Chapter 3: Somewhere Only We Know

The rising sun casts a black shadow across the forest floor, the soft strain of birdsong reaching my ears as I push myself on. Sweat trickles down my back as I go, cursing myself for the fact that I've wasted too much valuable time in doing what I have since leaving the Pyramid. I could probably have the other Thundercats free by now if I hadn't stayed at the Treetop Kingdom overnight, but at the same time I'd have been hurt, hungry and tired and in that state, it would have been far too easy to be taken down. Still, there is a chance that I can still rescue them like this. I know that the Thunderclaw and the Hovercat are at the old lair, and that they're the way that I can reach Castle Plun-darr quicker than running on foot.

I recognise the scenery as I pass by, as we came this way when we were rescuing Tygra. That means that the Thundertank is nearby and I only have to run a little further to see it wrapped in vines and overgrown with vegetation. It rests on its side on a grass verge, as still and silent as the day it broke down. Something about it is very creepy, yet also eerie in a strangely beautiful way. Realising that I won't be able to start it back up by myself, and my best bet is definitely going to be freeing the others. Teamwork is key and I've learned the hard way that I can't do everything by myself, no matter how much I try or want to.

…

Once I reach the Lair, I have to stop out of pure shock as I look up at the vast structure that was once our home. I was expecting it to be standing proudly in the early morning sun. Howether, it's a sight to behold; the great stone head has been torn clean off and the body itself is in ruins with the drawbridge completely collapsed into the moat. Such destruction would require a tremendous amount of brute strength *or high explosives*. My previous home destroyed by the Mutants and ravaged by time. So many happy memories of our time on Third Earth, destroyed so easily.

Howether, I can't let that bother me. Not when I have people counting on me to arrive. I swing my legs over the edge of the canyon then start the treacherous climb and it's not so hard getting down, but once I reach the bottom, I realise just how slippery the stone and concrete is after months of sitting in the water. Moss has grown over the majority of the remains of the drawbridge and there's barely anywhere for me to climb. After contemplating everything for a second, I take the Claw Shield from my hip. Slipping my hand in, I activate the grappling hooks in the claws and begin the climb. Why I didn't think of this before beginning my descent is beyond me but then again, I haven't exactly been thinking straight since I woke in the Pyramid.

I grab a rusted metal pole and hoist myself up over the edge once I reach it, and the damage to the Lair becomes even more evident than it was before. Taking in the damage that surrounds me, I push the anger down into the pit of my stomach; it's better to save that for later and try to wipe the floor with the Mutants' asses. But for now, I need to find a method of transport. I run over to the paw hangar and notice a large crack in the blue stone. Taking in a deep breath and expecting the worst, I walk into the hangar and, to my absolute shock, there in front of me sits the Thunderclaw in pristine condition which seems a little bit fishy to me. At least it's not in ruins like the Lair itself, just a little dusty. I wipe the control panel down with my hand before trying the ignition, and to my relief, it roars to life. After so long sitting stationary, I wouldn't have expected the craft to actually have any power left; I guess that I must have gotten lucky. I mount the vehicle and rev the engine, taking off into the sky. The wind whips

my mane in my face as I speed through the sky. I know that trying to rescue the other Thundercats in broad daylight is a bad idea, but I can't wait any longer. The forest flies by beneath as I soar through the clouds. My friends are counting on me and I've already failed them once - one time too many.

------- (BORDER) -------

"Mumm-ra! There's an enemy aircraft incoming! It's one of the Thundercats' aircraft! And there's only one Thundercat who we haven't captured, which means that it's Lion-O!" he caws, making me chuckle. Just as I had planned, he's managed to muster up enough courage to come and rescue his friends. Pity! Little does the insolent cub know that this is all part of the plan that I put in place after lifting the spell that kept him in a liminal state of being for the past year – not quite dead but not quite alive.

"Get to your battle stations, Mutants. Make sure that our *guest* has the best reunion with his friends…" I growl as I stand, reaching down and pulling the Sword of Plun-darr from the stand by the side of my throne. The alarm sounds, and the Guards and countless other Mutants flood the corridors.

"Jackalman, Monkian! Take the Ssskycutters! I'll take the Nosediver! Vultureman, you know what to do!"

"I trust you know what you're doing, Slithe!" I snap as the reptile mounts the Nosediver, "You'd better not kill Lion-O. If you do, I'll have your hide! I need that boy alive for what I have planned."

Slithe simply cackles

"Oh, you can trussst me, 'Lord' Mumm-ra! I won't kill him…yet."

I hear shouts from outside, along with laser blasts and when I look out of the window, and see a horde of Mutants crowding around the young Thundercat. There's a deafening roar, and screams of agony as the idiots are thrown around like ragdolls with ease. Once he is overwhelmed, he will be easy to defeat, and he will regret even thinking about doing this.

------- (BORDER) -------

I grab the first Mutant in front of me that I can get my hands on, then sink my fangs deep into his arm as he screams in pain, my mouth filling with hot, salty blood. Seconds later, I feel another Mutant grab my mane and attempting to pull me back, which I stop when I give it a swift kick between the legs.

"It's Lion-O! Get him!"

I look up as a shadow falls over me, seeing two Skycutters circling above me like a pair of scavengers along with Vultureman's Flying Machine. Catching a familiar sound, I glance bac down and see the Nosediver speeding towards me, along with a troupe of Mutants following that. Those damn Mutants, they always know when is best to show up to the fight.

Vultureman dives at me from above in the Flying Machine, the claws scraping the earth where I'd been mere moments earlier and, in frustration, he starts firing at me with the laser gun but I manage to skilfully dodge every single blast This shit ends now. Unsheathing the Sword of Omens from the Claw Shield, I unleash a bellowing roar as I run for the horde, only to be thrown back by a bolt of electricity as it feels like my entire body is rammed at full-force by the entire weight of the Thundertank. The dirt is hard and dry as I roll, desperately trying to stop myself but the pain in my stomach tells me that my stitches have torn.

Ears ringing and severely winded, I look up and see Mumm-Ra hovering above me, hand crackling with a swirling purple electricity. That must have been what hit me. Struggling to my feet, I only just manage to get myself up while using the Sword as a crutch when Vultureman fires something from a cannon attached to the underside of the aircraft. It hits the floor then explodes, sending out a cloud of crimson mist that starts to burn m skin and sap my strength the very second it touches me. I realize that it's Thundranium when I collapse back onto the hard earth from the pain and my rapidly declining strength. I fight to stand up, but my arms and legs are both completely refusing to co-operate; it's almost as if they are no longer connected to my body.

"Did you honestly believe you could rescue your friends? You are nothing; you are just a weakling without them!"

I look up at Jackalman as he approaches me. He hoists his axe above his head before bringing it down in such a way that it would deliver a blow that would take my head clean off of my shoulders, but a bolt of electricity breaks the blade off of the handle before it can come even remotely close to me.

"Jackalman, you fool! Mumm-ra told you that he needsss Lion-O alive!"

I struggle to get up as Slithe's shadow falls over me. I make a vain attempt to roar viciously, but the sound I produce comes out as nothing but a pathetic, squeaky rumble. Slithe lets out a guttural laugh before kicking me in the chest, sending my sprawling onto my back as I gasp for breath. That's going to leave a bruise. Upon trying to sit up, the wretched snake puts his right foot on my chest and forces me back down again as he glares down at me, saliva dribbling down the side of his mouth as he hisses.

"I don't think ssso, boy." He presses tip of the blade of his axe against my throat, digging it into my skin uncomfortably close to my jawline, "Don't move if you value your life!"

"You're going to pay for all of this, Slithe! I don't care how long it takes or what it costs me in the end, but I will make you pay for everything you've done to my friends…" I growl darkly, willing the bonds holding my wrists together to break. Alas, no such luck comes my way as the reptile throws his hand back. There's an explosion of pain across my face accompanied by the taste of blood as my fangs cut into the soft, delicate flesh on the inside of my mouth, and the force of the blow sends me sprawling into the dust with both wounded pride and a lot of pain.

"Put the collar on him, Monkian. Now, while he isss down, yesss?"

"Hoo hoo! But what if he tries to pull it off?"

"I would like to sssee him try…"

I try desperately to fight back as the reptile restrains me but in my weakened state, I'm powerless to defend myself as the ape takes a strip of leather from his belt and ties it around my neck to the point of pain as it feels like my windpipe is being squeezed. The collar feels funny against my skin, almost like

static in a way. I reach to pull it off but the second my hands close around the material, I recoil sharply as it burns the palms of my hands. Again, Thundrainium but presumably a higher amount of it. The pair of Mutants grab me by my arms, pulling at my thick fur as they drag me into an upright position but all I want to do is sleep. Gravity is trying its hardest to drag me down and the two Mutants holding me are the only things keeping me standing. I feel so weak and tired, and my stomach feels like its doing somersaults in my abdomen. I want to be sick but there's nothing in my stomach.

"Take him to my throne room, Mutants. I will deal with him once I am ready."

Slithe nods at Mumm-Ra's command, then I'm dragged into the Castle by my aching arms. Slithe digs his claws into my skin, making me flinch in pain and let out a small whimper, which only makes him dig them in deeper. My eyes feel heavy and my limbs are like lead weights, my head spinning as the motion makes me feel sick to my very stomach. I involuntarily heave, but nothing comes up despite how much my stomach keeps lurching. Eventually, we come to a wooden door that has hieroglyphics carved into it. The Guards stationed outside push the door open and the Mutants drag me inside, roughly throwing me to the ground not too far away from a throne of skulls. Ma-Mutt sleeps on the throne, head resting on his paws.

"Remove that collar then ssshave hisss fur…"

"No! Please!"

My cries are ignored as I'm tied down and my luscious thick fur is crudely cut with knives. The seemingly endless tugging is painful as I squirm, trying to protect myself as best as I can but the only result that I get from that is a few cuts on myself from the sharp blade. Humiliated, I sit up once they've retreated and see my reflection in the polished stone walls. I look like a mess; my arms and legs are bloody and my fur is patchy and ridiculous. My hand goes to my throat, and I can feel the raw skin where the collar was sat around my neck. The Thundrainium will have burned the fur away from that area but, within time, it will grow back bit for now, I'm worried about my health. Long exposures to a lower level of the harmful substance are always survivable but a short-term exposure to extreme levels? Depending on how high the level, it is most likely fatal.

I try to put my mind off of it, but gravity manages to pull me back down. I'm so weak and tired…Maybe just a little sleep won't hurt…

…

I awake to a bitter substance being poured into my mouth. Mustering what little strength I have, I manage to crack one eye open to see an elderly female jackal pouring a bottle of medicine into my mouth. I recognise the taste – it's the herbal remedy that Pumyra and Tygra created in order to mitigate the horrible effects of Thundrainium poisoning.

"You must not ever again be so careless, Lord Mumm-Ra. The boy may look like an adult but he has not long grown from a kitten and the levels of Thundrainium radiation you exposed him to were deadly for someone of his age. He will be perfectly fine, just let him rest."

The jackal leaves as Mumm-Ra just looks down at me with scorn and disgust, and that's when I clock the Sword of Omens and Claw Shield slung around his waist. The Eye is bound tightly in strips of material which definitely would prevent me from even attempting to call it to my aid.

“Such bravery, Thundercat. But all of that was for nothing. I have the Sword now, and without it, you are nothing,” he starts as he kneels down beside me, “You’re never going to taste freedom again, and you only have yourself to blame for it. Your brash decisions have cost you more than you’re ever going to be aware of…” He then turns to Slithe and Monkian.

“Take him from my sight. I’ll decide what to do with him later.”

As I’m dragged from the room, Mumm-ra glares at me and it still feels like he’s watching me even after the doors are closed. The stench of mildew and stagnant water lingers in the air and it would be enough to make me feel sick, but I manage to hold off. I should have but up more of a fight against them, but they had me completely outnumbered. What the hell was I thinking? Did I seriously expect to be able to rescue my friends by myself? I obviously did, otherwise I wouldn’t be where I am right now. I gaze up at the ceiling, only to regret it when it starts to feel like the room is violently spinning – one of the very nasty side-effects of Thundrainium exposure. Letting out a weak whimper, I close my eyes but that does little to abate the torturous, sickening sensation that threatens to drive me to the very edge.

By the time I’m dragged into the dungeon, I’m thoroughly sickened and still, the only thing that I want to do is sleep; I’m so tired. When I manage to bring myself to turn my head, I see that there’s a cell waiting for me, and I’m chained in an upright position from my wrists the moment I’m taken inside. My shoulders threaten to pop completely out of joint from the weight of my body exerted on them, yet every time I try to gain my footing, my legs just give way as I cry out in pain.

The relieving absence of the Thundrainium collar is soon replaced, this time by one made of both heavy metal and leather; one that makes my fur stand on end from the electricity that runs through it. It’s a shock collar.

“Ssset it at the highessst that you can. We will break him one way or another.” Slithe hisses as I look up at him, staring him straight in his eyes, “I’ll be back for you once Mumm-ra decidesss what he wantsss to become of you, yesss?”

The Mutants leave me hanging there as the dungeon is swamped in darkness. Only now do I start to feel the pain of the injuries I sustained today as the effects of the adrenaline begin to subside. In a way, I know that I have to count myself lucky – I’m still alive. Usually, the Mutants and Mumm-Ra will stop at no cost to ensure that myself and my friends are captured and defeated, and now that they have all of us in their grasp? What hell awaits me now? I should prepare to accept whatever fate comes my way, seeing as how, yet again, I let my impetuousness take control of me. My friends have always made sure to teach me about how I endanger myself every time that I allow that, and I have to ask myself this one time, *why now*?

Tears of humiliation stream down my cheeks as I hang there, cutting fiery paths down my face as my arms slowly beginning to lose all sensation from being elevated for so long. Is this what hopelessness feels like? Being so powerless and yet knowing that the only reason why you are in the situation that you are is because of your own childish stupidity? The other Thundercats had only started treating me like an adult before the incident at the Black Pyramid happened, and I don’t know how they’re ever going to forgive me for this.

After what feels like the longest time, I hear the door of the dungeon swing open and the faint sound of two voices meets my ear as they get closer. One is Monkian, and the other makes my heart leap as I

also catch her scent. I see her in the orange torchlight as she's brought past me, and that's when she notices that I'm there.

"*Lion-O*?"

I look up, just wordlessly watching as Cheetara is dragged into the cell next to mine. I can see the tears streaming down her cheeks as she is roughly thrown to the floor, and that just makes the pangs of guilt hit me even harder.

"Lion-O? Please say something…" she says as she stands up.

I don't respond. I've failed them by getting caught in the way that I did.

"I've let you down. I've let you all down…" I choke through my tears while pulling on the chains again, and yet they don't break. They *never* break which isn't like me to not be strong enough.

"Lion-O, you tried and that's the main thing." Cheetara soothes as she leans against the bars between our cells, the tips of her fingers only just reaching me. Longing for the warm comfort of her touch, I manage to adjust myself so that my cheek rests in her palm. Immediately, the pain and fear melts away and I can't help but start purring, feeling safe for once.

"Thank you for believing in me...Especially when I didn't believe in myself…"

I hear the cell door open, and I look up at Slithe as he walks in. Cheetara immediately recoils, and Slithe hisses when he sees what he interrupted.

"You're very lucky today, Lion-O. Lord Mumm-ra will let you live if you are hisss persssonal ssservant, yesss?" he hisses as he unclips the chains from the overhead rings and my body drops to the floor as my weight is put on my numb legs. I fall to my knees, and the reptile roughly seizes hold of a handful of my red mane before dragging me upright as I groan in pain, but Slithe punches me around the back of my head out of impatience when my legs give way once again.

"*Get up*!"

I somehow get to my feet, and am dragged out of the cell once again. The wretched snake grabs hold of what little remains of my fur and, with the help of Monkian and Jackalman, forces me to walk forwards towards the door of the dungeon. Jackalman opens it, and then he joins Slithe by taking one of the chains from him. I am roughly pulled around and struck when I fight against them both, the chains leaving painful welts on my body in varying places.

"Keep up like that, and I'll have your hide for a fur coat, yesss?" Slithe snaps as he digs the sharp point of a dagger into my back. I gulp then, deciding co-operation is better than pain. *For now*.

…

"Well, Lion-O. Who would have ever thought that you were going to end up as my personal slave?"

I glare up at Mumm-Ra as he paces before me, presumably trying to decide what he is going to do to me next. I wipe the blood from my nose where he'd punched me, my cream-coloured fur streaked with the crimson fluid as I try to slow my breathing. The beating had hurt like hell and my bruised ribs scream at me, but with the lingering effects of the Thundrainium and the lack of the Sword of Omens, I'm next to defenceless against the ancient being.

“You can’t command me to do anything, Mumm-Ra. Good will never succumb to evil, no matter the odds!” I roar as I run towards him, finally having managed to find my footing. However, the heavy chains around my ankles get caught on a hook in the floor, and the impact knocks the air from my already aching body.

“What do you hope to achieve, cub? Freedom? Victory? Everything is so far out of your grasp that you can’t even comprehend it and that really *is* pathetic.”

My roar shakes the very walls themselves, and I see it when he grins at me with his grotesquely rotted face, thumb hovering over the button for the shock collar around my neck. *Shit*.

The charge shoots through my body as I scream, ants crawling under my skin all the while the shock grows in strength. I try to move, but every muscle in my entire body is tight and the agony is unbearable. Thankfully, he releases the button and I collapse onto my front, sobbing and panting for breath.

“This is all your fault, Lion-O. Like a fool, you impulsively rushed into danger, and was captured because of your own thoughtlessness.” Mumm-ra goads coolly as I stagger to my feet. I mustn’t fight him, not unarmed and especially while a literal torture device is strapped around my neck.

I glance up at the ancient mummy as he stands before me. The aftershock of having who knows how many volts of electricity coursing through my body hits me hard; my muscles are violently twitching, and my fur is standing on end.

“Nothing was ever my fault, you sadistic bag of bones!” I spit, nothing but pure ice-cold venom on my tongue.

“You were defeated and enslaved because of your own stupidity and recklessness”

I feel my body being lifted up off of the floor as he chants an ancient spell, slowly floating towards the demon priest as I scowl. He doesn’t break eye contact with me for even a second whilst he attaches the cruelly tight shackles to some overhead rings. What’s he going to do now? Leave me here for days on end without food or water? He releases me from the spell, and I can’t help but cry out when my full weight harshly pulls on my already injured shoulders.

“You’re a fool, Lion-O. By coming here, you have inadvertently put yourself at my mercy, but let’s face it – I’ll never show you it.”

He backs away slowly, and another wicked grin spreads across his face.

“Bring in the she-cat Cheetara.”

I growl deep in my throat in as threatening a way as I possibly can, but I realise it’s likely not enough when all he does is laugh at me. I bet the demon priest feels so proud of himself right now, having one of his biggest foes chained up, defeated with nothing to be able to free themselves with. It really is pathetic but my mind immediately goes back to the command he gave a moment ago.

“Whatever you’re planning, it won’t work Mumm-Ra. I will *never* submit to you, no matter how hard you try and I know my friends won’t either; we are Thundercats, and proud to be them!” I snarl as I struggle against the chains around my wrists and ankles, only resulting in hurting my already aching shoulders even more than before

Mumm-ra chuckles as the ape walks back in minutes later, dragging Cheetara behind him. She's tied up with thick ropes to stop her from escaping, but it doesn't stop her from trying to break them as she struggles. It feels like my heart tears itself in half when I see how distraught she looks and from the way she looks at me.

"I know how much you love Cheetara, but are you willing to die for her freedom? Let's see how brave you *really* are!"

Mumm-ra starts chanting in his mysterious language, making me feel nervous as I overthing everything I've ever done. There's a blinding flash of red lightning which bolts towards me, hitting me square in the chest and it feels like my body is getting drastically hotter, just how I'd imagine it'd feel if I was engulfed in fire. I let out a scream of pain and shock as the unbearable sensation of burning cruelly spreads under my skin, sweat trickling down my back as the burning rapidly melts into a raging inferno.

"Stop it! You're hurting him! Leave him alone! *Please* just leave him alone, I'm begging you!"

Cheetara's pleads are completely drowned out by my cries of agony, and I see the tears streaming down her cheeks. It feels as if I'm being submerged in boiling oil, a sensation unlike anything I have ever felt before. This torture is even far worse than that time when I had vainly attempted to rescue Pumyra, Bengali and Lynx-O from the Bezerkers, only to end up plunging myself into a super-heated sea. I still have the scars from that ordeal and my fur had only recently grown back to what it was before then.

With the remainder of my rapidly failing strength, I pull on the chains around my wrists in vain attempt to break them as I curse at the very heavens themselves and, to much to my relief, they shatter and I fall to the floor, panting rapidly from the pain.

Do not harm the Son of Satos unless you wish to bring about the wrath of the very Ancients themselves.

The voice is clear in the room. With tears streaming down my cheeks, I look up and see the unfamiliar man standing before us. He's wearing some type of material around his waist, and is wearing a golden headdress. His eyes are glowing green, and he is focused intently on Mumm-Ra who is enraged beyond belief.

"What is the meaning of this?"

If the Son of Satos fells to an untimely death, the Ancients will smite ye with a curse that shall crush the very earth you walk upon; rivers will run red with blood and the heavens themselves shall burn with the intensity of a thousand suns. Heed this warning, evil one, for the Prophecy is ineffable and bigger than all of us.

"The prophecy? *What prophecy*? Damn you, tell me!"

The Sword of Plun-Darr goes flying towards the mysterious figure, yet it phases straight through him and Mumm-ra turns his rage on me once the blade has returned to his hand. He throws me against the floor as I groan in pain before placing a heavy foot on my chest, pushing down as hard as he can as I struggle for breath. He raises the Sword above his head, the flames erupting from the blade as I gulp, searching for my saviour who freed me from the chains but he is nowhere to be seen. The Ancient demon priest brings the blade down in an arc, intending on a blow that would take my head clean off of my shoulders as I close my eyes tightly, waiting for the blow that would kill me with baited breath.

But it never comes.

Wearily, I manage to crack one eye open. - the jagged-edged blade of the sword is mere inches from my face, and I can see the outline of the being standing before me, hand holding the blade as he forces it back.

You are not to harm this boy. His destiny is far greater than that which you are able to perceive.

“And I suppose that you’re going to stop me, how?” the ancient devil priest snarls as he raises the Sword of Plun-darr above his head then brings it down again, and again it just goes straight through the mysterious being’s body with the ease of going through fog. Again and again, Mumm-Ra keeps trying in vain to harm our strange visitor to no avail, and with each failed attempt, he becomes increasingly enraged as he roars in fury.

“Enough of these games! By the Ancients, what is this sorcery? Tell me of the Prophecy or I shall ensure you regret tormenting Mumm-Ra the Everliving!”

I am a messenger of the Gods and the Prophecy is nothing of your concern, evil one. It is set in stone and is veiled with a curse so powerful that only the Barbary lions of Thundera will ever know to abate. It goes much deeper than you or I, and has been around ever since the beginning of time itself. It is something that evil incarnate shall never know for as long as the Village stays protected…

With that, he disappears, and Mumm-Ra turns to look at me as I freeze, and he spots what I was doing.

“Let her go!”

He cackles as he cruelly drags Cheetara upright by her long, luscious golden mane and the back of her leotard. The cheetah is very uncomfortable and I can tell that being handled so roughly is hurting her from the way that she is fighting back against him. She swiftly kicks him with her heel, catching him between the legs. He promptly drops her and she rolls upon hitting the floor, but before I can go to her side, one of the Guards grabs hold of me and locks my wrists in shackles.

“Take them back to their cells,” Mumm-Ra snaps, carefully stepping towards his throne, “Do whatever you want to them but keep them separated.”

Vicious claws dig into my skin as I’m dragged from the room and away from my beloved cheetah. The door swings shut, but not soon enough for me to miss Mumm-Ra punching her in the face. I let out an enraged roar and try to fight against the Guard who has hold of me but it’s futile – a combination of fatigue, pain and hunger has rendered me weaker than I would be and I have no choice but to co-operate as I’m dragged back down to the dungeon and thrown harshly to the floor with a grunt.

The door slams shut and a key rattles loudly in the lock, and I immediately get up and try to break it down to no avail. Why do I keep trying? It’s pointless. Defeated, I sink down to the floor with my head in my hands. Definitely not my smartest decision and I know for a fact that if we do by some miracle manage to escape from this place, my friends aren’t necessarily going to forgive me right away. I’m twenty years old now and I should know better than what I do on the daily basis, or so what I’ve been told in the past. The Lower Clan Elders *really* love to torment me about that one. The circumstances around my advanced age were explained to the High Council but somehow the information was leaked and the majority of those lower Elders seem to enjoy talking down on me and treating me like I’m still twelve years old.

Maybe I actually am? Physical exams done in the past have revealed that my body is physically that of an adult but the neurological exams have revealed that, mentally, I am closer to that of a prepubescent teen than an adult. But you wouldn't know that with how much I have matured since we crashed on Third Earth. Or maybe I am just a mere cub who doesn't deserve to be on the throne? Why the hell did the capsule malfunction? I was younger than the Wily twins when we left Old Thundera but to find I was a fully-grown adult when we arrived on Third Earth? I suppose that my questions will be answered someday, but for now I need to focus. I need to find a way to get myself and my friends out of Castle Plun-Darr and back on New Thundera. Our people are waiting for us.

…

I walked across an empty land
I knew the pathway like the back of my hand
I felt the earth beneath my feet
Sat by the river and it made me complete

Oh, simple thing, where have you gone?
I'm getting old and I need something to rely on
So tell me when you're gonna let me in
I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin

I came across a fallen tree
I felt the branches of it looking at me
Is this the place we used to love?
Is this the place that I've been dreaming of?

Oh, simple thing, where have you gone?
I'm getting old and I need something to rely on
So tell me when you're gonna let me in
I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin

And if you have a minute, why don't we go
Talk about it somewhere only we know?
This could be the end of everything
So why don't we go somewhere only we know?
Somewhere only we know

Oh, simple thing, where have you gone?
I'm getting old and I need something to rely on
So tell me when you're gonna let me in
I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin

And if you have a minute, why don't we go
Talk about it somewhere only we know?
This could be the end of everything
So why don't we go? So why don't we go?

Oh, this could be the end of everything
So why don't we go somewhere only we know?
Somewhere only we know
Somewhere only we know

Somewhere Only We Know – Keane