

HEROES AND LEGENDS

Shockwave

By Tony “Thunder” Klepack

I watch the myriad screens about me, seeking out further insight into the humans and how they function as a society. Thanks to the *Ark's* elaborate communications functions my task to understand these flesh creatures has been made all the simpler.

The humans are nothing compared to our species. This much is obvious. Like many primitive organic races they rely on simple concepts to dictate their lives. Their choice of entertainment is something called television—mostly fictionalized storytelling acted out with humans that dedicated to that end.

On a similar note, they seemed obsessed with endless commerce. The acquisition of personal and corporate wealth seems to motivate many of them beyond all other considerations. It is a foolish mentality to possess yet I feel it may come in quite useful in our future endeavors. While blatant conquest is much more satisfactory to a Decepticon warrior, it may prove useful to manipulate their business systems instead. We could easily dominate them with our advanced minds and have all that we ever needed without so much as firing a shot. If only Megatron could bend his grasp to understand such subtleties instead of relying on brute power alone.

Still, Megatron wouldn't be a problem for much longer. He had done well enough to run the Autobots and Optimus Prime down but in the end somehow they had still managed to defeat his forces. A corrupting agent in their fuel systems had incapacitated Megatron's group at the worst possible time allowing Optimus Prime and his Autobots a short-lived victory. Fortunately I had been monitoring the situation and stepped in at the appropriate moment, using my gamma radiation blast to eliminate the Autobot threat once and for all, rescuing my fellow Decepticons in the process.

Megatron's forces were slowly being resuscitated and all had swiftly sworn allegiance to my leadership. They realized, correctly, that I was the new authority among our ranks. Megatron had plenty of time to ensure his defeat of the Autobots and he had failed time and again. I had connected him up to life support systems for the time being so that he could be slowly repaired while I used the time to cement my leadership among his troops. By the time he was fully recovered there would be no denying the success of my overwhelming logic.

I supposed I really should have eliminated him totally as was the Decepticon way but some twinge of sentiment had stayed my hand, hoping instead he would see the merits of my strategy. I was, after all, guided by cold unassailable logic—something his rage and brute emotion had blinded him to time and again. That was why I would bring our people to victory and ultimate ascension in the Galaxy.

I would take Megatron's power away from him, using his force instead to help soften the peoples of the Earth even while I constructed a system to ultimately dominate their energy resources from within. Distracted by Starscream, Soundwave and the others, the humans would fail to see the real threat until it was far too late.

And then there was Optimus Prime.

On the eve of our greatest triumph, when the Council of Elders lie dead and all their

resistance was ruined, he rose from nowhere, uniting our scattered foes against us and defending first Iacon then other places as well against our total domination.

No matter Megatron's manipulations of the masses, Optimus Prime was the one beacon of hope our side could not find any way to extinguish. He could not be bribed, coerced or seemingly even beaten in straight battle. He was the reason the Great War had raged so long—when others stood ready to fall, he refused to. In a sense, one could almost admire such tenacity in an opponent on the battlefield. Also, remorse, that such a personage could not be on one's own side.

Regardless, there were many secrets on Cybertron, many long since forgotten due to the passage of time and the loss of vital information. One such fact was the true origins of our own species. Other involved great powers that had once walked Cybertron's steel surface only to seemingly vanish for reasons also lost to time.

One such secret was the Code of Creation. Vector Sigma was a hub of creation for all Transformers on Cybertron, ensuring for millennia that our ranks were never brought near extinction. It could give life, instill knowledge and many other such properties. Unfortunately, early in the war the great machine was lost to the cosmos, never to be found again no matter how much our forces searched.

However, there was a legend that a piece of the primordial code that created us had been separated long before and placed in a Matrix. This code became a force unto itself, a power that could grant life if one could manipulate its energies to do so. Legend foretold that the code—this Creation Matrix as it were, was passed down through the ages from the first Prime to the latest. Megatron, of course, had dismissed the concept as mystical superstition—but I knew better. Optimus Prime possessed this great power and I intended to take it from him myself. With it, I could grant life to a million new Decepticon warriors. When Earth was finally ours, no one anywhere could oppose our overwhelming power.

I had removed Optimus Prime's head module and reactivated it once I was certain his body was safely out of mental reach for it. So far he had not cooperated, not seen the futility of his situation. But it was only a matter of time before he would have to capitulate to my needs. His forces were defeated. Even now they hung as lifeless trophies from the cargo bay in the Ark, the last of their fuels have been drained and transferred into my Decepticons. There was no one left to oppose me here—resistance was simply illogical at this juncture. Sooner or later even he would realize that.

But all of that would come in time and I had been patient up to this point. The Autobots own probe had accidentally uncovered me weeks ago—no doubt searching for their Dinobot comrades. Of course I had made short work of Grimlock and his subordinates. They possessed the raw power but not the finesse or strategy that coursed through me. I had the knowledge and insights of a hundred great leaders coursing through my memory systems—what match could a grunt like Grimlock be to me? At any rate, I had waited countless millennia in a state near total status lock, a mere glimmer of my full consciousness aroused, awaiting the time someday when I could re-emerge. What was a few more months—or even years—wait until my ultimate plans came to fruition.

I had searched the information available to me and noted the commencement of a new and more sophisticated oil platform by the billionaire industrialist, GB Blackrock. The system was largely automated compared with early efforts. Even the humans primitive computers should prove sufficient for our needs once I conquered it for our kind. After all, my current and future

warriors would be in need of energy—something this fossil fuel the humans craved so greatly provided us in abundance in absence of proper Energon. Indeed, when the time eventually came, I would make contact with our lost home world and bring them news of our victory here.

I checked my internal systems once more, making certain my weapon systems were ready for what was to come next. I would strike the humans fast and savagely, ensuring their submission in swift time.

But first I decided to come in and check on Megatron one more time. He asks about where I've been all this time and I reply with as little information as I can. I have no interest in explaining about the Dinobots and how they managed to stop me due to a miscalculation on my part. He will see it as a potential exploit in his favor and I will not allow him to harbor any such delusions. He will be my follower now. His era has come to an anti-climatic ending. He is nothing more than my powerful foot soldier now. He will submit or he will die. It is that simple.

He sees the Decepticons I have reactivated as they move some of the deactivated Autobots past his chamber. He asks what my plans for the Autobots are and I explain these ones will be melted down and used as raw material for the first of my new legion. He inquires if Optimus Prime will share in the same fate and I assure him he will not. In a rare moment, I allow my ego to show through, boasting about my plans for the Creation Matrix and how I will ensure Earth falls to our forces.

He maintains a facade of calmness but I can see it there in his optics. A fire of jealousy and hatred. He despises me for my plan, for the sheer unassailable logic of it all. He is ruined by emotion, by passion, and that has been his downfall from the start. I am ruled by the cold dispassionate logic of the machine and this is why I have succeeded thus far and why I will succeed where he failed.

Still, once I have achieved my objectives even he will not be able to dispute my superiority. He will come to accept as me as the savior of our kind—or he will die. There is nothing more to it than that.

I turn and walk away, heading for the exit to the cavern. I have to get to that oil platform and initiate the next phase of my plan. Timing is everything in a well engineered plan and I must be precise if my calculations are to work.

I transform into my space gun mode and soar into the skies, bound for my ultimate destination. The past is over. The time of Optimus Prime, Megatron and indeed the entire Great War is over.

This is my time now. The time of *my* conquest and *my* rule.
I am Shockwave, Supreme Commander of the Decepticons!