A/N: DISCLAIMER! I do not own Thundercats or the creepypasta Wake Up. Thundercats is owned by Warner Bros and the original author of the creepypasta Wake Up is UNKNOWN. The only things that I own are the OC's in the story, and the story itself. This chapter itself is six years old now and I have taken it upon myself to rewrite everything in my earlier chapters to upload here.

Below is the key to the different formatting elements throughout the story;

Flashback = *Flashback*

Dream = Dream

Time Passage = ...

---------- (BORDER) ---------- = perspective change

Vision = *Vision*

Chapter 1: Far From Home

by DarkAlphaWolf01

I open my eyes to pure darkness, which is thick and oppressive. I'm lying on some sort of table, the stone cold against my bare skin as I push myself to a sitting position. How the hell did this happen? I can't remember anything and it feels like I've been administered a heavy dose of sedative; my mind doesn't want to co-operate with the rest of my body as I try to make out my surroundings from the darkness.

All I can see is the hieroglyphics carved into the ancient stonework, and beyond that, just the darkness. I know that I'm in Mumm-ra's pyramid though, only because the overpowering stench of decay and putrefying flesh is enough for anyone to be able to tell. I look around myself in pure bewilderment and, in the extremely limited light, see that most of my clothing is torn and mostly covered in dust which is mixed with what looks disturbingly like blood. The beams of moonlight which manage to find their way through the cracks in the roof provide only limited visibility, and the sound of rain and thunder from overhead is like the roar of the engines of the Feliner.

I slip my legs off of the table and stand up, the effort of which sends painful spasms through my abdomen. I see the lightning which streaks across the sky through the cracks in the ceiling, illuminating a thin stream of water which pours through a carved crocodile head in the wall and into a decorative Egyptian pool in the floor. I pull off my already torn uniform and dip my right foot into the pool, only to find that the water is freezing cold. Still, I am covered in dust and grime.

I take in a deep breath then jump in, the water's chill hitting me like the sting of a Giant Thunderian Hornet. I rapidly gasp for breath as I surface, shivering violently as water drips from my mane. Shaking, I haul myself out of the pool and shake myself off, water dripping from my long winter coat of fur. I wipe my face with my hands before reaching for my boots.

What I grab doesn't feel like any sort of material; it's hard and smooth but when I see what it is, I feel the disgust and horror rising in my throat as I force the urge to vomit to the pit of my stomach. The item is a skull; the skull of a Snarf.

I grab one of the flaming torches from the wall then lift it up. The soft flickering light that it throws out reveals more than I'd originally bargained for; slumped against the wall and lying flat on the floor are 10 skeletons, two of which are those of two Snarfs. No. It can't be, can it? It just isn't possible. I'd have to have been unconscious for well over 5 years for them to have been slaughtered and...decayed. How can my friends be dead? I can't even correctly remember what happened. For example, how did I get this wound on my abdomen which is surrounded with dried blood?

As I cross the room, Jaga manifests himself in front of me. "Lion-O," he says as he walks towards me "What you fear is true, young lord. The Thundercats are all dead."

My heart feels as if it skips a beat. "They're...they're REALLY dead?" I ask as hot tears of grief burn my cheeks, my voice barely even a whisper. Jaga pauses before replying "I'm afraid so. You've been under a spell which induced a state of deep unconscious on you for over 20 years."

Thinking momentarily, I pull my uniform back on, even though I don't see the point of it because my shirt reveals most of my chest, but my shorts are intact. I pull the door which falls down and smashes on the floor. I know where I am now - I'm in the secret room behind Mumm-ra's sarcophagus. He must have kept me hidden from the outside world for a reason, possibly to stop anyone from finding out that I was still alive.

I grab the Sword of Omens and Claw Shield from the floor and as I run out of the room, I see a pile of bandages and bones lying on the floor. Looks like Mumm-ra's years of 'eternal' life have finally caught up with him. The red cloak will provide me with some protection, if I manage to cope with the horrid stench that the material gives off. I pick it up then drape it around my shoulders. It's threadbare, but it's decent enough for what it is. I need to get to shelter, and I know where to go where I'll be welcome...

The sand is like glue as I run as quickly as I can through the desert. My skin is plastered with sand from falling over, and I'm covered in scrapes and cuts. The rain is coming down in a torrential downfall meaning that I'm soaked through to the bone. I can only just see the edge of the jungle on the horizon, obscured by a thick grey fog.

Even though Mumm-ra, the Mutants and the Lunataks are gone, I can't help but feel like I'm being watched. By the time I reach the jungle, my hands and arms are numb from the cold. All I want is something nice and hot to eat, as well as shelter from this storm...

"HALT!"

I hear a familiar voice shout from overhead through the rain. I stop so abruptly that I skid across the grass before coming to a stop before Willa. "Who are you? How *dare* you trespass on the territory of the Warrior Maidens! Don't move an inch or I'll shoot you!" she shouts as she points a loaded bow at me. Shocked, I pull down the hood as I say "Willa, it's me, Lion-O!"

She relaxes and unloads her bow as she says "Oh, Lion-O! It's you! I've not seen you for years! What the hell happened to you?"

She looks down at the wound on my abdomen, which had started bleeding again.

“I can’t remember, and it’s a long story. I can explain tomorrow because I’ve got to get back to the lair...” I say, but she interrupts me by saying “No, come with me. You’re soaking wet and as pale as a sheet. You can bed down here tonight. There’s no way that I’m going to let you be out walking in this storm in the state that you’re in; you’ll catch your death of cold.”

I follow her to a ladder then we start to climb it. When we reach the top, I look over the edge of the handrail and remember what happened – I remember the events that lead to how I’m here:

“Keep your foot off of the gas, Lion-O! We’re going too fast!” Panthro shouts as the tank jolts uncomfortably. Still, I ignore him and push the throttle down to full. The tank continues to gain speed, juddering violently as the maximum speed is reached. “You’re going to use up the Thundrillium faster than Wilykat on a sugar high after eating too much candyfruit!” Panthro shouts again as we fly over branches and hills.

I look up, and see that we’re rapidly approaching a tree. I throw my foot down on the brakes and throw my arms out in front of me to stop my head from bashing against the dashboard. I hear Panthro cry out, seconds before the Thundertank comes to a complete stop. I look up, and see the tree which is only a foot away from the tank. I sigh with relief then sit back, seconds before Panthro slaps me around the back of my head, catching me by surprise as I yowl in shock.

“What the hell, Lion-O!” he yells as he looks at me with his arms crossed over his chest “Are you trying to kill yourself? You’ve just turned ninteen years old! You’re not 12 anymore!”

I scowl then look away. “Alright, you drive home! But I’d rather walk than be in here with you if all you’re going to do is sit here, shouting at me!” I snap.

“Fine! Get out and walk!” Panthro snaps, so I jump out of the tank but he wasn’t messing around because the second I do, he pulls away and speeds off, leaving me behind.

“Panthro! COME BACK!” I shout as I start to run after him. It’s lucky that the lair isn’t so far away. But by the time I get back, my legs are aching and I’m really thirsty. When I see Panthro, I run towards him and shout “Why the hell did you do that? You left me behind!”

“I thought you said that you’d rather walk! So I let you walk because that’s what you wanted!” he says in a tone that makes me growl in infuriation.

“Didn’t you hear me shouting after you?” I ask, enraged that he’d done it. But I don’t give him the chance to answer because I run off into the thick jungle. “Lion-O!” I hear Cheetara shout from far behind me “Wait!”

I ignore her and continue on, past trees and down steep hills. I hear the crackling of twigs, seconds before Cheetara stops in front of me. I barely have any time to stop, so I can’t help but cannon straight into her. She shrieks as my weight hares into her body, sending both of us flying down the hill.

My head keeps hitting the grassy earth as we tumble down the hill and into a stream in an undignified heap. Cheetara laughs as she pushes herself up onto her elbows. “Well, that went according to plan...” I say as she looks into my eyes.

The cheetah laughs, the sun cascading through the branches catching her golden hair, making it glow beautifully. I feel my heart surge then, my cheeks tainted with a pink glow as it feels like my

stomach does somersaults. There's just something about her that makes me feel giddy inside, and I'm so lucky to have her in my life. We walk up the hill and sit down in the warm afternoon sun as birds tweet overhead, and I feel her fingers entwine with mine. She laughs then, and the sound is like music to my ears.

"Your face back there when we were laying in the stream! I've only ever seen you look that way once before and that was when I said yes to you asking me to date you. I can't believe that we've been going strong for a year and a half now."

"I know," I say in amazement as I watch the clouds rolling by through the bright blue sky, "But it goes to show what an incredible bond we have with each other. I'm just surprised that I haven't drove you crazy by now…"

She rolls onto her side and rests her head on my chest. "I don't think you could ever drive me crazy, love…"

"Except for those glorious nights in bed, eh?"

Her cheeks flush this time as I chuckle and tilt her chin up to kiss her, only to be interrupted by the Sword of Omens growling in warning.

I sit up as I grab the sword from the Claw Shield and hold it in front of my eyes. "Sword of Omens, give me sight beyond sight!" I command, then the familiar fog fills my mind before clearing slightly, allowing me to see but what I do see infuriates me to the very core:

Tygra is chained to one of Mumm-ra's statues whilst the ancient devil priest holds the tip of a dagger against his throat. "You're wasting time by standing around and doing nothing, Lion-O!" Mumm-ra snarls as he digs the dagger into Tygra's throat; a thin bead of blood appears on the blade and trickles down the tiger's neck. "Hurry up, coward!"

I growl with rage as I turn the sword over in my hand before turning to look at Cheetara. "Mumm-ra's got Tygra at the Black Pyramid!" I snarl as I stand up "We need to go and save him!"

"Then, what are you waiting for, Lion-O? Call the other Thundercats!" she says as she looks in the direction of Mumm-ra's monstrous pyramid. I nod before tightening my grip on the Sword. Taking a deep breath, I roar "Thunder! Thunder! Thunder! Thundercats, HO!"

The symbol bolts from the Eye in the hilt and into the sky, and I breathe out nervously, only just becoming aware of the fact that I had been holding my breath. I can't help but feel as if I've just put myself and Cheetara in grave danger; any of our enemies could see the symbol, and they'd have the perfect opportunity to attack us if they were to spot that symbol against the blue sky.

"What's wrong, Lion-O? You've gone all tense. I hate it when you do, because it means that you're thinking about something that bothers you." Cheetara asks as she snakes her arms around my shoulders from behind and nuzzles the side of my face with her cheek while purring. I sigh before eventually replying.

"I don't know. It's a mix of feelings, mainly nervousness and doubt."

“I don’t understand why you’re so nervous. We’re safe...” Cheetara says, but she is cut off by the roar of the Thundertank as it crashes through the undergrowth towards us. The second that we both jump in, the tank bolts as the engines are pushed to the maximum speed. The smell of burning fuel is strong in the air, but we’re not going to spare the Thundrillium.

“We’ve got to get to the Black Pyramid ASAP,” I say as I sit in my seat next to Cheetara “I’ve got the strongest suspicion that Mumm-ra is going to do something awful. When I saw him in the Sword, he had a dagger at Tygra’s throat.”

The tank violently lurches, nearly sending us flying as the engines blow out. The vehicle slows to a stop and the engine splutters as Panthro tries to restart it but it’s no good. “Right, we’re going to have to walk the rest of the way, but it’s not far.” he says as we get out. I look at the vast desert. This is it.

We slowly edge down the corridor past cells. A slight draught sweeps past us, sending a cold chill up my spine. This place is fucking creepy. The sound of bubbling water grows louder as we approach the throne room. The first thing I see is Tygra, who is strapped to the side of one of the four statues. I run towards him to help him. I rip the gag from his mouth, seconds before the old tiger says “Lion-O! Behind you! It’s a trap!”

I barely have a second to react before something slams into the side of my chest, sending me flying, too stunned to scream. I hit one of the other statues as the metallic taste of blood fills my mouth. My head slams into the hard stone, knocking me senseless for a second until I slump to the floor. I shakily get up onto my knees, seconds before a cold, ghastly hand closes around my throat. I am lifted clean off of my knees then pressed against the icy, damp stone wall until I’m looking right down into Mumm-ra’s glowing red eyes.

I grab his arm and try to get him to release me, but he squeezes harder, completely cutting off my air supply. I choke and gag as I feel my strength fading. My limbs feel like lead and my head is reeling. “You’re a bloody idiot, Lion-O.” Mumm-ra says as my struggling slowly starts to cease “I’ve cut off your jugular artery and your windpipe. If you’re lucky enough, you’ll be dead in under a minute from asphyxiation.”

My vision is slowly fading to black as foamy saliva fills my mouth. However, he suddenly drops me and I slump to the ground like a rock, greedily breathing in as if I never have taken a single breath in my life. I rub my sore throat as I start choking for air but I feel like I can’t breathe properly.

Cheetara runs towards me, the panic evident in her voice as she says “Are you ok, Lion-O?”

I drop onto my front as I start panting.

“Y...yeah. I...I’m ok...now.” I say, my voice barely even a whisper. She helps me up, and we all turn to look at Mumm-ra as he stands on the other side of his cauldron. I draw the Sword of Omens from the claw shield and take a shaky step forwards.

“Come on, coward! You’ve already proved that you’re stupidly impetuous, but I’ve been waiting for so long for this moment! So, come and get me, cub!” Mumm-ra taunts as he grabs something from his robes.

Enraged that he'd called me a coward and a cub, I growl then snarl "As you wish, Mumm-ra! But arm yourself; I want blood this time!"

I ignore the other Thundercats' gasps of horror and run towards the cauldron.

"Lion-O! NO!" Cheetara shouts, but it's too late for me to stop now; I run up the steps of the cauldron, then, with a bellowing roar of infuriation, I jump and clear the water with ease, landing right on top of Mumm-ra...

"So, as you can tell, it's a very long story but I can't remember anything after that point." I say as I take a sip from my bowl of broth.

Willa sighs as she eats some from her bowl. I look down at the wound on my abdomen, which had been cleaned, sutured and bandaged by the Warrior Maidens' best healer. "I understand. Howether, it's only been a year since you left for New Thundera. We will further discuss this tomorrow morning but due to the late hour, I will get Nayda to show you to your room." Willa says as she looks out of the window at the moon while Nayda gets up then walks towards the door and I follow the younger Warrior Maiden, "Goodnight Lion-O. I hope that you have a good night's rest. You look like you need it." I hear Willa say as I exit the room before following Nayda up a ladder.

"Lion-O," the young Warrior Maiden says as she helps me up onto the next layer "If what you say is true, then how are you not dead?"

I sigh before replying.

"I don't know. My heart tells me something, but my mind tells me otherwise. It's beyond me. I think that there's something suspicious going on, but I just don't know yet."

We stop outside one of the many tree houses, and then Nayda bids me goodnight. As I walk in through the door, I let my emotions show by casting myself down onto the bed, sobbing uncontrollably and feeling like a failure; my friends are all dead, and I was unconscious as they were all killed. I feel like it's all my fault…I'm never going to get to see them again…I caused the death of my friends…the death of my beloved cheetah...

If only I hadn't launched at Mumm-ra, but he'd made me so angry. I wipe my eyes on my arms before grabbing a pair of pyjamas from the back of the door then strip off, throwing my drenched, torn uniform onto the floor. I slip under the thick blankets then switch off the lamp, swamping the room in pitch blackness.

The wind howls outside, rattling the door in its frame. I shiver slightly before rolling over, but I can't get comfortable. I still feel like someone's watching me, and I can't shake it. A sudden breeze blows through the room, making me shudder. Something's amiss, but I can't tell what it is just yet which is annoying me more than I thought it would. I stare at the woven bamboo ceiling for what feels like hours until I hear the Sword of Omens' growls of warning. I sit up then as I yawn and stretch, the feeling of unease creeping over me because if my friends are truly dead, then how could the Sword be alerting me to one of my friends in danger?

Unless…

I grab the Sword from where it sits, holding it in front of my eyes as I say “Sword of Omens, give me Sight Beyond Sight!”

What I see fills me with such hope and horror at the same time:

The Thundercats are all still alive, but they’re at Castle Plun-darr, held against their will as prisoners. I can see Wilykit and Wilykat being frog marched down a Thundrillium mine with Lynx-O; Pumyra and Tygra are being forced to tend to the sick and wounded Mutants; Panthro is chained up in some sort of workshop, being forced to make weapons and Tygra is sitting opposite him, drawing building designs. I feel a sudden surge of rage as I see Cheetara and Snarf shackled in chains, slaving over cook pots and stoves.

How *dare* they treat us Thundercats like this! I have to leave, and I have to leave now! I know that I have to save them; I have to make up for what I’ve done to them. This is my fault and I have to rectify this horrible situation. Only then will I ever be able to even think about forgiving myself for this.

“Lion-O, don’t even think about rushing headlong into this!”

I turn around and look at Jaga as I say “You lied to me! It’s only been a year and the Thundercats are all still alive!”

The old jaguar looks taken aback. “I never said anything like that, young lord. Don’t forget that Mumm-ra can take any form!”

I don’t acknowledge him as I switch the lamp on again. On the trunk at the end of the bed sits a pile of my uniform, which wasn’t there before. I pull my shirt on over my head them slip my shorts on as I say “Earlier on today, you told me that the others were dead, but the Sword of Omens showed me that they’re not. You lied.”

Before he can answer me, I open the door then walk out into the night. The rain hasn’t lightened - it’s gotten heavier. Thunder crashes from overhead and lightning streaks through the sky. I grab a vine then slip down it. Once I’m on the floor, I start to make my way towards Castle Plun-darr. A thick Third Earth fog starts to roll in from the mountain; in less than five minutes, I can’t see more than 10ft in front of me. I know that I’m doing this impulsively, but it’s a risk that I’m willing to take to save my friends. I slip the hood of the cloak over my head then pick up the pace to a fast run. My feet sink into the waterlogged grass, spraying my body with mud. My stomach is rumbling slightly. Even though I had something to eat with Willa, I’m still really hungry and my throat is so dry it feels like I’ve tried to swallow hot sand.

“You’re making a fatal mistake, L’ûencho.”

I stop suddenly then look around but see nothing. I swear I’m hearing things.

“Who...who’s there?” I shout, my heart in my throat as I tear the Sword of Omens from the Claw Shield and whirl around, seeing a pair of glowing yellow eyes. “Show yourself, whoever you are!”

The person...or should I say, Thunderian lion, steps from the fog. I realise then that I recognise the Barbary who stands before me, but it’s just not possible because he died eons before myself and my brother Leo were even conceived. His waist long mane and beard are as red as my mane and his armour seems to be made of a type of animal fur. The lion is wearing a golden pendant which is engraved with the Eye of Thundera too, and that’s when I recognise him as my ancestor and distant

great-grandfather, the Great King Satos K'al'iviryix. "Who the hell are you and why are you posing as an Ancient King of Old Thundera" I demand, bearing my fangs and holding the Sword ready for an incoming attack but the lion just stands there.

"I am *Satos, L'ûencho, and I have come to warn you. Your decision to rush headfirst into the fray without considering your other options is reckless and dangerous. You need to think before you act or this could be your downfall."*

"I haven't got a choice, Satos! I put my friends' lives in danger a few years ago and I need to free them before it's too late!"

Satos looks at me unapprovingly due to my outburst of anger, his burning amber eyes staring deep into mine as I feel myself forced to look away so I glance down at the Sword of Omens, knowing that the soul of the ghostly lion resides within it. I know about my clan's history but to actually see the spirit of my direct ancestor…

When I look back up, he's gone. The Book of Omens holds many more unsolved mysteries, but we've only managed to decipher one tenth of them. So many things have been left unanswered for us. I thought that after me and Mumm-ra had battled in the Book of Omens, he'd been destroyed and his very essence had been scattered across the very planes of existence itself, but I was obviously proven wrong when he returned then attacked us. We barely even recovered before he took Third Earth under his control.

That's when that day happened. The rest of the day is just a hazy, almost drunken blur; I can only remember the intense agony and the lingering threat of death. I can remember Cheetara and the others panicking, and then nothing. It's not very easy to remember it, as I was unconscious.

An owl hoots from somewhere overhead, and a wolf howls from off in the distance. I've missed the nights out in the Third Earth forest. Howether, I mostly miss my friends. I have to do this for them. Even if it means risking my life, I will free my friends.

Another day in this carnival of souls
Another night sets in, as quickly as it goes
The memories are shadows, ink on the page
And I can't seem to find my way home

And it's almost like
Your heaven's trying everything
Your heaven's trying everything
To keep me out

All the places I've been and things I've seen
A million stories that made up, a million shattered dreams
The faces of people, I'll never see again
And I can't seem to find my way home

'Cause it's almost like
Your heaven's trying everything, to break me down
'Cause it's almost like
Your heaven's trying everything, to keep me out

'Cause it's almost like
Your heaven's trying everything, to break me down
'Cause it's almost like
Your heaven's trying everything
Your heaven's trying everything, to break me down

To break me down
To break me down

Your heaven's trying everything
Your heaven's trying everything, to break me, down

Far From Home – Five Finger Death Punch