

TRINITY HEROES

Total Health Is The New Wealth



SEASON 1 • ORIGINS OF THE MISSION MALL

TRINITY HEROES

Total Health Is The New Wealth

Book One: Origins of the Mission Mall

A Mission Mall Storybook

Welcome to Trinity Town

On the edge of a tired suburb sits an old, forgotten building called the Mission Mall. Its windows are dark. Its fountains are choked with leaves. But beneath its dusty floors, three pillars of light have been waiting — green, violet, and gold — for the three children brave enough to wake them.

This is the story of how those children were found, how they discovered that true wealth has nothing to do with money, and how they learned to be strong in Body, clear in Mind, and full in Spirit.

Total health is the new wealth. Turn the page, and the mission begins.



Harvest Hulk

The Body — Strong bodies build big futures.

Brave, loud, and a little bit silly, Harvest Hulk wears armor woven from leaves and carries a satchel he calls the Trinity Bag. Inside it, food that grows from the ground turns into power. He believes the strongest kids on earth start at the dinner table.



Sage Sol

The Mind — A clear mind is a hidden treasure.

Quiet and curious, Sage Sol wears a cape made of starlight. He breathes in worry and breathes out calm. From his Trinity Bag he pulls books with blank pages that fill themselves with the words a frightened heart needs most.



Grace Guardian

The Spirit — Wealth is what you give, not what you keep.

Kind and fearless, Grace Guardian shines in shimmering gold armor with a warm light at her chest. Every coin she gives away from the Trinity Bag splits into two. The more she gives, the more she has.

The Hollow Crew

Not every shadow in Trinity Town is harmless. Three villains feed on the emptiness inside children. They cannot create anything — they can only drain. They are the ones the Trinity Heroes were called to face.



Glutch

Villain of the Body

A bloated, sticky monster made of melted candy and screen-glow. He wants kids tired, sluggish, and snack-addicted.



Doubtra

Villain of the Mind

A whispering smoke-figure who lives in mirrors and phone screens. She plants the cruel thought, 'I am not enough.'



The Hollow King

Villain of the Spirit

A crowned silhouette on an empty throne. He teaches that wealth is what you keep — and slowly hollows out everyone who believes him.

The Boy Who Heard the Mall

Milo becomes Harvest Hulk.



The sun was setting over Trinity Town when Milo opened his refrigerator and found nothing inside but a half-empty bottle of soda. He sighed, grabbed a bag of chips from the counter, and turned toward the window. That was when he saw it — a soft green pulse blinking from the abandoned Mission Mall across the street.

Milo was eleven years old and small for his age. He was the kind of boy who noticed things other people missed, and tonight he noticed that the mall everyone said was empty was very clearly not.

“That place is supposed to be closed,” he whispered. But his feet were already moving.

He slipped under the chained doors and into a world of dust and broken kiosks. The fountain in the middle of the food court was choked with leaves. The green light was stronger now, leaking from a service hallway in the back. He followed it.

At the bottom of a staircase he had not known existed, Milo stepped into an enormous underground room. Three towering pillars rose to the ceiling — one green, one violet, one gold — but only the green one was glowing. At its base lay a worn leather satchel.

A warm voice spoke, and somehow Milo understood that it was the room itself.

“You came,” the voice said. “The Body has been waiting.”

“I think I'm in the wrong place,” Milo answered.

“You're in the only place. Open the bag.”

Inside the satchel was a single carrot, glowing softly. Milo almost laughed. Then, from the parking lot above, he heard a child scream.

He raced upstairs. A puddle of melted candy was swallowing a younger boy's bicycle, and the puddle was rising — gurgling, growing arms, growing teeth. It was Glutch, and his laugh was wet and sweet and terrible.

Milo did not think. He bit into the carrot.

Green light burst around him. Leaves wove themselves into armor across his chest. Vines coiled into muscles along his arms. When he opened his eyes, he was no longer just Milo.

He was Harvest Hulk.

“Get off him, sticky guy,” he said, and he meant it.

Glutch splattered into the storm drain, hissing one promise as he vanished:
The King will hear of this.

Back in the Lair, Milo stared at the two dark pillars beside the green one.

“There are supposed to be three of us, aren't there?” he asked.

“Two more,” said the Lair. “Find them. Total health is not a solo mission.”

— TRINITY TIP —

*“Real food gives real power. Tonight, eat one thing that grew out of
the ground. That's your first mission.”*

— Harvest Hulk

The Boy Who Read the Stars

Ari becomes Sage Sol.



Ari was ten years old, wore round glasses, and kept a tower of library books beside his bed. He loved every one of them. What he did not love was the way his phone kept buzzing on his pillow.

The group chat scrolled past him in cruel little flashes — nobody asked, weirdo, okay genius — until he finally muted it and lay back in the dark. But muting the phone did not mute his brain. His thoughts kept spinning, faster and faster, the way the ceiling seemed to spin above him.

“Why can't I just turn it off?” he whispered.

A faint violet light bloomed inside his closet mirror. Something leaned forward inside the glass — a smoky, silken figure with a voice like a soft hand on the back of the neck.

“Because you are not enough, little reader,” it whispered. “Stay here with me. I will keep you company.”

Ari pulled the covers up over his head. But the violet light was no longer only in the mirror. It was outside his window now, brighter and clearer, pointing toward the old Mission Mall.

When he crept up to the cracked door of the mall, another boy was already there waiting. Milo looked as surprised to see Ari as Ari was to see him.

“You felt it too,” Milo said.

“I felt something. I thought I was losing it.”

“Nope. You were being called.”

Down in the Lair, the violet pillar flared awake. The Trinity Bag offered Ari a small book with blank pages.

“The Mind has arrived,” the Lair said gently. “Breathe, son. Then read what is true.”

Ari breathed in slowly, the way he had read about in one of his books. The blank pages filled with a single sentence: You are not your loudest thought.

Violet light wrapped around his shoulders and unfurled into a cape that shone like starlight. He was Sage Sol now, and when he went home that night and faced the smoke in his mirror, he did not run.

“You can't unsee me,” Doubtra hissed.

“I don't have to,” Sage Sol said. “I just don't have to believe you.”

He breathed once. The violet smoke evaporated. The mirror showed only Ari — tired, smiling, and finally, finally sleepy.

— TRINITY TIP —

“When your brain won’t stop, breathe in for four, out for four. Then write one true sentence. Mission complete.”

— Sage Sol

The Girl Who Gave Her Lunch Away

Grace becomes the third hero.



Grace had been quietly feeding a hungry classmate for weeks. His name was Marcus, and his lunchbox was almost always empty except for a juice box. So every day, without making a fuss about it, Grace slid half her sandwich onto his tray. Her own stomach growled, but she did not mind.

On the day the mall called her, three older boys cornered Marcus in the hallway. Grace was smaller than every one of them. She stepped between them anyway.

“Leave him alone,” she said.

She did not see it, but a faint gold warmth was already glowing inside her chest.

That night, when the third pillar in the Lair finally blazed to life, Milo and Ari turned to each other in wonder.

“She is on her way,” the Lair said. “She has been on her way her whole life.”

Grace walked up to the mall alone. She did not look surprised. She looked like a girl who had been waiting a very long time to be seen.

The Trinity Bag offered her a single gold coin.

“What do I do with it?” she asked.

“What you have always done,” said the Lair. “Give it.”

Grace tossed the coin to Milo. It split into two in the air. He passed one to Ari. It split again. The Lair filled with golden light. Armor formed across Grace's shoulders, shimmering as if woven from sunlight, with a warm glow at the center of her chest. She was Grace Guardian.

All three pillars now blazed. Across the ceiling of the Lair, holographic letters bloomed: TOTAL HEALTH IS THE NEW WEALTH.

“So... we are a team now?” Grace asked.

“We are a Trinity,” said Harvest Hulk.

“And the mall is not abandoned anymore,” said Sage Sol. “It is ours to rebuild.”

Far away, in a shadowed throne room nobody had yet seen, a crowned figure turned his head slowly toward them. His crown was made of empty candy wrappers, broken phone screens, and coins. He did not speak. Not yet.

— TRINITY TIP —

“Today, give one thing away. A snack. A smile. A seat. Watch what happens to your heart.”

— Grace Guardian

Glutch and the Sugar Storm

Glutch poisons the school's vending machines.



By Monday morning, every vending machine in school was buzzing with a sickly green glow. Wrappers shivered behind the glass. The kids who pressed their faces to them came away with their eyes glassy and their heads heavy. By second period, half the school had laid their heads on their desks.

Down in the Lair, the wall of glowing town maps lit up with a blinking red dot.

“Glucose levels off the chart,” Sage Sol said. “Focus levels in the floor.”

“That’s my villain,” Harvest Hulk said. “I’ve got this.”

“Not alone,” Grace Guardian answered. “We move as three.”

When the Trinity arrived in the cafeteria, Glutch erupted from the largest vending machine in a wave of melted candy. He was bigger than before. He pointed a sticky finger straight at Harvest Hulk.

“I remember you, Milo,” he gurgled. “You used to love me. Three bags a day. Remember the couch? Remember the buzzing screen? Come home, sweet thing.”

Harvest Hulk hesitated. The vines on his armor shrank. His teammates in light saw it.

“He is not lying,” Sage Sol said quietly. “But he is not the whole story.”

“Hulk, look at me,” Grace Guardian said. “You are not what you used to eat. You are what you choose now.”

Harvest Hulk straightened. The Trinity Bag opened and dropped a handful of seeds into his palm. He scattered them across the cafeteria floor. They burst into a forest of vegetable-armor — corn-stalk shields, carrot-spears, vine-ropes — and the kids who had laid their heads down began to lift them again.

Carrot-spears pinned Glutch to the wall.

“I don't hate you, Glutch,” Harvest Hulk said. “I just don't need you anymore.”

Glutch dissolved into harmless syrup. The vending machines flickered, blinked, and reset themselves to clear water and bowls of fruit. The cafeteria cheered.

And in a throne room far away, the Hollow King crushed an empty candy wrapper in his fist while Doubtra stepped forward and smiled. My turn, she said. My turn now.

— TRINITY TIP —

“Swap one snack today. Real food, real strength.”

— Harvest Hulk

Doubtra in the Mirror

A viral app whispers cruel things into kids' headphones.



The new app was called Whispr, and within a week every kid in Ari's school was wearing earbuds. Whispr was supposed to read your face and tell you a secret about yourself. The secrets were always cruel. By Friday, the hallways were full of students walking like ghosts.

Down in the Lair, Sage Sol slipped past the app's defenses. Doubtra's smoky face filled every screen at once.

“Hello again, little reader,” she purred. “Did you really think a single breath could end me?”

“I didn't end you,” Sage Sol answered. “I just stopped feeding you.”

When the Trinity reached the school, they found the children frozen in front of their lockers. Doubtra had woven a smoke-mirror around the entire hallway, and inside it every kid saw the worst possible version of themselves.

“Sage,” Grace Guardian said softly, “we cannot pull them out. They have to choose to look away.”

“Then give them something truer to look at,” Harvest Hulk said.

Sage Sol opened the blank book and began to speak. He walked slowly down the hallway, and over each frozen child he said one true sentence aloud.

“You are not your loudest thought.”

“You are not the worst thing anyone has ever said about you.”

“You were made on purpose.”

The smoke-mirror cracked.

“They liked the lie!” Doubtra shrieked. “They chose the lie!”

“Then we will keep telling the truth louder,” Sage Sol said.

Starlight breath flooded the hallway. Doubtra evaporated into nothing. Earbuds dropped to the floor. And for the first time in months, the children in the hallway looked at one another like they could really see each other again.

Back in the Lair that night, the Trinity finally turned to face the door behind the gold pillar — the one they had never opened.

“He is the one we have not met,” Grace whispered. “The one who runs the others.”

— TRINITY TIP —

“Tonight, mute one app that’s lying to you.”

— Sage Sol

— TRINITY TIP —

“Tonight, mute one app that’s lying to you.”

— Sage Sol

The Hollow King

The Trinity meets the villain behind every villain.



A hidden door opened behind the gold pillar. The Trinity descended a long, dusty staircase into an archive room they had never seen before.

The walls were covered in old photographs of a thriving Mission Mall from the 1990s. Smiling founders shook hands by the central fountain. Children laughed beneath bright banners.

“This mall wasn't abandoned,” Sage Sol said slowly. “It was abandoned on purpose.”

At the center of the wall hung a single, important photograph: a young man cutting the original ribbon. Beside it, another photograph of the same man, older, alone in an empty mall, surrounded by piles of money and glowing screens. And another

after that, his face slowly going hollow across the years.

“He built it,” Grace whispered. “And then he... kept it. He kept all of it. Until there was nothing left to give.”

Behind them, a crowned silhouette stepped out of the shadows. They saw his face for the first time — gaunt, tired, regal, and terribly sad.

“You found my museum,” the Hollow King said. “I built this place to give to children. Then I learned the secret of wealth. Keep. Keep, keep, keep, and the world will call you a king.”

“And how did that work out for you?” Harvest Hulk asked.

The King opened his cloak. Inside, where a man should have been, there was only wind.

“It worked exactly as it promised,” he said. “I have everything. I am nothing.”

“That is not a curse, sir,” Grace Guardian said gently. “That is an invitation. Total health is the new wealth. You can come home.”

For one trembling moment, the crown on his head flickered as if it might lift away. Then he laughed and slammed it back down.

“Pretty speech,” he said. “But every child in this town is still mine. And tomorrow, I open my own mall — right on top of yours.”

He vanished. The Trinity stood alone in the archive, surrounded by photographs of the boy he had once been.

“He is not just a villain,” Sage Sol said. “He is a warning.”

“Then,” said Harvest Hulk, “let's open our mall first.”

— TRINITY TIP —

*“Wealth is what you give, not what you keep.
Tomorrow, give one thing away.”*

— Grace Guardian

Grand Opening

Mission Mall opens its doors to every child.



By dawn, the Mission Mall was unrecognizable. Vines climbed the walls in green spirals. Stained-glass windows blazed in green, violet, and gold. A banner above the doors read: TRINITY HEROES PRESENT — MISSION MALL: OPEN TO EVERY CHILD. Families lined up around the block.

Inside, the food court served real food. The Mind Wing was full of soft reading nooks and quiet rooms. The Service Suite paired children with elders who wanted to mentor them. Every storefront had become a wing of total health. Above the central fountain, a single line of holographic light rotated slowly: TOTAL HEALTH IS THE NEW WEALTH.

Then the sky darkened.

From the clouds, a second mall descended. It was black and glittering and built in exactly the same shape as Mission Mall — only inverted. It landed on the opposite side of town with a sound

like a closing door. The Hollow Mall had arrived.

The Hollow King's voice boomed out of every speaker in town.

“Children of Trinity Town. Why settle for a gift when you can have everything? Come to me. Keep it all.”

Half the kids in line turned their heads. Some began to walk away. Grace climbed up onto the fountain so they could see her.

“You are allowed to choose him,” she called out. “But before you do — let us give you one thing. Free. No strings.”

She opened the Trinity Bag. From it poured an endless cascade of small kits, one for every child, each one labeled BODY · MIND · SPIRIT.

“That is a Trinity Kit,” Harvest Hulk said. “Real food. Real rest. Real hope.”

“And it grows,” Sage Sol added, “the more you give it away.”

A small child took a kit and immediately handed it to a smaller child. The kit doubled in her hands. The crowd gasped. Even the children who had begun to drift toward the Hollow Mall slowed and turned around.

On his hollow throne, the King watched it all on his screens, his fists clenched. And behind him, two new shadows finally stepped forward — figures the world had not yet seen. One dripped with screen-light. One whispered in a thousand voices at once.

The Hollow King smiled for the very first time.

“Then it is time,” he said softly, “to wake the rest of the family.”

But on the steps of Mission Mall, the Trinity Heroes stood shoulder to shoulder, watching kids stream past them with kits in their arms. Grace turned and looked straight at you, dear reader, and held the Trinity Bag out.

“The mall is open,” she said. “The mission is just beginning. Will you come with us?”

— TRINITY TIP —

“You’re invited. Body. Mind. Spirit. The mall is yours. The mission is ours.”

— The Trinity Heroes

The mission continues...

Coming next: The Hollow Family. New shadows rise — Scrolla, the voice of the endless feed, and Echo, the chorus of every cruel word. The Trinity must take the mission on the road, opening Mission Malls in towns far from home. The Hollow King is no longer alone... and neither are our heroes.

Total Health Is The New Wealth.



TRINITY HEROES

Total Health Is The New Wealth.

Beneath the dusty floors of an old forgotten mall, three pillars of light have been waiting — green, violet, and gold — for three children brave enough to wake them.

Meet Harvest Hulk, Sage Sol, and Grace Guardian: the Trinity Heroes. Together they will face the Hollow King, reopen the Mission Mall, and discover that real wealth grows the more you give it away.

Body. Mind. Spirit. The mission begins here.

— TRINITY TIP —

“Strong Body. Clear Mind. Full Spirit.”

A Mission Mall Storybook · missionmall.org