

# One Destiny

## Bionicle

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### Kapitel 27: Chapter 27: Clearing up the past

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The sound of cracking wood was shooting through the jungle. The new Toa of water was swearing while she was fighting her way through the forest. But it had to be. She hadn't seen her friend since he had finished their training and they started their seemingly endless battle against the Ikuta. And she still had to thank him that he helped the other new Toa at all. He normally was a shy guy and avoided others when ever he could, with exception of her. That had something to do with his past. He was found and adopted by Ga-Matoran when he still was a baby. About children without parents was nothing strange during times like that. But the Matoran remained sceptic about this child, they nearly were afraid of him just because of his look. A black body and ruby eyes. For his parents it was the sign of a normal Onu-Ta-Matoran mix but for others it was something evil. Black body and ruby eyes: the normal appearance of Makuta.

They even forbid their children to play with him. At least he was allowed to visit school because the Turaga who also where their teachers didn't understand what should have been wrong about the little Matoran. And that was the first time Gali met Tupua. She shared the Turaga's opinion. There was nothing wrong with the shy little Tupua. The others avoided him, she was there for him and tried to be his friend. Even if it was a bit of hard work because she had to keep it a secret from her own parents and because Tupua had already begun to loose his trust in other people. Together with her he slowly regained his self-confidence. But that could only take a bit of his mistrust away.

If she still was on the right way the little hut at the edge of the jungle was only a few meters away. After they all had left school he started to work for an old blacksmith who lived far outside Le Aro like a hermit. Maybe the only one who would have taken him.

She could already see the hut. Tupua was sitting outside of it and drawing something into his booklet.

"Tupua!"

His head shot up.

"Gali! You startled me." A bit of reproach was in his voice but then he smiled.

The Toa sat beside him. She first always had been afraid a bit he wouldn't accept her in her new form but during the days of training she found out that being a Toa had changed nothing in their friendship.

"Long time no see."

"What should I have awaited else. You are a Toa. Fighting Ikuta isn't an easy business. You can't believe how glad I was after I heard you all haven't only survived all those battles but also defeated both Ikuta."

"I wished you could have been a Toa too so that we could have fought together."

He shook his head. "Not everyone's destiny is to be a hero. Mine is it to make armour for our heroes."

"You have heard about our soon departure to Mata Nui too? I came here to say goodbye a last time and thank you for all you've done for us. Maybe we won't see each other for a long time."

He looked a bit sad. "No prob. I have heard about it and wished that day would never come we had to say goodbye. But there's no other way. And I wish you all the best ... And if you will ever forget about me", he placed his hand on his chest, "deep inside you'll always know there's something missing."

"I will never forget about you. Why should I?"

For a few seconds there was silence. Then Gali looked at Tupua's sketchbook.

"What have you drawn? Can I see it?"

He first hesitated but then reached it over. "Nothing too good."

It showed a nearly perfect pencil drawing of Gali as Toa Mata.

"I want to place it between my best armours so that it will always remember me about my best friend."

"It's beautiful. But those signs at the edge ..."

"The blacksmith still speaks the old language of Metru Nui. He had taught me a few words too. It's not much but it's enough for a smalltalk."

"And what is it supposed to mean?"

"It's a word called Whanaungatanga. It means friendship."

A few more seconds of silence but then Tupua broke it again. "But now you have to tell me about your last battle before you travel to Mata Nui. I have heard a bit about it but it makes a difference if you hear it from people standing outside the fire or from the ones who took part in it."

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*A real friend is who takes your heart, but touches your soul.*