HER BREATH EXPLODING FROM HER LUNGS, THE MATORAN CALLED DALU RUNS FOR HER LIFE.

RUNNING IS NOT NATURAL TO HER. SHE IS A FIGHTER.

BUT SHE HAS SEEN HER ISLAND INVADED... MOST OF HER FRIENDS ENSLAVED... HER HOPE AND HER HEROES CRUSHED.

SO DALU CAN BE FORGIVEN IF SHE WISHES SHE WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE RIGHT NOW...

ANYWHERE ELSE.

WELL, WELL, WELL...
DON'T RUN, LITTLE MATORAN. WE PIRAKA MIGHT GET THE IDEA YOU DON'T LIKE US.

AND YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO THINK THAT, NOW, WOULD YOU?
It wasn’t supposed to be this way, Dalu remembers...

The island of Voya Nui was facing drought and famine when six mysterious canisters washed up on the shore.

The island’s Matoran villagers dared to hope that salvation had arrived.

They were wrong.
Posing as heroic Toa, the newcomers put the Matoran to work building a fortress.

Others were sent to dig holes in the slopes of Mount Valmai to drain the lava from the volcano.

Those who worked too slowly were “encouraged” to move faster.

Garan, the Matoran leader, grew suspicious... and learned more than he bargained for.

How long do you think we have to keep pretending to be Toa?

Still, if we tell the Matoran the truth—that we’re Piraka here to steal the only worthwhile thing this barren wasteland has—they might object.

Not much longer, I hope. All this nobility and virtue makes me ill.

Sort of a Toa of silence now, isn’t he? Dead silence.

So? Remember what we did to that Toa of Sonics who “objected” on our last mission?
Now aware of the danger they were in, the Matoran began to plan a rebellion.

But the Piraka struck first, trapping almost all the Matoran in their village and launching Zamor spheres...

The Zamor spheres transformed the Matoran into mindless slaves of the Piraka.

Which suited the Piraka just fine.

Only six Matoran were left free to oppose them.
AND NOW THERE ARE FIVE...

TRY NOT TO LET HER ESCAPE THIS TIME. WE HAVEN'T COME THIS FAR JUST TO BE STOPPED BY PATHETIC, IGNORANT VILLAGERS.

AS I RECALL, I DIDN'T LET HER ESCAPE... YOU DID.

"YOU WERE SO BUSY PROCLAIMING VICTORY OVER THOSE FOOLISH 'HEROES' WHO TRIED TO STOP US THAT YOU NEVER SAW HER SLIP AWAY."

YOU REALLY SHOULD BE MORE OBSERVANT. LEADERS LIVE MUCH LONGER THAT WAY, OR SO THEY SAY.

AND YOU, HAKANN...

...SHOULD KEEP YOUR GAPING JAWS SHUT.
YOU KNOW. I WAS GOING TO BE PATIENT AND WAIT FOR AVAK OR ONE OF THE OTHERS TO FINISH YOU OFF. BUT NOW...

AS A WISE BEING ONCE SAID, IF YOU WANT SOMEONE MELTED INTO SLAG, YOU HAVE TO DO IT YOURSELF.

IF ONLY YOUR AIM WAS AS SHARP AS YOUR WIT...

YOU MIGHT SURVIVE THIS DAY.
YOU NEED A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE.

NOW LET’S SEE YOU HANDLE SOMETHING YOU CAN’T DODGE, ZAKTAN!

HAKANN’S MENTAL BLAST STABS INTO ZAKTAN’S BRAIN, SENDING HIM REELING.

BUT EVENTUALLY ZAKTAN REALIZES THE PAIN CAN GET NO WORSE, AND HE FINDS STRENGTH IN THAT THOUGHT.

When you find someone able to give it, let me know.
TROOPING KIND OF USE AGAINST A FALLING SLAB OF ROCK.

LEAVING THE FINAL SCORE, STONE BLOCK 1, PIRAKA O.

AH, THE SWEET SOUND OF AN ENEMY CRUSHED.

BUT YOU'RE NOT DEAD, ARE YOU, HAKANN? NO, FOR IF I AM GOING TO FIND THE TREASURE OF VOYA NUI, I STILL HAVE NEED OF YOU.

WE STILL HAVE NEED OF YOU.

THE KANOHI MASK OF LIFE--THE MOST POWERFUL MASK IN EXISTENCE--IS NEARBY...
THE ENSLAVED MATORAN AND THE OTHER PIRAKA ARE HUNTING FOR THE MASK EVEN NOW. NEVER DREAMING OF ITS TRUE POTENTIAL.

THE POWER OF LIFE... AND SO, THE POWER OF DEATH AS WELL... ALL IN ONE KANOKHI. AND SO CLOSE TO BEING IN MY GRASP!

THE MASK OF LIFE MUST BE FOUND!
ELSEWHERE ON THE ISLAND...

WHY?

WE HAD A PRETTY GOOD LIFE BEFORE, THOK... ARTIFACTS TO STEAL, TOA TO SNAP IN TWO. WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS MASK THAT WE HAVE TO COME HERE?

I KNOW IT MAKES YOUR HEAD HURT, BUT TRY THINKING, REIDAK...

"LEGEND SAYS THE MASK OF LIFE WAS FORGED BY THE GREAT BEINGS AND GIVEN TO THE GREAT SPIRIT MATA NUI FOR SAFEKEEPING."

"IT WAS HIDDEN HERE, SOMEWHERE BENEATH THE VOLCANO, SAFE FROM THIEVES, WOULD-BE CONQUERORS, AND SPIRITS OF DESTRUCTION."

BUT NOT FROM PIRAKA.
WELL, I'M SICK OF THIS PLACE! I NEED SOMEBODY TO BREAK IN HALF, AND-- HEY!

THOK!

THOKKKKK!

OH, MY... DON'T WORRY, REIK. I WILL GO FIND HELP!
LET'S SEE, VAST TREASURE DIVIDED BY FIVE INSTEAD OF SIX EQUALS...

ANOTHER TREMOR? HMMM, IT KNOCKED ONE OF OUR MATORAN WORKERS INTO THE VOLCANO. SHAME.

NOW THE REST WILL HAVE TO WORK HARDER.

UNWNGHH!

BAMM

THAT WAS A LONG FALL DOWN THE MOUNTAIN. LONG CLIMB BACK UP, TOO. IT'S AN EXPERIENCE YOU SHOULDN'T MISS.

HOW ABOUT I THROW YOU OVER THE SIDE, THOK, AND SEE HOW MANY TIMES YOU BOUNCE? WON'T THAT BE FUN?
MEANWHILE...

So it's a deal? When we find the mask of life, Uzlok, you and I steal it and strand the others here.

I already have a deal with Reidak. But maybe we'll let you swim home, if you keep your mouth shut.

Hey!

What did you do that for?

I thought saw someone in the trees.

Look out!

Krash
THIS DIDN'T FALL NATURALLY. IT WAS CUT CLEAN THROUGH, WITH ONE STROKE.

THEN WE HAVE COMPANY.

THERE! HEADED RIGHT FOR US!

SO WHAT?
I see him—northwest beyond the trees. He’s big.

So am I. Let’s go.

You said he was here.

He was. He is. I feel it.

Maybe in here.

Records—The entire history of Voya Nui. It’s people, its culture. The Matoran must have hidden them here to keep them safe.

What’s this junk?
HA HA HA!

SAFE.

SAFE! WHAT A LAUGH!

HEH HEH.

Well, there went any clues to the mask of life in here, you Rahkshi-brained pile of--

SHA-KOOM

CAVE IN! CUTE. ARE THEY REALLY STUPID ENOUGH--
"--To think that will hold us for long?"

Of course it won't hold them, you have to know that.

It doesn't need to, just slow them down, annoy them.

I felt the tremors in the ground, Vezok must have destroyed all the tablets. Our history is gone.

There is more to be made, Balta. Today is tomorrow's history.

If we don't stop the Piraka, we'll all be history. And what can we throw against them? Six Matoran, and you... that's all that's between them and control of this island.

This island? Foolish Matoran, is that what you think this is about? Remember your legends...
“IN THE TIME BEFORE TIME, MATORANS LIVED FREE AND HAPPY LIVES UNDER THE WATCHFUL EYE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT MATA NUI.”

“It was Mata Nui who made the sun shine, the wind blow, the rivers run... Mata Nui who was our protector, your world, your universe.”

“BUT MATA NUI WAS BETRAYED... CAST INTO A DEEP SLEEP BY HIS ENEMY... AND DARKNESS FELL OVER ALL.”

I’ve heard... rumors... of such a thing. But when Mata Nui awakens, all will be right again.

Not “when” he wakes up, Balta... “if.”
MATA NUI HAS SLEPT FOR MORE THAN A THOUSAND YEARS.

KRA-KAMM

HIS SYMBOL, THE KANOHI HAU, HAS STOOD FOR HOPE FOR ALL MATORAN. BUT I TELL YOU NOW, BALTA...

IF THE PIRAKA ARE NOT STOPPED... IF THEY FIND THE MASK OF LIFE THEY SEEK....

MATA NUI SHALL DIE!

TO BE CONTINUED...