



*I have lost count of the years—the many, countless years I’ve spent on this dreadful place. The days are so dark and dreary, each like the one that came before. It’s always so cold and yet, the air is hot, scorching hot. What am I saying? This land has always been like this. It’s been so long since I’ve seen a clear day, if ever. For once let the sky be filled with large white clouds and the clear blue beyond be washed in sunshine. Far too long I have hoped for cool water to bathe in, warm sunshine to bask in, and air. Oh, how I would love to breathe in cool, fresh air. But what do we get? Poison. Voya Nui is where I am. It’s an island, not the paradise that might come to your mind. It’s a harsh and desolate place; completely deprived of life, save my few fellow Matoran. This land burns and freezes, a never-ending torture. Tourists used to come, but that was a time far, far ago. But perhaps it’s for the best, as they wouldn’t have to suffer like us. Our Turaga died many years ago, a time long ago that I have forgotten. Everything seems hopeless; I try my best to find food, water, and to help out the Matoran, but I never feel like it’s actually doing any good. I wish that for one day...Just one, everything could go the way I want...But it never ends that way. The world is cruel and unfair, as Piruk points out sometimes, all the time really. I have wasted enough time writing, I need to go scout for water, which I am craving terribly now. -Kazi.*

The Ko-Matoran placed down his pen, and stared at the tablet for a moment as he read it over. He sighed, still feeling aggrieved for a good thing to happen. But he shouldn’t complain. As he knew it would never happen. Stretching, he slowly got up and headed out of his hut, eyes set upon the ground as he rubbed the side of his mask with thought. “Kazi, come back to Voya Nui!” The voice was clearly noted as Dalu, rushed and persistent to the point. Kazi looked at her and made a grumpy puffing noise, “But that’s the problem, I don’t want to go back to that terrible place.” “Well, quit complaining and make the best of it.” Dalu smiled, and eyes bright. Kazi couldn’t resist agreeing, but still these thoughts have often drifted upon the Matoran’s mind. He nodded dryly. “Fine, fine...And what’s the situation?” “Nothing now...” “Dalu there’s always something happening.” She shook her head and started rubbing her hands together. “Nothing yet.” “Yet.” Kazi replied, “I’m off to find Garan, know where he is?” “Probably at his hut, last time I checked.” Dalu replied, “I need to head off also, heard that some of the Matoran were having some trouble with Rahi, they say they’re acting pretty restless.” “Who wouldn’t on this place?” Kazi grinned. “Oh try to be a little more encouraging?” Dalu rolled her eyes, “Eh nevermind, and bye.” Kazi walked down the old road toward Garan’s hut, not many Matoran were out, most were trying to search for food or inside resting before another hard work hours. It was a sorry sight; the place looked like some Ghost town, cold, windy, and empty. Kazi tripped over a rock and slightly stumbled a few feet. He stopped and looked at the little crooked rock and mumbled something to it. Nearing his destination, he noticed the sky was darker, a stormy dark look unlike its

usual depressed clouds. Big clouds loomed over, and then the cold wind came. Yeah, it just had to get worse. Kazi thought. Or maybe a good storm would do us good... "Kazi, Kazi!" a voice called from behind, the Ko-Matoran spun around to see Garan running up with an old Ta-Matoran. Garan's expression was full of worry and alert. Uh oh, Garan has that expression again, something bad just happened. Or will soon. "What?" Garan came up and took a deep breath, "We have a problem." "Oh like what?" "A big one." Kazi stood silent on a large cliff facing out to the ocean, where the waves were hitting hard against the cliff and in the far distant he could see something, he couldn't really describe it, but something was happening in the clouds. "Well what is that?" Kazi asked in an impatient and sarcastic manner. The Matoran with Garan had been known with the weather. He could usually tell before time what certain storms were going to happen by the change of the environment. "It's not any normal storm." He pointed out. "Though these storms are pretty common I think in certain places. Usually, I'd think we're too down south to get it but..." "Just tell me what in the world is it?" Kazi snapped. Garan gave him a rude stare, but the Matoran ignored his pushy attitude. "A hurricane." Wind blew harder, and this time Kazi had to put his hand over his eyes, so little rocks and dirt wouldn't get all over him. "A what?" "It's a massive storm." explained the Ta-Matoran, "It's winds are terribly strong, blowing almost anything in its path. Not including the hail sometimes and the floods for aftermath." "How did you know about this?" "It happened long ago... Though not many remember. And most alive then didn't survive it." Garan was shocked. "Well what if it passes us?" "That's a good thing. If it does hit us... We may be in a lot of trouble." "Better safe than sorry," Kazi said walking further up the cliff to get a better view at the large clouds out in the sea. "We need to get the Matoran to a safe area." "There will be no safe place." Replied the aged Ta-Matoran. "It will go right over this island. Sometimes Hurricanes are not that bad, sometimes they are very fatal." Kazi sighed, and turned around looking back at the village. "Then let's at least try to do the best we can."

*Well, a hurricane is coming. A vicious and deadly storm of what my friend has told me, it brings great worry. But maybe the Great Spirit will be kind... But they never really have? I (and the other Matoran) feel so on my own, oh I wish, just wish, we had a great mighty Toa to come to our aid; I bet they know what to do. But until then, we have our own plans to stick with. Garan said it would be wise to move the village east, as we 'guessed' that would be the less likely place to hit with a strong force. I was thinking of staying in some caves while the storm passes, but Garan said we'd be get risked in a cave-in. So right now I am completely lost... I guess writing this won't help the Matoran any better, so why do I keep wasting my time with this? -Kazi*

Later that day, Kazi and Garan explained the problem to the rest of the Matoran; to the degree they became worried. But they lived such hard lives; they really didn't understand how bad this could be. "We are going further east, where it should be safer." Garan called out. "Safer?" a Matoran retorted back snorting. "There's no safe place to go, a hurricane will swipe all over the island!" Kazi grimaced, "We WILL travel east unless you want to die. There are caves in that direction, hopefully, that can help us

out during the storm." Everyone became silent, trying to think of a comeback or struggling to decide if it was wise. Finally, Dalu stepped out of the crowd, and nodded at Kazi. "I will come with you," she then looked back at the others, "We must work together, help each other, we must have unity! That is how we will survive this and more times in the future. We need each other." Not but a few moments after Dalu's short, but strong words, brought everyone to see the point. And finally, in everyone's eyes, nods and even a few cheers, they were ready. Kazi was no doubt happy about all of this, and then continued, "Then lets hope to it, get what we need and we'll leave as soon as possible." The Matoran gave a hopeful look, but you could tell they really didn't want to go. But with that, they ran off to prepare. The Ko-Matoran took a deep breath, and jumped off the large rock he was standing on with Garan, and headed down to see Dalu waiting. "Thanks for that help," Kazi said smiling at Dalu. "Oh it's no big deal, just need to throw them some strong and encouraging words...Sometimes." "Surprising for you," Kazi replied teasingly. "Now let's get ready..."

It was raining now, and the winds were getting stronger. It was strange how in one moment it was silent and peaceful (Or as peaceful as Voya Nui got), the next a nightmare, the clouds were as dark as night, and thunder shook the ground at a surprising force. Though worse of all was the wind, you could just tell in not long it could start blowing down trees and making a mess. How powerful the mighty air could be at times. The Voya Nui Matoran had been walking for non stop it seemed, they were so close to there destination, but it still seemed so far away. They had to start traveling over rocky areas now, which was a good sign of nearing the caves. A little while later, they saw the large caved areas, they seemed strong enough to keep the Matoran safe, and if there was a cave in, was there not plenty of Matoran to dig there way out? Kazi was helping some of the Matoran up the steep ledge, when Piruk ran up; he looked worried, and kept scratching his weapons together and looking around, as if he was searching for someone. The Ko-Matoran jumped down beside his friend and looked him into the eye, "What's the problem?" "Err. Oh nothing..." "Tell me." Piruk took a deep breath, "But..." "Now!" "Ok, ok! Goodness keep your mask on." Piruk replied with the wave of his hand, "Don't get mad at me please, I told her not to..." "Told who?" "Umm, Dalu. She wanted to see the Hurricane and she said she meet us back as soon as anything went wrong." Kazi stared at him for the longest time, he couldn't blame Piruk, and once Dalu was focused on something you couldn't get her to change her mind. "I'm going after her," Kazi finally said. "What? You can't go alone, let me go, it was my fault for not telling anyone." "No, I can't get anyone else getting hurt. Go tell Garan what I am doing...After I leave." Piruk nodded, "Ok, hurry, the storm is already looking bad here..."

Kazi ran faster than he could ever imagine, his eyes were expressed with panic, where was Dalu? She couldn't have gone too far, and was she really this insane? Thoughts ran through his mind over and over, wondering if she...or even he would make it out of this mess. Getting out of a charred area in the woods, up ahead on a small cliff looking out to the massive sea (And the storm), stood Dalu, her eyes wide with wonder. Kazi gasped and ran over, in a second he had grabbed her arm and was about to pull her off the cliff

and back to safer land. But Dalu's fast reflexes caught the Ko-Matoran off guard. "Oh Kazi you scared me!" She cracked in an impulsive manner, then looked at him with a weak smile. "I was following you and I got..." "Distracted?" Kazi snapped, "Dalu what in the world are you doing? We have to get back to the others." "But look at it, can anything be so large...mighty and scary? How can something like that just appear out of nowhere?" "Questions can be thought of after it's over," Kazi replied, "Please we need to—" Suddenly, thunder boomed, making the two Matoran fall to the ground. And a large surge of wind roared threw the air. Kazi who had covered his face, now looked up to see a tree, swiveled a few times, then a crack. "DALU!" Kazi yelled as loud as possible through the storm. The female Matoran looked up slowly to see the tree, and with a startled shriek, tried to get up in time to move out of the way. But the wind was blowing too hard for her to move out of the way. With little strength he had left, he pushed himself up, grabbed her hand, and yanked her out of the way. Dalu grabbed onto him, but that was not enough, the tree fell, and the force shook the ground. The impact made the Matoran fall a few feet away from where they were standing. And that was on the edge of the large overhang. Kazi desperately tried to hold on to the ground, but the wind blew harder and something hit his face, he let go and felt himself slowly floating, then with terrifying jolt, he started to fall at great speed toward the seemingly bottomless fall. He could faintly see the rocks, and the deadly cold sea, was this the end? Had this been his fate? He closed his eyes waiting for everything to turn black...

A faded red and silver figure set the knocked out Matoran behind a large rock not far from where he had fallen, sooner or later, he knew Dalu would find the Ko-Matoran, and hopefully, they would find safety, but Axonn would be ready to help at any time.

A cool drip of water splattered against his face, then again it happened. Kazi weakly opened his eyes, everything around him was blurry. Where was he? Was he in some other land beyond life? Finally everything became clear, he was laying in some mossy part of the woods, it was still faintly dark, but through trees he could see light. "You're up!" a voice called out. Kazi turned to see the overjoyed expression of Dalu. She ran over and hugged him. "Oh thank the spirits you're awake!" She cried, "Its amazing how you escaped that, I thought you were dead." "I...I don't remember how I saved myself from that fall," Kazi stammered with shock, "I thought you did..." She shook her head. "No...But don't worry about it ok? You're alive and that's all that matters, just take as a...gift from Mata Nui." Kazi took it by logic, which was there was no way that he was saved simply by 'magic'. Someone saved him... "Come on," she said. "If you're up to it, I'd like to find the other Matoran and head back to village, the Hurricane is well over besides some rain and cloudy skies." "What time is it?" Kazi questioned as he stood up. "Little past noon I think, it recently just stopped storming. But come!"

Well, they met up with the rest of the Matoran and Garan half way there. Garan was really glad to see the two were well, and he said that all went fine. "Scary but we lived," Garan said. "Let's just hope that doesn't happen again." After that, they continued back down to the village, worried what had happened.

Silence was the first thing that had come to mind when Kazi saw the place. Rooftops were blown off, trees had fallen over many of the houses, and some were beyond repair. Not only was that but the place flooded horribly. "Well at least we have water," Piruk said quietly. "It'll dry up too fast before we will be able to get water," Kazi sighed, "Oh this is hopeless." He sat down on the nearest rock, and put his hands on his mask, "Why did this have to happen...Why did any of this have to happen? Why couldn't we have lived a normal life with a Turaga, watchful Toa, and living in some wonderful place? Were we here just to be laughed at by the Great Spirit?!" He yelled out, looking at the sky, anger and a mix of sadness in them. Dalu walked over to him, and looked at him, "But we have something special, something that will always help us through this troubled mess." "Oh?" Kazi said, looking at her with a weary expression. "Hope," She said, "That in the future we will be free of this curse, that tomorrow will bring more hope as we walk on, with our heads up high, lets us not be troubled or down by this, for that is what despair wants." She bent down and looked at him with a smile. "That all the Matoran will have love and friendship, to the bitter or brighter end. There will always be good, no matter how evil the world, and there will always be light, no matter how dark it may seem." Kazi was shocked on Dalu's wise words; he never knew she could do such a wonderful speech. "Come on," she said, holding out a hand. "Let's start helping the others rebuild."

*The hurricane is over...It wasn't as bad, but still caused a lot of damage, and all of the Matoran are rebuilding back our village, maybe even better than before. The Hurricane brought lots of death and despair. But as Dalu said, there will always be hope shining somewhere, and it will always be lit if there are Matoran, Toa, and many more in this world that will let it shine, and believe in it. Love, Friendship and Hope....I guess it's just another way of saying...Unity, Duty and Destiny. -Kazi*