**Story text**

The Red Legends, the tribe Harry the Haemophilus belonged to, were now just that, Legends. Once they were able to move around unrecognised, under cover of their cloud shroud, and were feared wherever they went. From their base in the Red House, they would go to the Blue House, and have a swell time on the way!

And when they could, they would also check out the central processing unit, that was electrical.

But all good things must come to an end. And for the Red Legends that happened when the lifeguards got a helping hand to develop their defence system. Ever since then the cloud shroud ended up being a hindrance and not a help. This meant that Harry the Haemophilus, cloudless, was left to try and keep the legend alive.

Harry had to learn some new tricks, he’d sit and wait for the viruses to go through, clearing any easy way to the Blue House, where he would try his best to cause trouble.

He had a few tricks as well. He had some low level code that could keep him safe from common poison rain.

And with this trick, and his plan of following virus around, he could have a few banging trips out from his Red House, making sure he was not forgotten completely!