The island of Voya Nu: it's never been the easiest place to live.

There's the constant threat of lava flows from Mount Uvalai.

Rocky terrain only a raw goat could love.

But one thing you could say about Voya Nu - it was always quiet.

Whakk. Krunch.

Or it used to be.
STOP THIS NOW!
If you could stop behaving like starring Rahi fighting over scraps for one moment, perhaps we can find the Mask of Life and get off this miserable island.

That might help if we had an idea where to look, not just guesses.

I say we tear the island to pieces until we find it.

Of course, you do, you ignorant Brakas.

There was someone who thought he knew... our seventh member, Vezon.

No! I told you never to mention him again!

Smash!

Vezon deserted us... betrayed us... and came here before we did, only to disappear. Thik, reppik — find him!
"Find him," he says! Where are we supposed to look?

Redak, there is this new pastime called "tricking"—you really should try it.

The Matoran never saw Vezon, or they would have mentioned him when we got here. That means his canister had to wash up far away from anywhere the Matoran would roam.

Well, I'll be a Mjuaka's dinner...

With any luck at all, yes.

Now we track him right to where he's hiding. Follow, Redak, and try not to break anything.

How about if I just break you?

KRAKAAA!

What was—?
HEE!

LOOK OUT!

UNARGH!
WE DON'T NEED ANY TOA HERE TO FIGHT US — THIS ISLAND IS ALREADY DOING A GOOD JOB OF IT!

WHAT DID I SAY? "SMASH THE ISLAND INTO RUBBLE," I SAID.

YOU'LL SMASH... NOTHING. THIS ISLAND HOLDS NOTHING FOR YOU BUT PAIN AND DESPAIR.
I HAVE KNOWN YOUR KIND BEFORE, PIRAKA, FOR MORE THAN 100 CENTURIES. I HAVE LOOKED INTO THE FACE OF EVIL AGAIN AND AGAIN.

IT SICKENS ME.

WHAMMM!

YOU SICKEN ME!

LEAVE THIS ISLAND. GIVE UP YOUR MAD DREAMS, OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.

I'LL GIVE YOU 'CONSEQUENCES,' YOU -
Six Piraka together are a dangerous threat... but two are just exercise.

You're about to be out of shape, stranger—as in flattened!

You have five seconds to put that down and end this battle in one piece, Piraka one... two... five!

SMASSHHH!

What are you? You don't smell like a Toa.
I was placed on this island as a guardian of the mask of life... one of many.

All of my power—and my very life—is dedicated to keeping it out of the hands of trash like you.

Fine. Keep your mask. We just want to find our old friend Vezon. We heard he came this way.

Point us toward him and we won't have to show that axe down.

Quiet!

Then I guess we don't need you anymore, do we?

I will clean you off this island, Piraka. Like the foul plaque you are!

Zzak
You always did rush into things without thinking, Axonn. My old friend. But then, you always had me to guard your back before.

No more. From this day forward, true power on this island belongs to Brutaka!
Elsewhere on Voya Nui...

Six canisters carrying six Makarian villagers from an island far away have washed up on the icy coast.

They have braved stormy seas and perils beyond imagination to reach these shores.

But their true test of courage is only beginning.

KRAK!

KOOM!

Nothing could prepare what is about to happen.

Nothing could change the course of destiny.
NOTHING COULD PREPARE THEM FOR WHAT THEY WOULD BECOME.

NEXT ISSUE: "IGNITION" EXPLODES AS THE PIRAKA BATTLE THE TOA INIKA!