

## Thundercats 2011 Season 2.5

By ThunderDork

### Part 1

~Shortly after failing to seize the Tech stone in Avista City...

Deep inside the black pyramid~

"Lion-O still possess the spirit and war stones. Your numbers wear thin, Mumm-Ra. Order your generals to recruit more warriors. Kill the cats and all who would fight beside them...Lead the cats astray then to slaughter..."

"Yes..." Thought Mumm-Ra as he renewed his strength in his cold, airless sarcophagus. "I'll have those stooges dredge up all the cannon fodder this miserable rock inhabits. As for the cats, Ta-Shi will keep them wrapped around her accursed finger long enough to seal their fates... Lion-O can only delay the inevitable for so long. I tire of him." His carcass squirmed in his tomb at the thought of the boy king. "I will rip the other stones from Lion-O's pitiful clawsheild and rid myself of his existence forever...!"

Mumm-Ra's thoughts began to twist around cruel calculations and dark motives. He dreamed of ultimate control; for godhood. He dreamed of it for a millennial since he first pledged his unwavering loyalty to the Ancient Spirits of Evil who bound him to the Black Pyramid. Using the collected might of the four evil gods, Mumm-Ra conquered entire galaxies and species, destroying others in a mad effort to procure the power stones and take complete control of the universe. Despite Lion-O's efforts, Mumm-Ra would be up to full strength and he would continue his mission throughout the cosmos.

An issue still remained over his soused rule that gnawed at the back his ancient, undead skull. How can he have full control over the universe while he remains a slave to the Ancient Spirits of Evil...?

"No more shall I be bound by this tomb and cowed by the rising sun..." He vowed internally with an evil scheme already forming. He would seek a mortal body of living flesh to siphon his spirit and demonic sorcery into. With the four stones in his grasp, he could grant HIMSELF immortality in a vessel of his choosing! Once his new form proved superior to his current he would use the power stones to enslave the very same gods who enslaved him.

Then and ONLY then could he truly call himself the lord of the universe.

Grune had been a perfect avatar, but the spirit stone consumed his mortal body. Mumm-Ra thought it best to let him rot in limbo for his disobedience for the time being. Who else could be worthy to harbor the ever-living Mumm-Ra's spirit? "One will turn up. In the mean time, the fourth stone is top priority."

Mumm-Ra's ghoulish eyes popped open, illuminating the inside of his crypt in red. His tomb mechanically unlocked with a low hiss. First to emerge from the tomb was a foul-smelling mists, behind

it Mumm-Ra. Dragging his old red cloak and some bandages along with his decrepit carcass, he approached the casting pool. At the edge of the water he lowered his head and knelt on one knee.

"I am ready to carry out your orders, my lords..."

The idols came to life. "Send for your Generals."