



A Prequel Of Sorts

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles - All Media Types · Not Rated · 1312 words

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Oneshots set *before the Turtles met April and began fighting Shredder*, posted in a loose chronological order.

It doesn't follow any specific canon, and Venus De Milo is the Turtle boys' sister.

Chapter 1: How Hamato Yoshi Was Exiled And Stumbled Into Fatherhood

A retelling of Splinter's backstory.

Fun fact, this chapter is exactly 1,000 words long ☺

Once upon a time, hidden deep in a Japanese mountain range, there lived a secret society of warriors. These fierce men and women were known as the Clan of the Foot.

Among them were two students that took to martial arts like most take to breathing; Hamato Yoshi and Oroku Saki. Despite being equals in skill, Hamato was favored by their teachers, as he did not just focus on the ways of battle — the spiritual, the philosophical, and the beautiful all interested him as much as training and sparring.

Frustrated that the other was praised so highly for what he saw as useless hobbies, Saki let bitterness consume his heart. He was the best warrior among the Foot, yet Yoshi was being groomed as the next leader; *it wasn't fair!*

Unable to gain it fairly, Saki resorted to dishonest means of claiming the title of head warrior; in a truly unforgivable act, he poisoned his mentor, killing him. To make matters worse, he framed Yoshi for the crime.

Though all evidence pointed towards him, it was agreed that such a murder did not make sense. It was not in Yoshi's character, and he gained nothing from it. Unwilling to end the life of one so beloved for a crime they weren't sure he truly committed, yet

unable to leave justice uncarried out, the Clan's elders settled on banishing Yoshi to America.

With his rival gone and the head warrior dead, Saki soon gained command of the Foot Clan. Under his leadership, it turned from a group of honorable warriors to little better than a gang of terrorists. He had never been a very clever man.

While there are many upsides to growing up in a secret society of warriors, there are many downsides to go with them. One such downside was a lack of knowledge on the modern world, and how to function within it.

Yoshi found himself without a home, alone in the strange city of New York. He made a space for himself in the city's sewer system, fighting off the alligators that lived there. It was not very bad, really. Yoshi was used to living a simple life, and the city was so large that he managed to scavenge whatever he needed.

And he wasn't truly alone. Besides the alligators, there were also rats that lived in the sewers with him. He quite liked the rats, and found that they quite liked him in return so long as he shared his food with them.

It couldn't truly be said to be a happy life. He had lost everything he'd ever known. He was banished to a strange land where he understood little of the culture or technology. He was mourning his mentor and his Clan alike, clever enough to guess the direction Saki would lead them. And Saki... He was still stinging from that betrayal, done to him by a Clanmate.

But, all in all, it wasn't the worst life either. Whenever he wasn't scavenging or fighting alligators for territory, Yoshi spent his days reading and drinking tea, passing many quiet hours with his rats for company. It was a peaceful life that spoke to the part of him that had always gravitated more to calm things than to battle.

So it wasn't precisely an unhappy life, even if it maybe was a lonely one.

Yoshi was, perhaps, a bit more bored than he realized. It was the only explanation he could think of, later on, to explain what could have possibly possessed him to walk towards the glowing green substance that sat mysteriously in the middle of a defunct sewer pipe.

"Oh, you poor dears." Yoshi said in distress when he saw five turtles, barely hatchlings, stuck in the glowing green *whatever* it was. He had managed to set up an old, glitchy TV within his hideout, and he was quite proud of how quickly he was picking up English from it.

He bent down and carefully lifted up the turtles, trying to wipe them off. He wasn't sure if the goop was poisonous, but random glowing slime seemed like something that would be. It should be pointed out that a life in which fighting sewer alligators is a daily occurrence is not a life in which one gets much sleep, so Yoshi was perhaps not thinking entirely clearly when he touched the turtles — and therefore the mysterious goop — with his bare hands.

Later, Yoshi would learn of an accident in which two vehicles crashed into each other, one from a zoo and the other from a laboratory. Later, Yoshi would learn that his DNA mixed with those of the turtles, meaning they shared his blood. Later, Yoshi would learn many little details about this moment and all that led up to it.

For now, all he knew was pain. When it passed, as all pain must, he was no longer a Japanese man; he was a giant rat. The shock of this was great, as I am sure you can imagine, but it was soon pushed to the back of his mind and buried under several loud cries. This crying came from the five turtles, who were now vaguely humanoid and toddler-sized.

Hamato Yoshi was many things. He was a strong man, one of the greatest fighters the world had ever seen. He was a wise man, well versed in history and philosophy. He was a cheerful man, finding beauty and happiness even in his exile.

Hamato Yoshi was also a kind man, the sort who freely shared his food with rats. It should not surprise you that he did not turn around and run from the mutant children to go panic about the loss of his humanity on top of everything else that had befallen him. No, instead he gently balanced all five in his arms, shushing and soothing them as he carried the infants to his hideout.

Hamato Yoshi was many things. And from that day on, a father was one of them.

Chapter 2: Fanart (Old)

I found some of my old TMNT art! The quality is a bit poor because it was on an old broken phone of mine and I only still have it because I texted it to my sister, but I think it's still good. Hope you like it 😊

My absolute favorite, I still love this one. My version of Donnie is one of those starry-backed sea turtles.

This one makes me sad because I know I had more on it, which means this must be an old version and the more complete version is somewhere on the other phone. Oh well. Stitches and stuff because of the De Milo thing, and all the turtles get cute little dolls made out of scrap cloth, but her's is my favorite.

I drew two versions of Mikey, and I think this one is my favorite in a lot of ways. He's a goofy boy ☐

I was going to draw all four boys, but I realized after Raph that I didn't have enough room to get the details right. I don't think it's too bad though, I still like it.

I don't like the exact design anymore, but I still really love the general idea of this. Scarred up warrior Raph is the best. He's a snapping turtle, of course. I think there's a type of snapping turtle named after alligators or something? I vaguely recall basing him off of it.

All the turtles are basically around the same age, but I still see these two as twins. I think I based them off box turtles and/or sliders? Anyways, I really like this version of Milly. Using the paint splotches was a much better idea than stitches, I think. Mikey is now a musician, because he needs something beyond fun-loving, and Milly's an artist because I said so.

And that's it for the old images I found! One day I will manage to draw the entire Hamato family, I swear. XD

Hope you liked it!

— end of "A Prequel Of Sorts" —