

Shooting Star

By: Myra

Chapter 1: Changes

Who am I?

Hello! My name is Myra, and I am here to tell you about my story of the Guardians of Thundera.

The story starts from the beginning, back on Thundera and onwards.

Before anything else I will tell you a bit about my past, before it all started, on Thundera.

When I think of me, when I was a cub, I of course think of Thundera, my home planet. I really miss

Thundera like any other Thunderian. I loved growing up on Thundera. As a cub you wouldn't have a

care in world. It seemed so peaceful, most of the time. As any cub I loved to play, hated having to eat

things that was healthy, you know, the usual stuff you did as a cub.

I always had a thirst for adventure, I always wanted to go on adventures and discover things as a kid.

You would always find me with my nose in a book, failing that you could find me in the meadows

outside the village, playing make believe adventure games with other cubs.

Now, from the meadows you could see the cats' lair, which was in the outskirts of the city, which wasn't

very far from the village itself where I lived, about a half a mile away. That I remember well. I think I

remembered it just because it was so huge. As a cub I remembered it as some huge stone cat, peering

at you through the tall grasses of the meadows. and the meadow was about a mile from the city!

It concerned my parents at times though, me wondering off to the world of make believe. My

mother

called me a "dreamer". and father insisted it must of come from my mothers side of the family.

My

grandfather, well, he thought I was the "odd cub out of the litter." Lets just say this" dreamer"

started

a few disagreements within the family.

Much to everyone's secret fears it wasn't a phase, I was just as bad when I became a teenager. I wasn't like other young ladies my age, you know doing all that usual girly stuff. I knew that it wasn't

for me. I was 16, coming of age, and still wanting to go to the meadows and dream instead.

I did have some good points, well.. I thought I did. I loved reading books as a cub, always wanting to

learn new things, so I did ok in school!

That was the one thing my family approved of, They hoped I'd become a Doctor, or maybe even of

scientist or something. Everyone had these expectations, but I didn't have any idea what I wanted to

make of myself. Didn't want to think about it at that time of my life, I just wanted to have fun. It was my

daily goal, much to my mothers' disapproval.

Anyway, I was an only child, which was lonely at other times and I suppose good sometimes as well. I

lived on Thundera with my Mother, Father, and my Grandfather. We had a quiet life. The village where

we lived was on the outskirts of the city, basically the countryside. It was very quiet and sleepy in our

village, which I loved, as I hated the city with a passion. The city was so busy, stressful. People seemed friendlier here than in the city.

My father worked in the city as a trader, usually in all sorts of stuff, from space junk to gems, and minerals. My mother stayed at home to look after my Grandfather and me. That's about it, really. My life on Thundera was quite simple thinking about it. But that's how everyone liked it, although that changed though one day.

Everything changed and no one had a choice in the matter.

Anyway, Now you know a bit more about who I was, I don't want to tell anymore in case I spoil the rest of the story. Enjoy!

Myra xxxx

Chapter 1

Changes

"Myra! Myra.. You better get out of that thing you call a bed, and come down for first meal right now!"

Myra's mother shouted up the stairs again, yet another morning. She sighed and turned to look at her husband who was already sitting at the table.

"What are we going to do with her? She is becoming worse. I go through this near enough with her everyday. What are we going to do Tygris?"

"She will be fine, just give her a little more time Tigraine. Myra has to make her own choice. The

festival is on today in the city, she might find something there. You never know." Tygris replied. Tigraine nodded in agreement. At that moment, Myra walked into the room, looking half-asleep. Tigraine looked at her sharply.

"You should do something with yourself, Myra. You're coming of age. You need some direction in

your life." Tigraine stated, with much more concern in her voice this time.

Myra rolled her eyes as she sat down to first meal. She knew she meant well, but she couldn't help but get a little annoyed at times.

"I know mother. You tell me this each day. But I have no idea what I want make a trade out of, I have no idea where to start either." protested Myra.

"Well, going to dream in the meadows day after day is not a great start Myra-Anna!" Her mother threw back at her.

"So, what do you suppose?" Myra asked, knowing she wasn't going to win this one, considering her mother was using her full name, which usually meant that Myra would be in trouble if she didn't listen.

"Why don't you go to the city with your father today? You know the harvest festival is being celebrated all week, today they are celebrating what Thunderians have become. Forward in the way

of trades and professions from the beginning until today. There will be people there from all walks of life,

sharing with others about what they do that contribute to Thundera today. There will be people promoting careers to give people your age an idea what to do with themselves."

Tigraine looked at Myra and smiled a little.

"You may find something there that may interest you. At least try. It can't hurt." she finished.

"Ok, I'll go." Myra said reluctantly.

"Thank you Myra" Tigraine replied, looking happier.

"Mothers are good at that, making you feel guilty." Myra thought. "I think they know that as well.

It must be something they teach you when you grow up to become a mum." She considered.

Tygris nudged his daughter when Tigraine left the room to check on Tygera, her grandfather.

"Your mother means well. She is just worried about you, that's all."

"I know father, I know. Can't I just go to work with you instead?"

"Not this time flower, I have to be good as well you know" Tygris winked.

Myra grinned back.

After finishing first meal, Myra and Tygris started off to the city.

The family lived about a mile out of city, to avoid to every day madness of what people called "fast

lives" within the city. Thundera city was busy once they reached it. The first thing that came in to view

when they walked over the hills, was the colourful stands of the trades people and their flags flying high

above them, it seemed to flood the streets.

" Maybe it wasn't going to be that bad after all". Myra suggested.

Tygris nodded in agreement.

"Well I have to head off Myra. Remember, please be polite as well" he said and gave a quick kiss on

her forehead. "Make sure you are straight home afterwards otherwise your mother wont be happy."

"I will, I promise" Myra smiled.

Tygro smiled back and headed in another direction into the city. Myra then headed towards the festival.

Walking through the festival was fun, also very busy. There were all sorts there, to encourage young

Thunderians to take different careers in life. The Thunderian army, scholarships, local enforcement, chef. Anything you can think of really. After an hour or so looking around, nothing really took Myras

interest Until she saw something that caught her eye. Teaching creative writing and the arts.

"That sounds just right for me!" Myra said to herself, knowing how much she liked stories.

Myra was looking at some leaflets, then the woman whom was sitting behind the stand, a

Cheetah

Thunderian, looked up from her book she was reading. She looked at Myra and smiled a little.

"I take it you have a big imagination and are a lover of stories?"

Myra looked back at the woman.

"Well it was just a guess.."The woman continued.

"You guessed well!" Myra replied." That's all I did when I was cub"

"I know what you mean, I did the same thing near enough" The woman replied.

"I find it's a habit that you never grow out of, you should look in to this line of career."

"My name is Cheri by the way." the woman continued. "May I ask what is your name?"

"Myra-Anna, but Myra for short" Myra replied.

"Nice to meet you Myra" Cheri replied. "Would you like to take some booklets to read. Help you decide what you want to do."

"Nice to meet you Cheri," Myra replied, remembering her manners. " It does look interesting, but I

have never wrote stories before. I just like reading them."

"Well there is other paths within this career that you can take Myra. For instance the path of Thunderian Literature. You could be teaching history and story telling, and study books with students.

You could continue to extend your path towards creative writing, art. Whatever is right for you."

"Sounds goods so far" Myra replied.

"Well have a read and let me know what you want to do" replied Cheri, she stood up and handed Myra

some booklets.

"The address for the literature school is on the back. If you decide, you will be enrolled into a

class

to be trained in whatever you want to do in the field of teaching. You would be taught everything you would need."

"This is the best thing I have come across so far," said Myra. "I will most probably enrol the next day"

"I will look forward to seeing you again then!" replied Cheri.

"The same to you to" smiled Myra.

The pair then exchanged their farewells and Myra left the stand, excited with the prospect of doing

something for a living that she actually loved doing in her spare time. After coming to this conclusion,

Myra felt there was no need to stay at the festival and get home to read the booklets she was handed.

Myra got home as fast as she could, near enough bursting through the front door.

Tigraine came to see what the commotion was about.

"What on Thundera have you got there Myra?"

"Stuff," Myra replied. "To help me to have a direction in life, as you put it"

Tigraine folded her arms.

"And what direction have you chosen?"

"Teaching"

Tigraine relaxed her shoulders a little.

"I wasn't expecting that Myra. Don't get me wrong, I am not complaining, I was expecting something

like a singer or a actress from you, giving how much you love to daydream." her Mother smiled. She seemed happy from what Myra could tell.

"Well, I am going out now if that's ok mother" Myra continued. " I want to get stuck into these booklets I was given"

"Yes! Now you have done something somewhat productive today!" Tigraine replied.

Myra smiled back at her and headed towards the door.

Before Myra could escape her Mother asked her one last question.

"Oh dear, what are you going to learn to teach before you go?"

"Creative writing and the arts" said Myra, and then quickly ran out before Tigraine got a chance to protest or react in any way.

Myra ran off to the meadows as fast as her legs would carry her.

When Myra reached the meadows the weather was beautiful and warm. A refreshing breeze took the edge off.

Myra sat down in the tall grass, and looked up towards the Cats Lair, which she could see standing tall from the outskirts of the city.

"The huge stone cat" as she called it, seemed not as scary now.

Myra closed her eyes for a second as the summer breeze gently blew against her face, and through her hair.

"I could stay here for ever" She thought to herself with a smile.

With that Myra got stuck into the booklets she was given by Cheri at the festival.

Myra didn't realise the time that flew by, as it was so peaceful that day. Myra was so engrossed in the

booklets she was given, she didn't know that it was the early afternoon.

Myra figured she should head back home, before her mother got angry with her.

As Myra got up and started to walk back towards the village, she suddenly jumped at the sound of a

shriek and quickly turned around. To her surprise she saw hundreds of local wildlife running towards

her. They all looked panicked.

The animals ignored Myra as they sped past her. There was all the different of species, making all sorts

of scared noises, they looked like they were trying to escape from something, running towards the village.

"What on Thundera?!" Myra asked out loud, jumping out of harms way when the bigger animals stampeded past her.

Very puzzled as to what was going on, Myra looked back to where the animals where running from.

In the distance the sky was changing, turning red, and burning like fire.

This rang alarm bells in Myras head. This did not seem right at all.

All of a sudden an earthquake started the ground shaking around Myra, which made her decision for

her. Get home, and get home fast.

Myra ran home as fast as possible, following the path of the animals in front, in the direction back to the

village. The more fear and dread of what was going on grew inside her, the harder Myra ran.

Earthquake followed earthquake. Violent tremors shook the ground.

Then it started to snow. Not snowflakes, but ash. The earthquakes were allowing lava to rupture the

planet surface and erupt. This just amplified the fear growing inside Myra as she frantically ran, as the

heat from the lava was now setting the grasses of the meadows on fire.

What was once seemed so peaceful was now deadly. Myra was now racing on all fours, dodging the

grass fires. Myra wondered how far it was to home. It seemed so very far away.

The ash started to get thicker, stinging Myras eyes, and it became harder for her to breathe. This day

was the most frightening day of Myras life. All she wanted to do was just stop and cry.

Although Myra knew she would just have to keep on going. She couldn't see anything, so she kept on

waving her hands in front of her to make sure she didn't bump into any buildings or trip over anything,

and had now had to walk not run. It felt like she has been doing this forever. The earthquakes had

stopped for the time being, and what scared her most was the animals that were racing in the

direction

of the village was not making any noises anymore. There was a deathly silence. With that Myra started

calling out to anyone to come to her rescue.

"HELP!!" Myra cried. "CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?"

Myra listened for any answer, but none came. All of a sudden the earthquakes started again, Myra

became aware of the fierce heat behind her. She had no idea of what it could be, she didn't know it

was fountains of lava erupting through the surface a few miles back.

Myra walked faster for a while, which felt like hours. The smoke seem to thin now, she seemed to be

moving away from the worst of it.

As soon Myra could see the village in the distance, she ran again, and screamed for her parents.

"MOTHER!!....FATHER!! CAN ANYONE HEAR ME?..... PLEASE!"

Myra had not realised she was just outside the village, and Tigraine heard Myra straight away and

shouted for her.

"MYRA!!! IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, FOLLOW MY VOICE!"

Myra followed her voice without hesitation.

As soon she got to her mother she could see a lot easier. Tigraine grabbed her and held her close really tightly.

"Oh Myra-Anna I thought I had lost you!" She cried, "Look at you. You are covered head to toe in ash"

"Mother" Myra replied hugging her just as tight.

"What's happening Mother? Why is this happening?"

"Its Thundera. We have to leave. Leave the planet"

"Why?"

"No time for questions now Myra. Your father has got his trade ship we can use.

We have already got your grandfather on the ship, I had to come and get you."

Myras Mother looked up towards to where the meadows once were.

Myra also turned round and her heart broke at the sight.

A sea of fire now replaced what were once the meadows. Ash that seemed like grey snow rained from above from the now red sky.

"We really have to leave. NOW Myra-Anna" Tigraine said sternly.

Myra nodded, and then they both started to run towards the ship docks, dodging anything the planet threw at them.

As they got to the docks, There was a massive crowd. It seemed every Thunderian that lived on the

planet was there, hundreds and thousands of people. Much to Myras surprise no one was panicking that

much about what was happening around him or her. It was like they where expecting this to happen.

The only people scared, where cubs, screaming and crying in every direction, growing louder with every earthquake.

"Mother, did everyone know that this going to happen?" Myra asked.

"This, we'll discuss later" Tigraine replied.

She grabbed Myras arm rushed through the crowd, whom where queuing for the escape ships. Tigraine was heading another direction to the smaller docks, and finally got out of the crowd that seemed to have taken ages, seeing nothing but scared faces.

Once they reached the side space docks, they ran for one of the smaller docks at the end, and Myra saw

her father outside his small trade ship.

Myra raced to him down the docks and jumped up into his arms once she reached him.

"Easy, easy" Tygris nearly laughed.

"Get in to the ship now."

Myra nodded and went inside as Tigraine then ran up to the ship.

Tygris looked at her.

"How does it look?"

"Not good. I think there is enough ships, but I don't think they will get out in time" she replied sadly.

"I think we made the right choice choosing our own way of getting away from Thundera. Who ever

takes their chances with the escape ships, we have to pray to Thundera that they get out" Tygris replied.

"Has my brother or Sarianna made it to the ship yet?" Tigraine asked.

"There has been no sign of either of them yet."

"We can't leave them here. What are going to do?"

At that moment Tygera joined them.

"Tygro has just contacted me via the communicator. They can't get here as that part of the city is blocked off with fires and fallen buildings. He has another means of escape, he getting on another

escape ship with others. He said for us to go. He and his wife Sarianna will be fine, and that they love

you all." Tygera finished solemnly.

"Tygris held his wife, who was shaking with sobs.

"Come now Tigraine. You know how cunning he is. If anyone can find a means of escape out of a tight

spot, it's your brother." He said gently.

"I hope to Thundera you are right Tygris. I really do."

Loud noises then filled the blood red sky; the escape ships were started to take off.

At that moment they all looked up to the noises overhead, and saw the Flagship fly off towards space.

"At least they will make it. At least the Thundercats and code of Thundera will live on, which will

make any Thunderian proud if they live or not" stated Tygera.

"Well I would like to take my chances at least!" Tygris stated back with comical tone in his voice.

"We have to leave now. We don't have much time." finished Tygera.

Tigraine nodded and they all rushed into the ship.

Myra was already buckled in ready to go when they reached the bridge.

They all took their seats at the control panel.

"Bay doors are now closed. Docking clamps released, power ready, all go here Tygris" Tigraine stated.

"Acknowledged" Tygris replied, pressing all sorts of buttons on the control panel.

The small trade ship started to rumble and vibrate. The powerful thrusters came alight with a bright orange and yellow glow, scorching the docking bay.

"Taking off NOW" Tygris stated.

The ship lifted off, and headed towards space. The ship was a lot smaller than the escape ships, so it moved a lot faster.

As soon as they broke in to space Tygris looked to Tigraine.

"Slow us down. We don't want to waste fuel. Engage the front thrusters."

"Engaging" replied Tigraine. "Let's hope we can escape this in time"

"Escape what?" Myra asked. "I don't understand.."

Tygris and Tigraine looked at Myra and then at each other.

"No time for questions now little one. We will talk about this later." Said Tygera without even looking up from the control panel.

"That's all mother would say" replied Myra, and folded her arms.

"Please Myra. I know your scared, but be patient. Now is not the time." stated Tigraine.

Tygris looked up to the monitor.

"It's starting. Brace yourselves" he said.

"I hope we have enough distance" Stated Tygera.

All three of them stared at the view monitor.

"The rest of the escape ships are not that far behind, they might make it!" said Tigraine.

They then watched in horror as Thundera exploded, and engulfed the slower escape ships in the process.

Tigraine let out a gasp, and her eyes filled with tears over of loss of precious life they just witnessed.

Tygera held Tigraine as she weeped.

"Tygro...He must have been on one of those ships. Poor Sarianna, we have lost her as well!" said

Tigraine.

"Here it comes, the shockwave from the explosion. Brace for impact!" Shouted Tigris.

The ship violently shook as the shockwave collided with the ship, Myra screamed, as she watched her

parents and grandfather get thrown carelessly around the bridge.

The shockwave seemed never ending; Myra just shut her eyes tightly as if willing for it to stop, it continued to shake the ship, making the alarms ring throughout it.

After a couple minutes, the shaking stopped.

Tygera got up from the floor and went over to the control panel; to find out what damage has been caused.

"This ship is stubborn as me" Tygera stated. "The hull has been stressed in a couple of places there

is one breach, but we lost some power, about 17 per cent, but we still have the back up system to fall

back on. Thrusters and engines are offline"

"That's the best news I heard all day" Tigris replied, helping Tigraine up.

Tigraine rushed over to Myra to make sure she was ok. Myra still had her eyes tightly shut.

"Myra. Myra. Are you ok? " She asked.

"I...I think so.." Myra replied, still keeping her eyes shut. She was more afraid rather than hurt.

"Myra open your eyes. The worst is over for now." said Tigraine.

"Myra opened her eyes and looked at her mother.

"Are you feeling any pain anywhere?" asked Tigraine.

"No..I am ok." Myra replied.

"Good" said Tigraine.

Myra unbuckled herself and got out of her seat.

Tigraine then hugged Myra.

"Thank Thundera we are all safe." she said.

Tigris looked over the damage with Tygera.

"Has the hull breach been contained?" Tigris asked.

"It has yes. The system seemed to do this automatically. It has closed that section off" confirmed Tygera.

"Where was the breach located?"

"In the docking bay. We would need to land in order to repair the damage, although we can manage for now. It has taken a third up of the docking bay. The rest of the bay is safe."

Tigris nodded.

"I better get down there to find out what state the supplies is in. If you can, see if you and Tigraine can get the engines online, as our main concern is to escape the aftermath, we don't want to be hit by meteors or debris"

Tygera nodded in agreement.

"Will do. Take Myra with you. Try and find the protective clothing we stocked, we will need them now"

Tygera looked over to Myra, whom was looking at the view monitor, looking at the aftermath, wondering what has just happened and why.

Tygera looked back to his son.

"You have some explaining to do son" he stated.

Tigris nodded.

"I know."

Tigris walked over to Myra.

"Myra, come with me to the docking bay. I need some help"

"Ok Father" Myra replied, and she followed her father out of the bridge.

Myra looked up to her father, as they made their way to the docking bay.

"Father?...Why did Thundera destroy itself?"

Tigris looked at daughter and sighed.

"Thundera became unstable Myra. You know the minor earthquakes we have had the last few months?"

"Yes.."

"That's what made it unstable. As the earthquakes grew more frequent, the planet could not support life

anymore, and eventually would destroy itself."

"So you knew that this was going to happen?"

"Yes...well we weren't that certain Myra. You see where it was so unpredictable, we couldn't guess

when and if it was to occur. It could be in the next few months or the next few years. There was no way to know. The Lord and the Thundercats came to the decision that this was too risky, and made the choice to relocate to a new Thundera. Unfortunately it happened before we had a chance to move."

Tigris looked at Myra.

"How long did you know this for?" asked Myra.

"About a month"

"A month! AND NO-ONE DECIDED TO TELL ME?" Myra shouted.

"We didn't know what was happening Myra, you have to understand. We could have been on Thundera

for five more years for all we knew. We, like many other parents decided not to tell their children so their lives would remain normal as possible during this time. No one wanted their children petrified for months or years. Do you understand Myra?"

Myra looked at her father, trying to take this in as best as she could.

"I understand father. Its gonna be hard to get use to, but I know its the same for everyone."

Tigris knelt beside her daughter and stroked her face.

"You are clever and brave Myra. Just like your mother."

Myra smiled and gave her father a hug.

"You are my flower!" stated Tigris with a grin.

Myra laughed a little in response.

After a moment they broke their embrace and continued on to the docking bay.

The docking bay was a mess. Supplies had been thrown everywhere.

"This is going to take some time to get through this mess" said Myra.

Tigris nodded.

"We need to find the protective clothing first, also food and water. We will need the clothing now as

we didn't need it back home on Thundera."

"I will look for the clothing father" said Myra.

"Very well. I will look for the food and water supplies." replied Tigris.

They searched throughout the supplies. After a few minutes they where both suddenly disturbed
buy a
jolt, and then the ship seemed to be moving.

"They must have got the engines back online" said Tigris and walked over to the wall. He
pressed a
small button on the wall communicator.

"Father? Come in"

"Yes Tigris, I can hear you loud and clear"

"I take it the engines are back online?"

"Yes, they working fine. Front and back thrusters will be back online in the next few minutes."

"Great. Everything is a mess down here. We are going to be some time. When the thrusters are
back

online get us out of harms way of the debris that's out there"

"Already on it son. Tygera out"

Tigris and Myra then continued to search through the supplies. Although it seemed to take
forever to

get though, it gave Myra valuable time to take in the events that had just happened.

Myra found herself thinking about the people she knew, everyone, even Cheri she met that day at
the festival. Did they survive? Are they in pain? What are they thinking? And where are they?

Where they scared? Her thoughts then fell on the subject of the uncle Tygro and his wife
Sarianna. Are they ok?

Did their manage to escape in time?...Will I see any of them again?