“Fools,” he muttered as he stepped through the newly made hole in the prison wall. He boarded a large circular hovercraft with weapons coming out of every conceivable space.

“WARNING! WARNING! PARSON DNA DETECTED!” screamed alarms. This was not unexpected, but the thought of the Parson family angered Blade. He took manual control and flew at high speed back to Mordengrad and his base, all the way brooding in anger.

“The Parsons,” Blade growled, remembering his defeat at the current Legacy. “I had a legacy too, I had a father too!” he roared, swerving slightly in his rage. “I know all about your ‘legacy,’ each offspring gaining new powers in addition to their parents. Impenetrable skin my… “He was cut off by the blaring of alarms again. Legacy was closer than Blade would have liked. He pushed a button and several hovercrafts appeared beside him, each with a Baron Blade in it. He furiously hit the console and they all went flying in different directions. Blade looked at the scanner to see if the diversion worked. For a second it seemed like Legacy was still in pursuit, until he went flying off the screen. Relieved, the Baron flew the rest of the way in silence.

He arrived at his base, a whirlwind of mechanized activity. He was greeted by one of the few human scientists that worked with him. The scientist bowed deeply and said,

“Welcome back Baron! I hope your stay wasn’t too unpleasant?”

“Foolish Americans thinking that they can keep me locked up. But enough about my trip, what have you found out about the newest Legacy?”

The scientist looked down and started shuffling his feet as he spoke, “Well sir, we have been running some tests based on the videos of your fight and the DNA samples your nano-bots were able to retrieve…but nothing has been able to even damage him.” Baron Blade looked at the scientist for a moment then grabbed him and, seething, whispered

“If you don’t find a way to kill him, I will force you into a robot and make *you* face him.” He dropped the scientist and walked towards his chambers.

He sat at a computer for most of the night, trying to find a flaw in the work his scientists did. Surely there is something, the Baron desperately pondered. He looked out the window and stared at the moon. It certainly looked big this time of year, he thought to himself. It was more powerful than people realized, controlling the tides and…wait! He quickly got up and moved to the window, never taking his eyes off the moon. He quickly ran calculations in his head, and suddenly he was grinning ear to ear.

“Gentlemen!” the Baron blared over the intercom. “I have found a way to defeat Legacy! Meet me in the factory, and I will fully divulge my plan!” The scientist made their way to the factory, mussing amongst themselves. What master plan did the Baron have? What had he figured out that they had not? When they were all gathered Baron Blade began.

“As all of you know, I have been working to destroy the Parson family for most of my life. Their ‘Legacy’ destroyed mine, and I have never forgiven them.” He started, “So to that end I have been working to kill every last Parson. This latest incarnation seems to be immune to normal tactics. Because of that, I have been forced to think outside of the box. I ask you, gentlemen, what does Legacy stand for? Family for sure, but we can’t get to them without going through him. So what else does he stand for? What else does he love? The answer to that is America. So, we should endeavor to destroy America!”

The scientists stared at him. Surely the baron was joking? But he had a deadly serious grin on his face. They all knew that the Baron wanted America gone.

“B-but s-sir” one of the scientists stammered, “how do you p-plan to do it?”

“I’m glad you asked, my simple-minded fool,” Baron Blade replied, “We shall drag the moon itself into the country!” The Baron started laughing manically while the scientists stood dumbstruck. None of them dared to say anything. Finally Blade calmed down and spoke to them again. “Now, seeing as *I* came up with this plan, it calls into question *your* role.” The Baron was no longer laughing. In fact he seemed to be completely enraged. “Why do I pay you idiots if you can’t even come up with a plan to kill one man?” The scientists nervously looked at each other. One made a break for the door, but when he touched the handle he was electrocuted. “I have decided that there is no further need for you” Blade continued, “So I hope you all have a pleasant last few seconds.”

Baron Blade barely even noticed the screams as he walked down the corridor. He was too preoccupied with the technicalities of his plan. He would need a base, and a way to survive the impact. He remembered Wagner had a base on mars that he could ‘borrow’. Yes, he thought. He could place a device on Mars that would push the moon into the Earth. With this new plan, he quickly started drawing up blueprints, calculating lunar rotations, and programming AI for his various machines. After all, he thought, it isn’t every day you can bring about the death of a nation.