



# The Lost Powers

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It was taller than the Watts Towers. . . wider than the Korean Friendship Bell. After one hit from its massive serpent body, a tidal wave of boiling water hit the coastal houses, causing them to melt immediately. A dense fog began to engulf the city of Los Angeles, and an ear-splitting roar soon followed. The creature slowly emerged from the murky sea and slithered onto the sand. With one breath, the skies were set aflame, blocking the sun with clouds of ash. As the beast moved into the city, its long body was so hot that it left a blacken path of melted cars and burned earth in its wake.

This was the Leviathan.

A gargantuan shadow spread over the land. There were cars flooding all the streets. A sea of screams hit us as 100's of people ran by in masses, trying to get as far away from the demon as possible. With the streets clogged, everyone began running and pushing through others as they made attempts to get out of the city. Everyone was leaving except me.

My parents dragged me into an empty neighborhood, escaping the crowds of fleeing people. Cries bounced around the empty buildings as my parents cooed me with words of safety. Saying "Stay here, we'll be back."

I couldn't comprehend what was going on. My parents left me in a hurry, following a trail of destruction and vanishing out of sight. I was left alone to explore the vacant streets. I began to notice that not even a mouse had stirred since they had left me.

As I stepped off of the sidewalk, a large shadow crept over me and extended past, leaving me in its dark shade. However, this darkness was far from cold. My skin began to sweat and my heart started to race. I turned to see the Leviathan towering over the apartments a few blocks from me. It had dragon-like

features that were the color of a stormy sky. Silver specks glistened on the sides of its body. Tall, sharp spikes made a line from its head all the way down to its tail. This was the first time I had gotten a good view of the sea devil, and I was hoping it wasn't my last.

The Leviathan's head swung left and right, clearly not rampaging blindly. I found myself staring right back into the beast's electric blue eyes as its head came to a stop in my direction. A deafening screech escaped its mouth and I was able to see its jagged teeth. From my position, I could only guess that they were about 10 yards long.

My heart stopped as I watched the Leviathan slither down the apartments and onto the streets, the distance between us shortening. It was moving faster than before. I tried to run but it was no use, my feet felt like lead and my eyes were glued to the snake.

It was over, my short life of six years had come to an end. My gravestone would read, " Here lies Madison Salvador. December 21, 2005 to June 9, 2012."

The Leviathan was now on the same street as I, coming straight at me. Since my legs were useless, I did the only thing I was taught to do during emergencies, scream. I closed my eyes and let out everything I had.

Then there was silence and a gust of hot air, like opening an oven door. I opened my eyes to see the Leviathan frozen before me. Time seemed to stop the longer I stood there. It was looking right at me, making me feel like an ant facing a human. I noticed its pupils were slit so thin that they could be easily overlooked.

"Leave." I whispered under my breath, my voice barely audible. My bones frozen as if they dare not to twitch.

Slowly, the serpent's body shuddered back to life. Almost like an old clock that was starting up again after a long slumber. The Leviathan turned around and slithered back into the sea without making another sound. Only the heat from its body was left in the deserted city.

For once in Los Angeles, it was quiet. There was no sound of footsteps, nor any car horns. My vision started to blur as I played the events over in my mind. The last thing I heard was the crackling of the buildings set aflame. Then, it all went black.

-- 9 years later --

Abandoned by my parents as a child, I grew up with an affinity for water. No matter how hard you tried, you could never get me away from it. The element of water, to me, is a heavy, passive element and how it contradicts fire was just so intriguing to me as a child, and still is. How it's associated with the qualities of darkness, thickness, and motion always caught my attention. No one ever understood me and why a simple element was so fascinating to such a young girl. To be honest, / didn't even know why water was so captivating. Until I discovered that I was, and still am a descendant of Poseidon. Known for being one of the 3 most powerful gods. I, Madison Salvadore, was put on this earth for a purpose. A purpose that I didn't intend on finding.

I discovered my powers at a young age, and ever since then I have been practicing, day after day, week after week, so I could protect the city I live in today, Los Angeles. I rarely go towards the sea, mainly due to my busy schedule of surviving the city alone.

On a normal basis, I do my best to stay hidden. I didn't have any friends, so staying inside was always easy. When I did go out, I am either scavenging for food or taking relaxing walks through the streets. Since I was abandoned at six, I was taken in by a nice old lady, but I rarely ever see or talk to her. This caused me to become independent at a young age.

For fun, I help the people of my city by keeping the peace the best I could. Mostly going after wanted criminals, or common muggers. As I see it, there are only two types of criminals, your everyday criminals that you hear about in newspapers with headlines like "New York scammer headed to slammer for helping pull off \$2M identity theft, money laundering plot" or "Gunman captured after fatally shooting Los Angeles Sheriff's sergeant in face" and those ones, to me, are a piece of cake. Then you have the more complicated criminals, the ones you only hear about in the stories your big sister tells you to scare you and give you nightmares. You know, the ones with the villains that have superpowers or special weapons. The ones that are never in the papers because the government doesn't want the world thinking that everyone is in danger. The ones that are a lot more tough to handle than someone that just robbed a bank.

I had overheard this information from two businessmen that I was walking behind one day. It honestly shocked me to hear about other people with powers like me. Luckily, I had never encountered anyone like that. My only encounter was with a thing.

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On one of my regular walks down a vacant part of town, I noticed the small abandoned store that was perfectly fine just yesterday, but was now destroyed. The glass windows were broken, shards of it littering the ground. A hazard. Who did this? I looked through the broken window to see a tall, handsome boy with silver hair standing alone. From what I saw, he looked to be no older than 16, just a year older than me. I looked closer to see anger and exhaustion flooding his features. He then started to set a table on fire with just the snap of his fingers. I froze, shocked at the sight of the orange flame slowly creeping up the old table, turning its brown wood to black. The table began to emit soft crackling sounds from the fire, which slowly started spreading to the floor, then to the walls. The hot glow crept up to the ceiling, immediately engulfing the old abandoned building in flames. As soon as I realized what was happening, I quickly summoned my waterbending abilities, sending the fire a powerful glare with my icy blue eyes. Water jetted from my palms, causing every bit of flame it came in contact with to sizzle and go out. When the fire was out, I noticed that the one responsible for this started to run away. I quickly raced after him, trying to catch him before he disappeared.

He then ran into an innocent man walking past, causing him to lose his footing and fall. He quickly collected himself and turned around, looking me straight in the eye with such emotion it was almost

unbearable. He looked vengeful, almost like he hated my guts... But why? Did he recognize who I was. No, he couldn't have. I have never seen this man in my life.

He then set the man's jacket on fire, causing him to scream and roll around like mad, trying to make it go out. Instinctively, I quickly watered the jacket down and looked in the direction of where the silver-haired boy ran, but just like that, he was gone.

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It has been a week since I let the silver-haired boy get away. I couldn't get him out of my head no matter how hard I tried. He knew who I was. He looked at me with such strong feelings there was no way he didn't know me, but I just need to know how. Remembering the way his eyes fell upon me caused an uneasiness to form in my gut. I wasn't sure why, but this boy rubbed me the wrong way, and I needed to find him soon. But how... How do I even know if he is in Los Angeles? For all I know, he is half way across the world by now. Either way, I will find him. And I will uncover what he is hiding.

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He hasn't shown his face in over a month, and I still feel as if he is around, lurking in the shadows. Watching... Waiting... for the right moment to attack. I feel as if I am being watched everywhere I go, and it doesn't feel good. Ever since he left, there hasn't been any criminal activity in the city, and that makes me uneasy. I'm usually filled with jobs to do and people to deal with, but for the past month: nothing. Just silence. I have been wandering the streets not knowing what to do with myself. Today was especially boring because I didn't have anything to do, my schedule was clear. So I decided to take a nice long walk and just think, not knowing what I would encounter on the way. I was walking past this long alley and whilst doing that I heard something shuffle in the distance. Now, me being me, I went to go and check it out. I then saw something I didn't expect to see. More like, I saw *someone* I didn't expect to see. In front of me was the silver-haired boy. The same handsome boy that escaped from me nearly 2 months ago.

He has yet to notice my presence so I slowly tried to hide behind a dumpster, but that idea slowly failed when I stepped on the paw of a cat.

"Crap" I said in an almost inaudible whisper.

What was I supposed to do? There is no way of getting out of this. So I ever so slowly lifted my head when I noticed he was standing so close to me I could feel his steady breathing on the back of my neck. I went stiff, and the hairs my neck stood up. Then he spoke.

"What are you doing here?" He asked with an intimidating tone of voice.

I didn't know what I should say due to the sketchy vibes he was giving me, so we stood in silence. His unusual electric blue eyes burning into my icy ones. Why hasn't he done anything yet? Was he even going to do anything?

After a long pause I finally decided to speak.

I introduced myself cautiously to him and started small talk. My goal was seem as approachable as possible. I learned that his name was Levi. Noticing that he was reserved yet calm I decided to ask him about the incident from 2 months ago. However, once I brought up the part about why he looked vengeful at the store his facial expression went from calm to angry in the blink of an eye. I knew he was hiding something. But what?

Before I knew what was happening, a light flashed and vanished within moments. Then a searing pain developed in the center of my abdomen. I looked down to see a hole burned through my shirt revealing a circle of raw skin the size of a large chocolate chip cookie. It appeared to be a second-degree burn.

Within seconds after I was hit, Levi was by my side, looking terrified by what he had done to me, and trying to figure out what to do. Why was he trying to help me? He was the cause of this. I then felt myself being picked up by a pair of muscular arms. That was the last thing I remember happening before my eyes shut, leaving me alone with the memories playing over... and over... and over in my head.

Slowly opening my eyes, I moved my head left and right, confused by my surroundings. Where am I? How did I get here? I started to sit up, not remembering anything that happened, but I was then reminded when I felt a pain like no other all across my stomach. I winced from the stinging. Just at that moment I felt a pair of hands, one on my shoulder, slowly pushing me pack down, and the other on the back of my head.

"Why, why are you so hidden. You have such a huge wall up, isolating you from the world so no one can get in, so no one can find out what you are hiding, but you're going to have to let someone in. Sometimes it helps to just talk to someone instead of just keeping it to yourself, trying to forget about it. Trust me, I've tried that before, and it doesn't work, not in the slightest. So just talk to me. What have you got built up inside of you." I said trying to sound as sincere as I could, considering the fact that I was in so much pain.

"I can't." he said looking down to his hands, obviously showing signs of guilt, but why? What has he been hiding all these years that is so bad he can't tell anyone?

"Yes you can." I encouraged him, I needed him to open up to me so I could form a reason for his actions. He sighed, knowing that I would not give up until he told me.

“I... I killed my p-parents.” he said sniffing at the memories starting to creep into his head, reminding him of who he killed. I stared at him in shock. Why would he do such a thing? They were his parents.

“What did you just say?” I said still astonished at what just came out of this boy’s mouth, not sure if I heard him clearly or not.

“It was maybe 11 years ago. It wasn’t on purpose, I promise. I was five years old when it happened,” he went on, “It was on Christmas day, and everyone was having a wonderful time together. My two fathers were madly in love with each other, and they always put my needs before theirs. They loved me so much, but me, being me, I had to ruin everything like I always do. Twas the night of Christmas and they had just tucked me in, planting a kiss on my forehead, and saying good night. I started to drift off to sleep, but then I felt a burning sensation in the palms of my hands. I was so scared, at first, it hurt so bad. The pain then started to travel up my arms, making it even more painful. I didn’t know what to do, so I ran over to the corner of my room so I wouldn’t be seen. My dad, Brendon, knocked on the door, opening it just enough to fit his head through, asking if I was okay. Once he discovered what I was staring at he was immediately by my side, staring at the flame starting to form in my hands. He started to yell for Patrick to come to the room quickly. He raced through the room with worry all over his face. He, as well, came to my side trying to comfort me. Patrick left my side, and went to call 911, not knowing what was wrong with me. Then when you’d think that things couldn’t get any worse, they did. I felt a horrible pain through my hands causing me to fall to the floor screaming in agony. Brendon was crying so hard, he was so worried about me. Once the phone call ended, Patrick was back by my side. Adjusting my body position a flame of fire shot out of my palms, making contact with the dresser in my room. The flames got bigger, brighter, and even stronger, traveling all over the room. You could hear the faint sound of police sirens and firefighters in the distance, but they were going to be too late, they weren’t going to make it. There was smoke everywhere, Brendon started to cough, he was losing oxygen. He was dying, and I couldn’t do a single thing. I never saw him alive again.”

Levi sniffed again as he finished his story, quickly wiping a tear from his cheek, thinking I couldn’t see it. I reached for his hand to comfort him. That must have been so hard for him. He watched his parents die. He continued on, keeping his eyes trained on the ground below him.

“Patrick, then, grabbed me, and pulled me into his arms. I had just killed the only other person he loved aside from me. He would never get to see him again because of *me*. I started to cry uncontrollably in his arms, followed by a scream because the fire in my hands started to come back, lighting his shirt on fire. He started to scream. I have never seen him in so much pain, and it was all my fault. The flame travel to his hair, engulfing his whole body in the flame. I was horrified. All of this was my fault. I was responsible for killing my parents. For killing the only people that ever loved me.”

His eyes started to fill up with water, more tears escaping them. He quickly wiped them away, trying to hide his sadness from me. I knew I shouldn't ask about any else, due to the sensitive topic, so I just remained quiet.

After a few minutes of silence, Levi spoke up.

"Follow me."

He said as he turned to go further into the alley. This was my shot. If I was going to escape this might be my only chance. So I ran, faster than I ever have before. I was going to get out of here. Then just before I could get out of the alley a huge line of fire starts in front of me. I stopped and immediately shot water directly at the fire, putting it out instantly. I then turned around to face Levi with anger flooding my features. Now I was mad.

"You can change fast." he said smirking at me.

"That could have killed me! Are you insane?!"

"No, I knew you wouldn't have let that kill you." he said, his smile widening.

Did he think this was a game? I was so mad, I couldn't contain my anger anymore. So I shot water out of my palms, it hit him, and he flew back, further into the alley.

If he wasn't mad before, he definitely is now. He got up patting the dirt that collected on him off of his body.

"You shouldn't have done that" was the last thing he said before he started to shoot pillars of fire in my direction. Oh no. What have I done? I quickly decided to do the same back in his direction, but instead of fire, I used water. Knowing what my plan was, I waited until the fire was close to where I could feel my body temperature rising by the second, and then... Then I let all of my anger in my body shoot out into my palms releasing the water. As soon as the water collided with the fire it engulfed the flames, causing them to disappear in seconds.

I was winning. He knew it, and I knew it, but he still kept trying. Then he started to shoot fireballs, three shooting out of each hand at once. They were moving so fast I couldn't keep track of every one of them, and before I knew what was happening one of them hit my hip sending a jolt of pain through my body, and another on my hand. I couldn't take it, this was so painful. I collapsed to the ground screaming in agony. The only thing filling my nostrils was the horrid smell of burning flesh, bringing back the terrible memories from 9 years ago.

Time seemed to stop as my agonizing cries filled the air. Levi's hands slowly built up blue flames as he ran towards me. I felt light nearing and my memories running through my mind, until I reached the day my parents abandoned me. The day I thought I was going to die a tragic death without an escape, but I lived

somehow. The monster turned around and left me unharmed, but I never knew why. I wished I could have done then what I needed to do now. "AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!" I screeched out of frustration. A blast of high-pressured water shot from all around me, hitting everything within a mile radius.

A white light filled my vision. It seemed as though I was in another world. I looked around to see white, crystal chairs forming a big circle, with me in the center. From behind the second biggest chair stepped out the silhouette of a tall, muscular man. I called out to him, but there was no response. Seeing that there was nowhere else for me to go, I walked up to him.

"Excuse me, sir?" I asked him. "Do you know where I am?"

"You are in Olympus. I feel as though it was time that we'd meet." He turned around. "I am your first ancestor, Poseidon."

He was a man with sharp features. He was young in appearance but his true age showed with his cloudy, turquoise eyes. His skin sparkled like the ocean's surface and his hair was dark gray with a tint of sea green.

"I know I am related to the god Poseidon, but how do I know that's you?" I asked.

He said something that was definitely not English and a tall trident made of gold faded into his right hand.

He looked at me and raised his left eyebrow. "Believe me now?"

"Okay. Continue."

"As I was saying, you and me share a bond that flows within our veins. I have had other children but none of them have turned out like you. I brought you here today because you've proven that you have succeeded my Lost Power, known as the Conqueror's Will. This power will be a great asset in your battles. To use it, you must catch your enemy off guard and freeze them with your presence. Once you have succeeded in that, you are able to make one command that they can not deny. The only negative thing about this ability is that you must know what you are going to say because once it's said, you can not take it back."

"So how do I catch Levi off guard?"

"That is for you to figure out. I can help you no longer, time is not on our side. You must beat him alone for you were chosen. You have done it before, you can do it again." He walked over to a crystal chair and sat down, raising his hand above his head.

"Wait!"

Snap.

My surroundings went from sparkling chairs to littered flames. It was just how I left it. Levi was quickly recovering from the hit I delivered. And with the new gained information from Poseidon, a new course of action was to be made.

I got up and wiped the sweat off my face. Looking down, I was able to see the damage from the fireballs I endured. Raw blisters began to form on my left hip and hand. I took a small step forward and felt a bolt of pain shoot from my hip, up my spine, and out through all of my nerves. The tingle of puss dripping down my leg signified that I had popped one. I look up to see Levi standing a few yards away from me. His



eyes seemed to glow, making their normal blue color intensify. I swore I had a concussion because the pupils of his eyes were no longer normal, but rather cat-like. On top of that, Levi's silver hair seemed to change color right before my eyes. A dark color slowly crept up from the roots. From my distance I wasn't sure if it was a gray or a blue.... Or both?

"I'm done playing thissss game." Levi hissed.

And as if someone flipped a switch, a burst of heat expelled from his body, flames billowing out like a small explosion, the air suddenly feeling like the inside of a crucible. My breathing became ragged as I stood there, eyes wide. For a moment I was paralyzed in fear, the sudden stabbing sensation of my skin beginning to burn spurring me to action. I turned and ran as fast as I could, ignoring the pain. I turned to see Levi on all fours with his back arched at an inhuman angle. I watched as a his body began to morph into a creature that I could only describe as fearful beyond comprehension. I turned and started running again. My feet pounded into the ground. My breath came fast and hot. My blood was pounding in my ears like a drum. I could only think of escape. A blood-curdling cry was released behind me. I knew who, or what it was. My limping run wasn't enough. I knew I would be caught in a matter of seconds if I didn't take action. I turned my palms downwards, letting out a huge blast of high pressured water, propelling myself into the air, away from the snapping jaws of the beast behind me. I had no awareness of where I was going, only vaguely aware that my direction was inland. Right as I was leaving the border of Los Angeles behind, I looked over my shoulder and my skin blanched white as bleached snow.

Following behind me a mile away was the last thing I thought I would ever see again. As clear as day I saw the giant serpent. Flames erupted from his mouth as a roar of rage filled the air. He slithered faster than what I remembered and it worried me. I picked up the pace and shot out as much water as I could, pushing past the pain. I looked down to see the sand and shrubs in a flying blur. Ash clouds overthrew the sun's rays. I knew he was close behind but I had to keep going.

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The sun was just hitting the edge of the horizon when I caught the sight of another city. I zoomed past a sign that read "Welcome to Palmdale, California. It's not your fault we are sitting on the San Andreas Fault". I looked over my shoulder to see the giant snake a few miles behind me. From this distance he didn't look as threatening but I didn't stay to watch him get closer. Before I came close to the first buildings, I stopped the water from coming out of my palms and started to run into the city, hoping to blend in with the civilians the best I could. I was able to get into the middle of the city before I heard the first screams of terror. Ash floated through the air and turned sky from light blue to stormy gray in a matter of minutes.

"I know where you are. I can hear your heartbeat growing quicker and quicker." Levi's growling voice boomed throughout the city. An orange glow blew up the sky as the Leviathan melted Palmdale. He slithered over the piles of ash.

Exhaustion was catching up to me. My running became shaky and I found a hiding spot behind a dumpster in a vacant alley. I poked my head out from hiding and watched as a never ending crowd rushed in one direction. People of all ages helping each other out as they escaped. But it was no use.

A blinding light filled my vision and an overwhelming heat blast hit me. I tucked my head back to the alley wall and waited for the gust to pass. It only lasted for a few moments and I was able to look up again. My jaw immediately fell to the ground. I walked out of my hiding place and back onto the main street. Everything in view seemed to be covered in an inch-thick layer of dusty charcoal. As I took a step I felt something underneath my shoe. Teardrops rolled down my cheeks as I saw what it was and what littered the streets. Under my foot was a black shoe that would only fit the right foot of a small child. Next to it was a left shoe, matching in size and shape. My heart began to ache as I recognized what littered the street. From as far as my eyes could see, hundreds of shoes, big and small, filled the area. All of them facing the same direction. My brain finally comprehended exactly what I was standing upon.

With one blow, Levi disintegrated the a majority of Palmdale's population.

Over the buildings I was able to see the top of his head in the distance. His eyes were much colder than before and his attacks were becoming more and more ruthless. He was no longer the man I had seen hours earlier. This was Levi's true self. An unholy serpent with a heart of nothing but destruction.

"LEAVE THESE PEOPLE BE! I'M THE ONE YOU'RE AFTER!" I yelled at the top of my lungs.

This ridiculous chase had gone on long enough. Levi turned to me and was wasting no time going around the buildings. It was as though they were mere lego towers being crushed under his gigantic torso. Soon enough he was less than a mile away from me closing in on me, but I needed a plan. I thought about what Poseidon had said about the "Conqueror's Will". As I gathered all of my strength and focused, I screamed, and everything became still. I watch as nothing happened and Levi's long body created a circle around me, trapping me. The heat was to overwhelming, however I was able to maintain a stable body temperature by cooling the water within me.

"Why Levi? What must cost more than the lives you have depleted?" My voice rang out.

"Power. I have searched for century upon century for a child of the sssea. One who was prophesied to wheeled a power much like the god Poseidon himself. A power that allows the user to control whoever falls a victim to the alluring aura. With a power like that, I could overthrow that fool of a god Poseidon and claim the sea for my own." His voice seemed to echo since his head was so high up from where I stood.

"And how are you so sure that my power can be taken?"

"I know three witches who are in debt to me. They can be easily persuaded if you tell them what they want to hear."

“And what if I don’t let you take my powers?” I did my best to stall time, even though it was hopeless.

“You don’t have to give me it freely. As a matter of fact, you don’t have to be alive at all.” A devilish grin spread from one eye to the other.

To my horror, he began to coil himself around me. I had no way of getting out of this so I played defensively. To make sure that his scalding body didn’t touch me, I created a thin boundary of high-pressured cold water. Although he was strong, I was able to keep him from crushing me completely. This clearly aggravated him.

“You are stronger than your parents, I’ll give you that.” Levi growled as he tried to crush me.

“What are you talking about? My parents abandoned me years ago.”

“On the contrary little Madison. Your parents died because of you. They risked their lives all for you.” He chuckled. “I still remember what they tasted like. Sweet and Savory at the same time. Quite an exotic flavor if you ask me. After eating them, I always wondered what you would taste like.”

Right as he finished his sentence, he darted his open mouth straight at me. Clearly wanting to end it all at that moment.

There was only one thing I could do in that moment. I let out an ear splitting cry full of pain, exhaustion, frustration, and most of all, anger. Anger that was directed right at the serpent. An anger that stemmed from the new found knowledge about her parents. That they did not leave her because she was unwanted. They did the opposite, they loved her so much, that they risked their lives trying to protect her and dying in the jaws of this foul beast.

And that anger fueled me.

Time froze, once again, and I let myself focus on the task at hand. I only had one shot at this and I did not want to mess it up. Millions of ideas filled my head and I tried to sort through them the best I could. However, it didn’t take long for me to the perfect one. Before my eyes, I saw the sign from when I first entered the city of Palmdale and I knew exactly what I wanted to do.

Looking straight up at the Leviathan without an ounce of fear I said.

“I banish you to the San Andreas Fault.”

Immediately after, Levi’s body uncoiled from around me. He moved in a trance-like manner, slowly and steadily sliding towards the San Andreas Fault. As he slithered and burned his path through city, I followed in suit, putting out the flames behind him. I watched as he reluctantly slip into the fault. It took a

while for his whole body to be engulfed within the sandy turf, but I waited patiently until he was officially out of sight.

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As days turned into weeks, and months turned into years, California had experienced record-breaking earthquakes with magnitudes as high as 8.1 and drastically, devastating droughts. The cause? The Leviathan of course. Ever since he had become a prisoner to the San Andreas Fault, he has his own ways of seeking revenge. His boiling body temperature is so intense, that it evaporates all of the moisture in the surrounding environment. This is causing the droughts. Along with that, Levi is also responsible for the disastrous earthquakes. While lurking underneath the Fault, he causes the tectonic plates to shift. The more he moved, the more vicious the quake was.

I did my part in society after the incident and helped Palmdale regain its original glory. It took sometime, but the people did come back to live in the city they had originally called home. Most of them came from out of town, unaware of the incident that had happened years ago due to the government covering up. I also contributed my powers to help when the droughts struck. Whether it was giving thirsty civilians a cup of water, or providing my water when the wildfires grew out of control. Looking back on all of it now, I am just as responsible as the Leviathan is for the droughts. But as I live my life, I do my best to pay back my society.