Baron Blade paced around the small cell with a scowl on his face. He had long ruffled black hair with a white streak running through it. “I was so close” he mumbled to himself. For as long as he could remember, he had been at war with the Parsons, also known as the Legacy family. As early as the American Revolution, the Parsons have been known to have special powers. The legend is that with each offspring, a new power is added. It had gotten to the point where the current Legacy had super strength, flight, laser vision, super speed and danger sense.

 “Ah, but not unkillable” Baron Blade said smiling slightly. It was an epic battle, with Legacy putting up a brave, but ultimately futile fight. “All your powers could not save you from a bullet to the head.” He was grinning ear to ear now, remembering Legacy using all his strength to battle an army of robots, just to have a sniper take him out. “It was the perfect plan! His danger sense was going off no matter which way he turned! He was so surrounded by robots that there was no way he could know that the danger was an assassin!” He was excited now, reliving it now…until he remembered what happened next.

 Legacy had a son. This much Blade knew, but the son had never displayed power of any sort, and Blade had planned to take him out soon after he had killed the father. That is, until he showed up. Fueled by a nearly murderous rage, he completely destroyed the robotic army. Baron Blade quickly told his assassin to take another shot. He saw the bullet whiz through the air and watched in horror as it bounced off of its target.

 The Baron tried to run, but the new Legacy quickly caught up. He nearly beat Blade to death, but something made the enraged son turn. He flew off, leaving the Baron broken and bleeding. The irony wasn’t lost on him; of the many battles he and the dead Legacy had, his only victory was short lived. His shining moment of triumph was eclipsed by his most brutal and crushing defeat.

 The newest Legacy came back. He looked at Baron Blade studying him. The Baron used this time to study his newest opponent. Legacy didn’t look like he was as angry as before. In fact, it looked like he had been crying. Suddenly he picked up Blade and flew off. Baron Blade reached into his pockets and pulled out a tiny nanobot and activated it. It crawled up his arm and made its way onto Legacy. He saw Legacy slap his neck with his free hand, and Blade knew that his tiny creation had made it into Legacy’s bloodstream. Legacy dropped the Baron off at a maximum security prison, staying long enough to watch Blade lose all of his weapons.

 An explosion jerked Baron Blade back to reality. A hole had been made in his cell. “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. 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. “Victory was mine! Then this young blood had to find his powers minutes before I killed his father! 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 copy of 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 robotic activity. Baron Blade always felt more at home with robots. Humans could fail easily, robots didn’t. 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 nanobots were able to retrieve…but nothing can seemingly 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 in his personal lab 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 looks big this time of year,” he thought to himself, “People always take the moon for granted. What would people do if it just disappeared? What if…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 our newest 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 told himself, “it isn’t every day you can bring about the death of a nation.”