Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles: New Age of Mutants.

Episode 1: The Rodent Recruit.

Once upon a time, in a laboratory of New York, there were four little turtles and a rat who lived in the glass aquariums of a laboratory. Their owner was Professor Hamato Yoshi, a genius scientist from Japan. For a long time, Professor Yoshi was working on a green, oozy substance named mutagen, which would enhance the five animals’ survival skills, instinct and intelligence, and even grant them a new form! However, one day, before he got to test the mutagen on his pets, a mysterious cat, sneaked into his laboratory and tried to steal the green ooze! Upon seeing the mutagen canister in its mouth, Professor Yoshi tried to keep the cat from taking it. He grabbed the cat, but it scratched his face repeatedly. In pain and unable to see, the scientist staggered around the lab, knocking down test tubes, paper and machines. During the commotion, he accidentally shattered the glass homes of the turtles and the rat. The cat’s teeth began to cause cracks on the mutagen canister, and some of it fell inside its mouth. The cat felt its tongue burning a bit, and with a yowl, it dropped the canister. Suddenly, Professor Yoshi hit a wall and fell to the floor, accidentally kicking the canister toward an open vent. Then, some shelves holding heavy glass containers and monitors fell off the wall and on Professor Yoshi, killing him. The cat had no other option than to flee through the window. Now that his home was destroyed, the rat, who was the smartest animal in the lab, grabbed the four tiny turtles, placed them on his back and tried to escape the place though the vent. On his way out, he tripped with the broken, leaking mutagen canister, getting himself and their turtles wet in it. Nonetheless, the rat managed to find the exit and, once he was outside the lab, he went into the sewers with the turtles. All of a sudden, the rat felt strange. His paws and feet began to grow and change, and so did the rest of his body! The rat and the little turtles went through a slow, strange mutation until they acquired a humanoid form! While the rat now looked like an elder person, the four turtles looked like toddlers. He decided to take them in as his sons and established their new home in the sewers. After reading a book about renaissance, he named the turtles after four renaissance artists: Leonardo, Michelangelo, Donatello and Raphael. As for him, he called himself Splinter, because the first thing he stepped on in his new home was a tiny splinter. Sometime after, he thought his sons needed to learn to defend themselves. After all, the sewers could be a dangerous place, too, with crocodiles and cockroaches scurrying around. But, where to start? Luckily, he found a magazine about Ninjutsu, and thought it was the perfect kind of self-defense the turtles could learn. Thus, Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo and Donatello, spent years training until they grew up to become teenager experts on martial arts! And what did they eat? Someday, Splinter stumbled upon a box of pizza. Maybe somebody didn’t like the pizza from that restaurant and dropped it in the sewers. Splinter thought it could be a nice meal for his turtle children. As expected, they loved it! It became their favorite food, but they also ate other fast food remains they found in the sewers. Together, Splinter and the turtles lived a happy life, away from the dangerous human world above them. What could possibly go wrong?

One day, fifteen years later, the turtles were doing their usual stuff: Leo was meditating, Raph was playing a handheld game he had casually found amidst the trash, and Mikey was eating the previous day’s pizza remains.

“Kids?” Splinter asked. “Have you seen Donatello? I haven’t seen him all morning.”

“Oh, he’s working on a new gizmo, dad!” Mikey said.

“Yeah, I remember him picking up a magazine with a toy car, and said he was going to do that, but family sized.” Raph said.

“Hmmm, what could be this young boy be up to now?”

“Donnie’s inventions are awesome.” Leo said. “But this time, he might be doing something out of the ordinary.”

“Michelangelo, can you please go check on him?”

“No worries, Splinter!”

Mikey went to check on his brother Donnie.

“Hey, dude.” He said. “Whatcha up to now?”

“Hi, Mikey.” Donnie said. “I’m working on this little vehicle here.”

“Uh… a van?” Mikey asked.

“It’s not just any van! This, brother, is our key to the outer human world! I call it the Turtle Van!”

“Wow, how original, dude! Did you really build this van all by yourself?”

“Nah, I found it in a scrapyard. I’m just doing some tweaks to it.”

“Like what?”

“Camouflage mode, a built-in pizza oven, shell shields…”

“Cool! And how is this gonna take us to the human world?”

“Simple. There’s a tunnel near the entrance of our home that leads to underneath the freeway! And with my stylish human disguises, we can go through them unnoticed!”

“Ooh, dad is so gonna like this idea… is he?”

“Um… better not tell him for now.”

“Okay. Is there something I can help you with?” Mikey asked.

“Yeah.” Donnie answered. “There’s a wrench over there, under the van. Can you pass it to me?”

“No problem, Donnie!”

Mikey got on his knees and reached for the wrench. Suddenly, he felt something tickling his foot.

“What the-?”

Then, he found out what it was. A tiny mouse rubbing his foot.

“Oh, hey, little dude! Whatcha doin’ down there?” he asked him.

“Are you talking to me, Mikey?” Donnie asked.

“No, I was talking to this pipsqueak!”

“Who?”

“This tiny guy!” Mikey said, lifting the mouse on his hand. “He was rubbing my foot!”

“It’s a small mouse!” Donnie said.

“And look! My foot isn’t as dirty as it was before!”

“Looks like you got yourself a little foot cleaner!”

“Can we keep it?” Mikey asked.

“I don’t know what will Splinter think about this.”

Suddenly, they heard Splinter calling them.

“I think we better not tell him anything. Not the van, not the mouse.” Donnie said.

“Yeah, let’s go.” Mikey said, then said to the mouse. “Stay here, little dude! Be right back!”

Both exited the room and went to join Raph and Leo at the dojo. Soon, the four turtles sat before Master Splinter.

“Okay, my sons. Are you ready for today’s lesson?”

“Yes, sensei.” Leo said.

“Very well. Today’s lesson is about a ninja’s hygiene. As you may know, a ninja must be as secretive as he can be. And that includes having every part of the body clean. Now, show your feet!”

“What? But, Master Splinter…” Donnie said.

“I said show them!”

The turtles did a handstand, showing their feet. One by one, Splinter started sniffing them.

“Just as I suspected. You have not cleaned your feet lately. Be grateful I’m used to this scent, because I’m a rat. But imagine if an enemy spots you due to it. You’d be in big trouble.”

Then, he sniffed Mikey’s feet.

“Impressive. Michelangelo’s feet are clean and nice smelling. Who would have thought that your youngest brother would have bested you in this matter? What’s your secret to clean your feet like that, Michelangelo? Anything you would like to recommend to your brothers?”

“You see, there’s a…”

Donnie looked at Mikey.

“Uh… never mind. We can just find some clean water spring to dip our feet into.”

“Now that I remember, there’s a pipe around here from which cool clean water comes out. It’d be nice for us to wash our feet there.” Raph said.

“Nice thinking, Raphael.” Splinter said. “Now go, and get your feet cleaned. Then you will be ready for your next lesson.”

“Yes, Master Splinter.” The turtles said.

They headed to where the water pipe Raph had mentioned was found.

On the way, Leo asked Mikey:

“Mikey, I know you wanted to do another suggestion for feet cleaning to Master Splinter. What was it?”

“Uh…” Mikey mumbled.

“It better be good.” Raph said.

“Okay, I’ll spill the beans! I found a mouse who likes to clean feet. He does it awesomely good!”

“A… mouse?” Leo asked.

“Yes. I found him in Donnie’s room. Follow me! I’ll show you.”

“Guys, wait!” Donnie said.

As his brothers headed to his room, Donnie got ahead of them and activated the camouflage mode of the Turtle Van, turning it invisible so they didn’t see it.

“Okay, guys. All done! Come in!”

“So, Mikey, where did you find that mouse?”

“He was over here.” Mikey said, gesturing toward where he first found the mouse. “Okay, little dude, you can come out now!”

Shyly, the tiny mouse came out of his hiding place.

“Awww, he’s so teensy!” Leo said.

“This mouse is the solution to our dirty feet?” Raph said.

“Just sit down, show him your feet, and watch!” Mikey said.

Leo, Raph and Donnie sat down to let their feet be cleaned by the little mouse. He approached them, and by rubbing them with his paws and wiping them with his tail, he left them squeaky clean!

“Wow!” Donnie exclaimed. You were right, Mikey! This mousy is an expert at cleaning feet!”

“I’ve never seen my feet this clean!” Leo commented.

“Not even a trace of lint!” Raph said.

“Hey, I know how to call this little dude!” Mikey said. “I’m gonna call him Linter!”

“…Linter?” Donnie asked.

“You know, because he cleans the lint off our feet!”

“Isn’t that a bit too similar to Splinter?” Leo asked.

“Yeah, but both are rodents!”

“Wait until Splinter hears you!” Raph said.

“Do you think he’ll allow us to keep him?”

“I don’t know, Mikey.” Leo said. “We’ve never had a pet.”

“Anyway, our feet are clean now.” Donnie said. “Let’s go back to Splinter.”

The turtles went back to the dojo.

“Very well” Splinter said. “Now that your feet are clean, you’re ready for this test. I want each one of you to pick a hiding place. I will use my sense of smell the best I can to try and find you. If I can’t find any of you, you will be successful.”

“Cool! Hide and seek! I love that game.” Mikey said.

“Now go, my sons! Hide.” Splinter said, closing his eyes.

The turtles swiftly, but quietly, went to hide. Splinter sniffed the air, trying to find out if the turtles had really cleaned their feet. He looked all over the lair, trying to find them, but to no avail. All he managed to find was the cheeseburger he hadn’t finished eating.

“Looks like we passed the test, sensei!” Leonardo said.

“Yes.” Splinter said. “I’m proud of you, my sons. You finally take your personal hygiene seriously. Did you wash your feet at the clean water coming from that pipe?”

“Well, honestly, we did something else!” Mikey said.

His brothers turned to look at him nervously.

“Something else?”

“Y-Yeah, we let someone help us out!”

“And who was it?”

“Uh… It was…”

Suddenly, the little mouse arrived to the dojo.

“This dude!”

“A mouse cleaned your feet?”

“His name is Linter!”

“And you gave him a name? Similar to mine?”

“I knew he would get mad!” Raph said.

“But Sensei.” Donnie said. “You never forbid us to have pets. This would be our first time!”

“My sons… Do you consider yourselves ready to take care of this mouse?”

“Yes, sensei.” Leonardo said. “We’ll take care of him as if he was you… a tiny version of you.”

Mikey looked at Leo smiling. Splinter thought for a second, then said:

“Fine. You can keep it. But Linter will have to prove he is worthy of being a member of the team.”

“How?” Mikey asked.

“Well, the lair looks sort of filthy. Looks like you haven’t done your cleaning chores in months. Besides, my feet might need some cleaning and rubbing, too.”

“Count on it, Splinter!” Leo said.

After the test, Mikey took Linter to his room and said to him:

“Okay, Linter. This is what you gotta do.”

During the next weeks, Linter proved to be quite smart and useful. He always cleaned the turtles’ feet after the training sessions, and even Splinter’s! He also picked up the trash and leftovers they left all over the lair. Whenever Splinter needed a foot massage, Linter was there to give it to him. As time passed, Splinter was getting used to it. Thus, Linter earned his place in the family. He even ate pizza with them! Unexpectedly, Linter had found a forever home. He was one lucky little mouse.

Another day, the turtles were having fun skateboarding on a ramp. Linter was riding in front of Mikey’s skateboard. When they finished, the turtles were thirsty.

“Man, I could really use a drink right now.” Donnie said.

“Yeah, me too.” Raph said.

“Let’s head to the cooler and get some drinks.” Leo said.

“Come on, Linter!” Mikey said.

The turtles and the little mouse went to where the cooler was and picked up some soda cans. On their way, they walked onto Splinter.

“Good morning, my sons.”

“Morning, Splinter.” The turtles said.

“What are you up to?”

“Just having a drink.” Raph said.

“Good. Now that I think of it, I’m craving a cheese-sicle.” Splinter said. “Can you please get me one from the cooler?”

Linter put up his paw.

“Ooh! Linter will go get it!” Mikey said.

“Fine. I’ll be waiting.”

Linter headed back to the cooler to get Splinter a cheese-sicle. However, he encountered somebody unexpected… a stray cat! It chased Linter across the room, until he caught him in his jaws! Linter squeaked loudly. The turtles and Master Splinter managed to hear him and ran to see what was going on. At the last moment, they witnessed the cat looking at them before jumping on some furniture, and escaping through an open sewer grate with Linter in his mouth.

“Linter!” Mikey cried.

“Well, we lost him.” Raph said. “It was good to have him while it lasted.”

“No, we must rescue him!”

“But we don’t even know where that cat went!” Leo said.

“I think there is a way to find out.” Donnie said.

He headed towards his room, and the others followed him. He pulled a tiny device from a drawer.

“Time to put this baby to the test!”

He struck a finger over his foot and put in on top of the device.

“Uh… what are you doing?” Raph asked.

“This is a DNA locator. I’ve picked up some DNA from the last time Linter rubbed our feet. With it, this machine might be able to find him, wherever he is.”

“Nice thinking, Donnie!” Leo said.

“I’m proud of you, my son.” Splinter said.

“Thank you, dad. Now let’s find out where did that cat take Linter.”

The locator made beeping sounds and through it screen, it pinpointed a location.

“It’s an old warehouse!” Donnie said.

“Typical villain hideout.” Raph said.

“But it’s on the surface! We’ll never get there without being seen by humans.”

“That has a solution!” Donnie said.

He pushed a button, and what appeared his closet opened, revealing five sets of human clothes.

“What in turtle nation are those?” Mikey asked.

“This, little bro, are my stylish human disguises!” Donnie said.

“You call that stylish?” Raph commented. “It’s just a bunch of ordinary street caps, t-shirts, jackets and pants, like those worn by the rappers we see on TV!”

“But you haven’t seen anything yet, Raph! They also got human skin holographic camouflage!”

“Your intelligence impresses me more with each passing day, Donatello.” Splinter said.

“So, all we gotta do is put these on, go outside, enter the warehouse and recue Linter from whoever kidnapped him!” Leonardo said.

“Sounds like a plan, leader!” Raph said.

“What are we waiting for? Let’s save Linter!” Mikey said.

The turtles and Splinter put on their human costumes and went out the sewers and onto the abandoned warehouse. Apparently, Donnie’s costumes were well designed, because no human noticed they were actually mutants. Finally, they arrived to the warehouse. It was all dark and dusty. But the weirdest thing was, lots of stray cats were roaming around freely.

“How are we gonna know which one of these took Linter?” Raph asked.

“Or what if he has already been eaten?” Mikey said.

“Look!” Leo said.

Out of the shadows came a human sized cat with a patch over where his right eye used to be. He was holding Linter between his hands!

“Whoa!” the turtles exclaimed.

“Is that… a mutant cat?” Donnie asked.

“Correct.” The cat said. “My name is Old Hob.”

“I thought we were the only mutants in this city.” Leo said.

“Then you lived in a lie for fifteen years.” Old Hob explained. “It all started on that day, when I failed to retrieve the very substance that made us what we are, the mutagen.”

“Huh? What is he talking about?” Raph asked.

“When I was a normal cat, I tried to get the mutagen for my master to help him create the most powerful mutant army ever. But instead, I lost it because of the scientist who created it, and the mutagen ended up giving you that form. The scientist died, but I had failed my mission. Due to my failure, my master slashed my eye off.”

“Hmmm… now I remember.” Splinter said.

“What is it, sensei?” Leo asked.

“He is the one behind our master Hamato Yoshi’s demise! Because of him we have lived in the sewers our entire life!”

“Later…” Old Hob continued. “I acquired this new shape. And it was all due to a tiny drop of the mutagen that had felt in my mouth during the struggle. However, it was just a tiny amount of mutagen rushing through my veins. It wasn’t enough to power up my master’s army. But now that I have brought you here, thanks to your little friend, I will be able to get all mutagen I need from your DNA!”

“But how did you find our home?” Mikey asked.

“I have cat spies all over New York. It was such a breeze.”

“Oh, that explains a lot.”

“Cats, attack!” Old Hob commanded the cats.

Dozens of stray cats charged toward the turtles and Splinter.

“What are we gonna do?” Donnie asked. “We can’t just hurt cats!”

“They aren’t regular cats.” Raph said. “They’re mangy little felines who captured our mousy friend!”

“Linter is part of our family, and no one messes with our family!” Leo said. “Plain cats or not, prepare to get your butts kicked!”

“Now you’re talking like a leader.” Splinter said. “Let’s do this, my sons!”

The turtles and their sensei fought bravely against the stray cat army. Leo unsheathed his swords, Raph swung his sais, Donnie and Splinter used their staffs and Mikey whirled his nunchucks. Working together, the team defeated the stray cats, but they managed to scratch them lots of times.

“I guess it’s my turn now!” Old Hob said, throwing Linter into a tiny cage.

The cruel cat leader pulled out his claws and jumped toward the turtles. They tried to attack him, but Old Hob swiftly evaded their attacks, and scratched them over and over again.

“Don’t give in, my sons!” Splinter said. “Synchronize your skills, fix your gaze upon him, and attack together!”

“Got it, Master Splinter!” Leo said.

“Ready?” Donnie asked.

“I was ready for this since my mutation!” Mikey said.

“Let’s go!” Raph said.

The turtles lined up in cross formation, concentrated, and began swinging their weapons at any sight of Old Hob. Upon getting hit a few times, Old Hob stepped back. Then, the brothers lined up in a wide, horizontal formation, not to give him a chance to escape and charged at him. One after another, they attacked Old Hob, then stepped back, and together did a powerful quadruple jump kick, knocking Old Hob onto the wall. When the cat leader ended up unconscious, Mikey ran to free Linter.

“Linter, are you okay?” Mikey asked him. “You got me so worried!”

“It’s a good thing to have the little feet cleaner back.” Raph said.

“We sure showed that mega-sized hairball to not mess with us!” Donnie said.

“Well, now that we’re all done here, let’s go home.” Leo said.

“Yes… You have done well. I’m proud of you, my sons.” Splinter said.

When all of them returned home, Leo, Raph, Donnie and Mikey resumed their peaceful life. And now that they had Linter, things got better! However, Splinter was still concerned about the safety of his sons.

“My sons.” He said. “You may have won your first battle outside the sewers, and that makes me so proud of you.”

“It wasn’t so bad!” Donnie said.

“We did get scratched many times, though.” Mikey said.

“But…” Splinter continued.

“But?” Leo asked.

“I’m afraid that you will face more battles in the future. And for that, I must get you well prepared.”

“More prepared than how we are now?” Raph asked.

“Yes.” Splinter answered. “More powerful enemies await you. And your actual skills won’t be enough to defeat them. Thus, you must improve them! Time for you to train harder.”

“Aw, man!” Donnie said.

“No protesting. It’s for your own good.”

And so, the turtles were put into rough training. But there was somebody who, unlike them, did want to train… Linter! After witnessing his owners awesomely kicking some cat butts, he wanted to do the same to prevent ending up as a meal! Picking a kunai, he watched the turtles’ movements closely and imitated their attacks, swinging it. Splinter noticed Linter’s training, and he felt proud of the tiny mouse. One day, the sensei gave him a tiny green colored bandana. Now he was ready to join the team!

Meanwhile, back at the abandoned warehouse, Old Hob was checking on his claws and his cat minions’ claws. He chuckled evilly.

“Good. Looks like together, we have scratched out enough DNA from those ninja turtles to replicate the mutagen. They thought they had defeated us, but in reality, this is our victory! Master Shredder will be pleased!”

THE END.