi was more blocking with his activated staff than attacking but still the emerald Toa's sight got blurrier with each strike. Blurred by rushing by scenes of his worst fears and memories. Le Koro burning, people dying and there was nothing he could do at all.

He heard Tahu's cry of pain close to him, saw him breaking down to the ground. No, this wasn't imagination any more, this was reality. It snapped him out of thoughts full of fear long enough to shoot a blow against Vorahk who was about to slam his staff

into Tahu's back but earned a slash through his own back therefore.

"Never turn your eyes away when you're faced to a Rahkshi", Turahk grinned. Now he got support from Vorahk who was still hungry for power after he had weakened Tahu. "Giving someone a blow isn't very nice, you know?" the black creature snarled.

"As if you knew what's nice", Lewa hissed, slowly backing away. But he didn't run, didn't retread although his mind was screaming he had to. Otherwise he would have had to leave Le Koro behind. And Tahu.

Two Rahkshi in front of him came closer but the 'attack' came from behind. White hands grabbed his arms so hard that the emerald Toa believed Kurahk had broken his bones. Vorahk's staff shot under his chin as if he wanted to cut Lewa's head off but it didn't even cut his skin a bit.

"Just another little bit ... please..." the black Rahkshi grinned and his staff started glowing.

Lewa could feel his powers fading, unable to do anything against it. His knees gave in. He couldn't control his muscles anymore, his limbs felt heavier than ever before.

"This was too easy", Turahk scoffed and slung the weakened Toa over his shoulders.

"Leave ... Lewa ... a ... lone ..." Tahu tried to get up again but he couldn't move a bit. His muscles felt weak, the cut on his back started hurting again.

The black Rahkshi turned around unimpressed. "Still awake? You're tougher than I believed ..." His gaze fell on something shiny on the floor. He picked it up. "How pathetic..." He closed his fist over it. Tahu heard a slight crackling sound above him and saw little splinters of shimmering glass falling down beside him.

"Well, it's about time to get out of here."

Vorahk turned and began walking away.

"Can you fly with that extra weight on your shoulders?" he asked Turahk.

"Will be okay."

"N-n-no ... come ... back ... don't ... L-Le ... wa" Tahu watched through blurry eyes as the three creatures took Lewa away. And there was nothing he could do. He slowly reached out a hand to grab a piece of the broken flower as tears threatened to spill from his eyes. But he choked them down, didn't want them to flow here and now.

Shadows and figures were crowding around him and others were running off to other places. His vision was blurred from dizziness and the held-back tears. He could only make out various shades of green which only made him feel worse.

"Lewa..." he mumbled.