NO, YOU DIDN'T MISS AN ISSUE. THAT IS JALLER—ONCE A TOA INIKA, NOW A WATER-BREATHING TOA MAHI!

RIGHT NOW, HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE PIT, WITH A BARASAKI TENTACLE WRAPPED AROUND HIS THROAT.

SOME THINGS CHANGE... SOME NEVER DO.

AS HE STRUGGLES, JALLER REMEMBERS HOW HE AND THE OTHER TOA INIKA EMERGED FROM A LONELY STONE LABYRINTH OF TUNNELS INTO THE ICY COLD WATERS OF THE PIT.

AN INSTANT LATER, THEY WERE STRUCK BY A MASSIVE WAVE OF ENERGY—A CRY FOR HELP FROM THE MASK OF LIFE. THE ENERGY TWISTED THEIR ARMOUR, THEIR MASKS, AND THEIR VERY ESSENCE...
Battle in the Deep!

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There was little time to worry about what had happened.

Deflak, the leader of the Mahri Nuvi Majoran, was skeptical about these new so-called heroes but willing to give them a chance.

*Protecting* Mahri Nuvi meant finding the Bara-Nu, current possessors of the Mask of Life—the mask the Toa seek.

So far, it hasn't gone too well.

Kongu! Use your new mask!

Time to make a wish, Toa.

Kongu triggers his mask of summoning, which calls forth creatures of the sea to his aid...

Don't say I didn't warn you.

Sometimes really big creatures of the sea.
Konku... what in Mata Nui's name is that thing?

Well, I did warn you.

Hey, Nuparu--

Yaaa!

Fwoosh!

The Gordak Blaster Rocket flies straight and true, blowing an underwater boulder to dust.

Krakoom!

You shouldn't sneak up on people!

Just planning to still be around when it's over.

Says the Toa wearing the Mask of Stealth.

What are you doing with that blaster anyway-- planning to start a war?
MATORO WAS ON HIS WAY TO JOIN HIS FRIENDS WHEN HE WAS AMBUSHED AND THROWN INTO THIS UNDERWATER CELL. HIS CRIME? BEING AN ESCAPED PRISONER OF THE PIT. HIS CAPTIONS?

SOME ARMORED BRUTE NAMED HYDRAKON... HE AND I WILL MEET AGAIN... IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE.

AND THAT MEANS GETTING PAST HIS ROBOT GUARD, MNOLOK. BUT A FEW WELL-PLACED ICE DARTS WILL--

SUDDENLY, MATORO IS HIT WITH A THOUSAND KINDS OF PAIN. BUT WHO IS ATTACKING HIM AND FROM WHERE?

ARRGGHHH!

WE MEET AGAIN, MATORO. YOU WERE ALWAYS WISER THAN JALLER AND THOSE OTHER SPINELESS FOOLS. YOU KNEW I WOULDN’T GONE FOR GOOD.

YOUR VOICE IS DIFFERENT, BUT THE TONE, THE WORDS... YOU'RE NOT SOME ROBOT PRISON GUARD... YOU'RE MAKUTA! BUT... HOW?
“When Axonn shattered the crystal vat that held my energies, it was inconvenient. But this new body will do, until I have what I came for.”

“Which is what, Makuta? My Death?”

“We stopped your piraka on Voya Nui, and we’ll stop you here. Throw whatever you like at us; you’ll never defeat the Toa!”

“If you were worth killing, you would already be dead, little Toa, and call me Matoro—everyone else down here does. I prefer my true identity not be known... yet.”

“Defeat you? Now, why would I wish to do that? I think you have misjudged me, Matoro...”

“I’m on your side.”
Meanwhile, where is the Mask of Life everyone seeks? It's in the clutches of Nocturnal, placed there by the Baraani for "safeguarding."

"Stay here," they say. "Keep the Mask safe," they say. Well, I'm bored—and I don't stay places where I'm bored.

Hydaxon? But... you're dead. You died in the earthquakes that set us free from our prison. I got better.

Maybe I can bring some excitement to your day then.

You'll wish you had stayed dead when I'm through!

The fight that follows is furious but brief...
That mask... I remember it somehow. It's powerful... too powerful to be floating around down here. I can see it's already cracked, destroying itself...

My job is to take you back to your cell. It really doesn't matter to me if some of your pieces don't make the trip.

I guess I'll help it on its way!