ThunderCats

Bio-Booster Armor Guyver

One Last War to Fight

Episode Fifteen: Re-emerging Evil

By Knight Writer

Finally! Sho thought as the party reached the outer rim of trenches which had been dug by the Tuskas. Above the rims sat wicked-looking cannons that he was sure could obliterate anyone who approached the Tower of Omens that lacked a soft spot in his heart for the ThunderCats. The sun was approaching its apogee, already scorching the earth as Sho disengaged the Guyver and reveled in breathing air he could actually taste. That it currently tasted like dust and sweat did not pose any real problem.

"You're looking better," Analee said as she brought her mount alongside him.

"Thank you," Sho gave a short bow of his head and shoulders, more to hide his embarrassed blush than a show of respect.

"Have you recovered your memories yet?"

"No, but thanks for asking." Sho grinned up at the wizened woman as Tuskas in thin white tanktops and khaki fatigues bustled about with bottles of purified water. "The ThunderCats really appreciate this."

"After all they have done for us," the Wollo who had introduced himself as Salvador said, "this is the least we can do."

"Sho!" Turmagar called as he jogged over to the group. "I take it everything went well?"

"All quiet."

"Good, good," the Tuska said around a hearty laugh. "I'll take over from here. You get some rest." Turmagar clapped a hand on his shoulder. "You look like you need it."

"I'll check in with Tygra first. After that, it's straight to bed for me."

Council had just begun, the ThunderCats having risen well after first light. Cheetara, however, had remained awake. Tygra glanced at her bloodshot, exhausted eyes, and wondered if he would have to order her to take a rest. His eyes flicked down at the claw shield which stayed adhered to his hip and the hilt of the Sword of Omens which protruded from it. Its presence was as a lead weight chained to his leg, heavy and awkward.

"First," Tygra began, "let's begin with Lion-O's condition. Pumyra?"

"I've just changed the bandages on his wound," the Puma said. Her voice was thin from lack of sleep, eyelids drooping slightly. She may have slept, but she had gotten no rest. "Lion-O's vital signs are still weak, but stable."

"Is he gonna get better?" WilyKit asked.

"I hope so. His condition is unchanged. At this point no news is good news."

"That brings us to our stores of medicine," Tygra added. "Pumyra, thank you for compiling a list of what we need."

"Of course," she said around a mighty yawn. "I don't want to derail anything, but I won't be able to heal his arm until he's out of danger."

"Very well," Tygra said. He knew full well that waiting too long would cause the bones in Lion-O's broken arm to reset improperly and would require re-breaking.

"It appears that Sho has returned," Lynx-O said from his position at the braille board. "From what I can tell, everything went smoothly."

"Some more good news," Panthro said. "Snarf'll be thrilled at this food shipment." Snarf had been complaining of not being able to prepare proper meals due to a dwindling larder, much to everyone's annoyance. "Might as well get Sho up here, too. He needs to hear what's next." Panthro didn't have to say what that was. The end result of it was hanging on to life in the infirmary.

"Then you are in luck, Panthro," Lynx-O said. "The braille board shows that he is headed this way." After a few minutes, a knock came at the doorway which led to the main corridor. At Tygra's beckoning, the human entered looking worse for wear.

"Thank you for escorting the Western Berbils," Tygra said by way of greeting.

"Not just them." Sho stretched as he trod to his usual spot on the wall, just left of the doorway. "Analee and Brie came with them."

"Really?" the kittens asked in unison.

"Yeah. RobearBill, too, along with the Unicorn Keepers. Oh, yeah, Cheetara?"

"Yes?" Sho took one look at her, and had the good grace not to flinch.

"A Wollo named Salvador came, too. He asked me to tell you that his daughter's doing fine, and the baby's due any week now." Sho did not know that Wollo females came to term in merely three months, and it would not have mattered if he did. Cheetara's smile was bright, despite her bone-deep exhaustion.

"That's wonderful news. Thank you."

"No problem. I'll tell him you said so."

"Now," Tygra began, "Panthro, please give your report of the ambush. Sho, please stay." Sho paused in mid-step, looking sheepish, and leaned back against the wall.

"Lion-O and I were headed out to meet the convoy," he said, outwardly calm. Panthro managed to keep his rage at what had happened in check. Barely. "Ten miles out, the Eye growled in warning. We stopped, but all Lion-O saw when he used the Sword's second sight was empty road. We were about to take another way when the ground under the ThunderTank came alive."

Alive?! Sho thought, the shock nearly giving him a physical jolt. The name "Dyme" came unbidden to the front of his consciousness as did what the Unicorn Keepers had told him.

"We leapt out of the tank, but the... whatever the hell it is... grew before we could clear it. Right about then, the branches of a tree close by wrapped me up and lifted me. Like it was sentient."

An image formed in Sho's mind at that, of tree limbs snatching at him, pulling, encircling, trying to keep him off kilter. An image from his past... He could see it more clearly, now, two... two *zoanoids*! It began to fade, as though his brain was swallowing the memory in an attempt to deny him the truth.

"Grune showed up then...."

"You said Mumm-Ra revived the Betrayer somehow, right?" Bengali asked, the slight growl in his voice deepening somewhat.

"Yeah. I don't want to know how, but that bastard did. Grune said he was in command of the Mutant Army."

"I knew they were still lurking around," Cheetara spat. "And with Grune at the head of them, they'll have an advantage. Did he have his Thundrainium club?"

"Damn right he did," Panthro replied. "I tried to get free, but that dirt creature, Grune had called it Dyme, kept me... kept me from helping. I couldn't get *free* of that monster!"

"Calm down, Panthro," Tygra said, gently. He knew, on having seen Panthro lose control a time or two on Thundera, that the Panther was reaching the limits of his retraint on his legendary

temper. Panthro, to his credit, took several deep breaths, though his hands gripped the edge of the small table hard enough to form small cracks around his fingers.

"Lion-O wasn't a match for Grune," Panthro choked out. "When he tried to call the the other ThunderCats, Grune.... DAMN IT!"

"Settle down, Panthro!" Tygra shouted as the Panther shot up from his seat and shattered the table with a single blow. The kittens recoiled from his outburst, clearly frightened. They had never seen Panthro this angry before. Neither had the other ThunderCats, for that matter, other than Tygra. Panthro stood stock still, fist still by his knees, panting from the rage that was singing in his blood. "Panthro, your anger won't fix this! Keep calm, old friend." Tygra's voice carried more calm than he felt at the moment. Panthro remained standing, panting heavily as he struggled to bring his fury back under control. The knotted muscles of his mighty frame slowly relaxed as he drew his fist back to his side.

"Sorry about that," Panthro said in a tight voice as he resumed his seat.

"Do not worry about it," Lynx-O said.

"Anyway, Lion-O managed to use the signal," Panthro resumed. The rage lent his voice a silky undertone. "Dyme kept Grune from finishing Lion-O off. Said it was time to bail out. And let me tell you, it wasn't because the rest of the ThunderCats were on the way."

"Then why?"

"It was because of me, Pumyra." Sho's gaze went from the Puma to Panthro before he spoke again. "Wasn't it?"

"Yeah. Dyme said you weren't as ruthless as someone he called..."

"Guyver Three."

"Yeah. You getting your memories back?"

"Some images, a few words, nothing substantial," Sho said, grasping his head at the pain which had taken root in his cerebellum. "I heard the people in the convoy use the name 'Dyme', and a few things clicked. Not a whole lot, though," he said with hands raised in supplication and his head beginning to throb.

"So," WilyKat said, "where's Guyver Two, then?"

"I don't know," Sho said in response. "But I *know* I fought Dyme before."

"And it would seem you won."

"I... son of a bitch, I can't remember it," Sho said as the pain grew exponentially. "It's like my brain doesn't want to recall it! I do remember that Dyme was a zoanoid."

"Zoanoid?" Tygra said, rolling the word on his tongue. "You've never mentioned such a creature before."

"Because I couldn't remember what zoanoids were," Sho replied. "I do know that the Mutants remind me of them, but I don't know what they are."

"If the Mutants remind you of those things," Panthro said, "then they can't be anything good. Any idea of how many are still around?"

"No, Panthro. Sorry, but I just can't remember. I do know that Dyme wasn't a normal zoanoid. He had powers that no other zoanoid had, and that he had two friends. I'm trying, but I can't recall anything about them."

"We can safely assume that they're dangerous," Cheetara said, her head propped in her hands. "Mumm-Ra may revive them, too."

"If he hasn't already."

"Speculation won't get us anywhere," Tygra said as he rose. "We must deal with our immediate crises first." He took a deep breath, steadying his nerves. "I will go to the Unicorn Forest to gather the herbs we need. WilyKit, WilyKat, you will join me."

"You got it!"

"No problem!"

"Panthro, you take the ThunderTank and tow the HoverCat back for repairs. Bengali will aid you. I trust you can deal with the details."

"Got it."

"I'm ready."

"Lynx-O, man the tower and oversee the delivery of our new supplies. Pumyra, as the resident physician, I want you to be on call should Lion-O develop any complications. Cheetara, you get some rest."

"Tygra..."

"No, Cheetara, you're about to keel over now. Either get some sleep, or I'll have Lynx-O use a pressure point to make you." The Cheetah nodded once before rising unsteadily to leave. "Sho, you get some sleep, too."

"No arguements here," the human replied as he followed the Cheetah out of the control room.

"Shnarfer, I'll tend to the mess," Snarfer said, already gathering the chunks of the table that he could manage. Panthro, looking embarrassed, bent down to help.

The walk to the hangar bay was silent, the two kittens falling in step behind Tygra and snatching glimpses of the claw shield and the Sword of Omens within it on his hip. The sight of it on him was wrong on an elemental level, looking for all the world as though it would never truly belong there. Tygra was impatient for its true weilder to reclaim it.

He hated to think it, but Tygra was forced to consider the possibility that he might end up being annointed Lord of the ThunderCats. He did not fear the duties and responsibilites that came with such a title. Shy as he was, Tygra would not back down from the demands of that role.

Should Lion-O die, then many of the hopes of the surviving Thunderians on Third Earth would die with him. Lion-O had no heirs to his future throne, nor did Tygra. Each ThunderCat lord had been of pure lineage to their clan, such being a tradition whose origins were lost in antiquity. Those of various Thunderian clans had held that lofty position, changing as the times and circumstances warranted. The Lion clan had held the title of lordship for over a century.

Tygra tried and failed to put a halt to his rambling train of thought. The tradition of a pure-blooded ThunderCat lord was one they had decided, soon after establishing Cat's Lair and with Lion-O out of earshot, that could be safely shelved. With so few surviving Thunderians, and only one female being of age at the time, an heir was a vital necessity. If Lion-O had fallen in love with one of the native beings of Third Earth - and that had seemed plausible once he had met the lovely Willa - the thought of a non-Thunderian queen had been reluctantly accepted. Tradition was a fine thing, but it paled in comparison to the ultimate survival of their race. Willa had proven a great friend to them and had even befriended WilyKit, but the ThunderCats were silently grateful that nothing romantic had bloomed between her and Lion-O though Tygra had felt stirrings in his heart and loins when around Nayda. The news of her death had hit him harder than he let his fellows see. The doors to the hangar bay slid open at their approach.

"Snarf, rwwl, over there will be fine, RobearZhane!" Tygra ignored Snarf, seeking the two Unicorn Keepers and finding them next to the ThunderClaw.

"Ah, Tygra!" the male said with a warm smile which his silver-haired wife echoed. They stood with their staves at their sides, hand-in-hand. Tygra had never learned their names, the pair having said that such things were unimportant.

"Hello!" he called in greeting, pasting what he hoped was a convincing smile on his face, "I wish to ask if you would give us permission to gather medicinal herbs in your forest. Our supplies are..."

"You do not need to ask," the small humanoid woman said with a gentle smile. "ThunderCats are always welcome in our woods."

"Thank you." The kittens echoed his gratitude. "We appreciate your coming here."

"We have not forgotten how the ThunderCats took such great measures to save one of our young foals. So few would have done so."

"All life has value and meaning," Tygra replied. WilyKit added with a smirk,

"No matter how many legs it walks on." The Unicorn Keepers laughed merrily at the precocious girl's jibe.

"Too true, young one," the man said. "Pick all the herbs you need, ThunderCats, with our blessing."

Tygra settled into the pilot's seat of the ThunderClaw, the two kittens buckling in behind him. As he began the startup procedures, Tygra began his lecture.

"We will keep the ThunderClaw in hover mode while we're gathering the herbs we need. Keep alert at all times, and stay together."

"We got it," WilyKat said.

"Don't worry, Tygra, we're practically grown up," WilyKit said next.

Not hardly, Tygra thought as he engaged the ThunderClaw's engines and guided the craft to the open main door.

"To think," Dyme began as he stared at the ruined colliseum which the forces of the Mutant Army surrounded, "that we'd build a fortress here." The zoanoid shook his bald head ruefully at the irony which completely escaped Grune.

"I don't see anything special," Grune replied. The sun sat high above in the clear sky and cast its merciless glare on the scattered ruins which dotted the otherwise barren landscape. "This used to be some kind of city, I guess."

"Boston," Dyme said with a soft chuckle. "The new Castle Plun-Darr will be built over the ruins of Fenway Park. I used to love baseball. Not so much the Red Sox. I used to be an Orioles fan."

"Dyme, do you realize that you're making absolutely *no* sense?" Grune asked with growing annoyance.

"Perhaps not to you, but before my assignment to Japan and my conversion I spent a lot of summers out here. I can still smell the hot dogs and beer."

"Hot *dogs*?" Grune asked, incredulous. "You roasted dogs?"

"No... oh, nevermind. There's no point in explaining."

"On that, we agree," Grune spat. "We need more slaves. There is a herd of Brute Men twenty miles east of here. Go and retrieve them."

"If I must," Dyme muttered.

"I thought you were keen on following Mumm-Ra's orders?" Grune asked with a sneer.

"His, yes. Yours, grudgingly." With that, Dyme melted into the soil and vanished. Grune snorted as the Mutants went about readying whips and ushering Thunderian slaves into position. He ignored the pangs of lingering loyalty toward his countrymen as a Simian cracked a cruel whip across the back of an undernourished Panther. He had made his choice to abandon the Code of Thundera ages ago, and with that any feelings toward his own kind. The Code had tried to deny him justice for his lover...

No, Grune told himself as he walked toward the Ravager. Primor's former ship had become his own after Dyme's rather effective demonstration of what disobedience would bring. Let the Mutants whip his fellow Thunderians. They deserved it for adhering to such a dated and irrelevant code of conduct. Might makes right. That was the only law of the universe. Grune fingered his thundrainiun club's handle as he stalked toward the waiting ship, not allowing himself to contemplate the emptiness he still felt in his heart.

It was almost done. The years had passed unnoticed as it drew upon every available resource it could access. The repairs to the injury were nearing completion. Like the consciousness stored within, it did not notice the passage of time.

Time held no meaning for it. All that mattered was the process that had been ingrained into its core upon its creation. Restore. Regenerate. Preserve.

The access to geothermal energy it had gained had been a great boon to restoring itself. The heat of the planet's core served only to fuel its efforts to gain wholeness once more, to repair the defects inflicted.

Soon, it knew in its limited way. Soon, it would generate a new form, and free the mind within its depths. It was function. Function was all. Function was life, and life was what it had stored within. All else was meaningless before function. The host would live again.

No one on Third Earth ever entered a place where Brute Men herded, unless there was no other choice. This was not due to threat of violence, for they were a docile race. Nor was it because their method of communication was little more than moans and grunts.

It was the stench.

Among all intelligent life on Third Earth, the Brute Men were credited with the worst hygene. Tabbots bathed themselves frequently, normally twice per day with scented oils bought with their stores of wealth. Wollos and Bolkins did so less regularly, due to their lower financial status, and without such scented additives. Even Crab Men were known to clean themselves.

Brute Men, however, had no concept of this. The scent of their own filth and excrement did not appear to bother them in the least. The concept of using soap and water - or just water - to clean themselves had never taken root in their primitive brains. They were a race not closely studied by anyone. Even the ThunderCats never had much to do with them. The fact that their squalid living conditions did not result in rampant disease was a testament of triumph to their immune systems. As it was said in many places on Third Earth, only the Brute Men could eat and sleep where they shit.

But they made excellent slaves.

Dyme nearly gagged on the taste of them as he drew the herd of Brute Men into his earthen grasp. Their frenzied struggles for freedom served only to spread their awful smell as he sucked them down into the earth which comprised his current state. Even if they were intelligent enough to erect mighty structures, they lacked the ability to wipe their own asses. Dyme chose not to think on the dichotomy of that as he drew the last of the thrity of the herd into the living soil of his body and dragged them back to the construction site. The sooner he rid himself of this burden, the better.

"Got another one!" WilyKit hooted as she snatched up a five-leafed plant from the root of a towering tree. The thick grasses of the Unicorn Forest cushioned her feet as she scampered toward another cluster of whiteberries. "I'm ahead of you, Bro!"

"He who laughs last, laughs longest!" WilyKat shouted back as he gathered up a harvest of numbing vines, his fingers deftly avoiding the thorns as he placed them in the sack at his hip. "How're you doing, Tygra?"

"I'm doing rather well," the elder ThunderCat replied as he gathered the bioluminescent moss from the trunk of a tree which the Unicorn Keepers and the Warrror Maidens had called a loblolly pine. Had it not been for the gloves he wore, the moss would have raised a rash on his hands as he harvested it, though the moss was used to make a powerful streptomyacin that Third Earth healers called penicillin. The kittens wore gloves as well, he noted with some relief before moving briskly over to a copse of flora which rose to mid-chest.

Tygra grimaced at the sticky resin which covered the seven-bladed leaves and tangled buds of the strange-smelling cluster of plants that the Warrior Maidens used for medicinal and meditative purposes. When boiled down and then condensed, it made for a powerful general anesthetic. When ground into a fine powder and taken by mouth, it also served as a potent medication for

pain. Though Tygra had no real knowledge of the more sacred rites of the mostly female tribe, he had heard that during meditation they would make inscence from the buds of the plants which they would burn. He'd also heard the effects were... quite euphoric. Tygra recalled with a small shudder how easily he had become addicted to the fruit Mumm-Ra had given him when disguised as Silky and vowed that he would never attend, even if invited, a meditation with a Warroir Maiden.

"Other than the Thundrillium conduits," Panthro said as he pulled his arms out of the maintenance hatch, "there's not much damage."

"Great." Bengali finished attaching the cable to the recessed tow hook which rested just behind the forward weapon pod. The length of braided steel fibers rested on the thick grass and snaked up the flatbed trailer to the coil of a powerful winch at the front. "Repairs won't take long. She's hooked up, by the way."

"Good work. Let's attach the casters." The two ThunderCats cast as few looks at the Berbil's reconstruction efforts as possible. The industrious little Robears bustled about, working as their synthetic humming filled the air. According to RobearBill, the new crop of food-fruit trees would be planted after the winter that was fast approaching. The Berbils had informed them just before departing that the trees themselves would reach maturity within just a few months of planting, and would bear their first crop of food by the end of the next autumn. The trees had been engineered on their tiny home planet of Robear for the purpose of bearing foodstuffs for barter with the native peoples of the planets they colonized, though they needed specific soil conditions in order to grow. Third Earth had been ideal for their crops, and the ashes of the original trees would even increase the bounty of the harvests. However, until that crop came in, meals would still be limited.

Let Snarf bitch about it, Panthro thought as he grasped the outer rim of the HoverCat's lift fan and heaved upward. Bengali quickly attached the metal beam which bore nine fat, knobbly rubber wheels.

The local herds of deer and wildebeest, which the Warrior Maidens hunted as their main stock of food, would serve to feed the ThunderCats as well yet their migration period was fast approaching with the coming cold. Back at the Tower, Analee and Brie were speaking with Lynx-O and Pumyra about a joint hunt to bolster both their larders for the coming winter. Hunting had been used to supplement agriculture back on Thundera, yet the ThunderCats had not tasted wild meat since meeting the Berbils. Though a hunt would help, it would still mean half-meals and old space rations for some time to come.

The other set of wheels were attached to the other side, leaving Panthro's back aching slightly. He ignored it while he and Bengali walked to the winch controls. He wasn't as young as he used to be, yet he wouldn't allow age to slow him down. He could slow down when he was dead.

That thought brought an image of the dagger as it ripped into Lion-O, and Panthro gave a small shudder of horror.

"Hit it," he said. Bengali activated the winch. Its small engine whined as it spun the coil and hauled the HoverCat slowly up the lowered ramp and onto the trailer which was connected to the rear of the ThunderTank.

"I wish we could help them." Bengali gazed about at the humming Robears with frustration in his deep blue eyes. "They helped build Cat's Lair and the Tower of Omens. There has to be something we can do for them."

"We offered, remember?" Panthro replied. "They told us they had it under control." The Robears had refused the offer of whatever aid the ThunderCats could provide on the grounds that their loss had not been as severe as the Thunderians'. The HoverCat now secured, the two slid into the front seats of the ThunderTank. The engine caught with a mighty roar. Panthro engaged the lower gears and the tank rumbled slowly forward with its damaged cargo.

So soon? Mumm-Ra thought as the stone lid of the sarcophagus slid open. Time's mists around the centuries of Second Earth were indeed thick, denying the Ancient Spirits of Evil much of their vaunted sight. For them to have found what he sought so quickly seemed too good to be true.

"We have not yet found what you wish, Mumm-Ra," they said as he approached the bubbling cauldron.

"Then, what have you found, Venerable Ones?"

"Gaze into the waters, and see for yourself." Mumm-Ra halted at the edge of the bubbling liquid and cast his gaze within its depths. The fluid darkened just as a tiny glimmer of silver formed at its center. The round object drew Mumm-Ra's gaze like a magnet as the light slowly pulsed in a ring about its center.

"I do not understand, Masters." Something about it was familiar, though. What?

"Do you not recognize this shape?" they asked. Mumm-Ra studied it closer, the image becoming clearer to reveal...

"A control medal..." he hissed, recalling his last conversation with Dyme. "Could this be...?" The image vanished as a battle between Guyver One and a man in similar armor replayed itself in the scrying pool. The visual ended with Sho hammering the control medal out of the other Guyver's head. The waters cleared again, showing a tiny chain of islands far to the east, on the opposite hemisphere of Third Earth.

"Go and claim it, Mumm-Ra," the Ancient Spirits of Evil commanded.

"Very well." Mumm-Ra spread his arms as the magic entered his withered corpse. "Ancient Spirits of Evil, transform this decayed form, to Mumm-Ra, the Ever Living!" The pain took hold as the change completed itself, leaving him filled with hellish power and wicked desires. Mumm-Ra's feet left the cold stone of his crypt as his enhanced body soared through the airway and into the black sky which surrounded his pyramid. It would be a long flight, but it could result in his other obstacle being removed without preamble. Dyme would be sore, true, but that mattered not at all to Mumm-Ra.

"Moons of Thundera, what *are* those things?" the Cheetah male gasped at the sight of the beastial creatures which were being forced up from the soupy earth only to be placed in chains by the surrounding Mutants.

"No idea, Selwyn," the Cougar female chained next to him replied. All the slaves, save for those who labored in the galleys, were gathered inside the massive ruin of stone and rusted metal. By Grune's order - and the thought of the legendary Betrayer leading the Mutants after having been so long since banished from Thundera was proving difficult to accept - even the personal concubines of the Mutant captains and officers were being pressed into service for the construction of the new fortress. The unnatural dirt monster which was vomiting up the moaning and grunting bipeds had to be the reason why that order had not been challenged. She had heard of what it had done to Primor, who had been the worst of the Mutant bunch.

"SHUT UP, BITCH!" The Jackal who had been ambling near roared as his whip left a trail of fire across her shoulders. The Cougar, whose name was Mylia, managed to suppress the howl of agony that roared up her throat before it could pass her lips. She, like all the others, had learned that their captors would strike them less when they remained silent. Refusing to cry out made it less fun for them.

None of the seventy Thunderian slaves spoke another word as the creatures continued to emerge from the earth and were manacled into slavery. Mylia noted, however, the resignation which was clear in their eyes and their movements. They had been enslaved before, she realized. Despite her own predicament, her heart went out to those simple creatures, whatever they were.

One day, she thought as she locked eyes with the soil beneath her calloused bare feet. That had beome the mantra of her fellow Thunderians in bondage. One day, they would be free. And they would never again wear chains.

Never.

Though the sky was pitch black on this side of Third Earth, Mumm-Ra's vision did not suffer. His ancient crimson eyes beheld every sharp and jagged detail of the barren rocks on which his bare feet trod without harm. He recalled how this place was once the homeland of the samurai, Hachiman, so long ago. The ancient demon snorted at the memory of that damnable human. If

Hachiman ever visited Third Earth again from the distant past, it would not be by Mumm-Ra's hand.

He clapped his hands together, the sound echoing as a thunderclap, as he focused his mystical power between them. Azure light flared and cast the immediate surroundings in wildy undulating patters before he plunged them elbow-deep into the bare stone. From each side of the impact point raced twin jagged cracks that rapidly grew into ravines as the earth was opened and the remains of the man-made chambers beneath were exposed.

Mumm-Ra withdrew his hands and snatched them apart. From the stygian depths rose a perfect circle of unearthly metal which pulsed in a steady rhythm. From its flat base trailed several spindly threads which were already bearing regenerated flesh. The medallion floated down into his cupped palms while the scraps of biomass grew and spread at a geometric rate.

Calling on the remains of his power, Mumm-Ra teleported the vast distance back to his pyramid.

Be it ever so heinous, there's no place like home, he thought as the tomb chamber appeared around him. The growths of sinuous flesh had nearly encased his hand as he set the control medal on the icy stone floor. How soon before it would regenerate completely?

Writhing tentacles had emerged from the medallion, twisting around eachother as Guyver Two was remade. Mumm-Ra cackled as he stalked toward his sarcophagus once more. Once the process was complete, he would have a Guyver of his very own to command.

In the next episode:

Oswald Arthur Lisker is brought back into the world. With his control medal fully restored, he eagerly stalks Sho as he joins Cheetara and WilyKit on a hunt for meat with which the coming winter will require. The two Guyvers meet in a titanic battle in which secrets are revealed and blood is shed. Will Sho emerge the victor? Or will Guyver Two be triumphant after two thousand years of recuperation? All this and more in the next episode of One Last War to Fight.