

(From the Brilliant Creative minds of Kevin Eastman and Peter Laird)

T.M.N.T.#3: Rise of the Foot

(A Steve Antonette retelling)

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Splinter is what they call me now. I'm a humanoid mutant rat transformed by an unknown green glowing substance in my home one afternoon after begging and rummaging through trash cans for a few bites to eat. Things were not always this bad for me; I was once wealthy and noble. I was once known as Hamato Yoshi, a skilled martial artist, mastering in ninjutsu. In Japan, I helped form the secret clan known as the Foot. A peaceful clan of ninja's which often helped their government with espionage and roguish missions. My partner and close friend, Oroku Nagi had been best friends since we were both young. Sadly, we had shared the love for one woman, Tang Shen. We, like children, battled for her love until one day, she confessed her undying love for me. Filled with hate and jealousy, Nagi couldn't contain himself; so on one dark and stormy night, he snuck into my home and raped and murdered Tang, at that time, my wife.

After a long hard worked day, I had just arrived home with a dozen roses for our one year anniversary, when I saw her lying there, breathless. Raged filled my eyes as I noticed Nagi climbing out the back window, without wasting time, I reached for my katana and sought her killer out.

I managed to catch up to Nagi in the park, in the pouring rain, we fought hard and passionate, until my blade came quickly around and decapitated him. Fuelling with rage and the loss of my beloved wife, I carried the head of her murderer to the Foot's dojo and tossed it on the main floor, for all of my pupils to see. Dishonoured from the clan for killing one of our own, I was given two choices, I could drawn my katana and perform, seppuku, meaning I take my own life and hope for honour in the next or flee and never return. Saddened, I banished myself from Japan on the first boat to America, where I would have to start a whole new life with nothing.

Fresh off of the boat in New York, raggedy and poor, I quickly found myself in the alleyways, rummaging through trash for a bite to eat. Eventually the weather forced me down to the sewers, where I began to befriend the rat community. A bowl of baby turtles was accidentally dropped by a young boy as he was coming out of the pet store, ecstatic and unaware of his surroundings, he tripped, the bowl fell, shattered and the four little turtles fell through the sewer gate and landed right on my lap, one of the happiest day's since arriving here.

From what I gathered later: a toxic waste company, to avoid public relations and dozens of lawsuits, and seeking a new clean, earth friendly atmosphere, dump several containers of a fail mutagen project into the sewer system. The ooze flowed into my home, covering the turtles. I came home from skirmishing through some dumpsters for some food, saw the turtles in the green glowing ooze, ran over and picked them out, getting myself covered as well.

The next morning, I woke up and saw the tiny turtles, they weren't so tiny anymore and they were growing before my very eyes. They became more humanoid, assuming their relationship with me and I also was transforming, but since I was friendlier with the rats for longer, I was turning into one. But then something really amazing occurred, the one turtle talked as he nibbled on an old slice of pizza, "Pizza?"

I decided to spend the next few years training the young turtles in the arts of Ninjutsu, literature, human history, everything I knew. They also had television, old comics and other random trash they accumulated over the years. They considered me a father, mentor and Sensei, and I consider them, my children and I know, deep in my heart, Tang would be proud...

I named them after some great men in history and my favourite artists, Michelangelo, the youngest of the four, although he might seem to be juvenile and unfocused, he is a skilled adversary and gifted pupil. Donatello, the second youngest and gifted with his mind, his IQ equivalent to a genius, he reads lots and studies hard. Next is Leonardo, the oldest of the brothers, hardest working and very dedicated student I have ever seen, very skilled and a born leader. Last and certainly not least, Raphael, a high tempered attitude with great skill; but lacks focus. Always with the quick solution and I fear, will get him and those with him, into serious danger...

Rise of the Foot

“Crime wave increasing, one man cannot do it alone...” The familiar voice of April O’Neil filled the television of loyal viewers across the Big Apple. “Some victims claim they saw their items one minute, and then vanished, right before their very eyes. Could it be the work of invisible robbers? Highly doubtful I assure you, more like the work of ninja’s. My sources say that an ancient clan of ninja thieves arrived here in America years ago and have been secretly building a massive army, their goals and missions, only known to the clan. I’d sleep better tonight knowing that our police are out there, at this moment, searching under every rock, looking for these ninja’s who call themselves, The Foot...” She took a moment and then continued. “Instead of using their resources to capture this masked hero, who single-handedly foiled two major villains in the past six months and prevented hundreds of smaller, but still noticeable crimes. I am for one, thankful he is out there, doing what he is doing and I know, the public is as well. Here are just a few of the people he has saved and what they have to say about him...”

A tall muscular man stood unwearyingly, wearing a very astounding and most unusual attire, most recognize him immediately, by his metallic two-prong, razor-sharp gauntlets and matching helmet. He was with a few dozen of his loyal members; all wearing black gear’s with the red bandana with a logo of a silhouette of a left foot. And right by his side stood another man, wearing black pants, black tank top with tattoos of Japanese art covering both arms; one in which was the logo the others had on their brow. He was bald and had a small moustache. He was shorter than the first man, but had a very athletic build to him, he appeared quite menacing.

The group was at an undisclosed dock at the ocean shore late one night, awaiting the arrival of a boat. Not too long after, the boat eventually showed up, stopped and off came a young Asian woman, in dark robes, she slowly approached the clan and when she stepped in front of the tall man, she knelt down before him.

“Master Shredder, a pleasure to finally meet you. The Sensei’s back home speak very highly of you; especially Master Cheung.” She did seem respectful at first glance, but you could tell she only said most of it to be formal. She then stood up and waited to hear what the Shredder had to say.

“Aw yes, Krang did say he was sending his pride pupil. Karai, we have been waiting for your arrival. What brings you to New York?”

“I’m here to make sure your branch is still functional. Over the past year, you haven’t been producing many results. I am here to get you back on the way.”

Shredder grinned as he defended himself. “Well, they did not give me much to work with. It has taken time to recruit and build a clan over here. The American’s aren’t as easily to discipline like the people back home.”

“I am not here to hear any excuses, only to create results. Now, let us speak more of this back at your headquarters I need rest and this filthy dock makes my stomach queasy.”

The Shredder didn’t want to bow, but for formality, he did. “As you wish...”

It had been several weeks since the turtles along with Casey and April’s help, foiled Baxter Stockman’s psychotic plan to unearth the city of New York. During this time, the turtles, Casey and April built a strong friendship together, Casey and April began dating and just the other day, he moved in. Casey and Raphael’s bond seemed inseparable at times, always patrolling together and beating up petty thugs and foiling random acts of violence.

Meanwhile, Donatello was fidgeting and tinkering away on the gizmo’s he had acquired from Stockman’s lab. Leonardo spent most of his time, furthering his ninja’s skills and meditating while Michelangelo honed his skills frustrating young players on the new Call of Duty game and coming up with new recipes to try on his pizzas.

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One clear quiet New York night, Casey and Raphael were impatiently knelt over on a ledge on a stakeout watching a weapon transaction go down. They were slowly inching closer, readying themselves to strike at the right moment.

“Did you bring the money?” The man, wearing a black ninja gee uniform, without the mask, asked while standing in front of the half dozen crates asked the man, dressed in the fine expensive business ensemble.

The outwardly tense man replied. “First, let me see the guns.”

Casey jumped down, landed on one of the weapon crates, confusing the dozen men circling the room; he stated. “The only guns you’re going to see are these...” He flexed his biceps, in several different poses. “Kicking your dumb punk butts.”

The men at first, a little taken back, some scared, they knew this man’s reputation, the lead arms’ dealer chuckled. “Seriously, it’s you versus us?”

Casey eyes squinted, he commented back. “You saying it’s not fair? Did you want me to tie one hand behind my back, would that even the odds scuzzbucket?”

He shook his head, couldn’t believe the crazy masked man. “Will somebody kill this moron?”

Then somebody turned the lights in the warehouse off, Raph quickly navigated his way through the bunch and took them all out with ease and swiftness. Casey went over in the mean time and flicked the switch, turning the lights back on. Raphael stood in the middle of a pile of unconscious bodies, dusting off his hands while a self-satisfying grin smeared across his reptilian face. “They got backseat passes to the gun show.”

Casey jumped down, with a frown on his face, he grabbed the crowbar nearby and pried open one of the crates. Lots of random pistol’s and submachine guns scattered on the inside. “You know, I wouldn’t have mind kicking some butt this time.”

“Learn some ninjutsu then.” Raphael replied with a sarcastic tone. “We work in stealth, sorry. Anyways, I think it’s a good strategy we got going, so why tinker with it?”

“Strategy, what strategy would that be?”

Raph explained. “You grab their attention with your babbling while I get the jump on them.”

“No, that’s not how the plan was suppose to go.”

“Oh,” Raph continued. “Seemed like a good one to me, say, if you want, you can tie them all up for the cops.” Casey grumbled, but grabbed the zip-ties and began to wrap up the bodies as Raph carried on “Besides, you still get the fame and glory.”

“I wear a mask, does it look like I care about the glory; my reward is punishing the bad.”

Raph giggled. “Yeah, it sure is fun; I see why you enjoy it so much. Now where are we off to next?”

While tying up the lead gun smuggler, Casey noticed the torn shoulder and saw the skin of the mystery man, he saw the top of a tattoo of a purple dragon snout. “No way,” As he ripped the rest of the sleeve completely off; revealing the entire etching. It was in fact, the Purple Dragon logo, but with an addition. This tattoo overlapped the original, it was a simple black silhouette of a footprint, the left foot it seemed and the tattoo was fresh, the wound still red and scabbing from the incision.

Raphael scoped out what Casey was staring at, and asked. “What’s your fascination with the tat? Did you want that one?”

“No,” Casey continued on. “This wrong doer is a proud member of the Purple Dragons, a dumb punk clan I took down months ago; they should be locked up in jail still.”

Raph went over to all the other thugs in the black attire and ripped their sleeves off, revealing the same tattoo with the same addition added to it. “This one looks fresh, what’s that symbol for?”

“I don’t know, but I know who can find out for us.”

April popped up behind a distressed Irma, frantically typing away at her keyboard and desk. “Did you find anything about the markings Casey found?”

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Irma almost jumped from her seat she was caught off guard; she had to catch her breath. "You're going to give me a heart attack April, then who will you have to hack into police files and do all of your dirty little research." She playfully guilt tripped her best friend and then continued on. "But I did find out some fascinating info..."

April, impatiently waiting to hear what she had found, but Irma kept her dangling, getting her back for scaring her. "Oh come on Irma, I'm dying here with anticipation."

"Well, it took time, but I was able to hack into the local P.D. and take a gander." Irma rotated her monitor around to show April the screen, more importantly, what was on that screen.

A perplexed April, shocked, she asked. "That was the truck taking Baxter to jail wasn't it?"

Irma nodded as she typed away. "Certainly was, and look here, The Hun never made it to jail neither, another cover-up, his truck was hit too and he disappeared."

The young intriguing reporter had to sit down to absorb the shocking news. "So, two of New York's most dangerous men are loose, think there is a connection?"

"I'll bet money and a date with your boyfriend on it."

April smiled. "No, that's ok. Hmm..." She continued to think as Irma then inquired.

"Does he have any friends at least? It's been a while, and we could double up on a date too."

"Well, he does have a buddy that likes to tag along with him at night, I don't think he's your type though, and he has three brothers."

Irma seemed overly excited as she replied. "What are you talking about? I don't have a type, you see some of the men I've dated, heck; a sewer rat seems even tempting..." April just smiled as she bit her tongue.

From the outside, the warehouse housing the Foot's organization looked totally abandoned and condemned, not much from the outside if you were to just drive by and give it a glance. But if you stopped and took a few moments to observe, you would see some high tech surveillance equipment scattered about, well disguised, scanning the perimeter for outsiders and had ninja patrols, secretly panning the area, making sure nobody got too close.

Inside, The Shredder escorted the young ambassador from Japan, Karai, around, showing her the operation as the Hun and Tatsu accompanied them. He brought her to all sections, not only to show her but to ensure the multiple operations were going smoothly. They eventually finished off at the combat sparring area, where young men and women, combatant one another for a spot on the elite Foot clan team.

"See Karai, each new member must go through a tournament in order to be a true member of the Foot. For our normal dealings, the Hun here..." He motions over to the leader of the once known, Purple Dragons, "has his own men in the underground world. But they don't have the fighting skill, or devotion to be true Foot members."

Karai nodded, like she understood the man and his reasons for exclusion. "I see, and what of these rumours about this, masked vigilante. I heard he foiled the two men you broke free from prison. Pretty risky move I do say."

"Well, a risk I strongly believe was worth it. They are two very important pieces to my, elaborate chess game. I got my own reasons for their freedom, some you see; some you do not." The Shredder defended his actions and use of the clan. "And as for this, vigilante, everyone seems so scared about, I have plans to, exterminate that insect."

Karai seemed awfully intrigued. "Good, Master Cheung will be very pleased to hear about his demise. What about the other problem with the scientist and his accusations about giant... Turtles wasn't it?"

The Shredder, along with the Hun and Tatsu chuckled, radiating pure evil poise, "The good doctor was delusional; I can assure you. He became overwhelmed with the amount of rats circling him frightened him so bad, he began reminiscing his childhood."

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It didn't appear Karai was buying the story, she replied. "Why would he imagine giant turtles?"

Shredder explained. "I assume, by Doctor Stockman's own words, he pictured the worst thing imaginable and since he had turtles in his youth; maybe big ones attacking him sounded scary. I'm no head doctor, but I do know, just because you think monsters are real, doesn't make it so."

The Hun added. "He just didn't want to admit that the masked hero defeated him. So he tried to blame it on some unheard mystery figures."

Tatsu grunted, signalling he agreed with the comments made, Shredder continued further. "In the end, I don't think it's a concern, we will wipe them out if they get in our way."

"And what of this intrepid reporter, April O'Neil?" adding more to the question at hand, "Her accusations and zealous reporting could jeopardize the New York clan secrecy."

"I sent some men to give her a warning, I assure you, she will be silenced soon, or forced to be silenced..."

The Hun clarified further. "See, just killing her wouldn't result in anything, it would just raise more inquiries about the Foot. But if we threaten her, get her to divert the attention away and then we can, eliminate her without question."

Down in the filthy drenched sewers, an energized Donatello grabbed his two brothers and pulled them away from doing nothing and brought them into his little lab, where he spent a lot of time, tinkering about with the devices he acquired from Stockman's lab.

"Yo bro, what's with the tugging and pulling, I was so pwning those twerps." Mikey, baffled he was being pulled away in the middle of a game.

"I created something remarkable, you have to come see."

"Like a faster way of making pizzas? OOH, I can't wait to check it out!"

Leo, who was mediating, came along as well, "Come on Donnie, what is it?"

The eccentric turtle pulled out several little green shelled- handheld props, the two other brothers, clearly didn't get the bigger picture. A confused younger turtle spoke first. "Yeah Donnie, these won't fit pizzas."

A baffled Leo also asked, while staring at the green shelled toy. "What is it Donatello?"

Donnie reached for one and slide the shell open, revealing a small screen and touch pad, Mikey, sounding rather disappointed in his genius brother, questioned his, break-through invention. "It's a phone bro, in a green shell. Little, gimmicky wouldn't you say dude?"

At first, he seemed hurt, so he explained. "They're not phones exactly; just radio's with our own frequency, figured we all should have one, and give one to April and Casey too. That way, if they need us, reach out and dial one eight hundred, turtle power!"

Splinter entered, he had heard the commotion, looking quite pleased with his pupil. "Excellent thinking Donatello, I am quite pleased."

Mikey was playing with the one in his hands, looking rather troubled, Splinter asked. "What's wrong my son?"

"Oh, nothing Master, just looking for the pizza App. Like on the Iphones."

Leo, kind of impressed with the new device, but looked around the shop. "It's cool and all; what else have you come up with?"

"I have some more inventions in the works; a good scientist doesn't reveal his work until it is complete. So for now, this is what you got." A stressed looking Donatello sat back down in his stool, grabbing his tools, continuing to tinker away. Waiting until the others took the hint to leave, in which they did.

Shortly after, April came into the old den, with a giant smile and a bag on her, "Hey guys, what's up?"

"Hey Dudette, just the female bodacious babe we were looking for!" Mikey walked over to her "Donnie.. err. I mean I made you a gift, see." He showed her the shell-shaped communicator.

Donnie went to say something, but brushed it off and continued his work, April grinned. "Oh, lovely, I also come bearing presents."

"Spectacular! Let's see." Splinter and Leo came to see as well.

April set the bag down as she explained. "Well, since you all look the same and I feel bad still getting you mixed up, I figured, let's distinguish you guys from one another."

"How, you gonna paint us?"

"I can tell the difference." Leo spoke up.

April gleamed. "No, your bandana's, sort of old and reddish, I tailor made ones to suit you. Mikey, I got you orange, because you're flamboyant and..."

"Flamboyant? You got the wrong turtle missy. I'm you're fun-lovin' pizza eating, babe seeking, and did I mention, good-looking turtle!"

Leo explained. "She just means you're not afraid to display who you are Mikey, it's a compliment."

"Oh," He took the wrapping and replaced it with his old one, he looked colourful and suiting.

April pulled out a blue one next, Leonardo smiled and approached her. "Leo, I got you blue, because you're the most self-controlled person I know, you're their leader and you're also soothing and compassionate, so I think it suits you."

Leo bowed before her, taking the bandana and replacing his old one. Donnie came over, looking to see which colour she thought best suited him; so she pulled out the colour purple. "Donnie, I chose purple for you because of your uniqueness and artistic ability with science."

"It's perfect, thank you."

She then pulled out a nice red robe. "And this is for splinter, get you out of those rags and into something more, Japanese." Splinter took the robes, etched all over were some words in Japanese. "Oh, and those words I put on there, they mean..."

Splinter took over. "Dedication, family, unique, aw yes, truly a great gift, thank you Miss O'Neil."

She then pulled out a red bandana and searched about. "Where's Raphael?"

"Probably patrolling with Casey, should be back soon however."

Mikey added, while checking out his new mask in the mirror. "Yeah, they better get here soon too, I'm starving and it's their turn to buy the pizzas."

Leonardo saw the colour she had chosen for their missing brother. "You got red for him, so appropriate." He then cracked a smile.

Casey finished tying up more delinquents Raphael had beaten up; meanwhile the turtle was off to the side, finishing an apple. "Man, this is just getting too easy. We need something, challenging, you know?"

Casey peered towards the turtle. "No, I wouldn't. I haven't had the pleasure of smacking up some punks since you've been tailing me."

"Yeah, yeah, blah, blah," A mocking tone came from the oversized turtle while adding, tossing the apple behind him, looking about with a bored expression across his reptilian face. "Well, it'll be morning soon; I guess we're done for the night."

Casey agreed. "Yeah," While pulling out his wallet and handed Raph a twenty dollar bill. "That's for the pizzas, it's supposed to be my turn, but I'm just going to head home and maybe a solo run on the way."

The bemused turtle asked. "Solo run? Are you and April going through a rough patch in the relationship?"

"Huh? We're fine, two kids in love, why do you ask?"

Raph ignoring the retort, continued with his lecture. "Cause I warned you, moving in this soon was a tad much."

A perplexed Jones, was bewildered by his friend's statement, but soon realized they weren't talking about the same thing. "No, I mean go beat up some thugs, not... that."

"Oh, my bad, sorry pal; I thought maybe you were in the doghouse or some..."

Casey interjected. "Let's just not go there. Good night, see you in tonight."

"And a good night to you," Raphael disappeared into the shadows, leaving Casey alone on the rooftop. He rubbed the back of his head, exhaustion was setting in, after all, he did work full time during the day and was out patrolling at the wee hours into the night, not much sleep in between. He was a few city blocks away from home, so wasting no time, he hopped from one rooftop to the next, hoping to get some crime-fighting action before hitting the sack next to his beautiful girlfriend he saved countless amounts of time.

"What luck huh?" He muttered to himself as he landed on the roof of his apartment, "Stupid thugs, I guess it's rather late now to be committing crime." He entered through the balcony, once inside he set the mask and his golf bag full of sports goods inside the closet, hidden from guests.

Still bummed out from not getting any fighting action, a tired vigilante turned the television on and planted himself down on the couch. He slowly stretched his neck and as he brought it back, opened his eyes to see three men dressed in black ninja attire behind the couch, staring down on him.

"Room service?" inquired Casey as the three ninja's reached for him, but he dodged and rolled off of the couch and was now face to face with his attackers.

"We have a message for Miss O'Neil." The lead perpetrator spoke out.

Casey nodded, "Oh, you're here for April, why didn't you just say so?" He turned slightly towards the stairs and sarcastically hollered up. "Oh, Honey, you have guests."

"And who are you?" The same figure in the middle replied.

"Me? I'm just the boyfriend." He looked over towards the stairs and smiled, "Aw April, there you are." The three men turned to see no one coming down; Casey took the chance of diversion and kicked the couch towards them. The couch slid along the wooden floor and collided with the thugs, dazing them as Casey headed for the closet and pulled out his trusty hockey stick that he uses on the streets. "Alright listen up, bananas in pyjamas, why don't you make like one and split."

Wasting no time, the one ninja performed several quick flips towards the lone man, once nearby, did a sweeping leg trip kick, sending Casey down on his bottom. An agitated man went to get up, only to be kicked back down. "We suggest you sit there, we're not here to hurt anyone, just to send a message."

A hurt Casey grunted. "Just a message huh, then send an email or leave a voice call." He held his ribcage, where he was struck by the one man. "Hell, a text would have been good too."

"Call us old fashion." The man replied, as the other two scurried out the window. "Tell Miss O'Neil to stop her story, this is a warning, next time we meet, won't be so formal." They quickly disappeared up above and into the darkness of the night.

An angry Casey threw his stick towards the closet, filled with rage he retorted to himself. "Nobody comes into my home, kicks my ass; threatens my girl and gets away scot-free, well until today."

Raphael returned home with three large boxes containing hot fresh pizzas. An anxiously waiting Mikey immediately rushed over to lighten the load for his brother and take said pizza. April was still there, noticing that Raphael had showed up alone.

"Where's Casey?" You could hear the hesitation in her tone, suspicious that something might have happened to him.

Raph chuckled as he pulled out a slice of the steaming fresh pie. "He was frustrated that I was doing all the work, so he tossed me some money for the pizzas and headed home. I guess he figured you were there, plus I think he needed to, take out his frustration."

"Yo Raph, where's the anchovies?" Mikey frantically searched through each pizza and then frowned. "I always get the one you like dude."

Raphael then noticed the new ensemble his brothers were wearing and the robe his Master wrapped around himself. "What's with the new colour scheme here?"

April, feeling a tad embarrassed that it slipped her mind, grabbed the bag and pulled out Raphael's gift. "Here I got one for you too."

"Oh, thanks April, red... Why did I get the same colour as before and they all got different ones?"

Michelangelo spoke for her. "You see dude, red represents anger and passion, and you have a lot of anger." Mikey laughed as Raph threw his sais at him, piercing through the slice the young turtle was holding, knocking it out of his hands and imbedding into the nearby wall, Mike looked serious as he added. "Whoa bro, do what you want to me, but don't harm the precious pizza." He went over and pried it from the weapon.

April got up after eating a few slices, "well, got to go. It's late and I thought Casey was coming back here first. So I guess I'm going home without protection."

Mikey looked at the still tempting pizza and back to the news babe and right when he was about done chewing, Raph spoke up first "I can escort you safely home April." Michelangelo snapped his fingers and grunted.

She gave him a kiss on the green scaly cheek with a smile. "Thank you a bunch."

"Have to get up early and do a report on that ninja gang."

Splinter's attention focused on April. "Excuse me April, did you say ninja gang?"

With a mouthful of pizza, Mikey managed to spit out, "Oh yeah, my bad Dudette so sorry." He took a moment to finish chewing the pizza stuffed in his mouth before adding. "I was supposed to ask you yesterday, what was the name of that gang called, Master Splinter wanted to know?"

"Oh, no problem-o, it's the Foot."

Surprised hit the old rodents eyes, everyone there saw it too, Leo inquired. "What's the matter Master?"

"The Foot, that was my and Oroku Nagi's clan back in Japan. We were a secretive clan of ninja's that did all sorts of things, mostly top secret espionage for the government. But..." He looked at April with concern. "Do you think they are here, in America?"

"That's the rumour going around."

"After my departure, I knew it would continue on, I just didn't think it would follow me here."

"Maybe they're just a punk group trying to be hip and using the name." Raphael tossed out a very plausible thought.

Splinter nodded, he too figured that could be one outcome. "Yes, but if the real Foot clan got wind some childish gang across sea's was tarnishing their name, they would send assassins over to, well, you understand the concern."

"Well, then I think it's best if we investigate this matter and if it's just some fake group, stop them before the real Foot get here."

"Good plan Leonardo." Splinter agreed and added. "Because if the Foot do happen to show up, then I fear New York would be in grave danger."

The Shredder slammed his fist through the wall while a worried crooked cop stood next him after he educated the boss that the masked vigilante foiled another big weapon heist that was supposed to happen earlier. "Sorry, I wasn't there, but I have your men downtown in lockup saying he jumped in, then the lights went out and they woke up surrounded by cops."

"This man is becoming quite a nuisance. Tatsu," The bald tattooed man stepped forward while grunting back. "Gather some men, nightfall, when he is out lurking for thugs; we will be out prowling him." Tatsu nodded and left the room. The Shredder with Karai stepped into another small dark room, with a small desk lamp illuminated the area and in the middle of that room, at the desk was a flustered Baxter was typing away on a laptop muttering nonsense to anyone who'd listen.

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“Doctor Stockman, meet Karai, an ambassador from the Japan clan.”

Karai extended her hand while stating. “Excellent to finally meet the genius I keep hearing about.”

Baxter stopped typing and looked up at her with a grin; he accepted her hand gesture. “Thank you; it is also a pleasure to meet you.”

“So, what are you trying to do here Doctor?”

Baxter adjusted his thick glasses with his index finger and continued to type and talk. “You see, the police confiscated all my research and belongings. Mister Shredder here has been nice enough to allow me the use of his... computer. Yeah, a laptop but I should be able to hack into my super computer and download my files to here. Just, that creature that hacked into my computer has changed my passwords and put up some firewalls, so it’s going to take some time.”

“Creature, you mean the turtle?”

Shredder was about to reply, but Baxter spoke up first. “Yes, no one believes me, but when I get my files from my lab, I’ll be able to show you all the footage from that night and prove my sanity.”

The Shredder motioned for him and Karai to leave the Doctor to his work, right outside the door, after it closed; Shredder smiled. “Excuse him please...”

“No, it’s fine. Passion comes with brilliance, I just hope what he can provide for you is worth it.”

“I do as well.”

April came down the stairs after a short, restless sleep, fresh in the morning to go to her day job, being a famous reporter. Waiting for her in the kitchen was a bitter boyfriend, pouring her a cup of freshly brewed coffee and a bowl of cereal.

“You’re up early considering you were out late last night.”

Casey nodded, didn’t say much. “I didn’t hear you come in.”

“It was late, I stopped by our little green friends, I came in and saw you passed out in front of the sports highlights, I didn’t want to disturb you, you were snoring sound asleep.”

“I was standing guard.” Casey corrected her as he sipped his cup of coffee. “You had some visitors stop by last night.”

“Visitors, well, what did they want?”

“Oh nothing much, they want you to stop your story, the one about the secret clan I assume.”

An inquisitive April asked. “How can you be so sure it’s that story?”

“Well, they dressed in black PJ’s and knew some fancy dance moves.”

“Like ninjitsu?”

Casey nodded. “Yeah, maybe the turtles know them. I’ll have to go see them and figure this out.”

April admitted to him. “Yeah, we already think the Foot are behind it, and they’re going out tonight to figure out where they might be. But they don’t, or hope it’s the real Foot clan, just a group of people that are using the name for personal gain.”

“They sure had some serious skill for street punks...” Casey replied. “I’ll head down to the sewers to let them know, I’m in.”

Then that lit a spark of memory in the back of April’s head “Oh that reminds me, here, Donatello invented these.” She pulled out one of the, recently called, turtle communicators, Casey took it and smirked.

Not sounding impressed, he muttered, “A cell phone?”

April defended the turtle. “Well, it’s just a radio, but you can stay in touch with all of us, we all have one now.”

“Sure, cute, looks like a shell.” He sarcastically retorted while stuffing it in his back pocket.

The day went on like any normal day, until night rolled along. New York, the city that’s awake all hours of the night, lit like the day. Up on a distant rooftop, the masked vigilante waited for the turtles

before heading off to where he thinks, these Foot impostors could be. With the impatient meter running low on fuel, Casey reached for the Turtle com to get a hold of the missing link.

While fidgeting with the gizmo, attention focusing on it entirely, several members of the Foot, stealthily closed the gap between him and them. "What a piece of junk, how do I send out a call?" He then heard a slight footstep, his head jerked to the left as he saw two ninja's hop down on the same rooftop as him. "You scuzzbucket's looking for me?"

The dozen ninja's circled around, all sharing the rooftop with the Casey, who was now stuck in the middle of them all. He circled around, seeing all of his opponents and calmly drew his lucky goalie stick. "A twelve on one power play..."

"We have a message for you, vigilante."

Casey retorted with a sarcastic response. "Let me guess, stop thumping your buddies and preventing smuggling deals or you're going to beat my butt, is that it?"

"No, we're going to beat you badly as it is. That's the message actually." Just as two men charged from behind Casey, who stepped to the side and swung the stick around, knocking one out of the two with ease. The second one got through and jumped kicked the man to the ground; the communicator fell from his loose pocket and smashed on the ground, breaking it.

Casey saw the broken device. "Oops, Donnie won't like that." He then tried to get up, as a third ninja jumped him from the side and kicked him in the mask, knocking it off. The Foot member recognized him instantly.

"It's the reporter's boyfriend." He chuckled as he delivered a powerful blow to the chest area of Casey. They took turns beating the lone vigilante as he spat out blood and felt weak.

Just off in the distance, beneath the surface, inside the soaking wet sewers, Donatello's communicator began to beep uncontrollably, alarming him, so he pulled it out to see why.

A curious Mikey was the first to ask. "What's up there Bro?"

Donnie explained while keeping his attention fully on the device. "I installed a chip, that if tampered with, it would send a distress beacon to all other communicators, signalling they were in distress."

"And..." Leo inquired, still not fully understanding his smarter brother.

"It's going off, meaning April or Casey may be in some trouble." Donnie explained in layman's terms for his less educated brothers.

Raphael didn't look impressed, "Well, let's find them, where are they?"

Donatello picked up the pace while holding out the device. "At our meeting spot with Casey, just up ahead, I also added a GPS unit so we can..."

Raph cut him off by saying, "Fight now, talk later." And with that said, he began to run with incredible speed, not wanting to hear non-important details at that particular moment.

A punch to Casey's already brutally beaten up face, caused him to spit out some blood after, he grinned, "Your mother hit's harder than that you dweeb." The angered Foot member then stepped back, readying himself to deliver a harder, most precise attack. Casey stood there, ready to take the hit.

Boasting further, about to make his last move, asked, "Any last words vigilante?"

Casey shrugged his shoulders, and thought of one thing. "Make sure this one counts junior."

The one holding Casey's left side replied. "Just think of all the things we're going to do to that pretty little reporter girlfriend of yours after we're done here with you."

That struck a nerve in Casey, fuelling his inner rage, he didn't care what you did to him, just leave the girl out of his endeavours, "Ok, foul ball pal." He then swept tripped the one on the left, knocking him over, releasing his hold of Casey's hand, that newly free hand swung around and knocked out the one holding his right side. Casey was still struck from behind and knocked forward, he was still outnumbered, but he struggled to get to his knees.

“Enough toying with him, let’s bury him now.” The one in front replied as he stepped towards him.

Then, out from the shadows, a surfer like tone cried out, “Cowabunga!” The four brothers didn’t waste much time with their surprised attack. Each of them took out two foes out with their initial strikes, leaving just two standing there, stunned that they just witnessed four humanoid turtles appearing from out of nowhere and taking out most of their team.

“Sure didn’t put up much of a fight, did they?” Raphael commented, radiating self-confidence, placed his foot on top of the beaten up delinquents.

Leonardo turned to the two still standing and pointed the end of his katana and stated. “Hmm, black attire, red bandana, you wouldn’t happen to be members of the Foot clan perhaps?”

Both men remained quiet, until the younger one stated, to try to intimidate the creatures. “That we are, so you better leave now or else.”

The four brothers chuckled to the statement, Raph replied. “We just whipped your buddy’s butts and you think we’re going to be afraid of you? Sheesh.”

Mikey and Donatello went to Casey’s aid as Leo and Raphael talked to the two thugs still conscious, Leo added. “Why don’t you two go play messenger and tell your boss that we are coming to put an end to this Foot clan business.” But the two men didn’t listen, one pulled out a ninja-star and went to throw it at Leo, but Raph saw the attack and reacted first. He threw his sai at the hand and connected, hurting the man’s hand and disarming him, Leonardo then round-housed kicked the other one, taking him out just for kicks.

“Well, can’t say we didn’t give them the option.” Leo shrugged his shoulders as they began to tie them up for the police.

“Yo Casey dude, you ok. Looks like you went twelve rounds with Mike Tyson.”

Casey grunted as he got to his feet, still dazed and dizzy, he stumbled a bit, he used Mikey as an anchor as Donatello recovered the pieces of his com-link. “I’m fine, built tough.” He then noticed the other two picking up the device. “Yeah, sorry Donnie, but they knocked it out of my hands. But I have to admit; pretty weak thing if that’s what happens after one fall. Considering it has a shell casing, should be tougher don’t you think?”

“Actually Casey see, I purposely designed it so it would break with ease. That way, the failsafe chip inside is activated and will send a distress beacon to alert everyone else and inform them of the danger they’re in.” Donatello explained as he easily put the com back together and handed it back to Casey, who stood there baffled.

“So you made it flimsy on purpose huh.”

“Well, yes, and it has so many other features...”

Casey cut him off, “I’m sure they’re just as impressive. But I want some payback, let’s get moving.” He went to walk on his own, but stumble a bit, he was sore and bruised, the pain was overwhelming for him to handle, but he tried to fight it, but it wasn’t working.

“You need some R and R time pal. Let’s us go and check this place out.” Raphael caught him before he fell over.

“No way, and miss out on the action?”

“Alright, let’s take him home,” Leonardo replied and turned to their human friend. “And we’ll go and just have a peek, see if this is the place or not and if it is, we’ll come back and get you. No sense coming on a trip if it could be nothing, right?” Leo, trying to smooth talk the man into a much needed time out, and added. “Mikey will stay back and keep you occupied.”

A sadden younger brother retorted with. “What, why me Leo, Dude, I’m itching to kick some butts.”

Raph replied with, knowing how to persuade his younger brother. “Someone needs to hang back and have the pizzas ready for us when we return... And who do you trust most out of us to handle such a task?”

Mikey nodded. “You’re right Raph. Me.” He took over holding up Casey. “You got a PS3 right dude?”

“Yeah...” Casey was cut off by the eccentric inventor.

“You do know I can hack that system, tweak it up and download games from the Internet to the console itself?”

Mikey replied, looking rather grim while saying. “Yeah Bro, you tried that with the first one and didn’t it like blow up in your face?”

“Like in all scientific experiments, trial and error, you need to calculate, sometimes it doesn’t ...”

Both Casey and Michelangelo simultaneously replied with, “No!”

Shredder, along with Karai and Tatsu stormed into Baxter’s room, where the thrilled scientist was impressed with himself.

“What is it Baxter?” The curious Shredder questioned the sniffing man.

Baxter rotated the laptop around, revealing footage from the day, his plot to unearth New York was foiled; he then hit play for the others to watch. “I finally cracked the codes to get back into my computer. See, the creatures that...”

“Shush, I’m trying to watch this.” Shredder ordered as the footage played, revealing the turtles combating the mouser’s, he watched and paid particular attention to their fighting skills and techniques. It then hit him, “Hmm, they use the techniques of the old Foot style...”

Karai, also saw that as well. “Does that mean these creatures were trained by the Foot?”

Shredder went into a deep thought process, how can it be, he was sure if the Foot trained and created weird creatures such as this, it couldn’t have been kept hidden from him, it then dawned on him, he spoke out. “Yoshi...”

Not really knowing what that had to do with anything, Baxter replied, “Huh?”

Karai enlightened the good scientist. “Hamato Yoshi, banned from the Foot years ago and presumably, hopped on a boat and fled to America, but that was where the trail went cold.”

Baxter used his index finger to push up his thick black glasses. “And why was this man banned?”

Karai replied, in a cold tone. “He murdered the Head Master of the Foot...”

The Shredder remained quiet as he continued to watch the recording, he then saw the Rat, Splinter; his eyes widened with disbelief. “No, it cannot be. Who is the rat?”

Baxter sniffled as he focused his eyes so he could get a better look at the image. “He came in with the one that could controlled the rats; I don’t think he’s with the turtles.”

“Something awfully familiar about that rat...” The Shredder muttered on. “Can’t quite put my finger on it.” He then had an amazing idea “Baxter, I need you to make something for me.”

“Anything Master, what is it?”

“A mouser... A bigger, more sophisticated one. A mouser that can capture and bring me this rat back... Alive.”

“I can have one ready in no time, now that I got all my files back...”

A malicious Shredder also added. “I would also like to know what created these creatures... these turtles.”

Michelangelo carried a wounded Casey, in through the balcony, where, on the living room couch sat a worried looking April who jumped up, once she saw the two. “What happened?” She asked as she aided the turtle and helping Casey down, lying him down on the couch.

“He was...” Mikey was about to explain until Casey intervened.

“I fell, onto a dumpster, underestimated a jump, that’s all, nothing to worry about.”

Mikey gave the thumbs up, agreeing, he knew, telling her the truth would just upset her, he went over to Casey’s play station and looked at his selection of games. “Dude, where’s you COD?”

“I don’t have it...”

T.M.N.T.

A distraught turtle sighed. "You're so lame." Then he cheered up and added. "But I can run down to the sewers, get my copy and bring back some fresh made pizzas too, score."

The Shredder approached the Hun while he was overseeing his men training to become full ninja members of the new Foot. "I need your services."

The loyal Hun bowed and humbly replied. "Anything you need my Master."

A very quaint Shredder respectfully nodded and stated. "I need you to use your resources and figure out the company that created that substance that made those creatures what they are. Then find the scientists and bring them here to me for... questioning."

With a gracious bow he replied right before he departed, "As you wish."

The three humanoid turtles snuck through the bushy perimeter, peeked out up above the grassy hill, peering down to the apparently abandoned warehouse and took a quickly look about. Leonardo noticed the concealed ninja's secretly patrolling inside the fenced in area.

"Ninja foot patrols, a good sign this is the place we're looking for." Leo whispered to his brothers, and added. "Wouldn't you agree?"

Donatello added to the comment, in a low tone. "And I see high-end sophisticated surveillance equipment set up on every corner of the building. You can assure too, that the windows and doors are wired with, most likely, since they're ninja's, silent alarms."

"It'll be a piece of cake." The ill-tempered brother commented. "So, how we heading in, through the front door or all ninja-like?" He gave a psychotic grin, followed by a playful wink.

"Aren't we waiting for Casey and Mikey, you know, head back with the intelligence gathered and come up with a strategic plan of attack?" Donnie questioned his brother's motives and added. "Maybe with a gizmo or two. Oh, I bet I can invent something..."

Leo interjected with. "Yes, we will wait until everyone is here. As I can see, we're already heavily outnumbered and barging in without a good plan isn't a great idea."

Michelangelo was skateboarding his way through the sewers back to the old hideout, his home. It was a good hour since he left Casey, resting with April back at their home. He walked in and saw his Master silently sitting on the floor with one leg over the other, meditating.

Mikey broke the peace and quiet room. "Hey Master, little rest and relaxation huh?"

"Yes my son, up until now." He calmly opened his eyes and gave the young turtle a sly wink, he was flustered or annoyed by the broken concentration, it was like he was used to the everyday interruptions. "What brings you back here so early and where are your brothers?"

"All good Master, the others are investigating the Foot's pad and I'm babysitting old Casey since he got his butt whipped." He walked over to the television and began to gather some games but couldn't find the one he came for, "Where's COD?" curiously looking all around.

A curious sensei asked. "Casey is wounded, is he going to be, ok?"

"Physically, yeah but his ego took a major wipe-out." Mikey chuckled as he found the game, someone slide it under the couch. "Whoa, totally not cool bros; could totally have scratched the disc."

"I'm sure they did not mean to put it there Michelangelo..." Splinter replied but stopped talking when he heard, along with the younger turtle, a rumbling coming from across the room, behind the red brick wall. "I wonder perhaps what that could be."

"Probably something not cool." Mikey then pulled out his communicator and began to call the others just as whatever was making all that noise came bursting through the wall, smashing the brick out of its way. It was a giant-size Mouser, standing a commanding eight feet tall, stunning both humanoid creatures at first, until Mikey commented.

“Whoa, it’s a gigantic Mouser!” He then recalled what the primary mission for one of these things was and then called out. “Watch out Sensei, it’ll be after you.” He lunged towards Splinter, hoping to position himself between the robot and its target. Mikey now stood face to face with the machine and swung out both nun-chucks and used them over the beak of the Mouser, but ended up breaking both instead not to mention, they didn’t seem to dent the metallic beast, “Bummer.”

The Mouser then used its enormous head to knock the confused turtle out of its way, sending him flying to the side and smashing into the television set. It took a step towards Splinter, who was taking a defensive stand with his wooden cane in hand, he kicked it but the beak opened up and swallowed him whole, trapping him inside and quickly fled the scene before the turtle regained focus.

“Whoa man, that hurt.” He tossed the TV off of him and took a look around, not seeing the Mouser or his master, “Splinter, where’d you go?” Then a beep came from his turtle com and then Donnie’s voice.

“Mikey? You there, what’s happening?”

A troubled turtle hesitated to answer; he knew the others wouldn’t be happy with what just happened “Hey dude, what’s up?”

“You pushed the emergency button on your com, or were you just dinking around like usual?” A flustered brother accused him and ranted further “I don’t invent these things for fun and games, serious inquires only...”

“I lost Splinter.” A whimpering Michelangelo stated.

Confused, Donnie asked. “What?! I thought you were at Casey and April’s?”

“Yeah, I was, but he doesn’t have the new Call of Duty...”

Leonardo heard enough he snatched the communicator from Donatello’s hand and in a stern tone he replied. “Save it Michelangelo, what happened exactly?”

“It was a giant Mouser; it smashed through the wall and charged in. Knocked me clean out and took Splinter. But I was out cold, so I didn’t see where to.”

Raphael commented in the background “He was taken out by one measly Mouser, gees. Lay off the midnight pizza’s Mikey.”

Leonardo didn’t seem too impressed with his youngest brother, before he said anything further; Mikey added. “No Raph, seriously, this Mouser wasn’t like the others. It was huge, like eight feet tall.”

The arrogant brother chuckled out loud. “Sure, sure little brother, making up excuses now huh.”

Donnie was fidgeting with Raphael’s communicator, trying to locate Splinter’s com. “The Mouser must have done something to the tracking chip I installed in the com.” He was becoming flustered by the situation, Leo told Mikey. “Meet us back at April’s, we’ll figure this thing out.”

“You got it.” Mikey replied and before the turtle could say more, Leo turned it off and tossed it back to his technological sound brother.

“Are you able to get his location Donnie or what?”

“Baxter’s back.” Leonardo didn’t seem quite impressed. “Well, guess we’ll have to put the Foot on hold and find our Master.

Not too long later, the Mouser returned with Splinter trapped in its mouth, the Foot took him out and chained him to the wall. After beating the humanoid halfway to death for refusing to talk and answer questions, the Shredder stormed in and stood face to face with the injured Splinter. “Who are you and how did you teach those turtles those fighting techniques?”

Splinter looked up, staring right back at the intimidating eyes of the Shredder, he grinned. “Seagal, Norris, Van Damme and Schwarzenegger movies.” A backhand wiped the smirk off of the rats face; Shredder wasn’t pleased with the lack of communication and left the room without further question.

T.M.N.T.

Tatsu met up with him just outside in the hallway, he grunted, the tattooed man wasn't much for words, but it always seem the Shredder knew what he was asking. "No Tatsu, we need him alive for now. Lure the turtles to us and then, make some turtle soup."

Michelangelo reached the rooftop belonging to April's apartment building, where his three brothers were already waiting. Raphael was off in the corner, tapping his foot, while Donatello was working with the gizmo in the palm of his hand while Leonardo stood right by the fire escape.

"So, what happened?" A distraught Leonardo asked even before Mikey had reached the top.

"I told you, a giant Mouser barged in and snagged him." April had followed the young turtle up the stairway.

"But remember, Baxter's in jail Michelangelo." A displeased Leonardo brought up.

"A copycat inventor maybe?" mentioned Donatello who then quickly shot the idea down. "But they wouldn't know about Splinter would they?" He then thought for a moment and added. "Unless, yes, they hacked Stockman's computer, which would be how they got the schematics for the Mouser in the first place and saw some footage..."

April interrupted the brainy inventor by saying. "I told Casey that Baxter and the Hun both escaped, he didn't tell you?"

The three turned to Raph, who had spent most of the time with the wounded vigilante, he defended himself. "What, he didn't speak to me about it. All we did was whoop some petty thugs and take out some smuggling rings."

"Maybe it slipped his mind?" April then thought.

Leo replied, with a firm tone. "Well, it looks like Baxter is seeking revenge, he sent out a Mouser to capture him."

"Come on dude; make sure you mention that it wasn't your average Mouser, so I don't look like a wimp here."

April, trying to catch up asked. "Ok, so what happened, some big Mouser came to your place and took Splinter?"

A concerned Raphael nodded. "That's apparently the story. Now, I want to know is; where's that little twerp hiding?"

Leo was able to piece the events together. "April, you said Baxter and the Hun?"

April enlightened the brothers. "Oh, right. The Hun is the leader of a group that was around before the Foot known as the Purple Dragons..."

Then it hit Raphael, he interjected. "Purple Dragons, Casey was going on about them the other night. We stopped a weapon smuggling deal and when we were tying the bums up, he noticed their tattoos."

A moment of silence went by and Michelangelo broke it "Well bro, what did the tats look like?"

"Well, of a purple dragon obviously you knob." Raphael then remembered the addition to the ink picture. "And they had a black foot tattooed over it." He snapped his fingers together. "It can't be that coincidental can it?"

"A black foot tat, with a foot clan out there, totally cheese-ball I say."

Leonardo added. "It's something at least. So, the Foot bust these two guys out of jail for their own personal agenda. The Hun for his resources it seems and Baxter most likely for his scientific knowledge."

Raph then added some more. "And they send the foot members to take out Casey cause they think it's just him out there."

"No way, check it out, I'm sure Baxter spilled the beans on us dude. How else would they know about Splinter?"

Leo then asked. "Ok, but why kidnap Splinter; he didn't foil Baxter's plans?"

"Cause the dude had a major problem-o with rats. So I say he's out for revenge on the biggest one he knows."

“Or he’s bait and Baxter, along with his new buddies are setting a trap for us, knowing we’ll come for him.” Raphael pointed out a good thought.

“Well, we have an invitation, I say we don’t waste it brothers. Let’s get moving.”

Raph remembered, “Whoa Leo, what about Casey?”

Leonardo turned to April. “Tell him next time, he’s injured and we can’t wait. Sorry.”

April shook off the apology. “Don’t be sorry, he’s hurt and shouldn’t risk it.”

“Who’s off the roster?” Casey’s voice came from the stairwell; he was in his full vigilante outfit.

Stepped back from being surprised, Leo replied. “No way Casey, sorry friend. You’re hurt.”

Goaded from their lack of confidence Casey gleamed. “So you’re going to bench me, that it? I tell you what, scuffs and cuts is what makes this a contact sport, and only real men play.” He pulled out his faithful hockey stick, the same one that’s seen so many criminal faces subdued to it. “I will force my way onto the playing field if I must. I’m not going to sit here as the pricks that threatened my girl, kicked my ass and have one of my friends hostage gets away with it.”

Raphael smiled, he liked the man’s zealous personality and stubborn attitude, reminded him of someone. “Well Leo, you can’t disagree with that.”

“Casey, it’s not that we don’t want you there...”

He interrupted Leo before he could speak further. “Listen, who’s got the highest PBU on these low lives?”

Three out of the four turtles looked at one another totally bewildered by the statement made; Donatello asked. “What is a PBU?”

An unimpressed Raphael slowly shook his head as he replied bluntly, “Punks beaten up.”

Casey continued on. “So see, you can’t bench your best player in the playoffs, plus, an extra man never hurt before.”

Raphael’s impatience grew thin, he barked out. “We going to argue, or take all that we got and go get Splinter back, come on Leo.”

“Raph’s right,” Leo paused and added, “For once. Since we’re heading towards a trap, a backup plan would be handy.”

Casey smiled back. “Sweet, so what’s the game plan?”

“Tatsu,” The Shredder called forth his second in charge, the man stood in front and bowed, “You will guard the rat, just in case. And if I should fall, kill it.” Tatsu grunted and once more bowed as he stormed off, with two Foot soldiers close behind.

Karai stood next to the Shredder “And what do you ask of me my Master?” She graciously bowed and waited for an answer.

“Well, I want to know if Hamato Yoshi lives... So before you kill one, be sure to ask.”

“As you wish,” She stood tall, as tall as a five-foot three inch slim athletic woman could, and rushed off to arm herself and prepare for battle.

Splinter bound by chain shackles attached to the steel cage against the wall, he dangled there, bloody and beaten. He shut his eyes, took several slow deep breaths and began to meditate, soothing his wounds, setting his mind to another place patiently waiting until his students come for him.

Casey snuck in through a broken window just down the hallway; he prowled quietly behind some unmarked crates and took a snoop around. “Hmm, looks like a quiet stadium.” He muttered under his breath to himself. Then two foot patrols entered his area, Casey ducked down low, avoiding to be seen.

“Did you hear something?” The one thug asked the other.

He shook his head as he responded. “No, you’re probably on edge after getting your butt whipped by that crazy masked man.” He let loose a tiny chuckle.

T.M.N.T.

“He didn’t whip my butt. He got the upper hand with that stupid hockey stick of his. I tell you what though, if I see him again, it’ll be a different story.” He sounded so arrogant and full of himself.

Casey stood up from behind the crate, behind the two thugs as they conversed with one another. He then slowly, trying to remain as quiet as possible, pulled out his trusty hockey stick from the golf bag strapped to his back. As he just stood there, taking a commanding dominate presence he listened as the one thug talked more about him. “He was just lucky before, the hockey stick grazed my cheek, caught me off guard.”

“So you can take him by yourself?”

“Please, with one hand tied behind my back even.” Casey smiled under his mask, he then, by using the stick in his grasp, tapped the cocky man on the shoulder.

“Challenge accepted.” The two confused men turned around. The one who was talking smack nearly peed himself as the other one chuckled.

“Oh crap, this won’t be good.” The arrogant thug took a step back, out of stick reach.

“Come on Ted, you said you could take him.” The other man gave him some sarcastic incentive.

Casey grunted in response. “Yeah Teddy, or are you all mouth and no muscle?”

“Remember the one hand behind the back Ted.” Casey glared over at the other for a second.

“That’s enough smack from the peanut gallery.” He swung the shaft over, connecting the blade to the side of the smiling man’s face, changing the smirk to a frown and knocking the punk down. Standing toe-to-toe with the once cocky thug, glaring through his mask he asked, “How about it Teddy; you up for a little one-on-one?”

“Yeah, you’re only tough cause of that hockey stick in your hand.”

Casey set the stick gently down against a nearby crate. “I don’t need it to whoop your butt, trust me junior. Oh, before you’re knocked out cold, can you point me towards the giant rat?”

“Screw you, I’m not telling you spit.”

Casey shook his head with disappointment as he let out a heave of sigh. “I guess I’ll have to beat it out of you.”

Leonardo and Michelangelo moved with agility and grace, as they took out with ease two soldiers positioned on the edge and along the rooftop of the warehouse, looking down into all the skylights along the way.

“Leo, these dudes aren’t very skilled, are they allowed to call themselves ninja’s?”

Leo put his green finger to his mouth. “Shh Mikey, you’re going to blow our cover.” As Leonardo finished whispering, he turned to the right and noticed they were surrounded by dozens of Foot soldiers. “Aw crap.”

Mikey held up his hands in a surrendering motion. “Looks like you got us dudes.”

On the gravel lot just inside the fenced in area, both Raphael and Donatello finished tying up several unconscious Foot members and drug them to a hidden area. Quick movement across the open area, avoiding detection, they managed to get alongside the wall by the power box. Donnie pulled out his Swiss army knife and began to unfasten the screws to open it.

Raphael, while looking around, making sure they didn’t get surprised whispered in a low tone. “I don’t need to remind you to hurry it up right?”

“Finesse takes patience and time, not to mention a steady hand. So applying pressure to ensure speed shouldn’t suffice at this particular moment in time.”

“Yeah, yeah, time and patience, two things I don’t got.” He smirked as he was hit by Karai’s foot as she jumped down from the ledge above. He fell back and landed on his bottom. “What the heck?”

She landed softly on her feet as Donnie turned to see who she was, she delivered a fast round house to his cheek, knocking him out momentary.

Raphael flipped up to his feet and drew his pair of Sai. "Ok chicky, you want to play, let's play."

She wasn't much for words at the moment; she drew her Japanese katana and took an aggressive stance against the Turtle. She then, not wasting time, held the sword above her head and charged towards her foe.

Casey quickly stormed down the hallway, while pulling the cocky hooligan beside him by the nose ring; they came to a T-junction. "Ok, which way now?"

"Yo dude, you're going to tear it out."

Casey grinned as he retorted. "That's the idea."

"Left, left!" Ted stammered in pain as Casey tugged on it while walking down. "Have a heart will ya?"

"Rethink your pathetic life and don't be a stupid punk." Casey replied back as they came across the room with Splinter trapped inside. "Aw, here we are."

"See, I told you, now remember you promised to let me go and not hurt me."

"I did?" A confused sounding tone came from the vigilante and then shook his head. "Nope, that doesn't sound like me, you sure?" And before the hooligan could get out a syllable, Casey yanked hard on the ring, ripping it through the skin and before the guy could scream out; his fist hit him square in the jaw, rendering him out cold for a long time. He then let loose a hearty chuckle with a retort, "Sucker."

He entered the small dark room, one light illuminated and shone directly into the face of a worn out, beaten up humanoid rodent. Splinter slowly looked up, to see who it was that disturbed his mediating, he suddenly felt relieved as he saw the friendly mask coming to his aid "Casey" he spoke softly.

"I'm here to get you out," The vigilante wasted no time, he approached the chains and undid them with ease and swiftness. "Your boys are here to have a few words with your abductors." He helped Splinter take a few steps as he looked up towards the entrance, there stood in the way, an angered and disgruntled Tatsu, who ferociously peered at the man trying his best to intimidate Casey.

Casey stopped dead in his tracks as Tatsu grunted several times, not saying a word.

Michelangelo crashed through the skylight and landed hard on the floor of the lower level "Bummer, that's going to bruise." Leo leaped down to join his brother side and to prevent splitting up among being overwhelmed with foes surrounding them.

Leo commented just after punching a Foot member in the jaw. "I hope the others catch up soon, and why is the power still on?"

"Don't look at me dude; that was Donnie's job, maybe they got held up?"

Leo replied as he parried an attack using his sword. "So, you think they're in trouble then?"

Mikey chuckled as he blindly roundhouse kicked a Foot creeping up behind him. "Not as much as we are probably."

Leo smiled and sarcastically inquired back. "This, you think this is trouble?"

Mikey looked baffled as he looked around and saw a dozen or so Ninja's circling their position. "Well, what would you call it bro?"

"A minor inconvenience to the plan," He then knocked out two more opponents as a dozen more charged into the room and took an aggressive stance; Mikey face palmed as he shook his head.

Raphael parried several fast attacks made by Karai, taking a step back with each defensive manoeuvre, "Get up Donnie, we're wasting precious time." He then grappled both her swords together using his own weapons and tried to use his muscles to pin her down.

Donatello slowly and painfully sat up, rubbing his bald green scalp. "Whoa, did you get the number of that train?"

“Yeah, and she’s still here.” Raphael forcefully shoved his opponent away from him and towards a prone Donatello, she took several stumbling steps back, in her confusion, she tripped and fell over the eccentric turtle. “Hope you enjoy your fall lady.”

Karai then quickly back-flipped back to her feet saw the turtles had regrouped with each other and glared as she stealthily pulled out a smoke bomb and tossed it between them. The smoke quickly engulfed the turtles and choked them out as their eye’s wept out. When the smoke finally dissipated, she was gone without a trace. “What a cheap trick.”

Donatello coughed some more and wiped his tears away, trying to concentrate, he went back to the open fuse box. “Let’s see,” He wiped his watery eyes once more. “Damn gaseous substance, penetrating the pupils and seeping into the cornea reacting with the moisture on our skin...”

“Donnie, I don’t care, the power, will ya?” An agitated Raph stood guard making sure nobody was able to get the jump on them once more. “Don’t get me wrong brother, I’m normally down for a science lesson, but certain less stressing and time restricted circumstances.”

“Sorry, it helps if I talk about something when under strenuous pressure. Which brings me to patience, you know I have been doing some research on the web and know some techniques I could show you to help cope with your lack of...” He turned to a glaring Raph, who was biting down hard on his teeth, a quite menacing look, he had his one hand on the hilt of his weapon that remain sheathed for now. “Or you know what they say about silence? It’s golden.” He gave a nervous grin and he tinkered away, several seconds later the power in the entire complex went out and the only thing that helped illuminate the area was the moonshine. “Ok,” Donatello cracked his green stubby reptilian fingers together and began to strip wires. “What time duration should I grant us?”

Raphael shrugged his shoulders as he responded. “Oh I don’t know, they always use five minutes in the movies and it always seems longer though... give us eight to be safe.”

The emergency power triggered the lights back on, the surge of power fried the lights in the meth lab, which spontaneously set off a spark that erupted a huge fire. The fire alarms started to go off and a confused Tatsu turned towards the ceiling and Casey had sat Splinter down. Tatsu grunted a few more times and Casey grinned as he cockily spat out, “Constipation issues? You know you shouldn’t force it out...”

Angered by the cocky vigilante, Tatsu delivered a fast backhand to Casey face; knocking the mask clean off and cutting the victims lower lip. Casey placed his index finger on the wound and noticed the blood, he couldn’t help but reply. “This clogged up Neanderthal made me bleed.” He turned to Splinter as Tatsu threw out another angry blow, hitting the same area on Casey’s face, dazing the man for a split second. “Alright, batter up,” Casey reached for his loyal baseball bat in the golf bag attached to his back, he brought it around just as Tatsu delivered a roundhouse kick and knocked the weapon right out of Casey’s grip. “Nice play,” As Tatsu then threw out a fury of rapid blows to the chest of his victim.

Knelt over, cringing in pain, holding his chest Casey looked up. “Not much for words are you?” An ill-tempered Tatsu took a step back, holding his fist tightly closed, he took a long drawback, gaining full power for his next attack. Vulnerable to a surprise attack, focusing all his attention on the masked vigilante at his mercy, Splinter picked up the ball bat and swung, hitting Tatsu in the stomach, causing him to keel over, holding his belly. Splinter then took a full swing and cracked the wooden bat as it connected with the skull of his victim, Tatsu soared backwards and landed on the adjacent wall.

“I presume that is defined as a, Home run.” Splinter gave Casey a playful grin as the man’s jaw hung there in total shock.

“Yeah, nice play McGwire,” A grumbling sarcastic Casey snatched the bat from the Rat’s grasp and collected the rest of his equipment while muttering nonsense under his breath.

Confused by the man Splinter inquired. “Did I do something wrong Casey?”

Casey changed back to his normal self; after all, he knew Splinter didn't mean to snag the glory from him. "Oh, nah, it's cool. It's just that lately, I don't get my fair share of the beatings, you know?"

He nodded as they scurried down the hall; a hesitant Splinter stopped dead in his tracks and asked with a worried tone. "Wait, what about my sons?"

A cautious Casey blurted out. "They got this, my job was to get you out and to the van April has ready to go just over the fence beyond the bushes. We shut the power out and they're going to subdue the members. When the power went out, it was a sign to April to call the law."

"I must warn them on the potential danger that they seek."

Casey remarked. "I understand totally, but they're counting on me to get you to safety, and I'm not letting this team down, sorry." He then added. "Once I get you scot-free, I'll come back and tell them." He helped the old rat stealthily make an escape and head towards the bushes to the rendezvous they had set up with his reporter girlfriend. The van was parked there like planned; Casey opened the sliding side door and aided Splinter inside while talking to April. "Did you call the law? How much time do you..." He looked up at the driver's seat, a seat that was empty; in fact, there was no sign of the intrepid reporter anywhere in the area. He muttered, "Damn-it April." He made his way over to the opened driver's side door, lying there on the ground was her purse and one of the straps was torn off.

Leonardo kicked down a random door, inside was a small dark room, a wooden desk and office chair were the only two things that filled it. It was the room where Baxter was with his laptop hacking into his super computer but appeared the evil Doctor was gone.

"Yo bro, how much time do we got after the power went out?"

"Hmm," A pondering Leo rubbed his green scaly chin. "I think Donnie said five minutes and we meet on the roof, establish Casey got Splinter out safe and find Baxter. But the fuzz will be here shortly and we should be in the wind when they do. So Baxter will have to be another day."

Mikey held his belly after it rumbled with starvation. "So that gives us about two minutes to be back up there." He looked in the last room that they hadn't searched yet on this floor, another empty room. "I'm surprised we're not up to our necks again with killer robots."

Leo nodded. "I am too, I'm afraid I have a bad gut feeling about all this. Let's start heading back up and regroup, figure out what's our next move."

"Damn!" Raphael was climbing up the stairs, looking for someone he thought came down this way. "Where did she get off to, I wasn't finished with her yet."

"If my calculations are correct, and they usually are, we don't have much time until this fire spreads across the entire warehouse. I say in approximately four minutes, so let's just rendezvous with Leo and Mikey before going on a manhunt."

"Right, if they found Baxter, then we can hold him hostage and lure them to us, like they did with Splinter." Raph kicked open the door that led to the rooftop, just as Mikey and Leo were approaching the middle from the other end. "Hey Mikey, where's Baxter?"

"The creep is long gone Bro's."

An angered brother slammed his fist against his open palm from the other hand. "Can't we catch a break, Gees?"

Then a voice echoed from the ledge, away from the turtles. "Were you looking for us Turtles?"

Surprised they weren't alone on the top of the warehouse, the four ninja brothers jolted towards the mystery figure, the moonlight shone down upon him, he was standing at a commanding six foot, four inches, two hundred twenty pounds of muscle, wearing his usual bizarre attire, he wore a sharp steel helmet, matching gauntlet on the left arm, shoulder pads and shin guards. In his clutches, a hostage just hovering close to the edge, it was a bound up April O'Neil.

"Who the heck is this freak?" Raphael didn't seem too impressed.

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Leo added. "I don't care, but he's got April."

Donnie snapped his one set of fingers. "I bet you this is the guy behind the Foot."

The Shredder didn't waste much time. "Where is the man that taught you those ninja skills?"

The confused turtles formed a huddle, inside while whispering, Leo inquired. "He must mean Splinter; let's hope Casey got him outta here."

"What's with the claws dudes, and the rest of that whacky attire, can't be easy walking around in that."

"All I know is," Raphael didn't whisper, he made sure the foe could hear his words; he broke the huddle and pointed his Sai at the Shredder. "There's four of us and one of him."

Donatello placed his hand on his ill-tempered brother. "Hold on, he's got a strategic advantage over us. He has April close to the edge of a six story building, at that height if she were to happen fall, I'm afraid her survival chances are minimal at best."

Angered, Raphael asked. "Ok, so what then?"

Leo spoke up next. "Release her and we will oblige."

The Shredder let loose a hearty chuckle as he shoved April closer to the edge. "You're not in the position of power." He then tossed his victim down to the rooftop floor. "But if you can get past me, you can have her."

"I got this." Raphael didn't waste much time, he charged forward and the Shredder took him down with ease without moving too much in the process.

"He's pretty good." Leonardo retorted as he drew his matching Katana's.

A baffled Mikey nodded and replied. "Then by all means bro, after you." Leo bowed to his brothers and made an attack, before charging head on, he faked one frontal thrust and fainted to the left, but the Shredder wasn't fooled, he had Leo on the ground and hurt before he knew what hit him.

Mikey turned to Donatello. "We're going from oldest to youngest right?"

Donnie grinned while asking, "Rock, paper?" as both turtles closed their fists, counted to three and revealed what they were going to use, Mikey had out paper and Donnie had scissors. "You're so predictable."

"Dork," Michelangelo drew his weapons and spun then around and Donnie was right behind him with his bo-staff drawn, both turtles took both sides and simultaneously attacked, trying to overwhelm their foe. But it wasn't successful; they both landed hard on their shells and rolled back to safety before the Shredder took them out.

Exhausted and taking several deep breaths, the turtles got back into their huddle, "damn, he's good."

An impatient Shredder paced back and forth, keeping himself between the turtles and April, while he proceeded to ask. "Where is Hamato Yoshi?"

Leo got up from taking a knee and glared. "Where's Baxter?"

An overzealous Shredder smiled. "Fools, that pathetic twerp is the least of your worries now. You should fear me, the Shredder."

"An office appliance, really?" questioned Raphael with a cocky grin. "Or what, you'll tear up our important documents?"

Mikey added playfully. "Couldn't think of a better name, like Chrome-dome with all that metal on you?" The Shredder became quite agitated; he took an aggressive stance and charged the turtles. He fought Raphael first, striking him in the face, leaving a nasty gash, next he released a swift roundhouse kick to Donnie, sending him flying onto his shell. Leo was able to parry most of the attacks using his swords as he and Mikey both, at the same time, gave a hearty kick to their attackers chest, staggering him back several feet.

Distracted by the other two and Raphael still down, Donatello scurried over to the tied up April and undid her restraints. "You need to make a haste departure; the buildings on fire and assuming their drug ties, their lab present, this whole place is literally going up in a meth bomb."

Over the ledge and on the gravel floor, a van sped over to the building while frantically honking the horn; Casey was in the driver's seat. "There's your ride Miss O'Neil."

"But what about you guys?" A tear of sadness dripped from his eye.

Donatello looked back towards his brothers, "I cannot leave them behind."

A worried April looked down; it was a far drop. "I can't make that leap, its suicide."

Leonardo was in combat with the Shredder, he was able to holler over. "Get her out of here Donnie! We're right behind you!"

The eccentric brother gave them the nod as he picked up April. "Hope my calculations are precise here."

April hugged the turtle hard as she hesitated to respond. "And if they're not?"

"Well, let's not bring up other probable conclusions, I am usually right and after all, this is just simple geometry." He looked down, working out the problem in his head, taking his time.

Panicking, April cried out. "Just jump already will you!?"

Donatello took a step off shouting, "Tally Ho!" as they descended down. After safely landing shell first onto the roof of the van, leaving an incredible dent in it he remarked, "See, simple angles..." April hugged him hard with relief, almost choking the turtle; it stopped him from talking but managed to cough up. "Need, H2O here, gasping for some oxygen."

Meanwhile on the rooftop of the blazing inferno, Raphael flew through the air and kicked the Shredder from behind, Mikey ducked as he staggered over top and tripped. The Shredder fell through the skylight and sailed down through the flames towards the bottom floor. He crashed through the first two levels and finished on the third; he could barely move a muscle as he was in agonizing pain.

"Nice work Raph." Leo and his brother high-fived with joy, as they recalled the short time frame so they ran for the edge where their brother leapt from. "Here goes nothing!" Leo jumped off and successfully landed where his other brother did, leaving a larger dent.

"Cowabun..." Raph shoved his younger brother off before he could finish his cry out; he flew down and landed just after Leo rolled out of the way. "Come on Raph!"

Raphael took a deep breath and was about to jump down, but someone grabbed a hold of him from behind "What the..." and tossed him closer to the center of the building.

He rolled up to his feet with ease, weapons drawn, ready to fight, he looked over and saw the same girl that got the drop on him earlier. "Aw, back for more I see." Both parties had their respective weapons drawn and charged towards one another.

A nervous Michelangelo looked up, towards the ledge he left his older brother alone. "What's he waiting for, an engraved invitation?" The flames had now spread around the building, stretching out the windows, smoke filling the sky.

Leo shook his head in shame. "You know old angry Raphael, probably went back to give that Shredder some more beatings."

"Well, I hate to be the bearer of unfortunate news, but if my calculations are..."

Mikey interrupted. "Knock it off with the long drawn out talk dude; just give it to us straight."

"Given the duration we allowed and the time that has passed, since I don't have the time to calculate I say he has approximately thirty seconds."

Mikey looked more worried now as he commented. "Not a lot of time to go blow off some steam."

Casey hollered up, hoping to get the lone turtles attention. "Come on Raph, there's no OT when the buzzer goes!"

Raph swept kick tripped Karai onto her back, he heard the cries out from down below, knowing his time was running out he bowed and stated. "Hasta-la-vista... Baby!" with a very cheesy Arnold impersonation as he then took a leap of faith.

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As he sailed down several floors, the turtles hopped in the van, Casey in the driver's seat, Raphael landed on the roof hard and on his side, "Ouch!" After leaving a significantly larger dent, Casey hit the gas pedal and the van soared off. About forty seconds after Donatello's prediction, multiple explosions from the meth lab, the ammo arsenal inside the warehouse blew.

Back at the old sewer den:

Casey was being bandaged up by April as the turtles rejoiced and hugged their mentor and father. "Raph, seriously though, did you have to wait until the final few seconds?"

"I was jumped right after Mikey left by that crazy little psycho woman with the sword."

Mikey entered the room with a bunch of pizza boxes. "Hot and fresh dudes and dudette, dig in." He set them down on the table, pulled out the first slice and showed it to the others. "Who's craving anchovies?"

"Oh and Casey..." Donatello spoke up to the wounded human. "I believe, now I haven't tallied everything up yet, but if my calculations are correct, I am catching up on the PBU's..." He crunched some numbers on his handheld computer. "In the warehouse alone, Raphael and I took out twenty-two thugs."

Everyone laughed while Casey added. "So, since you were with Raph, I can only assume he did all the beating and took the fun away."

Splinter spoke up from his meditative state of mind. "I am at one myself, isn't that correct Casey?" once he saw Casey grin, he too exchanged the look.

"Yeah, yeah," He reluctantly smiled back. "Well, I guess that's it with the Foot, but what about Baxter?"

Leo commented next. "We can only wait until he resurfaces. I just hope we can stop his plans before he harms anyone."

Firefighters were on scene with the burning building putting out the flames as the crime scene unit was investigating the perimeter. Off in the distance, under some brunt drywall plaster, it began to move as the Shredder, all his armour was blackened still smouldering and the clothing was ruined, partially dug out his upper torso from the heap. "I'll get those turtles..." He vowed as he vigorously shook his fist with sheer hatred and anger.

THE END