

Beast Wars Reborn: Chapter 2 of 4, Master of the Game

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"Beast Wars Reborn:
Chapter 2 of 4,
Master of the Game"
Translation: Hydra
Formatting: Might Gain
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The story so far:

Two Transformers awaken to find themselves within a mysterious temple in space that hurtles towards an unknown destination. Unaware that they were once enemies, together Convoy and Megatron search for the secret of the temple.

Having made their way to the control hub, Convoy and Megatron used the surrounding booths in an attempt to access the control center, the golden disk itself. Much of the information on the disk was secretly encoded, and they proved unable to determine where the flight plan of this evidently traveling ship might be taking them. Their perseverance did, however, reveal a number of features concealed within the ship that took them by surprise.

They could hardly conceal their amazement! Not only was the shrine itself a mobile fortress capable of traversing time and space, it had the ability to widely monitor a number of eras and parallel worlds, thus influencing various realities--one could very well call the vessel an instrument of the gods.

Although utterly awestruck, Convoy continued to manipulate the control panel. The powers concealed within the ship were simply extraordinary! If one had the urge, they might even be able to manipulate the galaxy around them as they saw fit. However, what he desired more than anything at the moment was to know the truth about himself. As Convoy faced the simulated superdimensional viewer before him, he grappled with an array of seemingly identical search fields as he sought any clue. His world of origin, loved ones, true purpose… Convoy was disturbed by the thought that he might have abandoned these precious things along with his lost memories. And yet, these were not his only concerns. There was the presence of some unknown force pulling the strings behind the current circumstances… and there was Megatron. No longer displaying any interest in solving this mystery, he was immersed in gaining total control over the temple’s functions and decoding the data of the golden disks. Faced with Megatron’s chilling zeal and hazy motives, Convoy could not suppress his own growing suspicions.

After a period of searching, Convoy’s efforts at last bore results: he had come across a search field for a time zone in which Transformers existed. He was unable to grasp the meaning of the curious numerals representing space-time coordinates, but there on the viewer showing a different time and place was an image of a robot that somehow resembled Convoy. As this warrior battled above an unknown planet, a search of the golden disk revealed him to be a commander-class robot known as “Battle Convoy.” Perhaps this being, which was clad in plates of metallic armor and transformed into a massive vehicle, was Convoy’s prior incarnation? Disregarding Convoy’s excitement, Megatron noticed a number of commands that had become available now that the viewer had located results. A faint smile crept to his lips as he realized the scope of the commands, and without the slightest hesitation he pressed “execute.”

Suddenly Convoy’s entire body began to blur, and then changed shape before their eyes!

“What are you doing?!

This change was of an entirely different sort than his transforming mechanism. Convoy’s rounded silhouette shifted into a rectangular metallic structure, and soon he had changed into the spitting image of the Battle Convoy who had appeared on the viewer!

“Megatron! You caused this?”

“Perhaps,” Megatron replied as he feigned ignorance. “Or it may just as well have been due to you meddling with the controls.”

He had activated the “physical wavelength synchronize,” which on a fundamental physical level had aligned some unknown variables causing Convoy’s body to unconsciously metamorphose.

“Surely you ought to be pleased with such a seemingly powerful form. I don’t suppose you mean to tell me it’s defective?” Megatron added coolly.

According to the physical wavelength indicator, Convoy was essentially a different being than Battle Convoy. Megatron had restrained himself, but could it be that a total synchronization would change even Convoy’s personality into that of Battle Convoy?

It seems that before such power of a higher order, individual dignity is a fleeting trifle…

As these words appeared in his mind, Megatron set aside Convoy's predicament and quickly returned to his own matters of interest. Having now learned the true significance of being able to manipulate space-time, Megatron was transfixed by the possibilities of this power. However, this alone would not suffice; No, there must surely be a far more devastating use for it!

Convoy drew nearer to Megatron, who had caused a small stone pod to be jettisoned into space, and appeared to be performing some commands on it from afar. Suddenly, a staggering explosion tore through space from the direction of the pod! With a brilliant flash and radiating light, a shockwave fiercely rocked the temple. "Megatron!" Convoy cried out as his durable form was battered against the control panel, destroying it.

When the shockwave at last subsided, Megatron began to bellow with unsuppressed laughter. "Do you see, Convoy? I applied the 'partial temporal inversion' command to a single section of the pod, one microscopically small component. Do you understand what that means?" "That would reverse the properties of the particles; Antimatter, yes! It means that anything, or anyone, can be simply converted into a particle annihilating bomb! On, but this is merely the beginning!" Upon hearing these words, Convoy's clenched fists began to tremble intensely as his optic sensors were illuminated with rage. "So you've finally shown your true colors. You're a menace, Megatron! I can't allow you or this temple to remain at large!" "Then what do you suggest? The temple belongs to me. Negotiation will prove futile!"

A number of mechanical noises were emitted from Megatron's body. It was the sound of his internal weaponry being readied, and the safety removed. Convoy immediately referred to his support computer, searching Battle Convoy's onboard weapons. Drawing forth an energon saber from his leg, he readied his shoulder-mounted missile launchers. In only a moment's passing, both had thrown themselves into a do-or-die confrontation!

It was at that moment that from the depths of the central shrine, an eerie cacophony deafeningly rang out. With their audio processors unable to adjust to the shock, the two robots writhed and cowered at the sound. Systematic rifts began to appear in the inner walls, and save for their foothold and the pillar holding the golden disk, the interior crumbled into rectangular fragments and vanished into unseen depths. In just an instant the chamber had been transfigured into a dark abyss ringed with rows of tiny lights.

"I expect that will be enough." As a deep, sharp voice caused the two to cast their gaze behind, they became aware of a small bird robot that swiftly darted between them. Tracing their eyes along the bird's flight path, there before them stood a black robot with enormous wings and a glowing red visor! The robot was stepping across a long platform that extended from the wall of the pit. Walking to the very edge of the platform, he stopped before a waist-high pillar, and drew from it an object that appeared to be a large key.

With the removal of the object, the lights of the pit began to vanish from around his position. As if its life force had been drained, the shaft was enveloped in silence. At this same moment Convoy's metamorphosis was lifted, and he gradually reverted to his beast form. It was clear to all that the temple no longer harbored that power.

"So you would be the master of this vessel?" Megatron at last spoke. "I suppose the presence of such a being is only fitting." The black robot lifted his arm, and the same roaring noise echoed from his arm-mounted speakers, intimidating the pair. "You may call me Soundblaster," answered the bird perched on his shoulder. Indifferent to the confusion of Convoy and Megatron, the bird continued to speak. "I trust you had ample opportunity to manipulate space-time." "Yes, the devices of this temple are most impressive indeed," Megatron replied audaciously. "Might I request a renewal of service?" "It is not a function of the temple. It is my own power." At this answer, Megatron's demeanor changed entirely. "The equipment is a simple interface to allow others to make use of my power. Now that it has served its purpose, it has been deactivated," said Soundblaster as he held up the key he had just removed. "However, I shall hear out your request. Megatron, do you desire this power?" "What are you saying?!" Convoy cried out, dumbfounded.

Although Convoy and Megatron had no way of knowing, Soundblaster was at this very moment entertaining a visit from a guest in a different location, the dimension his spirit occupied known as the Astral Plane. It was there that before him appeared a robot resembling an ancient, armor-clad knight shrouded in an aura of warm light. "I have transcended time at the order of the Creator. I am Vector Prime!" "The one known as the Guardian of Time? You did well to find me here." Although taken aback by the unexpected form of the mastermind behind this plot, Vector Prime showed no sign of

agitation as he advanced.

“Though you may change your name and shape, you cannot deceive those who watch over space and time. I recognized you as one of our own: an Ancient!” Vector Prime sharply pointed his finger as he spoke.

“What intention have you with abducting these warriors from another world?”

“How perceptive you are. I believe you heard the conversation in the world below?”

“You cannot be serious!”

“I am. I shall name one as an heir, and imbue him with the power of the Ancients. It is as this successor of evil that I have chosen Megatron!”

Next time on *Beast Wars Reborn*:

Megatron has been chosen by Soundblaster as the successor to a power that rivals that of the gods! Can Convoy stand against him?!

Hydra’s comments

If there’s one reason it took me so long to get around to the second volume of this four-part story, it’s that thanks to the extremely intricate plot it sure is a bitch to translate! Which is to say that it’s stupendously written, and thus I deliberated over how to faithfully transmit the complex story and dialogue. It seems to draw a lot from the ambitious science fiction elements of the US-aired *Beast Wars* (rather than the comedic Japanese dub), taking the fiction to a level that certainly isn’t going to be comprehensible to children, but is squarely aimed at adult fans.

The characterization of Galaxy Force Soundblaster as an Ancient is an interesting one, given that the toy was previously a Toy’s Dream Project exclusive recolor with no specific characterization aside from that of Soundwave himself. The temporary inclusion of Battle Convoy (possibly glimpsed in the *Mirtonian Constellation*) was a great extra to be thrown in, considering the lack of love for G2 fiction.

In the following two issues, we’ll see a greater involvement with the Galaxy Force world as the ramifications of Convoy and Megatron’s presence begin to unfold.