Gaining Perspective

By Lyngard

Prologue

Outside the great Cat's Lair, numerous mini-lights twinkled in a breeze blowing through the trees. Ribbons festooned around every pillar and hung in swags around every opening: door, window, and alcove. There was a heady sent of fresh flowers and sumptuous foods ranging from the savory to the sweet. Standing in a semicircle on a dais also decorated with lights, ribbons and flowers stood the occupants of the Lair surrounded by all of the Third Earth friends that had made the acquaintance of the feline creatures from the long destroyed planet, Thundera.

The party was in honor of the three new Thunderians to be named Thundercats by Lord Lion-O. Lynx-O, Bengali, and Pumyra stood with the other Thunderian nobles glasses raised in their honor as the leader of the ThunderCats finished his toast.

"And so my friends, it is with great joy I welcome the newest members of the ThunderCat family. I know that the roads we have all traveled have not been kind, but I believe that as long as the Code lives, we will continue to reunite our people." A murmur of agreement rose through the crowd and a clinking of glasses exchanging the sentiment rang through the ensemble.

Lion-O extended the mystical Sword of Omens toward the red badges that each of the new members wore. "ThunderCats, Ho!" he cried as the sweeping black cougar head flashed from the sword and emblazoned itself on the three disks. "As Lord of the ThunderCats and in Truth, Justice, Honor, and Loyalty, I name thee ThunderCat, Lynx-O, ThunderCat, Bengali, and ThunderCat, Pumyra."

"Ho!" the trio cried in response. A cheer rang through the air as the three new members accepted their new status and duties as ThunderCats.

"Well, now that the formalities are over, let's get this party started," Lion-O suggested and was quickly rewarded with the sounds of a Berbil symphony playing festive music.

"Pumyra, may I have this dance?" the lion asked the young puma still standing in front of him on the platform.

Pumyra's face already flushed with the excitement of becoming a ThunderCat heated into a full blush at Lion-O's request. But, she still rewarded him with a small curtsy of acceptance and took his large hand as he led her to a cordoned area designated for dancing.

Taking Lion-O's lead, the other ThunderCats moved to mingle with their guests and officially recognize the newest members. While Cheetara headed to the refreshment table to check on the beverages, Tygra and Panthro brought the Queen of the Warrior Women, Willa, and her sister, Nayda up on the platform and introduced them to Bengali and Lynx-O.

“It is an honor to meet you.” Lynx-O said with a small bow taking the queen’s hand in the two of his.

“The honor is ours. Today is indeed a great day for Third Earth,” replied the queen.

“Have you had the opportunity to visit the Treetop Kingdom?” Nayda asked watching the white tiger.

“We’ve been rather limited in our treks on Third Earth,” answered Bengali in a baritone so rich it almost sounded like a growl.

The festivities encompassed the crowd of well-wishers and Thunderians alike. There had been far too little time to celebrate keeping constantly on guard for mutant attacks or MummRa’s evil tactics in acquiring the Sword of Omens. However, with the Star of Thundera trapping the Ancient Spirit of Evil, the mummy was no longer a threat, and with their main strategist gone, the mutants would certainly not be in a position to cause problems – at least not tonight.

A slight flurry of activity near the refreshment table caught Tygra’s eye. Lion-O was handing glasses filled with fermented, sparkling candyfruit juice to Pumyra and Cheetara and saving one for himself. Smiling, the leader raised his glass to the two females and said something that was unintelligible from Tygra’s vantage point.

A frown crossed the cheetah’s face, and she put her glass down forcefully on the table. “She is not and never will be my sister!” came the snarl from the spotted one as she pivoted on one heel and stormed out of the party, now morbidly silent.